

A U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

Be that thou hop'st to be,

Things out of hope are compassed oft with venturing. SHAKESPEARE

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Practical Theosophy *in the* Xxth Century*by* R. M.

THE constant cry of the world is for practical work, practical teaching and practical results. The early Theosophy could not give this, we were not ready, we had not yet made it practical to ourselves, and how could we give what we had not to give? But now we have had time to make the theoretical knowledge to some degree a practical factor in our own lives, and surely we are in a position to meet this demand of the world for practical teaching.

It is curious to note too that, while the world actually calls in every possible way and at all opportunities for practical evidence of the truth of our philosophy, for practical proof of the possibility of Universal Brotherhood as a rule of life, and for a practical system of life, it really wants to get a philosophy that will endorse its follies and its vices, its selfishness and sensuality, and enable it *to escape the consequences here and hereafter*. This is what the world wants to find, but behind and beneath this lies the need of the Soul, the real need of Humanity. It is this deep-seated real want, that urges them to cry out for the true light of practical Theosophy, although the vicious and selfish lower nature always seeks to come in between the Soul and its savior or teacher and to persuade poor Humanity to accept all the falsehood and error that is offered to it by false teachers.

They who are just clever enough to see that the people want to be taught how to escape the consequences of their self-indulgence, they who have no

thought nor care for the real needs of the people, these wolves in sheep's clothing feed upon the credulity and weakness of the poor blinded human race. Such are the representatives of the various churches of Christendom who have departed utterly from the spirit of the Christ and who teach a means of escape from the consequences of lives of self-indulgence crowned by the crime of self-salvation. Humanity has erred in its follies, which it has dignified by the name of sins, but it has sinned in its search for self-salvation, until its religion has become more evil than its follies. For selfishness is natural to the lower man, but to carry this faith into the spiritual life, to defile the soul with thoughts of self-salvation, this is a spiritual crime, whose results will last through ages untold.

And the early Theosophists had just this horrible selfishness to contend with in the members who joined the young Society; this evil grew up so quickly and strongly that the whole work was doomed to destruction unless the purer part could be saved from this vampire of selfishness that had fastened upon it. This became possible by the sacrifice made by William Q. Judge, when he gave himself as the means by which this separation could be accomplished, and stood as the champion of Brotherhood, allowing his personality to be made the test by which the quality of all the members was tried. Then those in whom the flame of Brotherhood had burned low, in whom the desire for self-development and self-salvation had obtained the upper hand, took themselves out of the stream of progress and left the path clear for those in whom the balance had turned in favor of Brotherhood, who were prepared to make Theosophy a living principle in their lives.

But the enemies of William Q. Judge held to the name Theosophy and professed to study the philosophy taught by Madame Blavatsky while belittling her character and her work and repudiating her clear and emphatic denunciation of mere intellectual and theoretical Theosophy. She, the founder of the Society, never ceased to thunder against selfishness and theorizing, never tired of urging her students to become ready for practical work, and at all times and in all her writings insisted on Brotherhood as the first and essential aim and object of the whole work. But the enemies of W. Q. Judge had fallen under the same influence that has stirred all the false teachers and now they stand as a living example of how the churches and sects in the past had their origin.

The world cries for practical teaching, and these wolves offer them baits for their vanity, promises of wonderful powers, hopes of self-development, strange secret knowledge feeding the vampire-like lower nature by which the very life of the soul is sucked out of them leaving them empty shells of intellect and desire stuffed with dry forms of theory and fiction which they take for knowledge—they are like the skeletons left by the wolf when he has devoured his victim from the flock.

But W. Q. Judge saved the Society and brought through the crisis enough members to carry along the work almost in its completeness, though the ranks

were thinned in places. Then the time came when the testing must be repeated, and again another group attempted to stand on the same false footing and fell. And again the Movement stepped into a greater realization of its true mission, and more and more the theory gave way to the practice, and our Teacher Katherine Tingley led us step by step to a position from which it has now, at last, become possible to give to the world what it has so long needed—Practical Theosophy.

The course, that is followed in doing this, is a constant surprise to those who work under this Teacher, for none but she can see clearly the three things needful, the cause of the trouble and heartache and despair in the world, the cure of the trouble, and the time at which to do each act in the curing of the trouble. To help in this work requires strong faith in the wisdom of the Teacher, and promptitude in acting on her suggestions and hints as well as absolute obedience to her more definite instructions. Working in this way one may perhaps have to wait some time before the meaning and purpose of some new form of work become apparent. Thus in practical Theosophy each worker is trained and developed by doing in perfect trust the work that comes to hand.

One of the activities to which considerable attention is now given is the dramatic work, and in this, as in all else, the methods adopted are quite original, and contrary to much of what is usual on the modern stage. But the power and the results of what is done in this way are most extraordinary. Those who work loyally under this banner begin to see the meaning of some of the apparently strange things done or attempted, in the way of dramatic effect. They begin to see *how* the world is to be helped by such means, and why the ordinary methods adopted by persons who are charitably disposed, are useless to accomplish any real or lasting good. These people do not know the real causes of the misery they seek to alleviate and they do not know the real cure. They try to use the Drama as a means of curing the moral sickness of the world, but fail utterly, because they still think that Humanity needs more moral platitudes and sermons or else as in the case of the Religious Drama they put their trust in a revival of a method that has been proved a failure. So one looks in vain in the modern Drama for any new light or any ray of hope for the people to be gained from the modern Theatre.

The great dramatist Ibsen has gone further in the right direction than any that I know of. He has made beautiful or terrible dramas out of characters and incidents of modern middle class life, and has shown that all the elements of the most heroic drama are to be found in the lives of ordinary men and women. He has shown that we can live our lives heroically without going outside the sphere of ordinary middle-class life. This is much, and there are few of the problems of the day that he has not dealt with in a masterly and luminous fashion. But, alas! the end of it all is a pessimism that is crushing in its overwhelming hopelessness. Great as he is, Ibsen cannot lift the veil and show the Light of the Soul shining within the human heart, he can-

not raise his audience to the height from which they can look down on their troubles and difficulties as a strong man looks down on the petty details of a business of which he is master.

Unless the Drama can help mankind to realize its own divinity, it can do very little to help it upward or onward. Nothing short of this is any real help. It was this that made the power of the Greek Drama. It is this that will make the power of the new Theosophic Drama when it is fully evolved.

Already here in Loma-land we have proved to our students and to a part of the public that we are able to put into our plays an element which is entirely lacking in all theatrical work of the day. It is an element of Reality which is as far removed from modern dramatic realism as any thing can well be. This is the dawning Realization of the Soul as the reality of Life, not a far away dream or a hope to be attained in some future life or impossible heaven, but a realization here and now of the True Source of Life. As this increases and intensifies itself in the hearts of the students, so the plays they produce become more and more living, and so the interest aroused becomes more and more intense and thrilling. For the hearts of the spectators begin to respond and a new flood of life-force is let loose in them and they become conscious of experiencing something so much higher than anything they have yet realized, that they are forced to know henceforth that they are capable of higher things than they had yet dreamed. This is a first step and it means Hope.

Now it is quite certain that clever people outside our body will take hold of all these ideas and try to make capital out of them, and they will certainly degrade the ideals and give no help to any nor Light, for they have none to give. To put such ideas into the mouths of dramatic actors, who have not realized in themselves that of which they are talking, will be to produce but a ghost, a pale shadow of the true Soul-drama or Mystery-play. And the audiences will get as little help from such plays, as they now get from the learned disquisitions of the theoretic Theosophists of whom I have already spoken.

We have seen what can be done by our Point Loma students with plays of a most elementary kind and even with such a performance as was recently given at twenty-four hours notice in the open air theatre which is in course of construction. In this latter case, all dialogue was improvised and unrehearsed and the dramatic effects were mostly impromptu and often unexpected. But the Soul of the students spoke through them and shaped the events of the day, making harmony out of incongruity and purposeful emblems from unexpected incidents. The beauty of the scene was such as to astonish all, the artists most of all, for they perhaps could appreciate more readily the spiritual beauty of the scene and the pictorial arrangement of groups that no stage manager could have contrived.

I shall never forget the thrill of delight with which I saw from the depths of the canyon that group of warrior children on the height above with the setting sun bathing them in a glow of light that made it seem indeed that the

Gods were come back to earth. And when the procession of white-robed figures marched back with the host of great flags floating out in the breeze and catching the last rays of the sun on their waving folds, I looked down the line and knew that this was no theatrical display, no imitation of the old Crusaders, it was the real thing, every soul there a loyal and true crusader, every flag an emblem and every man, woman and child there conscious of the reality of the ceremony in which they were taking a part.

These are the materials from which will be built the New Soul-Drama and give to the world once more, after a silence of five thousand years, a Drama through which the great Soul of Humanity will speak to its children, through which it will awake them to their own possibilities and evoke in them the Heroes that shall make Life noble, and the World beautiful.

Is not this Practical Theosophy?

Through Sorrow to Joy

A MESSAGE FROM LOMA-LAND

by Gertrude W. Van Pelt

ON one of the wonderful moonlight nights in Loma-land, I was looking from the window, watching the white line of the wave-crests roll toward the beautiful curving shore, and listening to the music they never tire of carrying to the land. The air had the quiet of intense expectancy, seeming burdened with the promises of life to be unfolded, and to be holding it as a seed holds locked within itself the tree, while waiting in silent power the moment of its revelation. I was thinking of the many in scenes so different, and longing that the hope which every leaf and stone and breath seemed telling, might be carried to the hearts of all, when I threw myself on my couch and dreamed.

I seemed to be looking from the same window, but the whole earth was laid before me. The air was full of sound and light and color, and the earth, great though it was, seemed to be but one of the infinite phases of life which I felt rather than saw. At my side I suddenly perceived a being of noble bearing, with a countenance expressing the utmost compassion. He spoke gently, saying, "Follow the history of yonder two souls"—and at that moment I saw two bright spots, like two stars which had just fallen on earth, and then quickly, I saw them moving about enveloped in their bodies as in a cloud.

Everywhere beyond this cloud, only emphasized about it was the peculiar light which I at once knew was the Light of Joy, and sounding in it and through it as though inseparable from it was the note of joy. I suddenly became aware that all the earth was as filled with these notes, as it was with souls—a note different for each, but characterized in every case by that unmistakable quality of joy, and all blending, producing a harmony that satisfied every longing. It rose and fell in cadences of exquisite sweetness, with a fullness and richness which seemed to reach every atom in space. And though so full, as to give almost the impression of substance, it was yet strangely soft and delicate, interfering with no other unusual sound, but blending with and enriching it. Presently I heard lower notes sounded by all plants, swelling the symphony as by instruments of a different timbre, but always with the quality of joy. And then in tones yet lower, I distinguished the notes of stones and minerals—my soul was filled with wonder. The sweetest strains I had ever heard in my waking moments, the richest melodies, the most satisfying harmonies, were but faint imitations of this. I listened, stirred by a joy I had never known. “This,” said the spirit at my side, “This is the Song of Life.”

I watched the two Souls shown to me, hoping to see evidence of the joy that must be theirs at the sound of this wondrous music. But as I saw none I asked if they were deaf, as no one could be indifferent to what I heard.

“No,” he answered, “they hear it but faintly and at times. Already their bodies are closing them in, and alas! but few learn how to open the doors.”

“Is it possible,” I asked, “that this music is always to be heard, that it has even been about me all my life, while I did not know it?”

“It is indeed true,” he said, “the harmonies are ever sounding.”

“By what means can men learn to hear them?”

“It is not needed, and often not desirable,” he said, “that they should be heard, as you hear now, but all should learn to open their hearts that they may be tuned to this music. They may not hear, but they will then feel joy, like a fresh spring forever bubbling up within their hearts.”

“Even through their sorrows?” I asked.

“Look again,” he answered.

My attention was once more riveted upon those Souls, who, though both so easily seen by me were unconscious of each other, belonging to different places and events. Their childhood, filled with its hopes, fears, and pleasures and disappointments, rolled before me with the quickness of thought and they entered the stage of manhood. The scroll of time was suddenly arrested as I saw them each become the recipients of great wealth.

“They have sowed the seed for this harvest in the past,” my teacher said. “Nothing comes by chance. Observe how it affects them.”

And I saw the light grow clearer and more transparent in the case of one and more nebulous and opaque in the other.

Without waiting for my question, he said, “The clouds are thickening around one, and gradually becoming less dense about the other.”

I saw them both in ease and comfort, both using their riches for others, and both receiving the adulation and approval of the world, active in works which are recognized as good.

"Why this difference," I enquired, "with lives so similar?"

"Could you see more deeply," he replied, "you would perceive that the actions of the one are performed because they are right. It is gradually dispelling his clouds, while the other is moved because he himself wishes to be good, great and virtuous. He has in other lives learned a contempt for ordinary vices, and temptations more subtle than these are before him. For him the clouds are thickening fast, so that he rarely sees beyond them."

And as he spoke, I saw the light about him grow more diffused as in a fog and as if it were more and more reflected back from something it could not penetrate.

Years rolled by, and I saw both placed in positions of great responsibility and prominence in their respective nations. The same changes continued in them, only more pronounced. The one accepted his honors, hoping thereby to render greater service; the other, that he himself might be glorified and known as a public benefactor. Fortune showered on both all her favors, a happy family, riches of mind and power, and years again rolled by ere I saw them in detail. A change in the governing powers of their respective nations had now deprived them both of their prominent positions, and they became only private citizens. While one laid aside his honors with indifference, the other hugged a secret wrath, which ate into his heart. In what seemed but a short space of time, both lost their money, and their nearest and dearest passed from earth. I saw them both on a bed of suffering, racked with torturing pains, and what seemed more cruel yet, both had a bitter enemy who stirred up against them unjust suspicions. The picture was heartrending—I could bear no more.

"For God's sake, save those men," I cried. "What a terrible thing is life! What compensation can there be for such torture?"

"Have you forgotten the song of life?" he asked. And indeed I had. It was silent in my heart.

"But," he continued, "that noble Soul yonder hears it." And I saw the light growing brighter and clearer about him, while about the other, the clouds thickened and grew dense.

"That other poor soul," he said, "is raging against the injustice of the universe. His heart is filled with hate, and he suffers hell from disappointed ambition. But the other, through his sorrows, has forced a rift in the clouds about him, and the music has penetrated to his soul. During the anguish which overcame him for a time, he reached deeper into his being, and there found the Power to open the channel which let in the light. This may close again and again, but the memory of it will remain with him. He has begun not only to know, but to feel that all lies within himself; that nothing was given to him and nothing has been taken away, but that everything was always his, as he is a part of the infinite life.

“He is beginning to realize the meaning of the ancient teaching that trials are needed but for man’s probation. When once man has learned this truth completely, under the excellent adjustment of the Law, the trials will cease, and he will conquer sorrow. As trials, they will have no more reality to him than the passing shadows of childhood, which appear and disappear in a moment, but they become transformed into instruments of joy. As soon as man can realize that he is eternal, and has all things within himself; that he has descended upon earth for the purpose of carrying there the light of joy, by dispelling the clouds which prevent its entrance, life has a new zest for him. As one whose life has been spent in a pursuit for pleasure desires again and again the chance to redeem his errors and increase his skill, so does one who realizes the purpose of life, and is seriously working to carry it out, long for a chance to try again where he sees that he has failed to hold on to his vision of truth through the trial. It is as if he rushed through a chamber of dense smoke and extinguishes a fire. If the smoke drives all else from his mind and he is overpowered by it, as he comes out again into the fresh air unharmed, he will desire to re-enter until he learns to keep his head cool. So will a man who begins to understand, gladly enter the clouds of delusion, that he may dispell them. His failure will consist in his losing himself in the clouds, and then he may fan the flame instead of extinguishing it, but, on again coming to himself he is no longer afraid of them, for they are transformed to him as a means through which he can accomplish his purpose.

“The meeting of every trial, of every temptation, is but an opportunity for him. Unless they come in his path he cannot conquer them, and until they are conquered, they will forever surround him. Let him but once firmly grasp this, and even through the temporary pain, he accepts them with courage, for he knows that if he can succeed in passing through them, carrying the light of truth and holding the knowledge of their real nature, they can be dispelled, and the reality of joy will enter where they were. Not only will he have cleared the atmosphere for himself but for others whose souls are near to him.”

“But look again,” he said, and I saw that the wiser Soul had grown radiant and that the light was clear. He was filling a place of usefulness beyond anything of earlier days, and his note of joy had grown so strong that all felt it who came near him. He had the poise which results from power, and the repose which follows conquest. Surely the victory was worth the battle. But the other was leaving the delusions of earth which he had so failed to understand. As I had seen him enter so I saw him depart. His light seemed neither more nor less. I felt an infinite compassion as I saw him again, a pure soul.

“Has he suffered all this in vain?” I asked.

“Naught is in vain,” he said. “The experience of that life is his. He now sees clearly and knows that the clouds he made are for him to dissolve. And he will not shrink, for courage is a divine attribute of the Soul. When

the time is ripe, he will return to earth again refreshed and strengthened with new resolves. He will not remember his past after he has plunged again into his clouds, but the marks will be seen in his altered character."

"Will he succeed next time in dispelling some of them?" I asked.

"All needed help will be at hand. But whether he will use it rests with him," he replied. "I cannot answer."

I breathed a prayer that all which I had seen and heard might remain with me forever and become a part of my being, when slowly the scene began to change. The outlines seemed to blur, and then sharpen again, revealing themselves as belonging to the same I had beheld from my window before sleeping. So magical was this transformation that I doubted the reality of what seemed to precede it, and wondered if indeed throughout I had seen aught else. The wonderful being who had been instructing me was no longer at my side, but on the elevation of land before me. Calmly he raised his arm, and with a sweeping gesture which seemed to include the whole earth, and in a tone of penetrating richness said:

"This I say to all the world, hoping that some may hear: 'Listen to the Song of Life. Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as those that are deaf may suppose, a cry. It is a Song. Learn from it the lessons of harmony; learn from it that you are a part of the harmony. Learn from it to obey the laws of harmony.'"

The God in Man

by H. Coryn, M. D.



SOMETIMES one almost wishes that the Bible might be laid on a shelf and not looked at for fifteen years, so that the narcotic aroma of the pulpits might evaporate, and that people might come at the book afresh and in a more natural manner.

For the moment the Bible is mentioned people fall into a special attitude; they try to feel pious and subdued, just as you do when the man you are talking to tells you he has just lost a relative.

Artemus Ward tells us that he once languished for twenty-seven long and weary years in a dismal dungeon. At last a happy thought struck him—he raised the window and got out.

So modern humanity has languished under the pulpitization of the Bible, and it has not the least conception of what the book would sound like if it were suddenly introduced to it and read it for the first time.

Let us try Ward's device, raise the window, let the light in, and look at the book as if we had never heard of it before, never been inside a church, and never attended a Sunday-school. Let us put ourselves into the position of a person who had never heard of any of its teachings.

He is wandering along, wondering what is the good of life, and what man is, and why some few men are good, and some few bad, and most men both; in fact he is a walking interrogation-point, as we all ought to be on these things. He sees a Bible on a second-hand book-stall and buys it out of curiosity. It seems to offer a lot of reading for ten cents, and the style is pleasingly archaic and legendary. And he notices at the end is an index.

On his way home through the streets he takes a look at his treasure and accidentally lights upon a place in Paul's letter to the Corinthians which reads: "Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

The Temple of God! It seems a tremendous thing. A marginal reference tells him to look at another place in the same epistle, and he reads: "Know ye not that your body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God?"

Again a marginal note tells him to look at a third place in that trenchant document, and he reads: "Ye are the Temple of the Living God." Three times; Paul seemed quite clear about it.

Now our man is a thinker, and when he gets home he proceeds to read all of what Paul wrote to the Colossians, the Romans, the Hebrews, the Ephesians, and the rest; and he reasons thus:

"I perceive that this Paul, whoever he may have been, was a philosopher, a mystic, a man of much common sense, not to be imposed on by humbug, of profound intellect, and not at all one to be saying things that had no meaning. I suppose I am as good as those Corinthians, and I presume that in the opinion of Paul I also am a Temple of the Living God and of the Holy Ghost. I will go further and see what the rest of the book contains."

And so he is naturally led on to see what the book has to say about God, and presently finds two things that greatly fire his imagination. In one place God is called the "*Father of Lights*," and in another "*I AM that I AM*."

The description of God as the "*Father of Lights*" leads him, by means of the index, to the Gospel of John, and there he comes across many wonderful ideas, especially in the first few verses. These verses are:

"In the beginning was the Word. . . . with God. All things were made by it. . . . In it was Life, and the Life was the Light of Men. This Light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not. This was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Our friend has made one little alteration, for as the verses are talking about the Word and the Light, it seemed to him that the pronoun referring to those things should be neuter, not masculine. You must remember that he brings to his book an intellect that has never been befogged (or illuminated,

if you prefer) by pulpit explanations, and in the attempt to understand those texts of John's first chapter he takes for himself the following reading:

"Before the beginning of anything was God—being which can only be thought of as *I AM*. The creative Word was not yet uttered; it lay silent in the consciousness of that Supreme existence. As soon as it was uttered, it went forth in its living power and fashioned all things. This is the shining power of God that shineth upon every man that cometh into the world, and penetrates into him, into his darkness; but he knows nothing of it."

Then he reads on in his own way: "As many as perceive it in themselves become the Sons of God, become Lights themselves, for God is the Father of Lights." But as soon as he has got to the fourteenth verse he is a little puzzled. This reads: "And the Word (Light or Power) was made flesh and dwelt among us." How comes that? When or where did that happen? He puts the matter aside for the present, and goes in for further researches. He is becoming thoroughly interested in this entirely new view of things.

He then finds this *I AM* described as everywhere present, everywhere conscious, unchanging, all-knowing, to be felt by the heart; but only to be perceived by those who have first found the Light, who see it by means of that Light, so to speak; that the Light is a creative power, and that when it had streamed forth from the *I AM* it took up its abode in all men. He finds it elsewhere described as the Comforter, the Illuminator, the Healer, the Guide; as refreshing, cleansing, warning, and as conferring new birth. That appeals to him, for he is tired of his old one.

Some questions here occur to him. According to the theory of this extraordinary book, what sort of man would that be who had found the Light in himself? How would his life and ways and words show that he had done so?

Whilst he is debating this he gets enthralled by some long accounts of the doings of a certain Jesus Christ, occupying more or less of the last half of his book; and at length it occurs to him that this must be one who had found the Light. Besides being called Son of Man he is also called Son of God, and the Sons of God are they who have found the Light. This man is described as being "made perfect through sufferings," having been originally "in all things like unto his brethren," having in all points been subject to the temptations of other men.

Now besides that this name Christ is applied to this man, he finds that it is also applied to the Light, for Paul says to the Galatians: "I travail in birth again till Christ be formed in you." And the same idea is conveyed in the early verses of John. He turns back to John and thinks he now understands that text about "the Word made flesh," the Word or Light. For it seemed to him that his book was speaking of one who had so perfectly found the Light that his soul was filled with it; the Christ, as Paul put it, was fully formed in him, and he had actually become that creative Light clothed in flesh. Luke speaks of him as being "filled with the Holy Ghost," just as Paul told the Corinthians that they were also "Temples of the Holy Ghost."

Our man is filled with encouragement. It appears that one originally in all things "like unto his brethren" may be made so perfect through sufferings that the Christ-Light may be fully "formed" in him, to use Paul's expression, and he becomes entitled to bear the name "*Christ*" itself.

So it remained only to read the Gospels to find out what sort of life a person leads who is full of the Holy Ghost, who has found and accepted "that Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Now I take it that that man is likely to escape a danger that threatens the Christian World, the danger of having the Bible become meaningless. We are too accustomed to it; we study it in the wrong way. As children we are made to learn lists of the Judges of Israel, and the genealogy of the patriarchs, and the animals mentioned in the Bible, and a mass of things like that which are not of the least value to the child-mind. And the real thing is missed entirely—what is man and how did he come here? Children are not taught anything about their power and right to have a Christ formed within them, the Christ which is born within every one who feels the Light in him, which right action and brotherhood will bring to maturity, and which will at last so utterly become themselves that they can say: "I see God, I am immortal, for the darkness is gone forever. That is the God in man, and that is one reason why we are Temples of the living God. And instead of being taught that Christ was a *man* who had done what they have to do, and who is their proof that they also can do it, they are taught that he is wholly an exception, forever beyond them, whom they may humbly follow, but beside whom they can never stand as fellow-victors over the darkness. Think of the noble lives of effort that might be led if this great hope were taught the children from the beginning, and if they were taught, in their reading of the Bible, that the word Christ is there used in two senses; first as the conquering and compassionate man who had made himself as a Son of God; and secondly as the Light by which he conquered and by which they also may conquer. And neither are they taught that the word God is sometimes used as the name of the all-containing power *I AM*; as a mere Jewish tribal deity; and also as the Victor Jesus Christ who through the Light had attained to sight of it by means of the Light he had seized and become.

Take another conspicuous instance. Paul continually speaks of redemption through the blood of Christ. Listen to these texts from the sixth chapter of John: "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life. . . . (he) dwelleth in me and I in him. As I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me."

Is it not manifest that by "flesh and blood" he meant the Light and Love and Energy that he poured out of his very being upon all who came near him, as a mother pours the power of her love upon her child? . Indeed he says: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

Yet in the face of that careful warning, his own mystical use of the word blood, and the similar use of it by Paul in speaking of him, have actually for

centuries been interpreted as meaning *the physical blood from his flesh* shed at his death; and we are invited to regard the contemplation of *that* as our path of salvation! Does it not seem as if some evil power had always been trying to prevent such an understanding of this book as would make it a blessing to men and women and children?

That which saved, and saves yet, was the *blood of his soul*, of his thought, of his compassion, shed every moment; saves because it awakens men to the presence of their own souls, the *Light* that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He was an inspiration to those who looked on him, and he spent his very life in the attempt to give out more and more of that inspiration; he breathed for the world's good. His blood was Light. His physical death was the *interruption*, not the *completion*, of his work! What might not the world have been today if he had been able to teach for sixty years, like Buddha, instead of but three?

Do you not think that all this is the way the matter would strike the mind of a man who came at the Bible for the first time, quite fresh?

He would say—if God, the root of all things, is everywhere, the consciousness of conscious things, the life of living things, it must be in me, the spectator of all I do. And if, “in the beginning,” it radiated life, it must be doing so now, and that life is mine. And if that life, in its higher sense, is spiritual Light, that Light must be shining in me, in my mind; must be my soul; and I, as I know myself, must be the darkness that comprehendeth it not. Therefore my highest duty is to comprehend it. In the person of Jesus Christ I think I see one who comprehended it completely, and in whom all the darkness was so completely dissipated by suffering that only Light remained. From which it would appear that suffering is simply the burning away of whatever hides the Light. It would further appear that the operation of the Light is to confer joy, give immortality, and open direct touch with God. Truly I see that I am a Temple of the living God, God living in my body, and my work is to get rid of whatever is not God.

Then he would say: How shall I find the Light within myself? In Christ it showed itself as a giving, a giving of the essence of himself mystically called his “blood.” He said to those he sent out: “Freely ye have received; freely give;” “give to him that asketh thee;” “it is more blessed to give than to receive.”

The mother gives when every thought is for her offspring; the teacher gives who is worn in the service of his pupils; the friend gives who asks nothing in return; love gives for ever and loses nothing. The small soul asks, takes, longs; the great soul gives, loves, and dwells in peace. This is the last word of the message of Christ, that we give in thought, in act, in soul; that we alter the very key-note of our being till it is that of giving, asking nothing. Then the Christ is formed and grows in us, we drink more and more fully of the Light, mount to higher and higher heights of peace and joy and at last gain that vision of God which is immortal life.

Buried Civilizations

by C. W.



IN these days of travel, when almost every part of the earth's surface has been brought within the observation of mankind, a newer and truer basis of fact is found to underlie many theories advanced by scientists, to account for the history of the globe.

Time was, when to quote the name of some great writer as the upholder of a certain belief or theory, was held sufficient by many to give the imprimatur of truth to such and such an idea. Those times are past. Men are beginning to recognize that ideas move with the times, that they move with just the degree of ever advancing unfoldment which man has attained in the vast arcana of undiscovered truth.

Let us once and for all free ourselves from the dread incubus which assumes that new thought and new discovery is a plague to be avoided, lest harm should befall us. Every man of reasonable intelligence knows quite well that the world has always been advancing in the path of evolution towards the fulfillment of its own destiny. Setting aside the passing events which for the time may have appeared disastrous, we must and do realize that upon the basis of every calamity has always been raised, sooner or later, a structure more superb than the one destroyed.

Occasionally—dare we say frequently—it is useful to meditate on the vast field of knowledge which we do *not* possess. Most of our so-called knowledge is built upon a transitory and external condition of affairs,—so often miscalled fact. It is superficial and evanescent; within a century it will be valueless, because of an altered foundation and a deeper insight.

But behind all this, and most important of all, man will ever possess the *power of knowing*. This power increases with the lessons learnt from the transient knowledge of every age. It is not true that this power mainly rests now, nor has it done so for ages, with those whom the world calls great and wise. Many a great genius, like Boehme, has existed in the humble walks of life. The poet Gray has well outlined the idea:

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his field withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

A dozen instances of this will occur to the thoughtful mind.

And so in this age of dispersion of old illusions, of the raising of noble and uplifting enthusiasms, men wander forth over the earth and finding the records of ages past, they begin to understand them. The outer crusts of hyp-

notic and soul-destroying trammels, are everywhere breaking down. As men see the records of the past, scored upon the face of mother earth, engraved upon the stones of many a rocky chamber, pyramid and temple, they at first faintly and then plainly discern the hidden meaning. Comparing this with the records of folklore tradition and ancient history, they see and know the truth. Then perhaps as they ponder over these revelations some faint memories come, wafted along from the dim past. They see themselves as actors in the moving scenes and pageants of extinct empires.

One of the most interesting of the well authenticated traditions of the past is the one-time existence of a vast civilization now buried beneath the Atlantic Ocean. This civilization preceded that of the Aryan race. It was brought to a high degree of advancement and temporal prosperity. Many arts and sciences were then known, which have since become extinct. They must be rediscovered. Far beneath the waters of the Atlantic lie the buried cities and treasures. Over them the stormy ocean bears witness to the passions of the men who wrought destruction. The record of the calamity which brought about its downfall is found in the sacred books of many peoples. In all cases wickedness and sin is pointed out as the cause.

Thus that which works eternally for good wrought out its own ends and the empire of Atlantis fell. With the exception of a few outlying colonies its myriad population died away. Such colonies would bear but little evidence of the luxurious civilization from which they were derived. Gradually from these colonies sprang those archaic and pastoral peoples who founded the Aryan race and they, in their turn, began on a higher cycle the upward striving for spiritual ideals.

One of the monuments referring to the destruction of Atlantis has lately been described by Dr. A. Le Plongeon in a recent article in the *New York Herald*. Dr. Le Plongeon is well known as the author of that entrancing book, "The Sacred Mysteries of the Mayas and Quiches," and his great erudition has brought to life a most interesting and important contribution to human history. Says Dr. Le Plongeon:

"The Pyramid of Xochicalco, situated at an altitude of 5,395 feet above the level of the sea, to the south-southwest of the city of Cuernavaca, four and a half miles from the Indian village of Tetlama, is, if not one of the most ancient constructions made by human hands, at least one of the most important in the history of man among modern civilized Christian and Mohammedan nations. This monument is a record, written on stone, of the tremendous cataclysm which caused the submergence and destruction of the land of Mu (Plato's Atlantis), together with its population of 64,000,000 human beings, about 11,500 years ago.

"A few weeks ago Mr. C. V. Collins, manager of the *Northwestern Agriculturist*, published at Minneapolis, Minn., kindly lent to me several photographs of ancient monuments in Mexico, from which country he had recently returned, and upon which he was lecturing in Western cities. Among these photographs

were some of the south side of the Pyramid of Xoehicalco. For more than a century this pyramid has been visited and written upon by world-famed European scientists, such as Alexander Humboldt, and in our times Mehedin, member of the French Scientific Commission to Mexico; Dr. Seler, of Berlin; Dr. Antonio Penfel, of Mexico, and others. Before them a Mexican monk, Father Jose Antonio Alzate, a learned physicist and astronomer, after visiting the famous ruins, wrote a description of them that was published in Mexico in 1787, and attempted a restoration of the monument; also Captain Dupaix wrote a description of the same by order of the King of Spain in 1807 (published in Kingsborough's great work, "Mexican Antiquities," V. 5, p. 222).

"Strange as it may appear, none of these scientists ever suspected the object the builders had in view when they erected the structure, therefore its great historical and scientific importance remained unknown to them. Humboldt calls it a military fortification, and Dupaix seems to have been of the same opinion; but both were unable to make out the nature of the designs adorning the edifice. Humboldt sees in them crocodiles throwing water; Dupaix, garlands of flowers, fruits, animals and other mysterious objects; the meaning of the whole he was unable to make out.

"A short description taken from the narratives of these two writers, who visited the monument a century ago, may not be out of place.

"It is built on an isolated natural hill, 117 metres high, divided into five terraces by the hand of man, so as to form a graduated quadrilateral pyramid, whose faces front the cardinal points, the orientation being perfect. The sides were faced with walls of porphyritic stones, hewn perfectly square, forming courses of great regularity, covered with hieroglyphs and painted red.

"The base of the pyramid was surrounded by a wide and deep ditch, measuring 4,000 metres (about three miles) in circumference. The ascent to the platform was by a steep incline and a stairway on the west side of the monument. Said platform was about 9,000 metres square, and on it were yet to be seen the ruins of a small square building, according to Humboldt. This was surrounded by a dry stone wall, which, according to Dupaix, served as a parapet.

"In the center of the hill are galleries and chambers dug by the hand of man, their entrance being on the north side. There is little doubt that from these were quarried the stones used in the building of the monument.

"This description is certainly most interesting on account of the many points of resemblance it bears to the hill upon which was situated the palace of the ancient kings and the temple dedicated to Cleito and Poseidon, on the Island of Atlantis, according to Plato's narrative.

"The language used in the inscriptions, in which the record of the cataclysm is related, is the ancient Maya, and the writing, also Maya, is in part alphabetical, in part syllabic, in part pictorial and symbolic, but still of easy interpretation for one who holds the key.

"The translation of some of the hieroglyphs will suffice for the present to show the object the builders had in view when they constructed the edifice.

Who were they? To what race did they belong? With the means at our disposal today it is impossible to surmise. That they were not Mayas is certain, although they made use of the Maya language, alphabet and symbols.

"The personages represented in the sculptures have their skulls artificially deformed and are seated cross-legged. The Mayas never changed the shape of their heads by artificial means, and they very seldom, if ever, sat cross-legged.

"It is astonishing that the learned men who have visited and described the Pyramid of Xochicalco never even suspected that it was a mausoleum erected



Fig. 1



Fig. 2



Fig. 3



Fig. 4

to commemorate some great and terrible event. A glance at the attitude of the personages pictured on the wall should have told them that this is such as anyone would assume to express horror; for the men of old manifested their feelings by the same instinctive motions as do modern men.

"What it was that inspired them with such consternation is made known to us by the following characters.

"In my book, 'Sacred Mysteries,' now out of print, on page xii, of its introduction, is to be found the Maya alphabet, discovered by me, side by side with the Egyptian hieratic alphabet. Here it is seen that this (fig. 1) is one of the signs for our letter H, and that the Maya character (fig. 2) corresponds to our letter U. These together give the Maya word huu (destruction), a word which is also the radical of all vocables indicating destruction. (See J. P. Parez's Maya Dictionary.)

"Under this word we find signs the meaning of which is "land in the Atlantic Ocean." I will explain:—If we follow the eastern coast-line of the American continent from Newfoundland in the north to Cape Saint Roque in Brazil, we have exactly this Maya symbol (fig. 3), which repeatedly appears

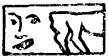


Fig. 5



Fig. 6



Fig. 7



Fig. 8

in the Troano manuscript in connection with the land of Mu. The square inside (fig. 4) is the Maya sign for our letters P and B. It stands for the Maya word balcah, which makes the "country and its inhabitants;" hence the land and its people in the Atlantic Ocean.

"Inside of the square are a full face with open mouth and the croup of an animal. (fig. 5.) These signs give the Maya word ppay, which means 'to be reduced to atoms.' Thus the whole sentence may be translated, 'Destruction of the land and its inhabitants in the Atlantic Ocean by being reduced to

atoms.' Here, then, we find an explanation of the attitude of horror and consternation portrayed by the human figures on the structure.

"As to the serpent which Humboldt mistook for the crocodile ejecting water, and whose undulations Dupaix imagined were a garland of flowers, getting his idea from the Mexican name Xochicalco (the house of flowers), what does this really represent? Again, it is the Ocean, the sea, that involved everything within its folds after the earthquake. The serpent is different to the one used in the Maya inscriptions, books and paintings as a symbol of the country, for it has no wings and no dart at the tail, nor is it the symbol of the king, for it has no mantle of feathers and no rattle at the tail. But it is, as the inscription under the characters I have just explained tells us, Canah, the mighty serpent, the ocean, the sea, whose symbol in the Troano manuscript is always a serpent head. On the fillet are again seen a number of figures seated cross-legged, with one of their hands resting on the land of Mu, and by them are these other signs, ma, the land (fig. 6), and (fig. 7) earthquake. Lack of space prevents the presentation with interpretation of more of the hieroglyphs, but elsewhere these will certainly be fully given; meanwhile, the few here translated suffice to show that the pyramid was erected to commemorate a great catclysm which occurred in the Atlantic Ocean on the day of 13 Chuen (fig. 8), in the Maya month Zac, in the year Kan, which corresponds to our February 7, as also related by the authors of the Troano manuscript and the *Cortex Cortesianus*.

"This, then, is the fifth and most important of the records in the Maya language of the cataclysm, a memory of which lingers as the appalling tradition of the Deluge among Christians, Jews and Mohammedans, in whose sacred books the narrative is preserved."

Universal Brotherhood

The SAVING MESSAGE of the NEW TIME

b y E. A. Neresheimer



WE need not search very far for confirmation and proof that the conditions of human existence are not satisfactory. This is not owing to the conditions themselves with which we are surrounded, — it is purely on account of man's ignorance to understand his place in the universe, his station and the purpose of his existence.

Many people believe, or think they believe, that their lives are separate from the lives of the rest of humanity, that they can do as they please while living, and that when they die all is over. Of all the views that are held about human life this is the poorest. In the first place, all the really wise people have come to the conclusion that human existence is continuous, that it is a wonderfully interesting and joyous thing if understood in the light of nature's laws and justice. The mechanism of nature is so wonderfully exact

that every condition in which we find ourselves is really a just one under all circumstances; there are no occurrences, either in human life or in the growth of plants or in the changes of wind and weather, or any other possible phenomenon that is not preceded by adequate, just and reasonable cause. In other words,—all that is, is right, as being the just and right consequence of previous causes.

This does not seem to be so to the ordinary man and woman, but we can be certain that the notion, that circumstances are accidental, can be laid at the door of ignorance or want of knowledge of the laws of the universe. Moreover, the laws of nature do not change, chafe as we will. Sooner or later all people will have to recognize that if life is not what we wish it to be, we must look for the shortcoming in ourselves, and not with God, or nature, or with circumstances. Life is a riddle to most people and a snare to some, and the thought does not lie far from many,—“I wish that I had never been born; what is the good of living, anyhow;” or “it is nothing but an alternation of pain and pleasure, mostly pain, and no end in sight;” yet, deep down in every breast there is a feeling which at times comes to the surface that *life is joy*, joy unbounded and forever, and such, really, it is, but we have to win our way.

The masses of people have floundered around long enough on the sea of existence without finding an anchorage or a hope for ultimate redemption; some have tried a life of piety, some a life of debauchery, and most of them have been compelled to lead a life of downright drudgery. But it appears that little progress, as a whole, has been made, or that many have gotten hold of a satisfactory philosophy of life upon which they could look with hope and contentment.

If there is any truth in the declaration that “life is joy,” and that humanity can attain to a realization of it, it can only be found in the recognition of the truth of the message of the Wisdom-religion, “THEOSOPHY,” which declares first and foremost that UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD is a fact in nature. The recognition of this is the first step, and to make it a living power in one’s life is the second.

Perhaps it does not appeal to everyone at first glance, that the dirty urchin is our brother. “What can I have in common with such low class individuals?” But reflect: put yourself in thought into the position of such a person, and you find that there are the same elements of joy and sorrow in him, the same endeavor to obtain happiness (which ever eludes), the same pains and pleasures, the same aspirations towards reaching a better moral condition, the same passions and temptations, and the same weakness in resisting them.

Is it not true that the urchin was born in the same way as yourself, and must not he die like you? And when life is ended, he is in exactly the same position as everyone else, *i. e.*, he takes with him no more nor less than the result of his experiences. The difference in clothes and the amount of money and furniture is no difference at all, because these vanish from him at death,

but his experiences remain just the same as do yours. He is a sinner against conscience, the same as you, and he will be held to account for it to the last degree; and perchance in his next life he may be where you are today, and you may then be where he is now. Have we ever thought how and why it is that we should all be so much alike intrinsically, and still consider ourselves so separate? We come constantly in contact with experiences that point to the fact that there is an intimate connection between all human beings. We cannot see even our enemy's finger cut or receiving bodily injury without feeling it in some degree ourselves. How is that? if we were really separate, we should feel glad at the injury to a supposed enemy, but there is no denying the feeling of irrepressible sympathy with all suffering, no matter whom it touches. This points to the subtle but certain and complete connection which exists between all human beings. When we think how sorry we feel sometimes for the sick and heart-broken, how hilarious we can become by contagion when others enjoy themselves,—then surely we must come to the conclusion that there is a connection and a bond between us all, and that we have some deep interest, somehow, in other,—yes, in all human beings.

Now, let us look at the efforts when people combine together to accomplish something, say as an army, or in commercial enterprise or the opening up of a country,—is it not established that concerted, harmonious action lightens the burden and brings more success than if each individual were working alone though exercising the same energy? For want of co-operation, three-fourths of our energies are wasted. When the close, natural ties of Brotherhood are once recognized as they must some day, there will be less friction, and the energies which are now wasted will be utilized for the benefit of the masses. In the great cities there is more waste of energy, notwithstanding that people live close together. In reality, they are very far apart; they cultivate indifference, and therefore lose the advantage of co-operation and the benefit of combined energy. There is a strong tendency of the soul to gain experience in manifested life; it is ever active, and seeks to express itself; if not engaged in activity tending to its welfare, it will act in the opposite direction, since active it must be. It is thus also in social life. Many people indulge in slander, and show a disposition to belittle the merits of others. This fact, instead of arguing against the doctrine of Brotherhood, is a negative proof of it. It shows the attraction and tie of attachment which exists between them, but the virtue is perverted, owing to the predominating characteristic of selfishness in mankind, of which jealousy and envy are the outcome. It is this same energy which, when directed rightly, will transmute action into helpfulness.

There is hardly a person who does not in some way sympathize with poverty. This is another proof of the existence of Brotherhood manifesting in the universality of that sympathetic quality. Looking around us in the world, we see that there is no need of poverty, and this fact is innately perceived by all, even by those who transgress nature's laws by causing the great discrepancies in the distribution of nature's products. It is an institution of nature

to supply abundantly for all. It is man's province to see it applied. It will not be done until Universal Brotherhood is recognized as a fact in nature.

Now let it be understood that Universal Brotherhood in the sense herein expounded, is not socialism, which is said to aim at equality of rights, station and possession. Such a notion is wrong altogether. While there is complete and indissoluble unity in nature, there is no equality anywhere. No two blades of grass are alike, nor any two things, and certainly no two human beings. As to equal rights of human beings, that is the worst doctrine of all. There are no rights that any individual has, except it be the right to give and to help those who need it. Nothing of whatsoever nature belongs to anyone separately; all belongs to nature's own storehouse, and the arrangement of its supervising laws is such that there is enough for all. If some use their talents and accomplishments to take away from others, they do it at their peril.

The entrance to the house of happiness is over the bridge of charity and helpfulness to mankind, and it is not such charity, either, that gives lavishly of money and clothes. A man may give away his whole fortune and it avail him not. Something more he must give,—he must give part of himself—the heart must be opened to the brother pilgrim, and help given of the abundance with which he has been endowed. The moral gifts are more valuable,—a kind word, a helping hand, a sympathetic look, a brotherly hand-shake,—but these must come in obedience to the inner nature,—from the eternal spring of joy,—the soul. Every man and woman has a trust in what they possess that is useful to others, to give, to share, to help wherever it is needed.

There has been much effort lately to centralize and combine commerce and manufacture into trusts, but of all the trusts that have been formed, there is but one that can survive them all. It has been formed by one of the benefactors of the human race. It is more successful than any, because it is in accord with nature's laws, and nature's design. It is a trust of living Help that will bring a real and continuous joy to the whole race, an ideal actualized, a veritable UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, a blessing and benediction.

This trust is nothing so new that it should not already be known to every joyous soul on earth, for that great humanitarian worker, Katherine Tingley, who is at the head of it, has not come on a night out of the unknown. She is the Leader of a grander movement than the movement which has established Christianity in the Western Hemisphere during the last 1900 years. That trust is the only trust that is destined to stay, for it is built upon nature's own sublime design, purpose and plan, it is a trust of mutual help that utilizes every atom of energy for the advancement of all of nature's children.

The Great Helpers of the race, the Saviors of Humanity, are not deaf to the supplications of suffering mankind. The cry has issued and help has come. Many a Helper has come to the race, always with the same message, "LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER."

The present messenger has made her timely appearance to save the world from destruction. When we reflect that the faith in universal justice is

crumbling and that the religious spirit is being crushed out, it would seem that a mighty wave of regeneration must come to save the world from another collapse. Civilizations have perished before, and ours will surely perish also unless this Trust now established with its branches throughout the World, prove a saving, regenerative power.

The selfish greed of the intellectual classes would certainly eat up finally the life-blood of the masses, and destruction of the whole progress of hundreds of centuries would undoubtedly follow and throw humanity back once more to a point where it would have to start anew the journey of trouble, pain, darkness and despair.

However, there is a certainty now that this Trust will prevail. The old-new philosophy, which contains the Key to the new time, has been resuscitated from oblivion by H. P. Blavatsky, who founded the Theosophical Society in 1875, with William Q. Judge and others,—but especially the now living messenger, Katherine Tingley, the successor to both of these great teachers and benefactors. Universal Brotherhood will surely stem the tide and deal the last blow to the all-devouring materialism with which the last few centuries have been especially marked.

It is gratifying to note the progress which has been accomplished by this movement during the last twenty-six years, and by the light of its accomplishments, and by the irresistible power of the Great and Glorious Leader, there is reason to hope,—yes,—there is a certainty of success at once, even now in the twentieth century.

The decline of spirituality and the growing disbelief in religion during the reign of the materialistic era of the last fifty years has destroyed the belief in universal justice; it has deprived its devotees of the hope of immortality and the perfectibility of man. And what has this period of five decades given us in exchange for these ideals? Nothing but accentuated greed for money,—more money, more power, more vice,—and all at the expense of our fellow-men, so that now the impoverished and bewildered masses do not know where to look for help, for hope, for life.

While this state of things was running its course with apparently unchecked swiftness, and culminated in the ultra-centralization of commercial supremacy in the hands of the few, there came to the world these messengers of truth who have infused a new force into the hearts of men,—love for mankind, Brotherhood! And now there is hardly a book or a newspaper or an enterprise of any kind that does not show a note of hope on the lines of Brotherhood, and also some of the distinct ideas which have been brought to the world by these great teachers of the Theosophical Movement. The words,—“LIFE IS JOY,”—uttered by Katherine Tingley a few years ago, echoes and re-echoes now from one corner of the earth to the other, and in spite of the troubles and tribulations which individuals have to suffer, its purport is beginning to be understood in the light of the truth of man's stability as a conscious, indestructible unit,—immortal, unborn,—himself a part of the creative

spirit. The knowledge also of his long pilgrimage through the ages in the course of evolution, which have brought him to this present recognition of his powers, and a certainty with which he enjoys the prospect of further evolution towards perfectibility and immortality, are the boons that are given to mankind—they are indeed as a beacon-light illuminating the dark places on his path.

The fact that we have lived many lives on earth, and that by our acts and thoughts we are shaping our bodies for the future are so patent that it seems almost ridiculous that we have so long indulged in the silly notion of special creation out of nothing, of a new soul for each body.

The progress of the dissemination of these ideas which in a measure already permeate the whole literary and commercial world, has wrought many and great changes, during the last twenty-five years. Look and see: there is an honest endeavor on the part of employers to lighten the burden of drudgery among the working classes. There are new relations between employer and employed which had not existed twenty-five years ago, and a philanthropic spirit begins to manifest itself in many marked ways in every walk of life. There is a perfect scramble among the moneyed classes to do some notable and useful thing,—some fairly tumble over one another endowing scientific, benevolent and humanitarian institutions. Though these things are not done entirely with unselfish motives, they show the trend of the time. All this has come as the result of the new forces of love and brotherhood which have been set free by the efforts of this Movement. The influence of these efforts penetrates the soul-consciousness of every man—the real man. It appeals finally to his higher nature and brings about entirely new conditions of helpfulness and desire of service to humanity. We should recognize that this is in accord with natural laws, and that sooner or later every man must realize a feeling of brotherliness to every living man, woman and child. To the extent that one has failed in this he has lived his life in vain, and must go through the same experiences again until he has learned his lesson and becomes in harmony with his destiny.

There is nothing that a man takes with him when he dies, except the sum total of his experiences. These experiences are assimilated after death to the stock of wisdom of the soul. The real, immortal man has accumulated much wisdom during the many millions of years which he has lived on earth, and at each new birth to earth-life, he comes back with the results, helping or hindering him, of the thoughts and acts of his previous life. Thus we can see how it is possible that one man is wiser than another,—some, while living, having made more of their possibilities, yet no one has any more than that which he has evolved out of himself. The potency of all wisdom lies within everyone from the beginning, and there is no end to earthly existence until man becomes perfected,—verily a God.

The Great Teacher, to whose philosophy this is but an illusion, seeks no disciples. These come to her by thousands. They are increasing in numbers daily, seeking the fountain-head of wisdom, not for their own sakes, but for

what help they can render to Humanity. All men will come more and more to revere that world-benefactor and Teacher of the old-new message,—Katherine Tingley,—for she brings to the world the only saving message of redemption and, at last, in the way in which it shall be understood and practiced,—the doctrine of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. At the International Center, Point Loma, Cal., where the Leader directs the vital issues, she works day and night, using superhuman energy and patience in the instruction of her pupils, students and workers. Here are buildings of the most remarkable architecture that the world has ever seen,—all designed by her. Students and many children of tender age from all nations are gathered there, thankful for the opportunity of being near the Teacher, and devoting all their powers to the furtherance of this glorious work.

The methods of teaching are not confined to the dry kind of the selfish intellectualism, they are practical and by living a life of purity are an example and an inspiration to pupil and disciple and to the world. One of the special institutions is the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, through whose agency lofty dramas are performed in the open air under most exquisite auspices, including natural advantages of scenery, climate and most extraordinary accessories no where else to be seen. There the secrets and evolution of the soul are made plain. The daily throngs of thousands who come and look, go away edified; better men and women,—many of these know afterwards how to apply some of these beautiful and beneficent lessons to daily life and themselves become more useful members of society, instead of drifting, aimless individuals who know not whether it is better to lie and steal, or to live a life of virtue, one that benefits their fellow-men.

There are daily lectures at the Aryan Temple by Katherine Tingley's trained students, which are visited by thousands of people from all parts of the world, and many children are being trained in the philosophy of joy, who, at a very tender age, are already able to impart some of the most needed doctrines to the thirsty multitudes with whom they come in contact.

There are already centers in nearly every country on the earth which are connected with the International Center at Point Loma. Over all of these Katherine Tingley is the head. It portends well for the New Time that the Theosophical Movement has the Leader at the helm by whose wise direction and irresistible power the disintegrating forces shall be stayed and the regenerating forces put into action.

“Manufactures, trade, commerce, agriculture, if once the thought of personal gain can be subordinated to the thought of public service, offer scope for the most chivalrous and enterprising and courageous. It can only be through some misapprehension that it seems nobler to lead a regiment to the battlefield than to inspire the workers in a factory with the enthusiasm of labor.

—BISHOP OF DURHAM

The Spider Incident

by the Peripatetic Pedestrian



I WAS making a tour of inspection of my estate in Somersetshire one sunny October morning of last year. I was luxuriating in the keen freshness of the air and the wonderful tints on the fading foliage, when a shrill scream pierced my ear.

I was not alarmed, for, save an occasional "trespass" in the orchards, and a little quiet poaching, crime is unknown in our peaceful village, so I turned up the path leading to the nearest cottage and reached the open door at the same moment as Jim Sturdy arrived from the onion bed, and together we questioned his wife as to the cause of her alarm.

From her incoherent remarks we gathered that in her sweeping she had dislodged an enormous black spider which was in hiding behind the flour barrel and liable to charge us at any moment.

As soon as Jim understood the cause of the excitement he burst into a boisterous laugh and after making some very uncomplimentary remarks upon the intelligence of women was about to return to his work; but I stopped him.

We were soon head over ears in a conversation in which Jim was defending his contention that spiders were harmless, ingenious and worthy of protection, while I took a rather different ground which will develop as I proceed. Jim based his position mainly on the Bible statement that God had created all "creeping things." Did I deny that spiders were "creeping things?" I was bound to confess that they were, and, that point gained, Jim triumphantly pressed home his contention that being divinely created they must of necessity be worthy of our admiration and reverent study.

"I am not at all sure," replied I, "that the Bible does claim a divine origin for spiders. Granted that God made creeping things, does it necessarily follow that he made *all* creeping things? Are we not told that thorns and thistles only appeared as the consequence of the fall of man, and may it not be that poisonous serpents, scorpions, and noxious vermin generally are really due to human depravity?"

But Jim was hardly prepared to admit that man had the power to express his evil imaginations in visible form. So I went on as follows:

"You know old Giles," said I, for we all knew Giles as the one thoroughly bad character of our village community. "I remember Giles as a fair-haired, beautiful boy, and yet now you know his face is stamped and seamed by sin, his evil mind has in the course of years actually molded his features. Giles cannot accuse God for having given him his present ugly face, he has made it what it is by persistent wrong thought.

“Do you suppose that Infinite Goodness could deliberately plan the grotesque and horrible sharks, the cruel tigers, or the microbes and bacilli which run riot in our bodies and produce so many of the diseases which afflict mankind? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that Man ‘the lord of creation’ introduced discord and ugly shapes into the world by his sin and has deformed the very herbs of the field, until they now appear bristling all over with thorns and prickles.”

Here Jim broke in and quoted the text which asserts that the Creator had pronounced all that he had made as “very good.”

“Precisely, that is my point,” I rejoined. “Things started right, but man ‘fell,’ and ever since the harsh jangle of his untuned desires has distorted and marred the fair face of Nature.”

“Come now,” I went on, “you are a gardener. Answer me candidly, is a thistle ‘very good?’ Last year a weasel got into your chicken yard and sucked the blood of three of your finest pullets; was the weasel ‘very good?’ I happened to call in just as you discovered the dead birds, and I remember that your language was not ‘very good’ either.”

“But we can’t settle the question by reason alone, have you no feelings? Women are often better judges of character than we are though they may not be able to give reasons for their likes and dislikes. They appear to be guided by a kind of instinct in these matters.”

Janet who up to this point had been silent, now began to laugh inwardly with infinite relish and gave us a most entertaining though terribly long-winded account of an incident to illustrate my statement. In brief, a plausible stranger had asked Jim for a dinner and touched by his piteous tale Jim had taken him home with him. Janet instinctively felt him to be an impostor but to preserve domestic harmony had given way, and allowed him a place at table. The upshot of it was that just as the meal was finished, the guest announced that the neighbor’s cows were among the cabbages, and when the simple couple had returned breathless from a fruitless search for cattle at the end of the garden, the stranger had vanished and some spoons were also missing.

After the laughter had subsided I produced my trump card—an authority whom Jim greatly respected.

“You admire John Ruskin, don’t you, Jim?”

“What, him as wrote ‘Sesame and Lilies!’ I do, zur, why that there little book ——”

“No matter now, Jim, all I wanted to say was that Ruskin whom you acknowledge to be a wise man, held very strong views about the evil origin of poisonous vermin, and though I do not believe in using an authority as a bludgeon to stun an antagonist with, you must admit that a position which a great thinker adopts is at least worthy of our serious consideration.”

“But what should us do about flies, zur, but for them spiders?”

“I am quite sure,” replied I, “that as long as Janet can handle her broom

you will have no assistance from spiders in your cottage, Jim. Of course the swallows are our great allies, and a host of other fly catching birds, and besides," I added significantly, "if we will allow garbage piles to accumulate in our back yards we shall certainly suffer from an overproduction of flies, and here again, Jim, you may observe that man himself is mainly responsible for his troubles."

As Jim was muttering some apology for breaking one of the most stringent rules in force among my tenants, I suddenly remembered an appointment I had made for twelve o'clock and took a hasty departure. Before I left we looked behind the barrel that we might deal with the spider in the usual way, but he had escaped while we were talking.

Our Hopes

by R. B.



IT does not impress us as we go on from day to day on our journey of life what a mighty moving power our hopes really are. We are not conscious that they mould our lives. The truism that "A man is as he thinks" is just as true in the words "A man is as he hopes." For our hopes color all our thoughts and enter into all we do. They guide, direct and lead us.

In view of the fact that most men are ever striving and hoping for something, giving years and years and a whole life-time of toil and energy in the pursuit of its accomplishment, is it not a matter of the most vital importance to ask, what are the hopes of men? What are your hopes—and mine? What an object lesson they might serve to be if they could all be written down in a book and then read by us. Such a volume would be a wonderful mirror. If we chose to look into it, it would reflect a likeness of ourselves that we have never seen before. It would be one of the rarest happenings, for we would thereby be brought face to face with ourselves; see ourselves as we really are—in the things that we have been thinking and desiring and wanting and toiling for—these being the embodiment of our hopes.

However, we need not go to the special task of writing or reading a specially prepared volume. Such a book is already at hand—complete up to date—with an accurate record of all the hopes of men—the Book of Life. In it we may read the story as we run, in the millions of sad faces, the millions of aching hearts, and the millions of lives sunk in the depths of wretchedness, degeneration and despair. This picture before us is the concrete expression of

what the world has been hoping; it is the result of man's own work; and herein is the question answered.

The world says—we have not been hoping for this. We have been looking for something better—for the good things—for peace, happiness and joy. It may be very true that we have been *looking* for these things, but our works have been of the *contrary* things. There is no escape from the law by argument. Misdirected efforts, misguided energies and selfish pursuits cannot alter or argue away one iota of the law of absolute justice. The result *proves* what we have been hoping and doing; it stands out boldly as a mighty vindicator of that law. Is there anything that can tell the truth of our lives as forcibly and as plainly as our *deeds*? No matter what we *say* we think or believe or hope—what we *do* verifies it. Jesus said, “By their fruits ye shall know them.” And he also admonished the multitude and his disciples of that time, speaking of the scribes and pharisees regarding their hypocrisy, in these words: “The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat: All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe that observe and do; but do not ye after their works: for they *say* and *do* not,”—“For they bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers.”

The justice of the world's condition is a great mystery to most people. There are various reasons for this. The past centuries have marked conspicuously this age as an age of material activities; they have developed the material tendencies paramount to every other part of man's nature. This is an age of machinery and money, and so we have been too busy and altogether disinclined to think deep enough—if we did any thinking at all—to get at the *reality* and the *soul* of things. Hence, that has been left out of our calculations and interests, and so we do not understand.

Many, who have not been so busy gathering material stores, have sunk into a pitiful mental lethargy because of centuries of joyless religious teachings which did not *require* any thinking; these are still under the impression that they must keep on forever in the same old way in spite of their sufferings. They are hide-bound in their slavery of narrow traditions and custom, and that makes the struggle toward progress and freedom so great.

Many other people, who cannot account for the present conditions in the light of justice, give for the reason that we have been here on earth but a few years, and that we could not possibly have had anything to do with the bringing about of a world like this, and that, consequently, we ought not to be sharers in the burdens. Could there be any *possibility* of justice in *anything*, if man's life were but a few years? Could there be any *purpose* in anything or any sane reason for *living at all*, if man were not immortal? Would not life be the greatest mockery and the world the most heinous criminal institution imaginable, if the beginning and end of all were—to be born, to go through the miseries of earth, and then die! Surely the purpose of life is more than this!

We are immortal beings, and that means that we have lived in the past as well as that we shall live in the future. Is it any more wonderful to come here a million times than it is to come once? And so we have been here before, many times, having had our chances and opportunities over and over again, and we *have* had something to do with making the world what it is. We have led up to these conditions from previous lives.

By all natural law, a harvest can only be reaped where the seeds have been sown; and does it not follow by the same law that those do the *reaping* who do the *sowing*? Jesus taught this 2000 years ago in the parable of the sower. The hopes and deeds of previous lives here were the seeds that have brought the present reaping. The sower may sow any kind of seed that he desires. Therefore, we shall continue to live in the conditions of today until we get ourselves out of them. We are the builders of our lives—and we can build as we will. Is there not justice and joy in such a law?

There are many who put the responsibility of all the misery and crime of earth upon God; they say it is all right because He did it; that He did it in mercy and love, and it is His will that it should be so. And this is supposed to explain the woes of men; and we are expected to be satisfied with it. But, the rapidly approaching light from the awakening science of life is fast dispelling this particular phase of darkness from the face of the earth.

Now, if we will rouse ourselves to deeper thought, and make true and honest analysis of the hopes even of the few years of this present life experience, leaving out of consideration the particular views of life that we may hold, we will discover that we have had hopes of different *motives*; that some have been high and some have been low; some have been good and some bad; that a few have emanated from the better, the diviner side of our nature, but the many have emanated from our lower, selfish nature. This fact is the only clue to our individual miseries, and it alone accounts for the miseries of the nations and of the world. Witness the years we devoted in efforts to gratify our millions of petty, personal wants; note the results. Analyze the ambitions, the motives, the hopes involved in the wars of the nations. Are not nobility, honesty and virtue sacrificed to all the vices and to corruption in the hope of getting gold? Are not a million chains of slavery being forged for the people in the covetousness and the hope of power? These are the boldest facts in the life of men today. Can it be possible that the world has been or is hoping that joy may come to it, and peace, while it has been working in these ways? Do we as individuals or as nations care what happens to the rest of the world, except as we may be particularly benefited by that happening? Do our dealings as individuals or nations indicate that we are concerned about the welfare of others, least of all, about the welfare of humanity, except as it concerns our personal interests? The law of Right Living involves duties to others; nay more, it enjoins upon us that we love others—even as we love ourselves. We do not work with this Divine law—we work against it. Surely we do not love our neighbor as ourself; we love only ourselves.

Now, knowing how the law works when we work against it, and knowing that our hopes come under the law, is it not plain that we must know how the law works if we work with it? and that the result will be according as we work and hope?

If selfishness wrought misery and degeneration, will not unselfishness uplift and create happiness; if our hearts go out in love to all who need sympathy and help, instead of giving it all to ourselves, will not a ponderous weight be lifted from the world's load of sorrow; what would take place in the life of humanity if the monster of greed disappeared, that is trying to get all he can and cares not how he gets it? Just suppose the whole world would make up its mind to be kind instead of cruel—how the crushed heart of humanity would stir with gladness if the sunlight of our Higher Hopes could be felt by it! Is not then the welfare of humanity a matter of what we shall hope?

Then let us *dare to change* our hopes! Let us bid the old selfish hopes pass away that the new may come! Let us break away from the old treadmill of mean and petty striving and get into the freedom of the universal law! Then it will be *easy* to dare to hope for the uplifting of the whole human race; for a better, brighter day and a higher life for men.

Such striving will turn all our work and labor into joy and shame away our million little worries. Such hopes alone are worthy of our manhood and womanhood; they dignify and ennoble life; such hopes have been the ideals that have made heroes; and such are the hopes that make possible the unspeakable, sublime self-sacrifice of all world Teachers and Helpers of the race. It is such hopes that the spiritual Teachers have tried to bring to the realization of men age after age. It is the same hope that now again, at this very moment, our present Teachers are trying to rekindle in our hearts. In their marvelous courage and example we see the possibility of attainment. We learn that with unflinching effort and courageous determination, and with the Law of Right on our side, we can accomplish everything.

It is a battle indeed, great and mighty! But it is the battle of the True Warrior—fighting with self—the battle for others.

By the Sacrifice of Selfishness; through the Power of Selflessness; with love in the heart and a fearless tread, we can march on and *win* the battle!

How many people in the world are wondering what Jesus meant when he said, "He who loses his life shall find it."

And thou shalt find, though small at first it seemed,
 The present moment is divinely sent;
 The present duty is thy Master's will.
 O thou who longest for some noble work,
 Do thou this hour thy given task fulfill!
 It is the work of which thou oft hast dreamed.

—Selected

The Vital Power of Faith

by A. D. P.



WHEN the mind turns inward to reflect upon any of the problems of life, immediately an army of conflicting thoughts is marshalled before the mind's eye and they appear as a panorama of living pictures, of such variable coloring and diversified theme that the brain becomes confused. It is necessary to focus them all into one picture which will bring the vital points into bold relief and place unimportant details in their proper place.

This mental confusion is caused by a vacillating viewpoint. The uncontrolled lower mind leads us hither and thither and we are unable to hold it for long at any one point.

Every question must be studied from at least two positions and both sides of life's picture analyzed. Each human being embodies two distinct and opposing natures, the two conflicting world forces. An angel and a demon struggle within him from the cradle to the grave and at each moment of his life, one or the other is reigning on the throne.

In face of our boasted twentieth century enlightenment, the world is full of ignorance, degradation and suffering, and human beings are tossed about in the whirlpool of material life, trying in vain to find an anchorage.

Although much progress has been made on some lines, the verdict of millions of unhappy hearts is that in the main it has not been on the right lines. For if it were, men would by this time be living together in brotherly love instead of amidst the strife and despotism we know exist everywhere, with their souls still hungry for truth and their hearts starved for love.

For the cause which has brought about this weight of woe and made the burden almost heavier than we can bear, we have not far to search. Every one of us knows that it is because of an innate self-love and man's inhumanity to his fellow man. And we have each helped to make this fair earth of ours a world of sorrows and human life a wail of anguish instead of a song of joy. We should also know that the only remedy for the existing condition, lies in retracing our steps and living again a simple, natural life in the bonds of universal brotherhood.

While selfishness in some form is the root of every evil, there are certain phases of the malady which are especially prominent and dangerous at this particular time. And not the least of these is a growing skepticism and mistrust of anything which cannot be cognized by one or more of the five physical senses.

The ingress of this powerful foe to real knowledge is marked by its narrowing, withering influence upon the minds of men. The moment doubt is allowed to creep into the heart it takes root and rapidly grows into a rank weed which crowds out the pure impulses and clear perception of a trustful nature. It is a most subtle poison and surely grave responsibility rests with those who deliberately inject it into another's mind. The natural, simple faith of little children should be an object lesson and example to us, but instead of this, parents and teachers take great pains to crush out this bright flower from a higher realm and in its place encourage the growth of the hideous weeds of mistrust and suspicion.

Close upon the heels of doubt follows its inseparable companion, fear. An insane fear and mistrust of our magnificent powers is holding back the world with iron chains. "Faith" must be the basis of every act of our lives. If we do not believe that an undertaking will terminate as we plan, what incentive is there for attempting it? The successful outcome depends upon the quality of the faith. If we start out to do a thing with the thought, "it is no use trying, I cannot do it," how can we ever expect to accomplish anything?

No matter how many times we may fail, the fact that we keep on trying proves that we really know it is possible to succeed. In approaching any duty, if we would take the positive attitude of mind that "I can do this thing and will," already the ultimate success of the undertaking is assured.

It is a fact worthy of note that skepticism increases in the same ratio that advance is made on purely intellectual lines. Men who want tangible proof of everything generally turn to physical science thinking that here they will be able to prove as they go. They place implicit faith in the inexorable laws of nature which have already been discovered, but forget that every physical science began by assuming an hypothesis, which after countless experiments was modified until finally the governing law was discovered.

Our introduction to the study of mathematics, the only exact science known to the world, is to imagine something which has neither length, breadth nor thickness—the point—and by extending this imaginary something produce a line, and from this also hypothetical something, a surface. Upon this basis of imagination, or faith, is built the strong and magnificent foundation of all the sciences.

Likewise, the essence and spirit of all phenomena are above and beyond the material form. The anatomist may probe and dissect until the end of time and the vivisectionist, under the cloak of scientific investigation, may continue his fiendish cruelties, they will never come any nearer to grasping that something for which they are in search, and which ever eludes them, as long as they have only the physical senses at command.

Belief in the higher, spiritual laws is not based on inference any more than belief in physical laws. It is based on knowledge supplied by the higher senses. For we have other senses than the five which science admits. There is a sixth sense now rapidly developing in the race, that is intuition, and there

are others finer and higher than this. It is through these that we are able to get a glimpse of the beauties and splendors of the realms which lie beyond gross matter.

With telescope and microscope men are searching the universe to discover the truth of things, but because they are still groping in the dark for the deepest truths, many have grown tired and lost faith that the mystery of life will ever be fathomed. And yet, down in the consciousness of every heart there surely is a profound conviction. We know that the light is breaking.

Faith in mere man-made creeds and dogmas may be decreasing and is, but confidence in the Divine Intelligence behind all manifestation is a flooding tide. Faith in our own divinity and infinite possibilities is a sovereign remedy for ills of the mind. Harmony is restored, and contentment and peace take the place of discord and strife. The whole outlook of life is altered and even the stagnant pool of physical vitality aroused to healthy activity.

It is the lower mind with its limitations which causes distrust of the intuitions of the higher nature to creep into the heart. We have an idea that the less we take on faith, the more reasonable we are. But in spite of the belief which most people have that "I am not deluded," the credulity of the mass of humanity today is amazing. We allow ourselves to be deluded and deceived every day of our lives by listening to the flattering, pampering voice of the personality and turning deaf ears to the still, small voice of our better selves.

Not only in matters which touch the moral and ethical side of the question are we blinded, but in the affairs of practical every-day life.

For instance, we know perfectly well that traps are set on every side to ensnare the unwary and yet we deliberately fall into them, enticed by some sugar plum, by plausible schemes that sound as though the only desire of the originator was to give you something, and your welfare his greatest care. There are large concerns doing business on these lines, with their success entirely dependent on gullible people. And they thrive and prosper. Is it not rather humiliating that our stupidity should have a commercial value?

But, thanks to the working of the great law, at last people are beginning to rouse themselves and are tearing away the veils which have been pulled over their eyes and commencing to realize that they are something more than intelligent animals. It is not a time for sugar-coated pills and conscience-drowning phrases, it is the pivotal time of the ages, and the evil forces are in the death struggle.

Already humanity is standing with abated breath, expecting some great event, they know not what.

We are standing at the threshold of the "Golden Age," the time of which poets have sung and prophets told. A time when human beings will dwell together in harmony, and wisdom and peace will abound. We have within us the power to re-create the glories of the past and greater glories and our responsibility is great.

We have pictured this as still in a dim and distant future, but *now* is our opportunity to realize the dream. Do not let it be recorded of us, as of the disciples of old, that we failed in the great hour and could not enter in for lack of faith.

Sign-Posts Along *the Path**



A LETTER to the editor from Holland upon this subject deserves a reply, as it must give utterance to the questions of many other students.

The complaint in this letter is that when one goes to Devachan much time is lost away from earth life, where otherwise unselfish work for others might be continued by instantly returning to it after death. The reason given is that Devachan is an illusion, while the so-called illusions of earthly existence are in such a sense real that they are preferable to those of Devachan. In illustration of this, the supposed case is given of a parent in Devachan imagining that the beloved child is also there, when, in fact, the child not yet physically dead, remains on earth perhaps in misery or leading a life of vice. This is the root of the objection—the supposed illusionary character of Devachan as compared to earth-life.

Now these feelings are always due to the thirst for life in the form which presently is most known to us,—that is, in a physical body. We cannot argue Devachan away any more than we can the necessity for incarnation upon this earth; the one is as philosophically necessary as is the other. A very easy way out of the difficulty—which arises almost wholly from our feelings—would be to calmly accept the law as it stands, being willing to take whatever may be our fate, whether that be in Devachan or in this earth-life. Our likes and dislikes can have no effect on the course of nature, but they may have an effect on ourselves which will be far from beneficial. For the dwelling upon pleasure or the constant desire to fly from “pain not yet come” will inevitably create Karmic causes which we would wish to avoid.

But perhaps there are some considerations on the subject of Devachan which may be of use. In the first place, I have never believed that the period given by Mr. Sinnet in *Esoteric Buddhism* of fifteen hundred years for the stay in that state was a fixed fact in nature. It might be fifteen minutes as well as fifteen hundred years. But it is quite likely that for the majority of those who so constantly wish for a release and for an enjoyment of heaven, the period would be more than fifteen hundred years. In-

* Extracts from *THE PATH*, Vol. V.

deed, the Hindoo Scriptures give many special ceremonies for the attainment of heaven, or the regions of Indra, which is Devachan; and those ceremonies or practices are said to cause a stay in Indraloka "for years of infinite number."

The first question, however, must be "What is the cause for passing into Devachan?" Some have said that it is good Karma or good acts that take us and keep us there, but this is a very incomplete reply. Of course in the sense that it is happiness to go into that state, it may be called good Karma. But it does not follow that the man whose life is good, passed in constant unselfish work for others without repining, and free from the desire to have somewhere his reward, will go to Devachan. Yet his Karma must be good; it must act on him, however, in other lives, for the earth-life is the place where such Karma has its operation. But if at the same time he is thus working for others he wishes for release or for some place or time when and where he may have rest, then, of course, he must go to Devachan for a period which will be in proportion to the intensity of those desires.

Again, it should not be forgotten that the soul must have some rest. Were it, before coming bright as the diamond, hard as adamant, and strong as steel, to go on working, working through earth-life after earth-life without a break between, it must at last succumb to the strain and come to nothing. Nature has therefore provided for it a place of rest—in Devachan; and that we should thankfully accept if it falls to our lot.

But does Devachan suffer in the comparison made between it and this life on earth? To me it seems not. Human life is as great an illusion as any. To the sage Ribhu, Vishnu said it was the longest lived reign of fancy. To say that it is a terrible thing to think of a mother in Devachan enjoying its bliss while the child is suffering on earth, is to prefer one illusion over another, to hug a philosophical error to the breast. Both states are out of the true, while the Ego, who is the real witness, sees the lower personality struggling with these phantoms, while it, whether the body be living or its other parts be in Devachan, enjoys eternal felicity. It sits on high unmoved, unmovable. The great verse in the Isa-Upanishad settles this matter for me in these words: "What room is there for sorrow and what for doubt in him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind, though differing in degree." Therefore if I believe this, I must also know that, no matter whether I and my best beloved are in Devachan or on earth, they and I must forever partake of the highest development attained by the greatest of sages, for, as they and I are spiritual beings, we must have communion forever on the higher planes of our being.

Then again the fact seems to be lost sight of that each night we go into a sort of Devachan—the dream state or sleep without dream. The loving mother no matter how unfortunate or evil her child, must sleep, and in that state she may have dreams of her loved ones around her in just the very condition of mind and body she would have them enjoy. If Devachan be objectionable, why not also rebel against our necessary sleep which acts on our physi-

cal frame to give it rest, as Devachan does upon our more ethereal parts?

Lying unnoticed at the root of this matter is the question of time. It goes to the very root of the objection, for the aversion to the stay in Devachan is based upon the conception of a *period of time*. This period—given or supposed as 1,500 years—is another great illusion which can be easily proved to be so. What we call time, measured by our seconds and minutes and hours, is not necessarily time itself. It is not the ultimate precedence and succession of moments in the abstract. For us it depends on and flows from the revolutions of our solar orb, and even with that standard it can be shown that we do not apprehend it correctly. We speak of seconds, but those are such as our watch-makers give us in the watch. They might be made longer or shorter. They are arrived at through a division of a diurnal revolution, the observation of which is not necessarily mathematically accurate. If we lived on Mercury—where we must believe intelligent beings live—our conception of time would be different. From our childhood's experience we know that even in this life our appreciation of the passage of time rises and falls, for in early youth the twelve months from one Christmas to another seemed very, very long, while now they pass all too quickly. And from watching the mental processes in dreams we know that, in the space of time taken for a bell to drop from the table to the floor, one may dream through a whole life time, with all the incidents of each day and hour packed into such a limited period. Who can tell but that in a Devachanic state of three months the person may go through experiences that seem to cover thousands of years? If so, why not say for him—since time as we know it is an illusion—that he was in Devachan for those thousands?

Devachan, however, is not a meaningless or useless state. In it we are rested; that part of us which could not bloom under the chilling skies of earth-life bursts forth into flower and goes back with us to another life stronger and more a part of our nature than before; our strength is revived for another journey between deaths. Why shall we repine that nature kindly aids us in the interminable struggle; why thus ever keep the mind revolving about this petty personality and its good or evil fortune?

—*Devachan*, W. Q. J., page 190

Having taken the bow, the great weapon, let him place on it the arrow, sharpened by devotion. Then, having drawn it with a thought directed to that which is, hit the mark, O friend—the Indestructible. OM is the bow, the Self is the arrow, Brahman is called its aim. It is to be hit by a man who is not thoughtless; and then as the arrow becomes one with the target, he will become one with Brahman. Know him alone as the Self, and leave off other words. He is the bridge of the Immortal. Meditate on the self as OM. Hail to you that you may cross beyond the sea of darknes.

—MUNDAKA UPANISHAD

Archery has always been in vogue, whether in nations civilized or among people of barbarous manners. We find Arjuna, prince of India, the possessor of a wondrous bow called Gandiva, the gift of the gods. None but its owner

could string it, and in war it spread terror in the ranks of the enemy. Arjuna was a wonderful archer too. He could use Gandiva as well with his right as with his left hand, and so was once addressed by Krishna in the Bhagavad Gita dialogue as "thou both-handed." The bow figures in the lives of the Greek heroes, and just now the novelist Louis Stevenson is publishing a book in which he sings the praises of a bow, the bow of war possessed by Ulysses; when war was at hand it sang its own peculiar, shrill, clear song, and the arrows shot from it hit the mark.

Archery is a practice that symbolizes concentration. There is the archer, the arrow, the bow, and the target to be hit. To reach the mark it is necessary to concentrate the mind, the eye, and the body upon many points at once, while at the same time the string must be let go without disturbing the aim. The draw of the string with the arrow must be even and steady on the line of sight, and when grasp, draw, aim, and line are perfected, the arrow must be loosed smoothly at the moment of full draw, so that by the bows' recoil it may be carried straight to the mark. So those who truly seek wisdom are archers trying to hit the mark. This is spiritual archery, and it is to this sort that the verse from the Mundaka Upanishad refers.

In archery among men a firm position must be assumed, and in the pursuit of truth this firm position must be taken up and not relaxed, if the object in view is to be ever attained. The eye must not wander from the target, for, if it does, the arrow will fly or fall short of its goal. So if we start out to reach the goal of wisdom, the mind and heart must not be permitted to wander, for the path is narrow and the wanderings of a day may cause us years of effort to find the road again.

The quality of the bow makes a great difference in the results attained by the archer. If it is not a good bow of strong texture and with a good spring to it, the missiles will not fly straight or with sufficient force to do the work required; and so with the man himself who is his own bow, if he has not the sort of nature that enables him to meet all the requirements, his work as a spiritual archer will fall that much short. But even as the bow made of wood or steel is subject to alterations of state, so we are encouraged by the thought that the laws of karma and reincarnation show us that in other lives and new bodies we may do better work. The archer says too that the bow often seems to alter with the weather or other earthly changes, and will on some days do much better work than on others. The same thing is found by the observing Theosophist, who comes to know that he too is subject from time to time to changes in his nature which enable him to accomplish more and to be nearer the spiritual condition. But the string of the bow must always be strung tight; and this, in spiritual archery, is the fixed determination to always strive for the goal.

When the arrow is aimed and loosed it must be slightly raised to allow for the trajectory, for if not it will fall short. This corresponds on its plane with one of the necessities of our human constitution, in that we must have a high

mental and spiritual aim if we are to hit high. We cannot go quite as high as the aim, but have to thus allow for the trajectory that comes about from the limitations of our nature; the trajectory of the arrow is due to the force of gravity acting on it, and our aspirations have the same curve in consequence of the calls of the senses, hereditary defects, and wrong habits that never permit us to do as much as we would wish to do.

Let us hit the mark, O friend! and that mark is the indestructible, the highest spiritual life we are at any time capable of.

Hit the Mark—William Brehon, page 185

The ethics of life propounded by Jesus are not different from those found in Theosophy, but the latter holds in its doctrines a compelling power which is absent from Christianity and from those systems which require a man to be good for virtue's sake alone. It is not easy to practise virtue for the simple reason that we ought to do so, since the desire for reward is inherent in humanity, and is a reflection of the evolutionary law which draws the universe ever upward to higher points of development. A man reads the command of Jesus to turn the other cheek to the smiter, to resist not evil, to forgive without stint, and to take no thought for the morrow, and then—pauses. His next thought is that such a canon is wholly utopian, and would if followed subvert society. In this he is sustained by eminent authority, as well as by example, for a great Bishop has declared that no state can exist under such a system.

Theosophic doctrine, however, on either the selfish or spiritual line of life, convinces that the moral law must be obeyed. If we regard only the selfish side, we find when people are convinced that evil done in this life will be met with sure punishment in another reincarnation, they hesitate to continue the old careless life when they lived for themselves alone.

Hence practical Theosophy must enter into every detail of life in our dealings with others and our discipline of ourselves. It reminds us that we should be more critical of ourselves than of others, that we must help all men if we are to be helped ourselves. And herein the Theosophist may escape the accusation of selfishness, for if in desiring to lay up for a future incarnation a store of help from others by giving assistance now himself, he does so in order that he may then be in a still better position to help humanity, there is no selfishness. It is the same if a man were to desire to acquire this world's goods in order to help those dependent on him, and surely this is not selfish.

The practical Theosophist adds to his charitable deeds upon the material plane the still greater charity of giving to his fellow-men a system of thought and life which explains their doubts while it furnishes a logical reason for the practice of virtue. He extinguishes a hell that never could burn, and the terrors of which soon faded from the mind of the sinners; but he lights the lamp of truth and throws its beams upon the mortal's path so that not only the real danger, the real punishment, can be seen, but also the reward and compensation.

The civilized man cannot be guided by fear or superstition, but reason may take hold of him. Theosophy being not only practicable but also reasonable as well as just, its doctrines are destined to be those of the civilized man. They will gradually drive out the time-worn shibboleths of the theologian and the scientist, giving the people of coming centuries a wisdom-religion deeply based and all-embracing.

Were Theosophical practice universal, we should not see the unjust Judge plotting beforehand with the officials of a railroad company about the decision he should render, nor the venal public officer engaged with the Judge and the officials in arranging the virtuous protest to be offered in court against the foreordained decree, for both would fear to rouse a cause which in their next life might issue in unjust accusation and punishment. Nor would men save their lives, as now they often do, at another's expense, since in succeeding incarnations that person might be the means of depriving them of life twice over. The rich man who now hoards his wealth or spends it on himself alone would not be thus guilty seeing that, as compensation in another life, his friends would forsake him and nature seem to withdraw subsistence.

The practical Theosophist will do well if he follows the advice of the Theosophical Teachers now many years in print, to spread, explain, and illustrate the laws of Karma and Reincarnation so that they may enter into the lives of the people. Technical occultism and all the allurements of the Astral Light may be left for other times. Men's thoughts must be affected and this can only be done now by giving them these two great laws. They not only explain many things, but they have also an inherent power due to their truth and their intimate connection with man, to compel attention.

Once heard they are seldom forgotten, and even if rebelled against they have a mysterious power of keeping in the man's mind, until at last, even against his first determination, he is forced to accept them. The appreciation of justice is common to all, and the exact justice of karma appeals even to the person who is unfortunate enough to be undergoing heavy punishment: even if ignoring justice, he does good in order to make good karma, it is well, for he will be reborn under conditions that may favor the coming out of unselfish motive.

"Teach, preach, and practise this good law for the benefit of the world, even as all the Buddhas do."

Practical Theosophy, Quilliam, page 122

Yield not thy neck to fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind ride still in triumph over all mischance.

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, and another thing to fall.

Of your philosophy you make no use if you give place to accidental evils.

—SHAKESPEARE

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



The great point of attack in every elevating force for humanity is selfishness. "Forget self" is the cry! How can self be forgotten or in the slightest degree staid from activity when encouraged to the belief that it existed in the ages past and is going to exist in the ages to come; in other words, this theory not only gives birth to the creature "self" but usurps the power of giving to it life in the past and in the future. To me this theory is the incarnation of the very seed of self. . . . You say we have lived and will live again. What do you mean by "we?"

THE above is part of a long letter on the subject of reincarnation, which would take up too much space to quote here in full, but as it has been handed to the Students' Column for reply the above main points have been selected for consideration. In the first place it is evident that the writer has only a very limited knowledge of the Theosophical teachings in regard to the nature of man and I would recommend that he study further. But mere intellectual study will avail little and will not remove the mental preconceptions or enable the writer to find his way out of the intricate maze of brain-mind argument.

To know, one must live; to see, one must have eyes and must open those eyes. In order to understand life and nature and God one's whole being must become clarified and this cannot be done by arguing, but by doing and living. Christ said, "If any man will *do* His Will he shall know of the doctrine," and Krishna said five thousand years ago, "He who is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously in himself in the progress of time." If a man has his back turned to a beautiful landscape, no amount of argument will make him see it, he must turn around and then he may behold the beauties of the scene. Sometimes, however, we can place a mirror before him, but even then at best, it is only an imperfect reflection he will see.

Such a mirror exists today for the world in the work and lives of the members of the Universal Brotherhood, but these cannot be understood in their full import save as one enters into that work and life, and that implies more than argument, it is more than a mental conception. A certain man, a great student of books who had studied much about physical phenomena but had done no practical laboratory work received from a friend a fine static electric machine. He immediately tried to work it, but it was a very damp day, the machine was not enclosed, he had forgot entirely the necessary condition of the dryness of the atmosphere in order to obtain successful results in static electricity. How foolish would that man be to declare that the electric phenomena were all imagination, impossible of attainment, yet precisely the same attitude is taken by agnostics and materialists, and doubters generally. All knowledge lies open to him who will fulfill the conditions thereof, and these

are not arbitrary but in the very nature of things. Little man may think to impose his own conditions, but Nature works on unmoved, she can wait and man at last must turn to her and fulfill her behests.

Forget self! Does the writer of the question believe it possible? Has he ever actually forgotten self or sought to do so? If so, what was the result? Did he cease to be? On the contrary, did he not find life fuller, more intense, more beautiful? In other words by forgetting self, he found, whether he was fully conscious of it or not, a wider self. If the writer will analyze his nature and will *dare* to be unselfish, he will find that by being *unselfish* he will come to know something of his true "Self." He will find that as Christ taught, "He that loseth his life, shall find it." He will find that the true Self is unselfish.

"We have lived again and again." Yes, if the true Self is referred to and that Self *knows* it has ever existed and can never die. But the "we" as it is ordinarily conceived by men and women, never did live before and never will live again; in fact it changes and grows and may be utterly obliterated even in the present life. Most "civilized" people use the expression "I" am tired, "I" am hungry, "I" am sick. But some of the "uncivilized" say, "my body" is tired, hungry, sick; or "my mind" is tired, worn out, etc. Which is true?

What is the true Self? Is it the body? Man is not his body, though alas, through willful neglect of ages of refusing to follow the guidance of the light within his soul, he has identified himself with his body. Yet he can control his body, he can demonstrate to himself that he is not his body, but can use it as an instrument, a tool. Is the Self then the desires or passions? Cannot man rise above these also and control them? Is he the mind? Yet man can turn his mind hither and thither, he can control it so that it shall serve instead of, as is the curse of modern civilization, control him. Push the analysis as far as you can and you will find that that which is nearest to your true "Self," your highest thoughts and feelings, your aspirations, your impulses towards self-forgetfulness in the service of others, link you more and more with all that is and open the very door to the secrets of Nature. But we so rarely touch this high note of our being, yet it alone will enable us to know ourselves as we are; all the rest, the lower nature, is transient, we identify ourselves with it and must sink ultimately into oblivion. Yet the Soul knows even this and must suffer for it and must build for itself a new body, a new mind. It must do this, for it seeks ever a full expression of itself on all the planes of life. And while it is a new body, a new mind, which it builds, it uses again as it were, the old tendencies, the old habits of the former body and the former mind, and so each child is born with a character. In the ordinary sense save in exceptional cases it has no memory of a former life, but the full record is there in every life—the record of character, of tendency, of natural impulse and natural ability or—natural depravity.

But the full arguments, the evidence of the truth of Reincarnation, would take a volume and even then would avail nothing to him who having eyes will not see, and having ears will not hear.

J. H. FUSSELL

A New Mammal



SIR HARRY JOHNSTON has discovered in the Semliki forests a mammal which, in its living form, is entirely new to science. It is the size of an ox, and distantly related to the giraffe. This remarkable creature, in fact, appears, so far as a cursory examination of its skin and skull may guide us, to be a living representative of the Helladotherium, a creature found in the fossil state in Greece and Asia Minor, and supposed to be extinct.

After sending home incomplete fragments of skin which he obtained *in situ* from the natives of the Congo forest near the Semliki river, Sir Harry Johnston has at last secured, through the kindness of the Belgian authorities at the frontier post of Fort Mbeni, a complete skin and two skulls of this animal, which is now shown to be not at all a horse, but a cloven-hoofed ruminant of extraordinary coloration and appearance, which seemingly is either of the extinct genus Helladotherium, or is some closely allied creature belonging to that somewhat vaguely defined group of which the giraffe is an exemplar. The skin and the skulls which have been forwarded by Sir Harry Johnston to the British museum were obtained by native soldiers of the Congo Free State in the vicinity of Fort Mbeni.

We are informed that the complete skin sent home now shows the animal to be colored in the most extraordinary manner. The cheeks of the rather large head are yellowish-white, and the tapering muzzle is blackish-brown. The forehead is a most vivid red, narrowing down into a thin black line continued along the ridge of the nose to the nostrils. The long ass-like ears are of a deep reddish-brown, with silky black fringes. The neck, shoulders, stomach and back are a deep reddish-brown, which in parts has almost a crimson tinge, and in others becomes blackish. The hindquarters and hind legs, down to the hocks, and the front legs from the elbow to the wrist joint, are boldly striped in purplish black and white, the white having here and there faint touches of orange. The hind leg from the hock downwards are of a creamy color. The front legs are also cream-color, but a bold black line runs down the front of the leg in an oblique manner. The fetlocks of all four feet are black and cream-color. The tail is bright reddish-brown, with a black tuft at the end. There are no horns, but it may be seen from the skulls that far back in its history this creature possessed three horn-cores similar to those of the giraffe, but by long disuse these horn-cores have degenerated into rounded bumps on the skull, two of them being situated a little above the eyes, and one at the beginning of the nasal bones. On the skin, just over the two bigger bumps, are two tiny and comical little twists of hair, which represent all that remains outwardly of horns or horn-cores. The animal stands slightly higher

at the withers than at the hindquarters, but its neck is not proportionately longer than that of a horse. The head is rather large in proportion to the body, and in outline slightly resembles the head of a tapir. The nostrils are two long slits, completely covered with hair, and resembling the nostrils of a giraffe. The lips apparently taper to a point. There are, of course, no front teeth in the upper jaw, as the animal is a true Ruminant. The front teeth in the lower jaw are so small and feeble as to suggest the idea that the creature, like the giraffe, must possess a prehensile tongue for furnishing food for the molar teeth to grind. If this is not the case, then the rather long and prehensile lips secure most of the animal's nutriment, which consists of leaves. Other particulars will, no doubt, be furnished to us before long by the authorities of the British Museum when they are able to examine the specimens. The build of the animal is rather heavy in the case of the male. The female is said to be much more lightly built, and her skull is considerably smaller than that of the male. It is not yet known whether any difference of coloration exists between the male and female; the natives say that they differ only in size. The same authorities state that the creature is found only in the densest parts of the forest, and that it goes about in pairs of male and female. It would seem to be quite inoffensive, and very easily killed. It is ordinarily captured in pitfalls, and from what Sir Harry Johnston ascertained on the spot its extinction is being rapidly carried out by the natives of the Congo Free State. It is earnestly to be hoped that the British and Congolese authorities may combine in placing the Okapi on the "wholly-protected" list of the animals which are preserved by the Game Regulations, and that strong efforts may be made to prevent the natives from continuing its destruction.—*The Times Weekly Edition Supplement, London, May 10, 1901*

A Visit to the Pan-American Exposition Buffalo



THE site of the Pan-American Exposition is an ideal one. It is on high ground and includes many acres of improved park lands. It would be difficult though, for a stranger to distinguish the division line, so perfect is the blending of the parts. There is a wealth of foliage and hundreds of beds of lovely flowers, interspersed with grassy glades and graveled walks.

The buildings, of which there are some twenty very large ones for exhibits and about one hundred smaller ones, including state and foreign buildings, midway show buildings, etc., are radiant with color. This is a distinct de-

parture from the custom which obtained with the earliest expositions and has been followed up to this time. At nearly all the expositions the buildings have been white. The idea of the color scheme for expositions is not a new one. It has been attempted a number of times and as often abandoned. It has remained for the creators of the Pan-American Exposition to carry out the scheme successfully. The variety of colors adds wondrous beauty to the scene and relieves the eye of that strain which solid white walls gave.

In the midst of these buildings is a tower 410 feet high, most beautiful in design and graceful in proportions. This is the Electric Tower. From a niche in the face of the tower pours a great volume of water which is broken into spray by a deflector and falls upon broad ledges from which it flows into an immense basin, in which are several fountains, jets of which rise to a great height.

Standing upon the Triumphal Bridge, which is itself an architectural masterpiece, with massive pylons and grand sculptured groups, and looking across the broad Esplanade to the Court of the Fountains one gets a view the remembrance of which must be forever.

On the north are the Propylæa or monumental entrances to the Plaza from the railway station. On the east is the arched and towered entrance to the Stadium in which the sports are held.

Encircling the larger buildings of the Exposition is a grand canal on which are always to be seen gondolas, electric launches and other craft. These pass under the Triumphal Bridge and through grottos of great beauty and interest.

There is a fine natural lake in the grounds, and it is always dotted with gay craft. On the shore of the lake is a United States Government life-saving station, completely equipped with all the latest up-to-date devices for saving life along the coasts. A crew of United States life savers are stationed here and they give daily exhibitions of their work.

An interesting experience, and one which visitors to the Exposition generally avail themselves of, is at the Electric Tower. Elevators run to a landing 270 feet above the ground, from which there is a grand outlook, the vision having a wide range for many miles around, sweeping the entire Niagara Frontier.

One of the most picturesque parts of the Exposition is the Court of State and Foreign Buildings. Many of the states and foreign republics have magnificent buildings. All of them are used as headquarters for visitors from the states and countries by which they were erected, and a few contain exhibits.

The Temple of Music is declared by all who have attended the world's great fairs to be the most beautiful building ever erected for Exposition purposes, and at night witness an illumination, the extent and beauty of which were never before contemplated.

In this letter I have mentioned only a few of the myriad wonderful features of the Pan-American Exposition. To say a few words about all of them would require a great amount of space.

“Out of the Mouth of Babes”

By Ethne



“OH! Bertha I am so glad you have come,” said poor Mrs. Twynam, “I am so unutterably miserable and I feel if any one can help me to bear my sorrow you can, for you have taken your own so bravely. I *cannot* believe my boy was taken by the Will of a merciful Father, it is too cruel! Such a young life, better if he had never been born, and yet all the people who have come have preached that to me, and to me it only seems a mockery. Oh! the loneliness and horror of it all,” and she wrung her hands while the sad tears rolled down her face.

Her friend took her hands in hers and bent and kissed her.

“Poor darling,” she said, “it is a great grief and my heart bleeds in sympathy for you, but it is a great truth that in our blindness we make our sorrows far more heart-breaking than they need be. I *know* that now, and that is why you feel that I can help.”

Turning she saw her friend’s little girl had come into the room unnoticed and was listening with the deepest attention.

“I feel that here,” she said, laying her tiny hand on her heart. “*Charlie* isn’t dead, only his house, because Charlie is with the Heart-Angels, and his Heart-Light is flaming now, and so he is bright and happy. He used to love to say ‘Heart-Light makes Sunlight’ at our Lotus Group and that helping and sharing with others makes it shine. I miss him, but I know he is happy, it isn’t miserable to die, really—it is only going to sleep and waking on the other side and *staying* there. We go at night too, don’t we? Only *we* come back and Charlie has left his house. But *he* isn’t dead,” she added insistently, “*he* is with the Heart-Angels ’cause he always loved helping.”

The blue eyes were earnestly fixed on Mrs. Williams’ face. Tenderly she smiled at the child.

“Yes, dear,” she said. “That is true. *Charlie* has not died, for Charlie is the Soul, and that never dies. It is a beautiful idea to think of him with his heart-light shining. All the heart-warriors go to the Heart-Angels, the Brothers of Compassion. Charlie has left his present house, but he will build himself another.”

“Yes I know,” said the child with a grave little nod of her head.

The mother listened wonderingly, then sighed deeply. “You support the child in her queer ideas,” she said.

Her friend turned to her, then bending down to the child she whispered,

“Go and gather poor mother some flowers, dearie, we want to have a little talk together and you can help her best that way.”

Little Violet went up to her mother, threw her arms around her neck and kissed her and then went quietly away.

Left to themselves the two friends sat in silence, broken at last by Mrs. Twynam.

"It is a dreadful blow, she said, only a week ago he was so well and strong, and now,"—and she threw out her hands with a gesture of despair.

"And now," said Mrs. Williams, "*now* he is living in the Soul World, it was not the *body* of your boy that you loved, it was the loving conscious Soul shining in all his acts of love to you, and that cannot die. This truth Violet feels, because children are less selfish than we, the child grieves not for herself but rejoices for him. Our more matured minds need more reasons to convince us, because we have lived in the mists of illusion longer. When the heart speaks *we know*, and children are often nearer the truth with their quaint sayings than we think, for they are more nearly in touch with nature and thus with truth—than we are."

"Yes! I see," said the mother, "Violet is content with the idea that Charlie is happy, she has not a regret that he has left us. When I showed her the little form lying there, so still,—'Oh! that is not Charlie,' she said, 'it is only his house, poor little house; it is no good now, it can't see or anything without him. Our houses are no good when we leave them'—I have never thought much about these things," she added slowly, "but this brings it home. Where is he? *why* did he leave me?"

"It is this way," said Mrs. Williams. "We—the Soul—come to earth to gain experience, to learn to know and love God and to love our brother men who are struggling to learn the same lesson. In our long journey we have periods of alternate activity and rest, sometimes we are on earth in bodies, sometimes in heaven without them. The kind of lives we shall have, we fix for ourselves by our acts and thoughts; all evil selfish thoughts result in pain and strife and sorrow; all loving brotherly ones in peace and joy. Often we make mistakes and for these we must pay; maybe in some other life you have felt your children a hindrance to the gratification of some selfish desire and wished them removed. You have since grown wiser, but a cause once set in motion must have its effect. I do not say it *was* so, but give it as an illustration. *All* thought has an effect on our lives and on our characters and the same may be said of feeling and of action. Whatever happens to us, we have deserved because our own past actions and those of others have enabled that result to come about. In the old biblical words, we reap what we sow, and we cannot in justice complain at the results of our own actions. Charlie's past would also of course be considered, events so working that you would both reap the results of the past you have sown.

"*And all sad experience is not evil.* If your present sorrow rouses you to think more of the realities and less of the shadows, then as in my case also, it is clear gain; we most of us need to bathe in waters of sorrow to reach the realms of peace, for the illusions of life have so strong a hold upon us. But

see the still form of our loved ones, and the tortured heart revolts at the idea that we have lost them. And truly so. As surely as we sleep at night and wake in the morning, so surely in the dawn of a new earth life, will those who have loved come together again, awaking anew to begin a new day. We *never* lose those we love; how can we since both are immortal? We may not see them with our physical eyes, but we feel their presence in our inmost hearts, in the deepest recesses of our being."

She paused--and in that pause the child returned. "Here Mother dear," she said laying a tiny bunch of flowers in her mother's lap, "I have brought you flowers from both our gardens. Charlie always loved flowers; and see these little seeds here, too! He always called them the flower fairies' winter houses where they rest to grow strong to make new summer houses for themselves when the new spring comes." Then she added slowly, "Charlie is in *his* winter house now, I think, waiting for another spring to come."

In the New Forest, England

by Idrone



One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,
 He chanced to come, far from all people's troad,
 Unto a place whose pleasaunce did appere,
 To passe all others on the earth which were.
 For all that ever was by nature's skill
 Devised to worke delight was gathered there;
 And there by her were poured forth at fill,
 As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

—SPENSER

HOW magical is the glamor of an ancient Forest! Sherwood Forest, with its memories of Robin Hood and his merry men,—the New Forest where William Rufus perished by treachery; their very names are charged with romance and poetry!

The pictures here reproduced were taken in the heart of the New Forest, in one of the most romantic portions near Ringwood and not far from the spot where Rufus fell, and whence his body was taken in a rude peasant's cart to Winchester Cathedral where his tomb can be seen in the Lady-chapel of that stately building.

The New Forest is not entirely wooded, in fact the main portion is heath, breezy and open to the sunshine, and glorious with golden furze, or purple heather, or warm brown fern according to the season. There is little water in the Forest, but the sea is close by, and the famous fishing river Avon winds its way from Salisbury to Ringwood, almost skirting the western borders.

But the glory of the Forest is in the noble glades and vast natural corridors and halls columned with ancestral oaks, beeches, or hoary yews. One noted yew wood near Lyndhurst gives the impression of immeasurable age, and yet it is sufficiently open for a thick carpet of flowers and ferns to enliven it, modifying the natural gloom of the evergreens. With a little imagination a vision of ancient Druids, robed and garlanded, quickly rises in this romantic spot, where every grove seems designed for the celebration of their mystic



rites. Towards nightfall, when twilight begins to deepen and the wind is stilled, a wonderful peace spreads over the wild heaths and solemn woods; in the faint rustling of the leaves the Dryads whisper mysterious secrets, and presently, as the darkness falls completely, perhaps a will-o'-the-wisp or jack-o'-lantern will be seen flitting along the marshy ground. These curious patches of light are less common than formerly, though the reason why is not quite clear. The foresters have many stories to tell of them, and many superstitions are connected with their appearance.

As night falls great numbers of moths come out of their hiding places, bats wheel softly around, and the semi-human hooting of the owls begins. A fine summer's night spent in the forest is a delight never to be forgotten. A new world seems to open to the imagination. As the moon mounts the sky, here and there glittering through the openings in the leafy canopy, the sense of mystery deepens, and familiar scenes are transformed into a fairyland. Sometimes a nature-lover, a poet, or an artist comes along, and to such the forest breathes its secret in scattered tones, but, to him who knows the key, comprehensible. Perhaps, too, the simple folk who live in the forest catch a word here and there. But now the King of the Day comes up in all his glory, and

the shadows of night slip away into the deeper groves. The moths and bats hide away in the dark corners, for the birds are awake and are singing a morning greeting, and brilliant butterflies are fluttering through the open glades.

The New Forest is noted for the remarkable number of its flowering plants and great variety of birds and butterflies, etc. Even the splendid "Purple Emperor," the "Hair Streaks," and "White Admiral" butterflies are fairly common. Among the plants the scarce and curious carnivorous sundews



(*Drosera*), of two varieties, are comparatively frequently found, covered with dead flies, their natural food. The rare Bladderwort (*Utricularia*), the extraordinary floating rootless water plant, also insectivorous, is a denizen of the forest. For the artist, the poet, the naturalist and all lovers of the simple beauty of nature, the New Forest is an ideal spot, as it contains an unsurpassed variety of sources of interest, and an old world atmosphere rarely to be found in this prosaic age.

THE locust by the wall
 Stabs the noon silence with his sharp alarm.
 A single hay-cart down the dusty road
 Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep
 On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,
 Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,
 The sheep show white, as if a snowdrift still
 Defied the dog-star. Through the open door
 A drowsy smell of flowers—gray heliotrope,
 And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette—
 Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends
 To the pervading symphony of peace.

—WHITTIER

Mirror of the Movement



News from Loma-Land

Quite a number of events of interest have happened here lately, and in view of the rapid development that takes place in each activity when once started, their importance cannot be over-estimated. A striking feature of the work of the Leader is the way great results, far-reaching work, follow at once, "or after many days?" from an apparently unimportant beginning, the "grain of mustard seed." Daily examples of the teaching that Nature, and those who follow her example, work from within outward, from center to circumference, are before our eyes. Trust in the Higher Law, absolute compassion that is not emotionalism, a readiness to turn all circumstances, however seemingly unfavorable, to the good of this Movement for man's redemption, are dealing characteristics of Katherine Tingley's wisdom.

* * *

Great Work at San Diego among Children

An important key-note has been struck at San Diego by the establishment of Lotus work among the children of that city on a permanent basis, by students from Loma-land under the immediate direction of the Leader. On Sunday August 4th, a large number of the children from the International Lotus Home at Loma-land helped to inaugurate this new activity. An excellent hall has been secured at No. 1125 Sixth Street, which will be large enough for marching, drill, etc. The parents who came to have their children enrolled completely filled the hall and listened to the songs and speeches with great interest, and all the children present entered their names with great rejoicing. Boy's and girl's clubs were arranged, and the work gives the greatest promise for San Diego's future as these children will have unusual opportunities of help owing to the proximity of Loma-land where the Leader resides with her band of trained teachers. Music of course will be a prominent feature in the work and children gifted with musical talent will be offered special advantages at the Isis Conservatory of Music. The Leader intends to arrange a special time for the musical training of the group by Miss Bergman whom we are expecting shortly to return from Sweden. In no long time we shall see some of the results of the Lotus work in San Diego, for the motto of the children being "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means" they will not be content until they have given out in song and simple plays some of the joy evoked at the Lotus Group.

* * *

Lectures

At the great meetings held every Sunday in the Opera House, San Diego, particular attention has been lately given to the teachings of Theosophy in the Bible and many valuable addresses containing new interpretations of the Scriptures have been delivered to deeply interested audiences. Some of these will be published shortly in pamphlet form and will be of service in answering the many inquiries of truth seekers who feel the injustice of the misconceptions of prejudiced persons. Such enquirers are always glad to find that the whole truths and vital teachings about man's duty and destiny given out by Jesus are illuminated and made a living power through the Theosophical work and philosophy. The Aryan Classes at San Diego are increasing in interest and membership.

Cuban Crusade

On Saturday August 3d, a Brotherhood Crusade started for Santiago, Cuba, to carry more light and help to that promising country and continue the work initiated by our Leader in 1899. The Crusaders, with Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt in charge of the medical department will bring back a large contingent of children—about fifty—to the International Lotus Home at Point Loma to be trained with those now here for great future work in Cuba and elsewhere. The Honorable Emilio Bacardi, formerly the Mayor of Santiago, has taken the greatest pains to carry out Katherine Tingley's plans in the selection of children and in



TWO SWEDISH LOTUS BUDS

anticipation of the Crusaders' arrival. The children's Group Houses at the City Beautiful in Loma-land are being greatly increased in size and convenience. Great expense has been incurred in making all the necessary arrangements for the journey and accommodation of this large number of "little sunbeams," and, knowing of what great importance this work is, and how close it is to the heart of the Leader, many of the students have gladly subscribed generous sums but the amount is not yet sufficient to cover the expenses.

* * *

Activity in the Loma-land Industries

Great activity has been more than ever apparent in the various industries of Loma-land just lately culminating in some of the Departments moving from their temporary homes to much more commodious premises in new Bungalow quarters. The Publishing Company, Woman's Exchange and Mart and the Silk Industry are already installed, and tourists visiting Loma-land, after being shown the Temple, the Homestead, the Picture Gallery visit these Departments where photographs of Loma-land and other souvenirs are on view and where they can look over the books. The Publishing Company re-

ports that the interest in Theosophical literature is increasing all the time and that very many of the tourists are eager to purchase and read our books.

During last week the splendid library of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity was placed in one of the spacious rooms of the Aryan Temple which was designed for the purpose by the Leader.

* * *

Visit of Boys' Brotherhood Club

The Boys' Brotherhood Clubs of Los Angeles and Pasadena were invited by the Leader to spend a visit here and have had a splendid time camping out in tents in regular military style on a high bluff overlooking the ocean and near the Homestead. We were delighted to see them, and they presented an imposing sight as they marched up the



CHOIR PRACTICE IN THE ROTUNDA OF LOMA HOMESTEAD

drive in quick step, with flags flying and drum beating, escorted by the boys of the New Century Guard No. 1 of Loma-land, who were in high glee, and stepped out like veterans.

* * *

Original Play by Raja Yoga Children

A remarkably good dramatic entertainment was given by the Raja Yoga boys to the visitors and students. It was designed by young Antonio Castillo who is hardly thirteen years old and represented in a very original and amusing way the hollowness and folly to be met with everywhere in daily life, teaching a great lesson in burlesque. It gave conclusive proof of the high abilities unfolding under the wise and loving care of the Leader. Many of the Raja Yoga children show marked talent in many directions which will be carefully fostered. The boys from the Los Angeles and Pasadena clubs es-

corted the Cuban Crusaders to the city and stood in line alongside of the train as it left the depot, giving three hearty cheers as it slowly passed out. They later took train for their homes, one and all expressing their appreciation of the pleasure and the opportunity of the weeks camping at Loma-land. Three of the boys, bright manly fellows, have since returned to stay here permanently.

* * *

New Arrivals

We have had many welcome arrivals at Loma-land during the past few weeks. Among others Colonel H. N. Hooper of Brooklyn, one of the veterans of early days, held in high regard both by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge and now by our Leader. His is one of those beautiful rare natures without a discordant note and the influence of whose presence is always refining and elevating. He is beloved by all who know him. Mrs. Percy and Miss Bolting from Providence, Miss Pierce from Los Angeles and Miss Lester from Pasadena are also here, and Brother Milner from Macon has been spending his vacation at the Homestead. Miss Sarah A. Coman a life teacher of art in the New York Public Schools has also been spending her vacation here as a guest at the Homestead and her long experience in educational work has enabled her to appreciate in a peculiar degree the wonderful work of the Raja Yoga School.

* * *

Musical and Dramatic Work

Active preparations are being made by the members of the Isis League of Music and Drama for the production of a new play on the completion of the new amphitheatre in the picturesque canyon adjoining the School of Antiquity grounds. Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Spalding, the Directress of the Isis Conservatory of Music is now permanently with us. The new house, Students' Home No. 1, which has been leased to Mr. and Mrs. Spalding is rapidly approaching completion and all the Comrades rejoice at seeing this ideal home established. It has been fittingly named by the Leader "Yerba Santa Cliffs." It is situated at the top of the canyon close to the Homestead and Aryan Temple and from one side commands a magnificent view of the Pacific Ocean and on the other of the Bay and City with the mountains beyond. The Yerba Santa is the sacred herb of the hill and is to be found all over Point Loma. As an herb it has wonderful properties and its blossom is one of the most beautiful of spring flowers, of a delicate violet tint.

We are looking forward to the return of Miss Ellen Bergman from Sweden. In the meantime the choir have been keeping up their practice and the morning service of song gives a key-note of harmony to each day. The exquisite music rendered by the Students of the Isis Conservatory of Music at the Sunday evening meeting in the Opera House, San Diego is a feature looked forward to by all who attend and many have asked what is the secret of its charm. "It is a new kind of music" declared one of the prominent musical teachers of San Diego.

* * *

Camp Life

After the Boys' Brotherhood Club boys had returned home, several of the male students went into camp. In the ordinary sense camping out is delightful, but imagine a camp of comrades who are true Theosophists. Its purpose is the doing of important literary work by the Theosophical Literary Staff under the direction of Katherine Tingley. The camp is situated on a high bluff overlooking the ocean, part of the new land just purchased, and is one of the most beautiful sites on the whole Point, there is a large tent used as a library and writing tent, and only those who have known the strain of writing in a shut-in office can appreciate what writing is under such ideal conditions, the comrades working together for a common purpose, and all nature conspiring to aid the work. The early rising just before sunrise, the guard, taken part in by each in rotation, day and night, the proper care of the camp, the simple meals, the work hours, the evening chat around the big camp fire, all have their charm, but the inner charm cannot be told in words. Among those in the

camp are Brothers Neresheimer, Pierce, Patterson, Machell, Hanson, etc. Every day Colonel Hooper comes over from the Homestead, and often in the evening the Leader will come to hear reports of the work, give words of advice and lay out plans for future work. It is a new phase of the new life of Loma-land, full of untold possibilities for usefulness.

* * *

New Literature, etc. The glorious sunsets have been magnificent lately, blazing with gold and purple and delicate greens. They are a constant source of delight, and as evening shadows steal over the hills the phosphorescent glow on the ocean becomes visible with the breaking of each wave, the sense of rare poetic beauty and poetry deepens. The new descriptive pamphlet "Loma-Land," is now issued and has been highly appreciated. It gives a full description of the activities, and a very interesting sketch of the life of the students and the advantages and pleasures at the disposal of the guests. It is splendidly illustrated, and anyone who peruses it cannot but help longing for the privilege of residence in this favored land, surrounded by the finest beauties of nature, and with the benefit of associating with the harmonious and dignified social life among the students and friends, inspired by the presence of our beloved Leader.

* * *

Sweden and Holland Two new Lodges in Sweden and steady progressive work is the gist of last month's report. In Holland the same enthusiastic spirit exists among the members, and a healthy activity characterizes all their work.

OBSERVER

The Service of Smiles

(Selected)

Go smiling through this world of care,
 And make the days more bright and fair.
 So much the clouds o'erspread the sky—
 So many hopes and comforts die—
 And we can all some cheer impart
 To soothe a dull and careworn heart.
 He serves the Lord, who thus beguiles,
 The gloom from souls with sunny smiles.

Go smiling through this world of care,
 'Twill easy make the loads to bear,
 And bring some rest and sweet relief
 To souls borne down by care and grief.
 In each one's heart some sadness lies,
 And tears have bathed all human eyes.
 He serves the Master who beguiles
 The gloom away with sunny smiles.

Go smiling all the way along,
 And fill the days with joy and song.
 Go speak a word of hope and cheer
 To every soul that passes near.
 For each of them, as well as thee,
 That blood was shed on Calvary.
 Ah, Christlike he is who beguiles
 A way both sin and grief with smiles.

—W. C. MARTIN

Reports of Lodges



Boston, Massachusetts

The monthly public meetings of the Lodges of Boston, Cambridge, Somerville and Malden have been well attended during the season just closed, and not alone by strangers but by the members of these different Lodges. The endeavor to make these meetings entertaining as well as instructive to the public by having good music and short vigorous talks, has been successful. Then, too, the attendance at the different public meetings by the members of the other Lodges here has created that helpful atmosphere appreciated by all speakers at Theosophical meetings. The awakening of the members to the fact that their attendance at the public meetings, especially at this time, is their duty to the Work in this respect, is continually on the increase. A repetition at members' meetings of the importance of such attendance and its great help in making these meetings powerful in affecting the public, is surely causing the comrades to resolve that they will come and give their best thoughts to such meetings whenever possible.

The most interesting and portentously hopeful occurrence of this month of June's work here was the occasion of the closing meeting of the Lotus children. It was decided by the Lotus workers of this vicinity to have a union Lotus Group meeting in the Boston hall, and so on Sunday, June 30th, sixty-two children and eighteen active Lotus workers, —superintendents, teachers and secretaries, gathered in Boston's beautiful hall, and sang Lotus Songs, recited Golden Precepts, marched with the Golden Cord,—and altogether had such a truly Brotherhood meeting as is now only possible when children are present who enter heartily into the spirit of the gathering as these children did. This meeting gives every wished-for promise of the success of the idea of the Lotus workers here of having a monthly union meeting of the Lotus children next fall and winter when the Lotus Groups again assemble. The only difficulty in their way is the matter of car fares, which burden falls on the suburban Lotus teachers. But all difficulties are removed for those who truly desire to become helpers.—W. H. S.

Boston, July 12, 1901



Sioux City, Iowa

The regular public monthly meeting was held in our Lodge-room on the 14th of July. Addresses, music and a paper by Miss Wakefield, explaining the objects of the I. B. L., made up a very interesting program. The entertainment was given in our Lodge-room on the evening of the 15th. The second part of the Symposium, "Hypatia," was given with all the stage setting (except platform). This was followed by two Lotus songs by the children. Altogether it proved to be one of the most enjoyable evenings our Lodge has had in a long time. There was a good attendance.—MRS. H. D. PERCE.



Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England

Thanks to much help from some of the members of Lodge No. 14 (Market Larington), we were again able to give a Symposium in the Hall in Park street on Thursday, June 13th,—this time "A Promise," but we called it "The Conquest of Death," as being a more attractive title. Only two of the members of Lodge No. 2 took part in it, but were joined by five members from Lodge No. 14, and four from Lodge No. 1, Wales (Cardiff). The musical selections preceding the Symposium were excellent and rendered by harp, piano, violin, 'cello and four vocalists—our old friend Miss Amy Perry assisting us both

before and during the performance. The other artists were also professionals and most generously gave their services. Miss Willians, a member of Lodge No. 1 (Wales), suddenly decided, towards the end of May, to take lessons in scenic painting in order to paint a setting for this Symposium, and began only ten days beforehand. It represented four white marble columns, each several feet apart, connected with the usual triangular top, a little in front of which, between the two middle pillars, stood the altar—a white column of Grecian architecture about three feet high standing on its pediment—from it hung a garland of roses surmounted by a vase holding more roses. Between the marble columns delicate and luxuriant palms and flowers were depicted, the eye being carried far into the distance, and illuminating all was a sun (a diamond heart), from which radiated all colors. On either side of the altar, around which grew ferns and moss, were four white marble seats, behind and overshadowing which stood tall palms. The effect was decidedly good, and there was a rather larger audience than on the first occasion. We are steadily accumulating our own stage-furniture sittings of all sorts, with a view to giving these entertainments every month when possible, and with every confidence that in the immediate future we may be able to materialize the settings which present themselves to the imagination. The generous kindness and courtesy which we meet with all the time from the many perfect strangers whom we contact while preparing for these entertainments is very noteworthy. But all this preparation—interesting and delightful though it may be, is as nothing compared with the experiences of those who actually take part in the Symposium, and it would be well worth the effort and expenditure entailed even were it only performed before empty benches. The flowers and garlands were all beautifully arranged by our constant helper, Christine Charbounier. E. C.



U. B. Lodge No. 7, London, England

The Lodge is now holding Meetings for Members every Thursday at 3 Vernon Place, and Public Meetings the third Sunday in each month.

The Boys' Club meets every Monday at 8 o'clock, and is making satisfactory progress. The boys are showing a strong appreciation of its value to them, and enter heartily into the work. Part of the time is occupied in drill, the rest of the evening being devoted to games or orderly talks on subjects of interest, the boys freely expressing their opinions.

Lotus Group, Sunday mornings at 11. Three Lotus Groups are held on Saturday afternoons; Singing Class (for children) on Mondays; Nature Class on Tuesdays; Girls' Club on Fridays.

June 10, 1901

WILLIAM A. DUNN, *President*

W. HAMMOND, *Secretary*

Other reports of Lodges are held over this month owing to lack of space.

What is meant by "making the thoughts sincere," is the allowing no self-deception, as when we hate a bad smell, and as when we love what is beautiful. This is called self-enjoyment. Therefore, the superior man must be watchful over himself when he is alone.

There is no evil to which the mean man, dwelling retired, will not proceed, but when he sees a superior man, he instantly tries to disguise himself, concealing his evil, and displaying what is good. The other beholds him, as if he saw his heart and reins: of what use is his disguise? This is an instance of the saying—"What truly is within will be manifested without." Therefore, the superior man must be watchful over himself when he is alone.

—CHINESE CLASSICS

Catholic Finances in Cuba



REPORTS from Cuba just at hand, and from inside sources, say that Bishop Sbarretti, formerly the auditor of the delegation at Washington, but consecrated Bishop of Havana a little more than a year ago, is having close times with money matters. He is offering to real estate men all manner of property for which there is any sale, and doing so at a discount of sixty-five cents on the dollar. According to the concordat of 1878 the Spanish Government paid to the church in Cuba a sum approximating \$300,000 a year. American occupation cut this off, and immediately recourse was had to church coffers in Spain and in Italy. From these sources, it is said, large sums were borrowed. This paper is now coming due and Bishop Sbarretti is being urged from abroad to pay up all he can. Recently he offered to sell a cemetery to be turned into building sites. This and other property is held subject to a mortgage that cannot be called, as the local expression is. That is, the holder cannot foreclose. Hence the offer of a thirty-five per cent discount. It is stated that little property has been disposed of by the bishop, whose financial problems are at times desperate. Poor success is making in training Cuban Catholics to support their religion by money gifts after the plan in use here.

According to the same authority, a large real estate operator in Havana, who is a Jew and has transacted business for both sides, Protestant efforts on the island are meeting with moderate success. He says that the assumption that Protestant work there must grow, if grow at all, at the expense of Catholic membership, is all wrong. As here, there are many persons who never attend any church services. The great task of both must be to bring about better conditions of morality. In this work, he says there is plenty for all to do. He has little faith that improvement will come until morals are better. This Jew real estate operator is in position to know church conditions, for at the moment he happens to have in hand negotiations with Episcopal, Presbyterian and Congregational organizations in this country, as well as some important affairs for Bishop Sbarretti.—*Boston Evening Transcript, June 30, 1901*

We must not stint our necessary actions in the fear to cope malicious censures.

—SHAKESPEARE

The old oracle said "All things have two handles; beware of the wrong one."

The invariable mark of wisdom is to see the miraculous in the common.

The reason why the world lacks unity, and lies broken and in heaps, is, because man is disunited with himself.

—EMERSON.



The Mystery on the Hill

by a Student



ONCE upon a time there was a great King, who lived in a wonderful white palace. Its domes, one of a sea-foam tint and one of violet, could be seen from far out over the sea and over the land.

The subjects of the King were people of great interest and talent. They practised all the crafts. They were skilled in Music and Masonry, in Painting and Poetry, in Literature as well as in the arts of the Kitchen, the Needle and in all the affairs of the Home.

All their talents and efforts were energized by the heart force, which like the rainbow hues from the highest heavens, colored all their thoughts and deeds.

People said, they looked and walked and talked like Gods. Peace floated in the atmosphere of their Homes and Temples. Joy filled their hearts. Harmony was the presiding Muse. "Love and Compassion for all that lives" was their watchword.

Well, the King was a mighty conqueror. The wreath of victory was his crown. His ear was so attentive that it heard the woe and sorrow of all discouraged humanity. His eye was so keen that he saw the thoughts and compassionate impulses leap from the hearts of his people to soothe the aching hearts of the world. His heart was so big that he felt the need and heart-cry of every living thing and as he wrapped his purple mantle about him it was as though it were a mantle of love and protection for all earth's creatures.

His great example inspired all the good thoughts and aspirations of his people, and so his subjects provided the world with the best literature and the

best dramas, and showed to the people all the noble qualities of the higher life.

Every musician, every warrior and craftsman, he touched with the magic power of his love, which poured in steady streams from his heart. He taught his people so that they became the sweetest singers, the most fearless warriors for Truth, and the most capable builders and mighty craftsmen of the Age.

The world who saw these people wondered why they were so happy, so talented, so intelligent, and less selfish than other people.

The King had given them the wisdom of the ages which had been kept sacred by his trusted custodians. His people became wise and their feet were lighted by the lamp of Truth. He taught them that Love and Compassion are the keys to the gates which lead to immortality. His people became lovers of the spiritual life and of all humanity. Their thoughts, deeds and words were vivified by the power of compassion and wisdom.

Could these fortunate disciples ever do sufficient honor to their King?

Who are these people? Where is this Sacred Hill? Whence comes this King of Light and Love who holds the powers of Life and Death within his grasp?

Does he not teach the Science of life, the Art of Living?

Good Weather Thoughts

by Aunt Louise



“O H! it is *so* hot!” groaned a little girl. Why does God make the weather so hot when he could make it cool just as well?” So she blamed God for the heat, while all the time another little girl no bigger than herself, had been helping to make it hot, but she did not know it.

You see it is this way. Thoughts make things. They have wings and float in the atmosphere about us, which we cannot see. One day, not long before this happened, the little girl no bigger than the one who complained about the heat, had been angry with her little sister and scratched her until the blood came. Her mama was very much displeased, and for awhile that home was filled with angry thoughts, so that it seemed as though a fiery cloud was all around it, made out of the angry thoughts.

After a while some loving thought came floating in, and the angry thoughts had to go away. It would have been a happy thing I think, if they had died on the spot, but they have to live awhile on earth when they are born. They never stay long where there is love, they just fly away to the nearest angry spot they can find, where men, women and children are beginning to get an-

gry and bad, and then they make them worse. And so as long as anyone thinks angry thoughts the fiery cloud grows bigger and bigger until it spreads over a great part of the world like a fiery blanket which will not let through the Life and Joy of the Sunshine, but only its fiery, burning rays, which do not give us all the blessings of the true sunshine. And all this makes many people uncomfortable and causes sickness and pain.

Now dear old Mother Nature loves to see people happy, and does all she can to help. When the big clouds of anger arise she sets to work at once to make things pleasant by bringing the cool breezes and showers, but she cannot always do this right away, because the fiery clouds are so thick and large. But she does it as quickly as she can, and wants all the children to help her by sending out thoughts which are joyous and happy to all the children of the world. This is what the Lotus children at Point Loma do in the fairy boats, which they send out, carrying a big, big cargo of love and sunshine. She, wishes, too, that the children would not send out one single thought which will make men, women or children, or even animals or plants suffer, for unkind thoughts make the flowers droop their heads and sometimes die, unless Mother Nature can get her breezes and showers there in time to save them alive.

Surely children and all people, there is great reason why we should have good weather thoughts and make the light shine out of our hearts just as the sun shines in the sky and makes the whole world bright and happy.

Do Not Bite Your Own Tail



WHAT lessons in Brotherhood we can learn from watching animals. The other day I was watching a little kitten, sitting in the sun. Every now and then the furry tail would whisk round and strike the kitten in the face; whereupon she would give the tail a spiteful bite. But every time she did this a sudden pain would start up somewhere in the back end of her body, and it puzzled the little cat very much. She didn't know that the tail was part of the same cat, and it was taking her considerable time and trouble to learn it. There was a nerve running from the head to the end of the tail, connecting them together, so that when one was hurt the other felt the pain. I wonder if there isn't an invisible nerve connecting you and me, and all of us together, so that when one is hurt the others are hurt too. The nerves of brotherhood run from one heart to another, so that we all feel together; and we want to send out nerves of Brotherhood through all the world, joining all hearts together.

THE WISE OLD MAN