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TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

I would not say, let us pray. I would say, let us do. Let us turn from the negative side of knee prayer to the positive side of heart action. Let us aspire to be tomorrow more than we are today. Let us energize our souls with that action of the higher nature that will urge us on into the path of service to Humanity where we shall dare and dare to do, until more light shall come into our minds, till we have made the prayer of Christ, the love of Christ, the teaching of Christ, a living power within the hearts of men.

—KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Goethe's Faust

A Study of the Higher Law

by Phaeton

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I

FAUST is a mystery-drama, profound in its revelations of the Higher Law. Yet, its readers have possessed so scanty a knowledge of a true philosophy of life, so sparing have they been of their faith in the divine, that they have failed to understand it. Many, even today, do not know that the drama includes more than the hackneyed story of Margaret, few have even read the wonderful, labyrinthine second part, very few have understood it.

Goethe paints for us a symbolic picture of that long cyclic journey of the soul through pain, sin, and despair, leading upward at last, to the light and to liberation. The drama, taken as a whole, is a labyrinth of mysterious passages, into which the reader, a modern Theseus, enters. Unless armed, like

Theseus, with the sword of true knowledge, and unless guided by the golden thread of intuition (Ariadne, the woman principle), he will fail to vanquish the secret at its center and, indeed, may not find his way out again.

In Theosophy, H. P. Blavatsky has given us the sword and the golden thread; and though Goethe died long before Madame Blavatsky brought her message to the Western World, Goethe knew this philosophy none the less. For Theosophy is not new. It is very, very old. The Theosophical Movement today is but part of a universal spiritual movement that has been active in all ages. Though obscured from the masses for five thousand years, it has never been utterly lost, and every age has reared a few great souls who were strong enough to find and claim it. Goethe was a great soul and his own life of struggle, error, work, and constant aspiration must have made him transparent to very much Light that the average soul is too opaque to receive.

Today, the great truths that are given in symbolic form in Faust are accessible to the whole world. No longer is each unit-soul compelled to struggle and suffer alone as Goethe did, as all the great ones of the past have done. And we owe this to H. P. Blavatsky, to William Q. Judge and to Katherine Tingley. Those who "discern the signs of the times" already see the fruitage of those seeds which H. P. Blavatsky planted and know that the time is near when the students of these Teachers shall give to the world greater mystery-dramas than the world has yet seen.

That Goethe gives in symbolic form the fundamental postulates of Theosophy, is sufficient reason why the average, unphilosophic reader has failed to understand him; why even the Professor of Poetry and Criticism in the great University of Chicago, (William Cleaver Wilkinson) calls Faust "dull reading, very dull reading," and characterizes the Prologue, (with the exception of the Chant of the Archangels) as "irredeemably profane." In his book *Classic German Course in English*, Professor Wilkinson says:

We shall not conceal our own confident opinion that the time will come when men will wonder that even such a heteroclit production imposed itself on several generations of readers, or rather of critics, as a triumph of genius and of art. The atmosphere of a mocking worldly wisdom pervades the work. . . . But if we were challenged to produce from *Faust*, a single lofty or noble sentiment, one generous expression, such as 'makes a man strong in speaking truth,' we should confess ourselves at a loss.

Others have dissected the poem in the effort to prove that Goethe owed his philosophy to the German Transcendentalists. But any student of Theosophy who will read the drama with some care, will see that Goethe probably drew his insights from a source more transcendental than the Transcendentalists themselves.

The drama is not alone symbolic and mystical. It is prophetic, almost as to detail, of the present work of the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood, of the building of Esotero by her students, the reclaiming of Point Loma and its transformation—by magic, verily—into the heart center of a greater civilization than that which exists at present. Goethe was often prophetic, never

more so than in Faust. For this drama is the fruitage of his whole, rich life. Over sixty years a-building, the poem was begun when Goethe was twenty and finished when he was eighty-two, only seven months before his death. It was his Temple, and he loved it, and believed in it.

* * * *

The drama opens with a Prologue, the Chant of the Archangels in the Heavenly Spheres. This is followed by a conversation between the Lord (probably Jehovah, not the mystic "Father in Heaven" of Jesus), and Mephistopheles, the Evil One. They discuss the conduct of one Faust, a man beloved of the Lord, but who quite exasperates the Devil because of his constant aspiration for more knowledge. Mephistopheles scoffingly asks permission to tempt Faust, and the Lord replies,

So long as he on earth doth live,
So long 'tis not forbidden thee.

"Yet," says the Lord, "lead him downward as far as thou mayst, thou still must own that the good man retains ever the consciousness of right."

This conversation, the scene of which is laid in Heaven is, of course, wholly symbolic. In that light it may stand beside Ezekiel's vision of the Fiery-wheeled "Avengers," or the first two chapters in the book of Job, which Goethe himself says suggested the scene to him. The Lord stands for the Forces of Light, the Universal Good; Mephistopheles, the Forces of Darkness, the general Evil of the Universe. Faust himself is symbolic of the human soul.—of you and of me,—a Warrior always in this battle-field called life, tempted by the Evil, shielded as far as may be by the Divine, fighting, fighting ever, now wounded by the shafts of the enemy, now obscured by the smoke and dust of battle, but at the last erect, divine, with sword up-swung and gleaming.

* * * *

Faust is introduced to us as a man in middle-life, in a narrow, high-vaulted, Gothic study. All his life he has lived apart from men, a student of books and musty sciences, first of medicine, philosophy (so-called) and logic, then of alchemy and magic. Yet the mysteries of life and destiny he cannot solve, the knowledge he longs for he cannot seize. Restless and moody, he turns the pages of an ancient book on magic when his eye rests on the sublime glyph of the *macrocosmos*. He is thrilled.

Was it a god who charactered this scroll?
.....
Am I a god? What light intense
In these pure symbols do I see!

But Faust, with all his philosophy, has no inner calm. He is too restless, too discontented, to remain on the heights to which this sign of the *macrocosmos* had lifted his consciousness. Turning the leaves of the old book he comes to the sign of the Earth spirit,—the opposite pole. Earth at least is tangible and, obeying a sudden impulse, he pronounces the magic words which sum-

mon the spirit, a red flame flashes up and the spirit appears in the flame, a "dreadful shape," only another evidence that outer tangible "proofs" never prove anything.

When this horrible vision departs, Faust is down in the depths. "I am not of heavenly essence," he says, "I am like the worm which drags itself through the dust, and is crushed and buried by the step of the passer-by."

In utter despair, Faust fills a goblet with poison and is about to drink the potion, when he hears voices chanting an Easter hymn:

Christ is arisen
 Redeemed from decay.
 The bonds which imprison
 Your souls rend away!
 Praising the Lord with zeal,
 By deeds that love reveal,
 Like brethren true and leal,
 Sharing the daily meal,
 To all that sorrow feel
 Whisp'ring of heaven's weal,
 Still is the Master near
 Still is he here.

It is the hymn of the resurrection. Faust's higher nature is again touched, as it first was by the sign of the *macrocosmos*. Unfortunately, Faust is unable to analyze this emotion, so cultivated is his brain while his heart has been cultivated not at all. He restlessly rushes into the outer world of sense-pleasure where the peasants are dancing, for Easter is a holiday, and in thus yielding to the desires of his lower nature for diversion, for distraction, Faust opens his soul to the forces of evil.

From this point on the drama is a study of the dual nature of man, the higher and the lower, the angel and the demon.

But Faust is so "scientific," so crammed with book-knowledge, that things which afford no tangible, objective proofs, cannot hold him long. And the higher impulses of his soul are not susceptible of proof save on their own plane, which is far higher than that of book or crucible or retort. So, whenever his consciousness touches the Higher, back it flies to the lower, which gradually assumes a definite form and is symbolized, at first, as a black poodle.

Faust perceives that this poodle circles restlessly toward him, and appears to draw a magical noose or coil about his feet like a snare, while in his track he leaves a "fiery whirlpool." However, he reasons himself out of his misgivings and takes the poodle home with him. And in that wonderful scene in Faust's study Goethe pictures the growth and development of the elemental self.

Faust's higher impulses again draw him to his sublime old books. The poodle barks and is much disturbed. Faust, as if inspired, begins to translate the mystical Gospel of St. John, "In the beginning was the Word." The poo-

dle becomes so riotous that Faust orders it to leave his study. But alas! so long has he entertained it that it has grown, until it fairly fills the room.

Huge as a hippopotamus
With fiery eye, terrific tooth.

Faust sees that it is a demon and, probably not quite aware of what he is doing, he tries to exorcise it with spells, then with the symbols of the Higher, the cross and the triangle. A mist hides the poodle from view and out of the mist steps Mephistopheles, a demon, as was the poodle, but in form a "traveling scholar," a man with the added power of intellect, therefore far more dangerous. He subtly robs Faust of his faith, his faith in men, in God, his trust in the Higher Law, which is generally the first thing the Powers of Evil attempt to do. And by this sign we may always recognize those who are, whether consciously or unconsciously, working against the soul and against God. And finally they make a compact, by which Mephistopheles is to bring to Faust the uttermost pleasures that the world affords, in exchange—for the Devil is shrewd at a bargain—for Faust's soul at death.

When to the moment I shall say,
'Linger awhile, so fair thou art!'
Then may'st thou fetter me straightway.

Goethe was forty years in bringing to birth Mephistopheles, forty years in solving this problem of how to give in symbolic form the truths of man's dual nature, of the birth and growth and fearful power of the elemental self. For Mephistopheles is Faust's elemental self, his lower nature, personified, symbolized, Faust's inseparable companion during all the rest of his life.

For Goethe knew, what all the Great Teachers have ever taught, that from the moment that the man recognizes the duality of his nature and makes definite choice either for good or for evil, he has ever with him two companions formed from his own essence and nature, "the secretion or objectivation of the opposite poles of his own self-consciousness, the angel and the demon, one or the other strengthened by every act and every thought of his life."

Faust himself is just at this point. He says:

Two souls, alas! dwell in my breast. One clings to earth, the other soars to heaven and one ever struggles to separate itself from the other.

Face to face, at last, with his own lower nature, knowing it to be such, everything now depends on the choice Faust makes. His soul hangs in the balance.

Faust's higher nature, symbolized by the Chorus of Spirits, appeals to him, in these sublime words:

Woe! Woe!
Thou hast destroyed
The world beautiful
With violent shock!
'Tis shivered! 'tis shattered!
The fragments abroad by a demi-god scattered!

.
 Fondly we weep
 The beauty that's gone!
 Thou 'mongst the sons of earth,
Lofty and mighty one,
Build it once more!

"Yes," says Mephistopheles, "these are the voices of *my* spirits; they call you to the world of sense-pleasure." For the devices which the elemental self is capable of using to delude the soul are innumerable.

Faust, although realizing that Mephistopheles is "the Evil One," nevertheless parleys with him. And at last the compact is signed with blood, and out into the world they go, Faust, led by his elemental self, Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles, first takes him to Auerbach's cellar where a drunken crowd is carousing. But Faust is not interested, it is all too coarse. Next, they go to the Witch's Kitchen where they witness the debauched, degraded family, the result of a union that is built upon the physical alone. This, in its coarseness, does not appeal to Faust; and he is not even interested until his eye falls upon a magic mirror in which he sees the image of a woman. It was intended to arouse his lower nature, but Faust, the real man, is pure and good at heart, and the sight of this image wakens the ideal side of his nature, instead. "Is it not," he exclaimed, "the very essence of all heavenly grace? Can aught on earth be so exquisite? Can woman be so beautiful?" For Faust, in spite of his musty "science" and learning, was naturally an idealist, a mystic, and this image suggested to him, not any personal woman, but woman in the abstract, the Woman-Soul, the Eternal Woman, the one element which had been entirely absent from his life.

For woman, it must not be forgotten, has always been the symbol of the intuition, the faculty of spiritual discernment. That is what Eve stood for, urging man as she did to eat with her the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. "And had she been let alone and allowed to do what she intended, she would have led him to the Tree of Life," said H. P. Blavatsky.

This is what the prophet Ezekiel meant when he likened Jerusalem to a beloved but sinning woman. It is what Beatrice meant to Dante. It is just this truth that Goethe meant to convey when he pictured Faust searching and searching for this "Eternal Womanly," and never satisfied until at length he finds it, not a woman, but his intuition, his own soul.

And so, at the sight of this image, for a brief moment Faust's consciousness is on the heights. But Mephistopheles brings him back to earth without any delay. "Look your fill," he says, "I know where to find such a woman for you."

Faust, although he knows it to be a wicked place, unfortunately tarries in the Witch's Kitchen long enough to drink a potion, brewed there, which sets afire his "Kamic," passionate self.

And then Goethe tells us the story of Margaret, one of the saddest and the most beautiful in the world. It is the beginning of Faust's life-long search for

the Eternal-Womanly. Influenced by Mephistopheles, he believes that all this is to be found in some one woman, and driven by a desire which, in its innermost essence was noble and pure, Faust becomes madly infatuated with this beautiful girl. He begs Mephistopheles to make her his own. But the Devil frankly says, "I cannot. She is too pure. Over such as she, I've no control."

But Margaret has one weakness. She is a wee bit vain of her pretty face, and this one little weakness is the enemy within which opens the door of the soul's fortress to admit the enemy without. Some jewels and trinkets, left secretly in her bedroom, play havoc with her vanity, and finally Faust woos and wins her.

Perhaps, the prettiest scene in the whole drama is that in which Margaret takes Faust to task about the state of his heart. "Now tell me," she says, "How do you feel as to religion?" And Faust replies to her in an impassioned manner, about the "Eternal stars," and "nature's impenetrable agencies," and "eternal mystery," to which Margaret responds: "Yes, this sounds very fine and good. The priest says nearly the same. Yet for all that, I fear thou art not a Christian. . . . And I grieve at the company I see you in. The man, Mephistopheles, is hateful to me in my inmost soul. His presence makes my blood creep. . . . One sees that he sympathizes with nothing. . . . When he even chances to join us, I even think I do not love you any more. And in his presence I should never be able to pray, and this eats into my heart. You, too, Henry, must feel the same."

Faust dismisses her fears, in a characteristically masculine and superior way, with these words, "You have an antipathy, that is all." Cæsar said the same to the prophetic words of his wife, on "the fatal Ides of March."

Yet Margaret grasped the truth about Mephistopheles infallibly, through her intuition. Had she been Faust's equal, intellectually, doubtless she could have maintained the position she felt she must take with regard to Mephistopheles, and she would have saved Faust. But she was not. Had Faust been less intellectual and more intuitive, doubtless he would have been aroused to the truth by Margaret's words, and perhaps would have saved her. But he was not.

And, as a result, Goethe tells us over again the same old pitiful story that we meet so often in actual life, that it has almost lost its significance. And it is pathetic to see how Faust's higher nature asserts itself, again and again, only to arouse Mephistopheles, who each time tightens his hold on his victim and drags him back again to the Kamic plane. Twice he leaves Margaret, resolved not to enter her life. In spite of his great love for her, he feels it would be wrong to disturb her simple peace. But Mephistopheles comes, with specious argument, and lures him back, and the whole of the first part of the drama is occupied with the accounts of Faust's persistent oscillation between his higher impulses and his lower.

Finally, still led by this elemental self, Faust leaves Margaret to plunge into utter dissipation, which is probably what is meant by his visit to the Brocken mount on the night of the Witches' Carnival. For a time Margaret has passed entirely out of his life, for it is one of the little tricks of the elemental self to make us forget our obligations.

But Faust really loved the higher, not the lower. He soon breaks away from the crowd of witches and goes alone to a mountain crag to meditate on something diviner than their hideous revels. With his soul-eyes he sees Margaret, "pale and suffering." "It is nothing," says Mephistopheles, who always comes to Faust with advice at the critical moment. "It is only the head of the Medusa."

But Faust has had enough of dissipation. He leaves the Brocken mount, goes back to the world and there learns that Margaret is insane and in prison for the murder of her babe.

Faust is nearly distracted, for he is neither selfish nor bad, inherently. He curses Mephistopheles for the doom that has fallen on Margaret, and Mephistopheles calmly utters the words that the world even yet is ready to fling in the face of the one whose heart goes out to the fallen woman, *She is not the first!*

When will we learn that the Lower Self is always utterly heartless, demanding everything and giving nothing? Faust learns it bitterly, when Mephistopheles replies to his curses with a sneer,—“Well, why did you enter into fellowship with me if you can't go through with it? . . . Wouldst fly and art not proof against dizziness?”

Faust implores him to save Margaret, only to be met by the taunt: “Save her! who was it plunged her into ruin, I or thou?”

This is sufficient to open Faust's eyes. By these taunts Mephistopheles seals his own doom. With a feeling of utter desolation,—for everything, it seems to Faust, has slipped from beneath his feet,—and yet with a strength of soul he had never before known, Faust pulls himself together and takes his right place as master of Mephistopheles. This is the turning point of the whole drama and Faust learned then and there what we all must one day learn, that the desire nature, this elemental self of ours, makes a dangerous friend but a perfectly splendid servant. And the soul who is wise enough to put his lower nature where it belongs and strong enough to keep it there is no longer a clog and a disgrace in the world but becomes actually, in some degree, a Savior, a Teacher of men.

This is the one great experience of every life, this battle with the elemental self, this struggle with the Dweller of the Threshold. The Bibles of the world tell it over and over again,—Jacob wrestling with the angel, the soul-struggle that changed Saul of Tarsus, who persecuted the despised followers of Jesus, into St. Paul, the Apostle. And that soul is wise who does not wait until driven into this combat, but goes out, like a warrior, to meet it.

Such a battle is a desperate one, yet if the Warrior wins, the reward is very great, and this is it: that henceforth the man looks at life from the standpoint

of the eternal Higher Self, no longer from that of the lower. That is a reward worth having, though it cost the uttermost, and in this battle Faust, the Warrior, won.

Faust, master of Mephistopheles at last, commands him to bring horses that they may fly to the prison and rescue Margaret. The wily, Evil One suggests to Faust that he would risk his life in so doing, for Faust, with Mephistopheles at his elbow, of course, had killed Margaret's brother in a street quarrel, and the authorities were searching for him.

But Faust has taken advice from his dangerous companion for the last time. The horses are procured, they fly to the prison where Margaret sits in chains, babbling of her mother and her babe, her reason gone.

At the sound of his voice she recognizes Faust, and at first fancies herself once more walking with him in the garden of her home. He tells her he has come to save her, to take her with him back into the world, back to the old life, and he implores her to go. He finally makes her understand him and she replies:

"O, Henry! would that I could go with thee!"

"Thou canst!" says Faust, "But will it. Open stands the door!"

"No prayer, no argument avails, I must bear thee away by force,"—an unconscious concession to the influence of Mephistopheles.

Margaret, for the shock of seeing Faust again seems to have brought back her reason, commands him to let her alone. "I will not suffer violence!"

Faust: "The day is dawning, Come!"

Margaret: "Yes. . . . My wedding day it was to be. . . . Woe to my garland. It is all over now. We shall meet again, but not at the dance. The crowd thickens. The streets cannot hold them all. The bell tolls—the staff breaks. They bind and seize me! Already am I hurried to the blood-seat! Already quivering for every neck is the sharp steel which quivers for mine. Dumb lies the world as the grave!"

Faust: "Would I had never been born!"

At this point, Mephistopheles comes to urge Faust away, fearing that he may remain with Margaret and become the Devil's victim no longer. Margaret is startled as she recognizes him. "Send him away," she says. "What would he in this holy place?" for that poor girl's prison-cell was a holy place, purified as it had been by the water of suffering that had been poured over it.

For Margaret had become the willing channel of the Higher Law. She felt the justice, as well as the pain, of her position. Faust felt only the pain. "Judgment of God! I have given myself up to thee!" are her words. In thus accepting as final the great law of cause and effect, Margaret had opened her soul to the Light. And the strong light of the Divine had burned away the dross of her nature and illumined her soul. It was the coming forth of the Christos, the mystic Christ, and it is not strange that the breaking away of the old tomb of her lower nature should have shocked her into insanity. Yet,

when she became rational again upon Faust's visit to her, she was far more sane than he, for from the ashes of her sin had sprung up a perfect trust in the Higher Law.

Faust had no trust, for Mephistopheles had robbed him of it. He could not rise to the heights on which Margaret had found peace, for there was nothing beneath his feet. She could not—would not—descend again to the lower levels on which Faust stood, the old life back to which he would take her. Their paths must separate,—there was no other way.

While Mephistopheles lingers near Faust she utters a last appeal and says: "Henry, go! I tremble even, to look upon thee!"

And the Devil fancies that he has triumphed as he departs with Faust. But he is mistaken. Though Margaret had severed the lower, physical bond between herself and Faust, in sending him away from her, the inner spiritual bond between them was not broken. The last thing Faust hears as he leaves the prison is the voice of Margaret, herself at last a part of that Divine Higher Self of the world to which she had appealed, calling to him from the heights of her consciousness, "Henry! Henry!"

(*To be concluded*)

The Drama of Life

by E P O S



"**A**LL the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. . . ." says the "melancholy Jacques," and in a vague sort of way we accept the proposition, as we accept so many others, without in the least realizing their truth and their bearing on our lives. Indeed we might make quite a large volume by setting down all the *truths we do not believe*.

Occasionally we see people who are deliberately and consciously acting a part, and for a moment we may be struck with the thought that perhaps others too are doing the same, and then we shudder at the hypocrisy of the world, and forget it as soon as possible.

But the play, in which "all the men and women are merely players," is of a different kind; for in it the actors are so absorbed in the play that they take it for a reality. It is the drama of life, the comedy or tragedy of their own lives, the most real thing that the great majority can conceive of. Yet how often does it not occur to us that we can understand the motives and feel-

ings of another, because we have been through that very experience ourselves; but we feel that in our own case it was real, while the other person's case is but an imitation, a sort of plagiarism of our emotions.

But on thinking seriously we see clearly that each act in the drama of a life is one that is necessarily an act in millions of other people's lives. Think of our desires, and the means we adopt to gratify them, think of our hopes and fears, our likes and dislikes, our loves and our hatreds; and then think of the millions who have just those same desires and emotions, hopes, fears, loves, hatreds, and we are bound to see that the acts of all these people *must* be so similar that one may well say, "It is all a play and all the men and women merely players."

The range of emotions that stir men and women and make their lives, is so limited, so very limited, that it is a wonder we do not see through the delusion and realize the fact that this life of the everyday man and woman is only a play after all. But if we take this position we find ourselves face to face with most unpleasant questions.

"If this, our life, is not a reality, what is?"

"If my life is not reality, what am I?"

"If all the world is a stage, and all life a play, what is it all for? who are the spectators? who is the dramatist?"

No! it is better not to think—better to plunge again into the drama and play our part for all we are worth, and vow that we believe it all to be a reality—better anything than to feel the horrible sense of insecurity and unreality, that creeps over one, when one tries to meet those terrible questions—and back of all our striving to forget, and back of all determination to make our lives realities to ourselves, stands the shadowy spectre of a conviction that it is all a mockery. This it is that makes men and women, who are intelligent, so often cynical and bitter—a feeling of contempt for themselves and all the world, for being but actors in a big farce, and for not having the courage to face the conviction and find the reality that must somewhere exist.

The intelligent people of the world are nearly all touched with this cynical self-contempt. What wonder that there is so little enthusiasm in modern life, what wonder there are so many lunatics, and suicides, and drunkards, and gamblers and debauchees! Why not, if it is all a farce?

But in man is also a deeper feeling, however vague, that in Life there is a reality; and this makes him bitter, makes him despise and scorn both himself and others for being the dupes of such an illusion. And through the play pass now and again the stately figures of the Heroic Enthusiasts who believe it all and who act accordingly. They stir up the waning enthusiasm of the players and make them forget their doubts for a moment, and lead them to plunge more determinedly than before into the action of the great Drama.

But observe that the great dramatist, Shakespeare, puts this famous speech into the mouth of the cynical, pessimistic, querulous philosopher, the melancholy Jacques; and he leaves the spectator to draw his own conclusions.

The protest against this cynical pessimism is expressed by a later poet in these lines:

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the Soul.

Here is the Heroic Enthusiast speaking and inspiring men to seek and see the reality that is *within* the illusion of the play.

But the good ecclesiastic steps in and from the pulpit teaches the faithful that though Life is real, it is not *this* life; that though there is a true life possible it is not *here*. He puts Truth at a convenient distance, away off in a future life, happiness is to be gained by man, but not *here*, he must look for it away off in the future, in some other place, some other world, some other time, always *somewhere else* but not here.

Yet one said, "Now is the appointed time."

Truly *now* is the time, for there is no other reality; past and future are dreams, *now* is eternal. That which is not true *now* is an illusion, a dream, or a lie; and if there is no reality *now* in life, then there never will be.

Here and now, the present, the Eternal Present, that is the one point of reality in all the phantasm of life, and it pervades the whole life and all eternity, in IT is no change nor shadow of change. IT is the one reality and yet a mystery. IT is not a product of the past, for that is but a memory; IT is both past and future, a mystery indeed, yet of such a nature that the simplest mind may grasp it, aye! better, perhaps, than many a mind that has lost its simplicity and has wandered in the mazes of speculative reasoning. For all speculative reasoning deals with ideas about facts, and not with the facts themselves. Facts are present realities, ideas about those facts are speculations upon mental pictures.

The little child and the inspired man deal with the present, the fact, the reality; while the thinking, reasoning, speculative mind always avoids the realities and works alone with their phantasms, the dreams of the future or memories of the past, or theories about both, which he calls knowledge and learning. His reasoning and his speculation make a perfect network of theories around his soul and prevent him from contact with the Reality, the present moment, the Eternal Now. So he becomes truly but a player of a part in the great life Drama, and such a player is he that he does not know that HE himself is real, that HE himself is eternal, that the whole play is but a presentation of the eternal reality to his *mind* which can deal with the illusions only.

Thus the Soul wanders in the playground of the mind, forgetful of its own Spiritual Reality. And thus the teachers of Occultism teach their disciples to control the wanderings of the wayward mind. And thus the Great Teachers of true Religion have taught, and continue to teach their disciples that they must become "as little children," they must regain the child-state they have lost, they must transcend the illusive reasoning of the mind. This the

child does naturally, and we are told that "the wise man does good as naturally as he breathes."

False teachers seek to draw men away from the great stage on which the Drama is being played to a stage where the play is still more illusive, still more seductive, still more selfish, a heaven of their own creation where they may live out in *dreams* all supersensuous joys they have vainly sought for on the stage of Real life. For this Drama of Human life on earth is a Drama of reality, while their "heaven" is but a rest, a sleep, a dream, between the acts.

The Reality is Here and Now. IT is no dream, nor is IT ever far away. The Reality, the Truth, is the soul of each moment, the Eternal Now.

Therefore no act of this play is ever meaningless; within it lies the truth. There is no moment when the truth may not be reached, no moment when it is to be thought of as far away in the future or the past.

The play is the veil and the truth is in it all the time. To find the truth and pierce the veil is to realize the present moment.

No religion that deals simply in futurity is of any use in this work. No scheme of salvation that puts off the effort to another day or another life is of any use. The work must be done *now*.

The play must be played, and the player must realize the play, that is, he must know the reality that lies within it. He must know the true life that lies hidden within the phantasm of the outer life and know that the illusion is an illusion indeed, an *appearance* truly, but an appearance of Truth. So will he find his daily life noble and joyous; no longer will he be a cynic nor a pessimist, but a Godlike Heroic Enthusiast, who will play his part in the Great Drama with knowledge of the Truth behind the veil.

The New Life

by Gertrude W. Van Pelt



IT is sad that a simple, wholesome, clean, honest, graceful life must be called "a new life." And yet, who will deny that it is so? What are the present standards of purity, of honesty? And is modern life beautiful? The results of the present system are unsatisfactory, without doubt. It is a common saying that "Everyone has his own sorrow." Pain, is everywhere. Only the foolish and vain are enjoying a short-lived contentment, or some shielded innocents who have not yet awakened to the facts of life.

Now, pain is the penalty which is paid for disobedience to the laws of nature. What else can it be? Everything is smooth, easy, peaceful, glorious

when it is carried out under the Law. And because of the pain there is both a conscious and unconscious recognition that the right part has not been found and there is an asking on the part of the world; a searching after the difficulties. Not necessarily in words, but the innumerable new methods known as fads show it, as well as the innumerable more bare statements of discontent, as well as the eager pursuit of pleasures; as well even as the deeper plunge into vice. The world is wrong. Everybody knows it. Not everyone wants to be taught, to be sure, but everyone wants to know how to live, in order to bring about results which are more satisfactory to him than the present ones.

In the midst of this confusion of ideas, this seething unrest, Teachers have actually come to the world who know where the trouble is and how it must be remedied. How have they been received? They have presented to the world for its consideration a philosophy with which no flaw can be found. It is absolutely harmonious with itself and with the facts of life. They have revealed the meanings of religions, and as much of the mystery of man's nature as could be understood. They have explained the purpose of life and pointed out the defects of the present civilization. They have answered all these questions that everybody has been asking. How grateful the world must be!

Not only this. These Teachers have worked night and day, almost without rest, simply to the end that the world might suffer less, might learn how to live and be happy. They have worked unceasingly to suppress evil and bring out the good everywhere. They have actually begun the process of demonstrating what an ideal life is. For the sake of the world they have endured sufferings unheard of, undreamed of, if the truth were known. They have given the world a love that it no more understands than it does the movements of the stars in space, or the glow and warmth of the living sun.

And what is the result? A few are grateful, but the many rise up in wrath. Some snatch eagerly the spiritual food that has been offered and declare with pride, "It is I who found this myself." Others oppose it in every fashion conceivable. Subtly with smooth words or fiercely with anger. If one in a family confesses his obligation and determines to follow the teachings, the rest are almost certain to begin a process of persecution, which, unless he has great courage, will crush him out. They try to turn the good and beautiful results into ridicule. They tell lies of every description, and in their animus overstep themselves, because many of the lies are so improbable, so impossible. They throw stones at the teachers on every conceivable occasion, condemn, attack, would like to destroy. They even enter the courts of justice to crush out the truth.

Would you have believed it of humanity had you not seen it? I would not! All this might be less astonishing if the new life taught were something hard and disagreeable. But it is *easy*! Easier far than the road humanity is already traveling, which is beset with obstacles at every turn and covered with pitfalls. It is a golden path to which the finger of the teacher is pointed,

bright and light, and full of joy—straight and narrow, of course, for those who are opposing nature, for they strike the Law at every turn—but for those who are willing to be natural, it is simple and easy and leading on to a broad plateau of freedom which has no bounds.

And yet, where there is one who is glad to be guided to this path of flowers and sunshine, there are thousands who declare there is nothing in it for *them*, and there are many who try to cover the entrance with clouds, to blind the eyes of those who have caught this vision.

Why is all this? How can such strange things happen? It is nothing against the teachings nor the teachers. All the powers of hell cannot prove that the teachings which emanate from the Universal Brotherhood are not pure, ennobling, uplifting; and that its work is not beneficent and a direct outcome of the teachings. Nothing that any one can ever say or do can ever hurt the Universal Brotherhood and the principles for which it stands. It is founded on the rock of ages. If the enemies *could* succeed in covering it with clouds for centuries, there it would stand, pure, and white and clean, after the folly was spent and the antagonism had worn itself out, ready for the recognition of the weary multitude. Nothing hurts *it*, but all recoils on the one who has opposed it.

The principles are so plainly true, and the sincerity of the teachers in carrying them out is so patent, that all who condemn them simply classify themselves. What a fearful comment it is on the world! The many find nothing in the teachings, because there is nothing that will encourage them on their present insincere and unstable lines of life. They do not *want* the real thing. They are still controlled by false desires, and are so absorbed in seeking happiness in a direction in which it does not lie, that they will not see and recognize their friends.

Why should they be so perverse and stupid? There must be a reason for it. Are the masses absolutely intent on wickedness, or are they simply asleep and allowing the dust to be thrown in their eyes? There are those somewhere who *are* intent on wickedness. That is quite plain to one whose eyes are opened. There *is* an organized, intelligent effort to crush out the truth, to deceive human beings, to hold them down in ignorance, for which no trouble seems to be too great, no meanness too small to accomplish the end. It works through the weak, the selfish, the vain, the ignorant all over the world. It finds an ally in every thread of selfishness in every human being. Is it then any wonder that all the teachings which have come to make "a new life" are ignored and that the teachers are opposed, when one who undertakes it must do so sincerely? What else is to be expected? For it is selfishness which blinds the eyes, and numbs the heart. It is that which like a powerful drug stupefies the *man* and lets loose all the lower faculties.

So all this we must expect until the masses are thoroughly aroused by the truth. But, one feels like asking, "How long will they sleep?"

The Power of Prayer

by H. M.



SOME say that we Theosophists do not pray nor believe in prayer; they are both right and wrong; right from their standpoint of what prayer is, but wrong from the higher and truer standard, based upon knowledge, which can be had by any who will seek truly.

The absurdity of the public whining prayer (so called) of the modern Pharisee, who tells the Almighty what should be done, is evident to every thinking man as well as contrary to the teaching of Jesus as recorded in the Bible:

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them, for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.

To those who seek the truth nothing more need be added to convince them that the modern harangues and lip-prayers are not what the Nazarene bade his followers observe.

God is everywhere and in every thing, animate and inanimate. We are, as St. Paul says, "the temple of God," and the spirit of God dwelleth in us. H. P. Blavatsky in *The Key to Theosophy* says that "the only God we can know and pray to, or rather act in unison with, is this same spirit, of which our body is the Temple and in which it dwelleth."

It is "our Father in heaven," and to this Father alone should any prayer be made. Jesus addressing his disciples, said, "when thou prayest, enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which seeth in secret and he shall reward thee openly."

In this lies the secret of the "power of prayer." To enter one's closet and close the door, means to withdraw the mind from the senses and objects of sense, to enter into the silence where the soul resides; then it will be possible for the soul to commune with its "Father in Heaven."

It can reach this place only by overcoming the man-of-flesh, the lower nature; after having gained control of every passion and desire through control of thought, it can act in unison with its "Heavenly Father," and then the power of life and death lies in the palm of a master-hand.

Thus the true devotee endeavors constantly to separate his soul-consciousness from his bodily and sense consciousness and this can only be done by living an unselfish life. In every act of life goes forth the cry, "not my will but thine be done." In *Light on the Path* the disciple is told to seek the *Warrior within* and, having found him, to stand aside and let him fight; this same Warrior is our Father who "seeth in secret and rewards openly."

While there is but one universal, eternal and impersonal Deity, it dwells in each one of us as our Father. All of force and will and intelligence comes from this source, becoming, as it descends, colored and perverted by the impurities of its vehicles. Man wields, both consciously and unconsciously, vast forces for good and evil; the motive and purpose behind their liberation determines their nature. The power of prayer lies in the use of these forces and powers which man can and does manifest.

Prayer is not a supplication alone, but also a command, a command of "Nature's Finer Forces." Every thought and desire sets in motion forces that the average man does not dream of; did he know, the shock would be fearful. Prayer is thought set in motion; by the strong imagination a vehicle is created through which *will* can operate impelled by desire (desire is meant in its higher sense).

Prayer can be looked upon as two-fold—active and passive—the latter is the reaching out of the soul, is contemplative, introspective and receptive. The former contains the latter and is preceded by it when done consciously and it is then a conscious action with the forces thus evoked.

To pray and sit still, expecting the prayer to be answered, as many do, too lazy to do the work themselves, is sheer folly; they ask the Lord to do for them what they should do themselves. Prayer, as already stated, is a command of the forces within us to action, but they cannot operate unless we are in the field of action.

If a general did not enter the field of battle and watch and direct his forces, he would never be victorious, and so it is with man in the battle-field of life. I might pray all day that a certain task be done but, unless, after I had been filled by the power of the forces I evoked, which make the task possible, unless I made a personal effort, and a strong one, to the end that my desire might be fulfilled, my prayer would be useless.

This is the successful business man's secret of success; he wishes a thing done, and that is an unconscious prayer; he has faith in the possibility of its accomplishment, but he knows that only by his own continued personal effort will it come about. He does not sit back in his chair and let God do it for him, for neither God nor the gods can act except through a strong *imagination*, together with a determined *will*, backed by an intense *desire*; and thus it is that "God helps those who help themselves."

If a selfish business man can execute his own prayers, why cannot the unselfish lover of the race accomplish an hundred-fold more, commanding, as he does, a greater power by his higher purpose and growing knowledge given him by his constant communion with his heavenly Father, which power the business man rarely reaches, though the force used in all upright, honest endeavor comes—strange as it may seem—from this same high source.

Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, representing the Father, says:

In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them, and whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine, O son of Pritha. Those who wish for

success to their works in this life, sacrifice to the gods and in this world success from their actions soon cometh to pass.

Prayer is answered through sacrifice only; the man who desires wealth or sensual pleasures, must sacrifice much, both material and spiritual, to obtain them; he must evoke the lower forces or powers which, if acted in unison with, bring about success in no long time. Those who seek knowledge and the light must sacrifice the lower self and all its illusionary delights. The former brings passing and momentary gratification which grows less and less delightful with each succeeding gratification, ending at last in pain and death—physical and spiritual—the latter gives lasting joy and eternal life.

In Hawaii we hear of the natives gathering together to pray some one to death; in America, of several thousand civilized people gathered to pray for the christianizing of a Robert Ingersoll, or in Europe of two armies, each evoking the aid of the same "God of Hosts" that victory might be theirs. Wherein lies the difference between the savage and the civilized? The world feels the value of the "power of prayer," but uses it ignorantly and selfishly, producing evil instead of good, evoking the devilish instead of the godlike.

The prayer addressed to some extra-cosmic, anthropomorphic deity, to aid us in overcoming our enemies is not the teaching of Jesus, whom we of the "civilized" world pretend to follow. His command is "to love thy neighbor as thyself," "to do good to them that hate and despitefully use you," to do always the will of the Father, who is not a great and jealous personal God, but the just and ever merciful Father in Heaven—in the heaven within each one, and whose children we are.

Prayer is devotion in action, a constant performance of action without thought of personal gain, but always for the good of all. One can learn to be in a constant state of beatitude, even in the stress of life, to hold the mind on the Eternal and offer to it all actions performed with a constant desire to be in harmony with the Law. The world lacks true religion—religion which is the spiritual life of man. A *man* without religion cannot reach his highest.

Meditation, prayer and sacrifice are the essentials of religion, through them man feeds his spiritual body as by partaking of physical food he feeds his material body. By religion I do not mean what is called and understood as such in the world at large, but that conscious and unconscious effort of the *incarnated soul* to reach back and be re-united to its Father.

This Soul is the "Prodigal Son," who, after spending his spiritual heritage in riotous living, sickens of the unreality of worldly things and feels the emptiness and artificiality of material life as an end to be obtained, a goal to be reached.

In this state of mind he has a faint memory of some distant home, and turns his eyes inward in search of it, and cries out to the ever-forgiving father who looks down upon his erring son with tender compassion. This compassion, filtering down through the dark recesses of the mind, fills it with a longing and yearning; but at first, not understanding, man becomes the "Wan-

derer" of the Old-World myths and legends, seeking in places high and low, his early home, testing life in all its forms, each of which turns to ashes as the fire of his "Eternal-guardian" overshadows him. Sorrowing at last he turns away again to seek the truth, the unconscious memory of which has awakened an insatiable and restless burning to do battle against the shadows of night. Then at last the full consciousness of who he is dawns upon him and he says—

I will arise and go to my Father and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants . . . But when he was yet a great way off his Father saw him and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him. He commanded his servants to bring forth the best robe . . . to put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet . . . to kill the fatted calf . . . to eat and be merry . . . For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.

What is true of man as an individual is also true of humanity as a whole today; it has no real religion, it has only the remnants of many ancient forms, cold and lifeless; it is a *Wanderer* seeking for the light.

If we could only know the power of true prayer to bring us closer to our own, we would shorten by half this struggle, this sorrow of the world.

We receive in proportion to what we give; if we have lived selfishly and savagely, can we expect, after having broken all the laws of spiritual and material life, for assistance from those higher beings who have in charge the progress of the race? They cannot respond to prayers or supplications of themselves, however great their power; we must have gained the right of assistance by our service to others in order to obtain theirs; they stand ready and able to serve those who serve for love and not for self.

They say, as Jesus said, speaking as the *Christos* in Humanity—

I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger and ye took me not in; naked and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison and ye visited me not . . . Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these [the children of Humanity] ye did it not to me.

What right have we to expect the aid of those, our "Elder Brothers," unless we have aided them in their work, which is our work also, and though their hearts feel compassion, yet they know that we must learn to stand alone, for did we have external help every time we begged it, it would weaken us; they are the representatives of the *Law*, their duty is to fulfill, not to set aside. Justice is always at hand; *Love* and *Compassion* are also *Justice* and *Mercy*; but the Law and the Teachers of Humanity do not judge from our standard, they see and know, we only surmise.

So if we would be strong, let us trust in the "Good Law," let us open our hearts by constant prayer and have *faith* in our own *Divinity*, let us live a life of service to our fellows; then if a moment of peril overtakes us, the strength of the soul will be ours. *Aye!* and what is better by far, our true lives give to all the Helpers of the Race a stronger and greater opportunity to aid Hu-

manity, for we as a part of it cannot do and receive good without extending it to the whole.

So at this time, when many noble hearts—fellows of our race—have struggled against the tide and bled for us, the opportunity has again been given to humanity to receive an answer to its prayer for Peace and for Liberation from the powers of darkness who would engulf the world in lasting night and *Spiritual Death*. But the dawn is breaking—already the mountain peaks reflect the rosy tint of the new day.

The *power of prayer* is “devotion in action.”

Saith the Master—

Arise ye, my most beloved, and partake of my body and blood; your faith hath made you whole. Enter ye into the joy of life.

*The Hope of the Future**

by E. I. Willans



THEOSOPHY is undoubtedly the Hope of the Future—Theosophy made an *active and potent factor* in the life of humanity. The title of my paper may, perhaps, give an idea of a looking forward and basing hopes of improvement in some remote time, but such is not its meaning, for Theosophy always deals with the “Eternal Now.” *Now* is always “the accepted time” with those wise in the Laws of Life, and so the great Spiritual Teachers always tell us to faithfully fulfill our *present duty*. The reason is very plain. In the present moment we have the result of all the past, and in the present moment also lies hidden in germ the seed of the future. Therefore the *hope of the future* must be sought for in the *signs of the present*.

What is it that we see looming up in the horizon, “no bigger than a man’s hand,” and yet that holds the promise of the future harvests that will feed the hungry? Once again I say, “*Theosophy*, the *heart doctrine* vitalized and made a living power through the practical application of its life-giving teachings.” What is its fundamental proposition but Spiritual Unity—Universal Brotherhood?

As we learn to live Theosophy, it slowly but surely brings us to a knowledge of ourselves. And what a glorious truth it then unveils, for in our struggle towards a constant attitude of brotherly feeling and action we become

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aware of the duality of our natures. This is evidenced by the fact that "when we would do good evil is present with us," and we learn the reason why, and the doorway of escape from the tyranny of that evil force within us, because we learn to know that *we are* SOULS and that we can, as *Souls*, dominate and subdue the animal nature with which we are associated. In fact the reason why we are here, is to carry out the great Law of Evolution, expressed by Christ, in the words, "*Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.*" This is the glorious truth we learn to know, that *perfection is possible for man*—is *our destiny* because we are immortal in our Higher Nature, one with the Supreme Spirit—our Father in Heaven. And this applies to all, hence *Brotherhood is a fact in Nature*.

As humanity, we are engaged in a long evolutionary journey, and as individual units at different stages of that journey, we are employed in learning through various ways this basic fact of brotherhood and unity and how to work in line with this greatest law of Nature. All the mistakes and misery of the past have been caused through breaches of this law, and the hope of the future lies in a recognition of its importance and the strenuous life of effort in that direction.

That hope is assured; the present time sees the budding of the first tiny shoots of the great tree of Peace and Brotherhood whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations, in the work at the Center of Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma. The seed has been sown again and again in the past, now in this country and age, now in that. By Buddha, by Jesus, and by many other Teachers was it sown and always a few ears of wheat came to fruition, though the general crop was again and again smothered in tares.

But now, owing to the heroic work of the three great Spiritual Teachers of the present age, the work of all the ages has culminated in success, and from the Aryan Temple at Point Loma, dedicated to the memory of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, under the leadership of their successor, Katherine Tingley, the truths given out at various times by their predecessors are being taught daily, and the fundamental unity of all true religious thought made clear. Christ taught in his day what Theosophy teaches today, that "the kingdom of heaven is within you," do not run to and fro looking for God, he dwells within your own hearts, and ye are "Sons of God," and "the Temple of God."

Today at Point Loma, children of many nations are being shown that they are Sons of God—aye, gods themselves, and masters over the animal kingdom of their own lower natures. From their babyhood they are brought up to know the supremacy of Soul. Is there not then great hope for the future, since by immutable law we reap what we sow?

The seed of a larger, freer, nobler life has been planted in the hearts of men, a life of unselfish brotherhood wherein men know themselves as divine beings, and rejoice to use their greatest talents freely in the service of *others*.

Death has no dread for them, because they know it to be but a continuation of life under new conditions and that in future times— they, the *Souls*, will re-

turn to earth to enlighten new bodies and carry on their work where they laid it down, until like Christ they return as *perfect men* to help their less progressed fellow pilgrims. And since humanity has responded in part to these primeval life-giving truths and daily the knowledge is spreading, Universal Brotherhood becoming more a factor in men's lives, true souls from every quarter of the globe joining hands in this work for Truth, Light and Liberation, we may *well* rejoice, recognizing the truth in the saying of a wise Elder Brother, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." "Truth is mighty and will prevail!"

A New Year's Tale

by Ethne



ONCE there was a man who was feeling very sad and lonely. All his relations were on the other side of the globe. He was not a poor man, as the world counts poor, but was comfortably supplied with this world's goods, money, social position and usually good health.

In ordinary times he performed his duties and took his pleasures without a thought for those less fortunately placed than himself. As a young man he had come out from the old country to make his fortune in Australia, and with judicious investments of a small capital, genuine ability and hard work, he now found himself at forty-five in possession of a comfortable little fortune. Content with the average ideals, he felt himself a successful man as he nodded "good night" on the stairs of the Union Club, to the president of that eminently influential institution.

But that was last week. Today—on New Year's Eve—a very miserable looking creature was this erstwhile "man of the world"—the *material* world. Sick and lonely, headache and heartache—merely an attack of influenza and an enforced sojourn in his bed-room, cutting him off entirely from his ordinary routine. He had read the papers through from cover to cover, railed at the weather, the world in general and his own misfortunes in particular. Being holiday time, his more intimate acquaintances were all away on the mountains on pleasure bent. Of real friends he had none in his adopted home, for he had never found time to make them, and so on the eve of New Year's day, in the early eighties, he sat alone.

A knock came to the door. "A letter for you, sir, and a package," said the waiter, and putting them down on the table went away.

"Who on earth can be writing to me from England, and in a lady's handwriting?" he thought, as he eagerly seized the letter, glad of any diversion. He opened it, read it slowly through, then tore open the little package which

proved to be a copy of *Epictetus' Moral Discourses*, looked at the fly-leaf on which was written "St. John Martin," and the date, and underneath in a clear, firm handwriting this quotation: "Ever the words of the Gods resound; but the porches of men's ears are closed and they do not hear."

He laid the book down and sat staring before him. Jack, dead! dear old Jack! his school chum, the sunny-faced boy who always kept a corner of his heart warm when he thought of him, even in his most selfish, isolated days. Boy!—well, not exactly that now; if he were alive he would be over forty. Were alive! the words sounded with a chill upon his ears in relation to Jack.

"Send *Epictetus* to Norman, my old friend, Norman Selkirk, he's somewhere out in Australia," St. John had said a few days before he died. "Somehow I think he is too good for the purposeless life he is leading. Tell him from me to try and develop those latent qualities of his higher and better nature, he won't mind that from one who will soon be a Soul unhampered by a body, and"—he paused and added slowly—"and one who loves him well."

It was a strange, unconventional, pathetic message, and sent, as it was, accompanied with but a few brief words from Mrs. Martin, telling of her husband's death, it struck deep into Norman Selkirk's heart. Jack had always been—he thought—an odd boy, always more careful of others' interests than his own; unselfish and cheery, a real sunshiny nature, manly and courageous, but gentle as a child, with the gentleness of the truly strong.

St. John Martin had been a few years younger than the man who received his parting message, but there had always existed between them one of those curious friendships that exist apart from age, deep down in the inner nature, an unexplainable tie except on the basis of Reincarnation. And in the hour of his extremity his friend remembered him; that was what struck home, the lonely man felt his heart stir, as not for many years, and his thoughts turned homeward. Once his people had written to him, and he remembered to have heard of Jack's marriage, now he came to think of it, to some connection of his own, but, absorbed in the ambitious race for wealth with his own interests, he seldom replied, and finally the correspondence dropped.

And now, out of the silence of years, came the message from a dead hand, but pulsating with the energy of a well-lived life. It was the call from a Soul to a Soul. Norman took up the little book again, and with softened heart he read it slowly through. A marked book is a great index to the character of the owner, and no truer mark of confidence can be shown amongst earnest Souls than the gift of such a treasured silent companion. As he read on, Norman felt this and saw how the noble principles held by the grand old Stoic philosopher had animated also the life of his noble friend of the nineteenth century. "Ever the words of the Gods resound," and in the teachings of *Epictetus* are to be found the same eternal verities taught by the great Teacher of Nazareth. He learned too for the first time, that a true philosopher is no idle dreamer, but a man of strenuous action who has fought the great battle with his lower self and manifests his God-like possibilities, that true philosophy is not something apart

from life but like the germ within the seed, makes possible the after growth.

While he yet read, the day merged into night, the evening wore away and his completed task found him standing upon the threshold of a New Year, in more senses than one. Midnight chimed as he stood looking out into the silent night, and in that silence he resolved to bring his own life more in accord with the principles that guide the lives of those who love and serve their fellow men.

The result of his friend's belief of the innate—if undeveloped—higher possibilities of his character, was that Norman packed his bag and turned his face homeward. On the long voyage he had time to “read mark, learn and inwardly digest” the teachings of the old Greek, and it was a nobler man with higher ideals who set foot upon the old country than the man we found self-centered in his own interests at the close of the old year. Norman Selkirk became a second father to Jack's children, and an ideal uncle to a numerous band of nephews and nieces. Nor did his influence cease there, but far and near the weak and needy found in him a true friend.

Once let the sympathies of the heart flow and life will become fuller and of absorbing interest, and so we leave the man we found miserable, thinking of his own troubles, his own interests merely, busied in the troubles, hopes and joys, of others, as happy as the day is long in bringing brightness into their lives, a *man* in the true sense of the word.

Notes

by R.



PEACEFUL SAMOANS

IT will be remembered that the first Theosophical Crusade around the world touched at the Samoan Islands when drawing towards our Pacific Coast, and the present International Center, Point Loma. Important connections were made at that time among the most influential natives, as a result of which today the Samoans are represented in the membership of the Universal Brotherhood. Furthermore, a portion of their race—some 5,800 persons—has since come under protection and jurisdiction of the United States.

It is interesting to note that peace and happiness characterize the condition of our new wards in Tutuila and the neighboring islands, where education and industry are being fostered by the Government. Also, that the official sent to care for their interests, has been so successful and has shown such wisdom in his tactful dealing with the natives that he is to be retained indefinitely, in response to a petition of native chiefs addressed to President McKinley.

We furthermore read that the Samoans are taking great interest in learning English. In this connection our readers will be glad to know that *The New*

Century, one of the publications of the Universal Brotherhood, has been circulated among the natives since its inception in 1897.

IMPROVEMENTS IN AMERICAN CITIES

IT is indeed encouraging to observe the manner in which the true American Citizen is awakening to present responsibilities and assuming his rightful share in the betterment of city government, morally, socially and politically. Let us trust that his zeal becomes warmer and warmer.

The American *Review of Reviews* for May surveys what is being accomplished along lines of social and moral improvement in New York City. Among other movements it mentions, "is the one for better police administration and the stricter safeguarding of the moral and physical health of the community. Such work has been well typified in New York by the admirable report and bills of the Tenement-House Commission, and by the quiet but effective efforts of the Committee of Fifteen, which has been representing the citizen's movement to break up the system of police connivance with crime, vice and the violation of statutes. The Tenement-House Commission report points out the fact that about 2,400,000 people of New York live in what by law are defined as tenement-houses.

"It so happens that the greater number of these tenement-houses are erected speculatively by builders, who then sell them to investors. Naturally the builders follow plans and modes of construction that will enable them to house the greatest number of people on the smallest plot of ground, with the least outlay of money for materials and labor. The political influence of those who believe it to their interest to maintain the old and defective laws which permit the improper construction of such tenement-houses is very formidable and has unexpected ramifications. It was abundantly shown last month before committees of the Legislature that tenement houses could be built on improved models, with due regard to light, ventilation, safety against fire and observance of arrangements deemed necessary in the interest of manners and morals, without making the buildings too costly to earn a reasonable dividend on the investment.

"Great attention has of recent years been paid to these very questions in the laws that regulate the construction of tenement-houses in Berlin, Vienna, Paris and various other European cities.

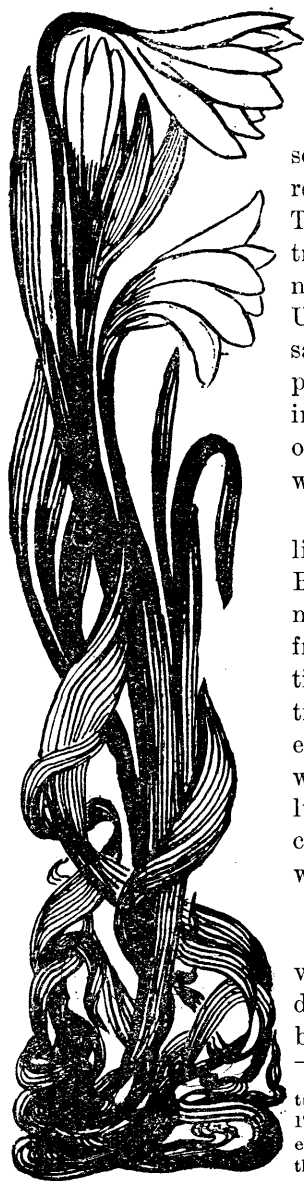
"The tenement districts of New York house a good many more people per acre than those of any other city in the world. It is therefore especially incumbent upon the chief city of the New World that it henceforth permit the construction of no more ill-planned and unwholesome houses designed for the occupancy of a number of families."

The Higher & the Lower Psychology

With Introductory Remarks

Music---a Power Among the Masses*

by Katherine Tingley



BEFORE taking up the subject of the evening it is important that all who may not have been present at previous meetings of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society should know the position it takes, in reference to other bodies using the name Theosophical. There are several organizations (very small ones it is true) that call themselves Theosophical, which are in no way connected with the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood and therefore it is very necessary to state this clearly, because I understand that people who attend our meetings, who are very much interested in our work, are sometimes led away from our Society in search of help and information which we ourselves would very gladly render.

It is always a very sad thing to have to draw the line. It is especially sad for one who believes in Brotherhood and that we all belong to one great human family, but it is a fact that this Organization from its very beginning has had many enemies, sometimes enemies belonging to other organizations; sometimes individuals who have their own special interests to serve. But there is one society, the one with which Mrs. Annie Besant is connected, which we absolutely repudiate; with which we are not in any way connected. We do not endorse her teachings, nor do we encourage her followers.

MUSIC A POWER AMONG THE MASSES

As I have often said before, and I believe in this very theater, there is in my opinion, a religious duty devolving upon lecturers or teachers to use all possible means to get closely in touch with their audiences,

* From the stenographic report of a Student of Point Loma. A lecture delivered at Fisher Opera House, San Diego, Sunday, November 17, 1901, before an immense audience, which filled every part of the Opera House, a great many, not able to obtain seats, remained standing throughout the whole lecture.

and I also believe that if those teachers or helpers are to accomplish any great work for humanity they must try to simplify their thoughts and to express themselves so that the average mind may readily understand them.

Is it not true that in the by-gone days, and even now in the present days, we have had too many profound teachings that were only intended for the elect, and that were not suited for the masses. And for this reason I shall confine all that I say here to the lines of general suggestion. I shall not attempt to dogmatically place before your minds any particular method for you to follow. Surely the time for that has passed.

Each man should be a light unto himself. Each man has his own understanding; he has his own environment and evolution. And he must take the thoughts which come to him and apply them as best he can to his own conditions. If universal truths be presented in such a way that little children can understand them, we shall in this way get closer to the needs of humanity and closer to the hearts of humanity.

I have always believed, and I think there are thousands who agree with me, but who have expressed themselves differently, that music should be a power among the masses; that the god of music should rule over every household, and that the little children, and indeed the whole family, should give as much attention to music as to the other *duties* of life. If only that were the case what a beautiful world this would be; if we had all been taught even the simple fundamental laws of music we could then throw ourselves back on our own resources, on our soul resources, when we are under the shadow of the sorrow and trials of life, and sing ourselves once more into the light and the joy of life, and the harmony of usefulness.

Music is the song of the soul, and well we know it has not yet fulfilled its function. If I had the power, if I had the millions which are yearly given out in charity, my first work, after I had fed the hungry and clothed the naked, would be to give such help to the families of the poor as would lead to the establishment of a musical life even in the humblest of households. For when the soul is stirred; when we can feel ourselves to be within reach of the higher ideals of life, then we find the light. Do you not know how we can be moved even by the old church hymns, in spite of the old-fashioned theology which all too often pervades them?

Believing as I do in this helping power of music, I would like to ask my audience tonight to join with our students on the platform in singing some simple songs of Brotherhood. If you can feel something of what is in my heart, of what is in the hearts of all who love humanity, and so send the speech of song out from your souls, you will do more to uplift your neighbors, to uplift your town and through it all other towns, than by any other thing that you could do. If I had a beautiful voice I would certainly sing of the philosophy of Theosophy instead of speaking it.

Now, the little song that we are about to sing is a very simple one. It is quite unsectarian. Even the ministers who have attacked Theosophy need

not be afraid of it. I believe it is good for every one to sing such songs as this, for the tones to which these words are set have been carefully selected and belong to the higher plane of life. The Theosophist who really desires to understand the soul of things is ever careful in the selection of music, ever heedful what notes are started in the hearts of men, lest some great harm be done instead of good, and these notes, composed by one of our students, are strong and true and helpful notes.

LIFE IS JOY

Let us sing the noble song,
 Life is Joy! Life is Joy!
 May the valleys echo long,
 Life is Joy! Life is Joy!
 Let all pain and woe depart,
 Out of every human heart,
 And the welcome news impart,
 Life is Joy! Life is Joy!

We have heard the glorious sound,
 Life is Joy! Life is Joy!
 Spread the tidings all around
 Life is Joy! Life is Joy!
 Speed the news to every land;
 Scale the heights and cross the sand;
 See the nations hand in hand,
 Life is Joy! Life is Joy!

THE HIGHER AND THE LOWER PSYCHOLOGY

In taking up the profound subject of psychology we are confronted by the difficulty that it has so many different aspects that it would take a long time to explain the laws governing each of these aspects in such a way as to make them clear to the average mind. Now, you know that science ordinarily deals with facts rather than with their speculative causes, and so with this science of psychology, which, according to the Standard Dictionary, is explained to be the "Science of the human soul and its operation; the science which treats inductively of the phenomena of human consciousness and of the relations of the subject to them, or the mind."

In handling this subject and briefly touching upon it tonight, there is one important thing that should be done, and that is that each one should, at least for the moment, look upon himself as a soul. This he must do if he wishes to understand my presentation of this great problem. If he does not do this, if he cannot believe that he is a soul, if he does not know that he is a soul he will have difficulties all along the way which will so affect his understanding of the subject that he will certainly gain but a very imperfect knowledge and not very much benefit from his study.

Humanity as a whole does not believe in soul-life. It may have a hope that there is such a thing. It may even have a sort of half-belief that is

built upon faith, but which is not actual knowledge. And therefore in order that my audience may receive at least some of the truths which I have to impart I have to ask them to be so far in sympathy with me that each individual here will imagine for the moment that he is a soul; that he is part of the great universal law, and that he has possibilities lying within his nature which he has never yet fathomed, and which can reveal to him the mysteries of life if he remain on the right line of investigation, trusting ever in the Higher Law.

Once he has found this knowledge, he will begin to apply it to his daily life, and to all human life, and then he will find himself in contact with other great mysteries. For each man has his own special life which he has evolved to a certain point, and each has had different experiences from those of others. In looking into the experiences of all, he must necessarily find in them a very wonderful variety.

And so all life is made up of mysteries and mysteries and mysteries, and when one begins to open the Book of Life in the light of self-knowledge as a soul, he has reached a higher plane of thought. Something has begun to work within his nature; something has begun to reveal itself to his mind, which is, after all, the servant of the soul.

To say that I know all about psychology would be nonsense, and for all the great savants of the age to presume that they know all about psychology is nonsense. Believe me, in all our experiences we have but touched the very fringe of life. We are simply entering into the outer portals of the mysteries.

Because we have gathered together here in this place, it can be for us as Jesus said: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." In one way we have come here with a common interest. Although some have come out of curiosity, and some have come from animus, the larger portion, however, I know have come to learn something, and I, too, have come here to learn something. I always do learn something new when I come into contact with human life.

I believe that the true teacher should not prepare his lecture, but that he ought to be able to move out daringly into the great arena of thought and to play upon human nature as a master musician plays upon his instrument, until the very soul of things begins to manifest itself. For this moment, at any rate, we are united in a common bond of sympathy, and here we have one phase of psychology. One phase only.

Now, psychology has, as I said, many manifestations and many aspects, and these are expressed in different forms. But all these different forms group themselves into two broad divisions. One is the psychology of the soul and the other is the psychology of the lower nature, and this lower nature expresses itself in all to a greater or lesser degree. This we must all of us admit, because if it were not so we should all of us today be nearer to perfection. To a certain extent, all human kind have allowed this lower nature at times to

dominate their lives, and so the best men and women in the world have these two forces playing in their lives—the higher and the lower.

The more exalted the dominant motive of the life, the greater is the soul expression and the soul psychology. The lower the life motive, the stronger becomes the lower nature, and with it the psychology of that lower nature, which, so far as it manifests in the world today is the damnation of humanity.

If we could only have the higher psychology manifest all the time we should have the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

We all know that we have had in our experience examples of real sermons in poetry and in art, which have lifted us out of the domain of our senses, to a higher plane. On the other hand, we have had those other active and evil forces playing upon our minds and shutting in the soul force. Nor is this peculiar to our age or to our race.

These conflicting forces are as old as humanity itself. Many thousands of years before Christ was born there were men and women who led simple soul-lives, and the purer and the grander their lives, the more they had of the soul-psychology. But as time went on, humanity lost this grand power, this spiritual psychology, which is really the secret of the highest human life.

This does not mean that I would have you submit to evil as being inevitable, or that I am trying to represent humanity as being on a lower plane than it actually is. As a Theosophist I believe in the divinity of man, and this by the way is ignored by some religious teachers today. I believe that the divinity of the potential God-life is in the murderer, in the thief, in the street-walker and in the outcast, and that there is no one who has it not, but if we examine human life on its dark side we see these forces of evil starting out, and gradually taking control of the life until a certain point is reached—a climax—and then the man who is under their sway stops, and sinks, and dies in spite of all the power of mind that he may have had; all his education, all his wealth, and in spite of all his intelligence. Why? Because, in such a case, and there are so many such cases which you may see around you, it is the psychology either of ignorance or selfish ambition or vice, which has broken down that magnificent human system which Theosophy teaches is the living temple of God.

And so we pass through life under the shadow of these two opposite forces. As are our motives, so do we receive the good or the evil from this great psychological wave. If we move on the spiritual side, we gather from that side, and if on the passional, then from that side.

And then, again, there are those psychological forces which are outside ourselves, but which actually speak to us from the screen of time. They were planted there by our own ancestry, and I am not talking about our mothers and fathers, our grandparents and our great-grandparents, but further back along our line of ancestry, back to the long-past centuries, and each century has added to that force either good or evil, just as our ancestors have lived. These two forces are our heritage from the ages. We contact them in our

daily lives, sometimes mentally, sometimes physically, even by the touch of the hand or by being in the atmosphere of one who is generating them. Such an one may have a very soft voice and may seem to be making a record for good, and yet the inside may be false and weak. Although it may not seem possible to you, you drink in that force mentally and physically, and just so far as you become receptive to it you have been psychologized by it.

Now, on the other hand, you come into the presence of a noble man, one whose life is pure, and white and strong and true. Such a man is necessarily forceful; he cannot be negative. He cannot be the strong man and the true man that he is unless he is giving out of the fullness of his soul-life to his fellows. When you come into contact with such a man or such a woman, words become of little moment. They have but small significance in comparison with the touch of the hand; that indescribable something which the true followers of Christ had, and which Christ himself gave out to the woman who touched his garment.

It is the psychology of the Christos which ever accompanies true manhood and true womanhood. It is the masculine and feminine blended into one higher unity, for Christ had reached that perfection as had other great Teachers and to which you also can reach, and to which the whole human family can reach if it will only place itself under the influence of the soul psychology of life.

Now, on the lower side, the passion side, the weak side of human nature, this psychology drags us down to a point which it is a pain to describe. When that terrible power for evil is at work, then the will of the man or the woman who is using it is trying to influence your will, is trying to steal into the chambers of your mind, into the secret and sacred chambers of your soul, there to gain an ascendancy. What for? For good? For your good? For the world's good? No! Solely for the self-interest of the operator, the psychologist.

All over this great, broad territory of America today in this nineteenth century, when we are supposed to have attained to a very high point, and when it is supposed that we have a very great deal of intuition, yet in nearly every one of our magazines we read page upon page of advertisements of "How to Psychologize," etc. If I were to take old John Knox's conception of the devil and were to intensify his fiendish nature, and were to send him out into the world as a living personality, he would be harmless in comparison with that force of the lower psychology which today is seeking to destroy the power of the human mind.

Is it not plain that we have the mysteries right at our very doors—those dreadful mysteries which have been talked about so much by certain of the clergy of San Diego and other enemies of our work, and which are supposed to go on behind closed doors on the hill of Loma-land, the great center of Universal Brotherhood.

This is one of the closed doors of human life, and I am trying to open it for the benefit of humanity. I would like to open it to the whole world so that

every one can look in and see the shadows which are falling on the lives of our fellow-men, accentuated by the false teachings of today. For myself I cannot conceive of a greater curse coming into one's life than this force. We can understand these things so easily if we will only observe, if we can only take the necessary time from the bread-and-butter problem to look into these mysteries and to find out how much we have actually been affected by them, how much our lives have been blessed by the soul psychology, how much our lives have been cursed by the lower psychology.

When we have reached that point, we should be ready to go to certain ecclesiastical teachers who profess to know so much of the laws governing human life, and confuse them with our knowledge, which would no longer be theory, *but actual knowledge*, because we should have opened the books of our lives.

If we will only admit the psychology of the soul, we may yet make golden records of our lives, but we shall have to face page after page of the things that we wish had never happened.

And so, after all, if we think of this subject in its two aspects, the higher and the lower; if we work out in our own experience all the ramifications which come up, we shall be able ourselves to write books, and books, and more than that, we shall never be satisfied until we have set out to readjust our lives and the lives of all humanity in the light of our knowledge.

We should not overlook another quality in human nature which is very strong and which has a potent bearing on the question of psychology. It is the presence of the positive and negative elements in human life. We can look into the human lives around us and see for ourselves the positive and negative, and we can see also the apathetic, which is the exaggeration of the negative side.

If we are to work out this higher psychology we must first of all be conscious, as I have said, that we are souls, and that we have this mighty adjusting power in our lives, but we must also work positively and strongly; we must attune our minds to our motives, so that whenever we do a thing, no matter how simple, even though it be so simple as sweeping a floor or drinking a glass of water, we must do that thing with an absolutely positive force. As St. Paul said, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Some of the best minds of the age admit this Theosophical revelation of the new study of psychology, because they have had soul courage enough to look and see and examine for themselves. This positive mental attitude keeps us up to that point of power which is necessary to hold on to the soul's rightful position in life.

To teach truly, to teach forcefully, the teacher's motive must be pure. And for myself, although I cannot do all that I want to do, yet I know that every time I speak to you my motive must be pure, for otherwise I could not meet the consequences. I should not dare to call into action these mighty

forces unless my motive were pure. Knowing as I do something of the Universal Law, I know that when I work along the lines of least resistance I am working with the God-like and soul qualities of my nature, and so my attitude is necessarily forceful and positive.

The soul psychology you will know by its results.

If you are true and pure; if in your heart lies the desire for the truth and the right, you will surely find them. I can not give you the knowledge in words I wish to give, but I am going to try very hard to hold your minds in such sympathy with my subject that my every gesture shall put something into your hearts, shall put something into your minds, something into your souls, that will make you understand better and better each day a little of this sacred, this glorious and divine law which governs life.

Let me assure you that when you have reached the point where I am, and by that I do not mean that I am in any way on the heights of spirituality, or that I am mightier than another, but simply that I have traveled further along the path of investigation, further along the path of sorrow, that I have seen more of human misery than you have, because I have in my public life come in contact with many aspects of humanity, and they have been dreadful ones, and have therefore learned more lessons—you will never be satisfied in believing that singing hymns and preaching sermons will save humanity.

In studying the mysteries I am sitting at the feet of the Great Law. I am opening the pages of human life, but I bend before no human mind, —*I bend before no human mind.*

Oh, my friends, if humanity could but know its heritage, this wonderful soul psychology, there would be that grand and beautiful independence, which would blend itself with a still more beautiful interdependence, and then we should have a true manifestation of the Higher Law of brotherliness. Then we should have a manifestation of soul-power to a very high degree. Then we could say with our whole hearts that the psychology of the soul is a great remedial power and that the universal law had commenced to work in Humanity.

More than this, you cannot touch any of the laws connected with this mighty power without generating other wonderful forces—forces that the human eye cannot see, the human mind cannot comprehend and cannot explain, and that move on and on; that do not settle down into any one locality; that do not settle down into human life, but move out and out; and these forces bring us in touch with Nature and with that law which governs the lower kingdoms of life. Truly I believe that the birds and flowers know us better than we know ourselves, and when we get onto that high plane of life, when our hearts are touched by the forces of Nature—we learn to talk with Nature, we learn to work with Nature.

I never went into the woods in my life but the birds sang better when I was there. Not that I gave them the power, but they, in their simplicity,

being part of this great law, felt the longing of my soul for their touch of sweet Nature, and they sang to me.

I have had some strange experiences in handling flowers. They have answered back to the yearnings of my soul with just the answer which I needed; and so even the tiniest atoms of the earth have voices, and these voices are also a part of ourselves.

Thus in every department of life we can work out this psychology of the soul. It is so simple, but we must have the courage, and we shall never have that courage which rightfully belongs to man as a divine part of the law until we know that *we are souls*; until we have opened new doors of experience in our lives, and have interpreted them according to the law, according to the higher knowledge of our being.

And so to me this subject is very wonderful, and it will take a lifetime, many lives I think, before you can fully understand it, but now is the time to begin it with the little children. There are so many families who have little children, and there are so many who have none, and those who have none ought to go and borrow some from the vast asylums, and commence teaching them on these higher lines.

If I could only reach the hearts of the men and women and teach them these beautiful secrets. If I could only make them feel what is their power when they step out as souls, and dare as souls, and trust as souls, and for that power I am quite sure you would be willing to be crucified again and again. And then you would have the knowledge which would enable you to overcome much that arises to destroy you, because you would have the knowledge of the soul, you would know how to meet these difficulties, and you would know better than to have traitors about you.

That the sacrifice and the crucifixion of Christ were part of the Higher Law I do not accept. If his followers had been true he would not have died. I am fortunate to have followers who have the Christ-like spirit and who overshadow me with their purpose and their devotion, and I tell you that even a soulless being under such conditions would become helpful and compassionate and courageous and strong, and even willing to be crucified.

Now, to bring about the new Order of the Ages to which I have referred, very many mysteries must be understood. There are already too many books on psychology and hypnotism but I have never seen any good results from them. Let me advise you, do not let another man think for you, do not let another man's book psychologize you. Think and study for yourselves.

We have dogmatism enough in our churches and in our literature. We have the wrong kind of psychology everywhere—in our literature and in some of our school books, and in commercial life, and we have the wrong kind of psychology in our home-life and in the child-life. The pictures of human misery that we see every day prove this.

We must bring up our children in a new way. We must first get better acquainted with ourselves. We must have the soul-courage of which I have

spoken, and we must approach the children in a new way, not just as the "sweetest little things on earth, and all mine," but as sacred charges intrusted to our care, as pleaders for soul-life, for a higher manifestation of soul-life. Because we have lived longer than they, we should have made a record as white as snow to meet them with.

We must let these little child-eyes look into ours and see the soul and feel its touch in our hands and hear its speech in our voices. We must approach the child as a sacred, divine something sent to us by the Supreme Power who rules the Universe, and along this line we must fashion all our thoughts and acts. We must not merely *think* them. We must not merely *play a part*, but we must *be* that part.

I am not talking about a far-off thing. I am not taking you to a point in space. I am delving down into your hearts. I am trying to bring out the best that is in your nature that you may know the law, and apply it and at once.

Let there be no delay. There is no need for any preparation. You need not study catechisms. You have not to spend years studying your Bibles to know these truths. Your own hearts will reveal them to you. Let me assure you that when you have once found this knowledge and commenced to apply it in your conduct, then you can turn to the Great Book of the Ages and know your Christ and interpret the Higher Law, and so force some of the so-called "teachers of the gospel" out into the streets and the highways to do their part in building up the material and moral part of the world while you, mothers and fathers, become the real spiritual teachers of humanity.

My devotee who is free from enmity, well-disposed towards all creatures, merciful, wholly exempt from pride and selfishness, the same in pain and pleasure, patient of wrongs, contented, constantly devout, self-governed, firm in resolves, and whose mind and heart are fixed on me alone, is dear unto me. He also is my beloved of whom mankind is not afraid and who has no fear of man; who is free from joy, from despondency and the dread of harm. My devotee who is unexpecting, pure, just, impartial, devoid of fear, and who hath forsaken interest in the results of action, is dear unto me. He also is worthy of my love who neither rejoiceth nor findeth fault, who neither lamenteth nor coveteth, and being my servant hath forsaken interest in both good and evil results. He also is my beloved servant who is equal-minded to friend or foe, the same in honor and dishonor, in cold and heat, in pain and pleasure, and is unsolicitous about the event of things; to whom praise and blame are as one; who is of little speech, content with whatever cometh to pass, who has no fixed habitation, and whose heart, full of devotion, is firmly fixed.—KRISHNA in the *Bhagavad-Gita*

New Year Greetings

from the Cabinet Officers of the Universal Brotherhood



Dear Comrades of the Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World:



THE wheel of time moves on. A period of one single year seems small when applied to the consideration of so large a problem as the spiritual evolution of Humanity. Yet, so great and potent are the events in the progress of the Theosophical Movement in each year that they seem like the achievements of centuries.

Humanity's Helpers have indeed very opportunely embarked on the arduous mission of reuniting mankind into its essential and divine Brotherhood, for the heresy of separateness was fast destroying the knowledge of our divinity and of our glorious destiny.

A new world has been born under the joint work of the World Leaders of the Theosophical Movement, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. The center of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma, California, is already so firmly established, so mighty and influential that its prestige and power are felt and looked up to as the guiding light by all truly progressive peoples of the world.

The key-note of progress which is given at the center of the Universal Brotherhood in every department of life by *Katherine Tingley* is already being recognized by thousands of institutions and by millions of individuals. Katherine Tingley's every move and touch being so full of wisdom and so adapted to every vital question that they are eagerly sought and followed by vast numbers of sincere workers on the higher educational lines throughout the world. Life is verily a song of joy, and not the miserable state of existence that it is made out to be, and soon, very soon, it will become an actual realizable fact to all the vast multitudes who can this day see nothing

but pain and sorrow. The Truth has been simplified and made plain by our present Teacher. By her knowledge of Universal Law and by her illimitable compassion she has revealed the secret how to evoke from within our-

selves the wondrous powers of the Soul, enabling us to discern the truth and to give us the power of being our own divine teachers.

Comrades! Have we not much to be grateful for at this time of the commencement of a new year? Indeed, our highest ideals are no longer remote; they are so near that they illumine the future with glorious prospects. By the coming of the "New Order of Ages" even those who feel now dark and pessimistic may see shining forth in them Joy and Happiness with a sudden blaze of splendor.

Let us join hands anew; with more courage, more vigor and determination to aid the Leader in her noble and successful work that the world in which we live may become beautiful and known in its true nature, that it may be enjoyed by all as it should be. Greeting:

E. A. NERESHEIMER,
Chairman of Katherine Tingley's Cabinet



Dear Comrades:

THE Home of Refuge is established and upon its hearthstone our great Comrade has lit the unquenchable fires of love for humanity. Keep that light burning in your hearts and press on with courage, confidence, fortitude and trust, for all is well. C. THURSTON



AT the beginning of each yearly cycle, when a new impetus is given to all things, the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may well wish each other a "Happy New Year."

But, there are times when such greetings may be given with a heartiness impossible at others. Such a time is the present. Never could we look backward and see so much work done; never could we look forward and see so much about to be done. Never, since being connected with the organization, was our "Leader" in better health; never more full of that divine energy which has already accomplished such wonderful things. Never were the hopes of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge nearer fruition; never were their followers more loyal.

With all this we are, as individuals and as a body, learning rapidly and progressing steadily. As an instrument, responsive to the Master's touch, we, as a body are in a condition in which we have never been before and in which few imagined we ever would be. Therefore, Comrades, most heartily do I greet you on this auspicious day.

H. T. PATTERSON,
Member of Cabinet

Loma-land, January 1st, 1902



TO THOSE who are striving to make Theosophy a living power in their lives, this is indeed the time for companionable greetings and joy. Faithfully, F. M. PIERCE

Greetings to all Comrades:

ONE year has passed since the New Century Salutation was sent out from Point Loma, and the cycle has swung around to the point where the comrades at the center may once again send forth a glad New Year's message to those who so faithfully hold their posts of duty throughout the world.

When we look back at the many events, and the vitally important advances made during the past year, we see results equal to many years of past effort, and the promise of still greater progress in the immediate future. The salutatory words of our revered Leader and Teacher have borne rich fruitage in the hearts of the people.

We members of the Universal Brotherhood know her wisdom; we also know that her power to accomplish is limited only by the extent of our devotion; and this knowledge, in view of the infinitely greater opportunities and possibilities of the immediate future, should arouse us all to more heroic efforts, that the times of humanity's tribulation may be shortened, and truth, righteousness and joy be established in every land. With hearty greetings to all,

ROBERT CROSBIE

VERILY, Comrades, a Power born of an all-embracing compassion has come through a mighty Heart to establish equity in the lives of men and make place for joy. It is not to be cozened, nor cheated, nor bribed, nor intimidated.

It has touched a goodly number of human hearts, and the powers of every one, by virtue of the loving Presence, surpasses the power of ten.

Its beneficence and strength shall come to all who have the will and the fiber to do its work.

W. T. HANSON

THE New Year finds us at the end of the most prosperous season and at the beginning of the most favorable period our movement has yet known. The future of Universal Brotherhood is not guess work; the organization has scored so many victories in the past that the key-note of the present is the sound of certainty.

A language which can portray the full richness contained in the generous heart of Universal Brotherhood has not been framed by a human tongue. The comrades at Loma-land feel the bountiful joy and helpfulness of the comrades throughout the world at this New Year time and desire to enjoy its blessedness with them and share it with the whole world.

Those who cherish a noble resolve for the main spring of action receive a suitable compensation; the reward is freedom, knowledge, energy, in exchange for bondage and lethargy. The new order is charged with golden promises, it is illumined by a divine light. This splendid conquest could not have been won if the Helpers of the Race had not given their heroic service.

With New Year greetings to you all, and wishing a new year of joy and usefulness to every comrade,

IVERSON L. HARRIS



COMRADES! The New Year just dawning finds each Companion at his post; fighting the world-old battle of Right against Wrong. The years may be likened to the watches of night, in our long struggle, and it is but meet that we should pass the sentinel's hail of "All's well," at this renewal of Spring-time and of hope. For we have hope! We fight on the side of Truth, Honor and Liberty, and we must win! The record of the years that have passed us by is but a roll of our victories. We have been and are still led by the great Souls who have honored us by commanding our forces—by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley!

Then let us be hopeful; but let us not underestimate the strength and cunning of those who seek the destruction of our work, lest we be taken unawares and unarmored! Let us put our trust, our confidence in our Leader, and fight on unconcerned, for only so are we sure of winning. Let us rebuild the walls of our New Jerusalem, as Nehemiah did those of the olden City—by each man restoring that portion which lay immediately in front of his own house! Let us live lives so helpful, so pure, so beautiful, that we may be fitted to become permanent stones in that Guardian Wall which protects the human race from evil and destruction! Faithfully,

JEROME A. ANDERSON



Dear Comrades:

WE are thinking of the closing of this year. We are reaping the results of the old year and indulging hope for the coming new year. The results achieved by Katherine Tingley, our Leader, in spite of opposition and numerous impediments placed in her way by those who find the great truths of Theosophy a menace to their interests, are very gratifying to all friends of the Movement for Universal Brotherhood. I wish to send greetings and congratulations to our Leader on account of her heroic services in the cause of mankind. This, while being a comfort to Katherine Tingley, will serve to show to some extent the strength of the cord that binds us together and the vital power at work for the regeneration of the race. The work of the past has been nobly done and its gains are secure. Greetings of the New Year have therefore a meaning and significance beyond those of years gone by.

More and more people are coming to understand the scope and meaning of our Leader's plans and purposes, and now realize the magnitude of her work and the grand results achieved that speak clearly and emphatically to the world. Where but hundreds were reached before now thousands and thousands are receiving the Light from this great Center. The world has no criterion to apply to human enterprise and exertion but success. The world looks only to the fruit of actions and the gains of human endeavor. The achievements of our Leader in the cause of Brotherhood, her specific work at Point Loma and all over the world, speak to the hearts of men in a new way such that many good souls regard them as a response to the questioning of their own hearts, and that will enable many to solve the riddle of human life.



All workers in the cause have their faith strengthened at this time on account of accuracy of the Leader's aim and the realization of her promises. It might be harmful to say anything as to the future, or to give even a glimpse of what is in store for us. Well we know the immediate future will eclipse the past in manifestations of service to humanity. With greetings, fraternally,

E. O'ROURKE



A GREETING to the members of Universal Brotherhood should be accompanied by congratulations on the progress of the past year. This progress is so great and is shown in so many ways that it can only be touched upon. The extensive physical improvements completed and in process of completion at Point Loma are but a small portion of the whole accomplishment of Katherine Tingley's work. It is in the wider field of thought and feeling that her greater efforts are made and now being realized that will affect the races of men for ages to come. Even the ordinarily observant perceive that a mighty change is being wrought in the minds and hearts of men, and that the tendency of this change is to bring their souls into close union and a more intimate sympathy. But they have yet to learn that this silent revolution is due to the effort, almost wholly, of Universal Brotherhood's Leader and those whom she represents. It was only possible with one having her prescience, compassion and courage. But with her *much more* is possible. Through all the hours of the dawn, into those of the full light and even unto the end may we each be faithful.

Unto all I give fraternal greeting.

A. A. PURMAN



A S THE seasons roll around, our position becomes clearer to ourselves and to others, and our privileges as members of the Organization which is consciously working with humanity's guides, not only grow greater in fact, but our realization of them increases. Our work during the year which is past has grown enormously; our victories have been signal ones. The seeds of truth have been not only planted, but have taken firm root in many a young heart.

What revelations the new year holds in store for us we cannot tell, but we know the air is full of promise, which we shall have our part in fulfilling.

In the fresh dawn of the New Year, mysterious in its unknown possibilities, and from this sacred spot I send greetings to all true comrades everywhere, who stand as a unit looking out into the coming time with courage. The sound of the anthem, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," has reached our shore.

GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT



To the Comrades throughout the world, Greeting:

THIS season of the year has for many centuries been a special occasion for calling forth the kinder and better feelings of men and women. The wish for "A happy Christmas and New Year" has often been the magic "sesame" to open the doors of human hearts long closed. It has united those that were separated; it has brought the distant near; it has, to some extent at least, broken down artificial barriers, and created anew the feeling that we are all members of the same great family. It is for us as Members of the Universal Brotherhood to strengthen this feeling so that it will not be confined to one season merely, but will last, and be manifested all through the year.

We believe we have entered, not only upon a new century but upon a New Age, or Eon, of the world's existence, and that the hope of many ages for the kingdom of heaven to come on earth may, if we will persevere, soon be realized. It should make our hearts strong and patient to feel that we are fighting for that which must prevail.

The year that is closing has been an eventful one, and surely the new year upon which we are entering will be marked by still greater progress. While it is a great privilege to live at this time, a great responsibility also rests upon each member of the Universal Brotherhood. May our influence on the future be wholly for good. May the new year find us more perfect in harmony, stronger in unity, and full of inward peace.

S. J. NEILL



LET us always remember that we are useful in this world, in this Movement, just in the degree that we possess the true Warrior-spirit. And let us be found fighting ever for the Right, ever for the True, and to help the weak wherever we can; and above all let us make strong a united body of Comrades, ever ready to live for Universal Brotherhood. This body, this army, needs a Leader, and has a Leader in whom we all place the most unbounded confidence and trust. The day is dawning fast when all the world will see how well this trust is placed. With fraternal greetings to all,

E. T. SEDERHOLM



Greetings from W. C. Temple and L. B. Sweet, members of the Universal Brotherhood Cabinet, who reside at a distance, did not arrive in time for publication with the above.

THE American *Review of Reviews* also notices the progress being made for the better education of the future citizens—the public school children. "Another way in which our American cities are showing vigor in dealing with new problems has to do with the ever-increasing zeal for education as reflected in growing expenditures for school buildings and instructions, and in the constant improvement of methods of instruction, with a

view to making the schools really serve the community by fitting the children of workingmen for better service as citizens and as members of the industrial community. In one way or another the schools are proclaiming the gospel of good citizenship, not merely in the abstract but in useful and concrete ways. And they are also managing to avoid the old reproach against them that they give false views as to the dignity and necessity of manual toil."

Mirror of the Movement



Growth of the Work

From time to time reports of individual Lodge work and the progress of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society appear in these pages, but at the close of one year and the beginning of another the members and especially those of long standing, are always glad to hear of the growth and enlargement of the work.

In the old days when 144 Madison Avenue, New York, was the Headquarters, the work slowly but surely grew and grew, but while New York City was to a large extent reached and affected, the greater good was that done all over the United States in the formation of Lodges and Centers. All this work still goes on, and at the time of the great Theosophical Crusade Around the World in 1896-7, a still greater and world-wide propaganda work was done and Lodges formed in all the countries visited. Thus the activities and the influence of the Movement are not in any way confined to the United States, England, Ireland, Sweden, France, Holland, Germany, but reach out to Canada, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Alaska, Japan, Samoa, Hawaii, among the Maories of New Zealand as well as among the English speaking people; and in Europe to Greece and Austria and Italy; to Egypt, India, Australia and South Africa.

But to know how great the growth has been and to fully realize the enormous work now being done all over the world, one must be at the Center. Only there is it possible to see how great and far reaching is the influence of the Universal Brotherhood in the life and thought of the world. When the Headquarters were still at 144 Madison Avenue, New York, it was rightly held that a great work was being done, but it was not until the International Headquarters were established at Point Loma, which became the World's Theosophical Center, and all the departments of work moved to this place that it was possible to realize how hungry were the hearts of the people for Theosophy and a practical philosophy of life.

Although the staff and all headquarters activities were removed to Point Loma, the work did not on that account flag in New York. The old members of the Aryan who remained there united with the Brooklyn members and have ever since continued the meetings with the help of O. Tyberg and Colonel H. N. Hooper. Thus the work from that important center still reaches out in its influence all over New York State and the East.

In New York City the important work of the "Do Good Mission," now a Lodge of the Universal Brotherhood, founded several years ago by Katherine Tingley, has been continued without a break, and the Lodge has never failed to hold its meetings, a large hall being held exclusively for the work of that center. Further down the city on the East Side, is a Lodge composed almost entirely of young men, art students and others, and already it has made a fine record for itself in devotion and earnestness. Other centers in the immediate neighborhood are Yonkers, N. Y., and Newark, N. J.

Moving East from New York we come to Connecticut—a distance by railway of about two to three hours—which is dotted with Universal Brotherhood Lodges. At Providence,

R. I., four hours from New York, is that old warrior and tower of strength, Clark Thurston. Here is a fine Lodge of devoted members, with a record for work that stands as a monument to their loyalty and earnestness. Still traveling along the same route Boston is reached in one hour's journey further on.

Boston Lodge—one of the oldest in America—and well-known in the history of the movement as true to the principles laid down by H. P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, and steadfast in its devotion to the work on the original lines of practical benefit to humanity, grows daily in strength and usefulness.

Containing, as it does, many old students of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge actively engaged in the present-day work, it stands as a marked example of the continuity of the Movement from its inception to the present time, and the steady advance of members from philosophical theory to practical application of that philosophy to the daily life of humanity. The chain is complete; the link is unbroken.

Being the center of New England activities, its influence is more than local, and its power of achievement is most materially augmented by a number of sister lodges, suburban and in contiguous cities, which work with it in close harmony.

Its headquarters' building—a large house of some twenty rooms—is situated on historic Beacon Hill, a stone's throw from the State House, and is well adapted for public and departmental work. Its large and well-appointed lecture hall is filled every Sunday by an appreciative audience. Its hall and class room accommodate the Boys' Brotherhood Club, Girls' Club, Children's Lotus Group, Boston Lodge, the International Brotherhood League and the union meeting of neighboring lodges weekly, besides the various working committees, whose province it is to carry on the work in prisons, institutions and elsewhere. Here also may be found a branch of the Theosophical Publishing Company, whose work it is to publish and disseminate pure Theosophical literature. The whole making one of the most vigorous and effective combinations of Universal Brotherhood work.

Brother Robt. Crosbie, who was president of the Boston Lodge for many years, is now at Point Loma. He was succeeded as president by Brother W. H. Somersall, who is one of the pillars of the Theosophical Movement, working in perfect harmony with the center, and ably supported by energetic and loyal members.

Boston is the headquarters for New England. Surrounding it are lodges at Malden, Cambridge, Roxbury, Chelmsford, Somerville and Worcester. At Southampton, Mass., is that great worker, Mrs. Richmond Green, who accompanied the Leader and rendered such faithful service on the first Cuban crusade. She also renders invaluable aid to the lodge in Florence, Mass. At Manchester, N. H., is a center, one of the old members there being Dr. Wheat. At Rockland, Auburn, Northport, Camden and Bangor, in Maine, the lodges carry on active work, and all who see *The New Century* know through its columns about Bro. Mather of Rockland, and his love of Nature and flowers.

Coming back to New York state, we find another great center at Buffalo where the lodge, with the faithful service of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Bro. Denton and the others, has made the influence of Theosophy felt throughout the beautiful lake city. Especially has the attention of the public been drawn to "The Wayfare," which provides shelter for homeless and outcast women. So great a work is done by this institution that the state has yearly awarded it assistance.

Passing through Jamestown and remembering the faithful workers there, Youngstown, Ohio, is the next great center from where, under the indefatigable energy of Dr. N. B. Acheson and his wife and comrades, Theosophy has been carried to all the surrounding country, as well as permeating the life of the city.

As there are many ways out of New York, we must not forget Philadelphia, Pa., about four-hours' ride from the metropolis. In this Quaker city it might be expected that a great interest should exist in the Universal Brotherhood, but a great injury was

T. Sederholm, vice-president, and Mr. Andrew Witttrup, president of Lodge 45. Mr. and Mrs. Smith work loyally together for the best interests of the lodge. Their ideal home life is not unknown to many of the members who have been entertained by them at various times while traveling across the continent toward Point Loma. The large number of Chicago members now at Point Loma as students is one proof that Lodge 70 has steadily grown in courage, in loyalty, and in active, practical work.

It would be impossible, in the space at my disposal, to describe or even mention all the Lodges throughout the country, but some should receive special mention. Going south, the two great centers are Macon, Ga., and New Orleans, La. The members all over the world are acquainted with the names of, and many individually with, W. T. Hanson and Iverson L. Harris, of Macon, members of the Universal Brotherhood Cabinet, both of whom, won at Point Loma, have rendered signal service to the Cause, and are staunch supporters of the Leader. W. Ross White of the same place, the President, is with others doing a great work in that important center. In New Orleans is Dr. C. J. Lopez, one of the old friends of William Q. Judge, and whose assistance and that of his lodge was so valuable on the occasion of the last Cuban Crusade when forty or more children were brought from Cuba to Point Loma.

In Pittsburg, Pa., is William C. Temple, another of W. Q. Judge's great friends and loyal defenders, and a member of Katherine Tingley's Cabinet. Comrades will be glad to know that he has recovered his health. He is spending the winter in Florida. There are active Lodges at Pittsburg, Wilkinsburg, and other neighboring towns.

At Indianapolis and Fort Wayne in Indiana are flourishing Lodges and at each of these important centers is one of the Cabinet Officers, Judge O'Rourke and A. A. Purman at Fort Wayne, and Brother Sweet at Indianapolis.

At Sioux City, Iowa, the work of the Universal Brotherhood has taken deep root in the life of the people and its influence has extended to all classes under the efforts of Miss Wakefield, one of the most devoted and noble workers in the great Cause. In the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood have taken firm root.

At Denver, Colo., Salt Lake City, Utah, and going back a little, at Milwaukee and Clinton in Wisconsin, all along the line in every direction are to be found faithful Workers, Lodges, Centers of activity, and in many cities where no Lodge has been chartered there are centers for study, and by correspondence, by the reading of our literature, by the circulation of books, the influence of the Universal Brotherhood and of Theosophy has entered into family and individual life and is affecting the thought life of the whole community.

Turning to other countries, we find in England the work was firmly established by Katherine Tingley during the Crusade Around the World, but since then has come War, but that influence which usually so greatly affects movements of this nature has not been able to break down the Brotherhood Lodges. The great center for England and also for Europe is the Headquarters at 19 Avenue Road, London, the old home of H. P. Blavatsky. Who can say what is its full influence in its standing there as a center, a power, a constant reminder of our first Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky and her heroic life.

In Dublin, Brother F. J. Dick stands warrior-like guarding the sacred fires in that old land of Mystery. Dr. Zander, T. Hedlund, Mrs. Cedershiold, Dr. Bogren, Miss Sonesson, in Sweden, are names well-known to all the workers, and the work in that northern land partakes of the character of the workers—bright, vigorous, strong, clear-eyed, they all give of their own beautiful natures to the great Cause which they so faithfully serve. Brother Goud and his comrades in Holland, Brother Gluckselig in Germany faithfully hold their posts of duty, and help the younger members and lodges each in his respective country. In Australia is Brother Willans, in New Zealand Brother St. Clair and Brother Sanderson and their comrades. All working toward the same goal, the uplifting of Humanity.

And so on around the world is a great network of Brotherhood Lodges, Brotherhood Thoughts, Brotherhood efforts, all inspired, united, vivified from the great central Home at Point Loma. What the work really is can never be understood until one takes part in it heart and soul; then it will be seen to be a light, a joy, a benediction.



**The Pacific
Coast Lodges**

The work done by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society of the Pacific Coast has been a very active part of the great work of the Movement. Many obstacles not found elsewhere have here had to be faced and removed or overcome.

Many discouragements have had to be met, yet the Pacific Coast Lodges have not only held their own but have steadily grown and, as the months pass, are doing more and more in the direction of reaching the public with practical, common-sense views of life.

The Lodge at San Francisco is a large and important one. Its President, Dr. Jerome Anderson, is one of the oldest members on the Coast, and is widely known, both as a physician and as an author. Among other Lodges mention should be made of those at Los Angeles, San Jose, Stockton, Oakland, Alameda and Santa Rosa in California; in Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane, Washington; in Portland, Oregon, and in Victoria, British Columbia.

On New Year's, 1901, all the Universal Brotherhood Lodges throughout the world entered upon a somewhat new departure in Theosophical Work, in accordance with the Leader's suggestions. In following these more has been accomplished than ever before. The public meetings have been unusually successful, while the Greek Symposia, given monthly by the students of various Lodges, have not only been splendid evidence that Plato's vision of "the good, the beautiful, the true," bids fair to be realized in modern life at no distant date, but they have paved the way for the greater plans along the line of dramatic interpretation which the Leader has in view.

The Lodges in each section of the country have had the difficulties of public misrepresentation on the part of enemies of the Work, and from so-called Theosophists who use the name but whose acts do not conform to their professions. California and other Pacific States as well as other places have had their share of these. This new western country has been, as is well known, for many years the Mecca of speculators, schemers and many who looked upon the world as their particular victim, to be conquered and then made to serve them. Many of such were attracted to the Theosophical Movement, thinking it an easy field for exploitation, but yet with no clear idea of its strength and true purposes. Thus many in the old days joined from motives of self-interest, as a result, today the label "Theosophist" is worn conspicuously by many who do not live the life enjoined by its simple teachings, and who are in no way connected with the Universal Brotherhood, and the word "Theosophy" is used by many whose methods and life are not endorsed by the Organization. But it is only the superficial observer who does not know the difference. Those who think deeply and look deeply can make the distinction without difficulty.

Just as there has been spurious coin put forward in the name of Christianity, and in every department of thought and life, so in Theosophy. The Wisdom Religion and the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity and all that lives have been used as a cloak for selfishness, ambition and vice. People have even come into our Organization in the old days for the very purpose of destroying it, although seeming to work with it and for it, trying to blind the eyes of the members to their real motive. Thanks, however, to Katherine Tingley's great work and the establishment of the Universal Brotherhood, into which the Theosophical Society became merged in 1898, this great Movement stands safe from all such attacks and the general public interest in the activities throughout the world and the respect which the work and the members now command, proves that the public is rapidly becoming able to discriminate between the true philosophy of life and the false, between those who practice and those who merely preach.

Probably at no time in the history of the Organization has it been in a better position to bring out some of the best aspects of the work. Even the enemies of the Movement are affording it means for the presentation of Theosophy as never before, attracting the attention of the public by their statements. The natural sequence is that the public wants to know more about the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophy, about the literature and the various activities. The many attacks show how great are the efforts exerted against the Movement, and the indications are in every case plain as to who are the instigators and what are their motives. But so far from crushing or hurting the Society, the result is entirely contrary, calling out more and more defenders and showing more clearly its strong foundation and its unimpeachable and high moral standing. OBSERVER



**Suit for Libel
Against the "Los
Angeles Times"**

The *Los Angeles Times* is the journal which, during the Point Loma Congress of 1899, scurrilously asserted that the Leader had misappropriated the funds for the Cuban Crusade, and the libel was repeated the same week by a San Francisco newspaper. The financial board of the Universal Brotherhood replied by sworn affidavits to the effect that the expenses of this Crusade, amounting to several hundred dollars, were provided by Katherine Tingley from her own private purse. The present suit against the *Times* rests, however, upon other grounds, and will perhaps be best explained by the following extract from the *Los Angeles Herald* of December 13:

"Mrs. Katherine Tingley, President and Head of the Universal Brotherhood, the headquarters of which are at Point Loma, yesterday filed suit in San Diego against the *Times-Mirror* Company of Los Angeles to recover \$50,000 damages, alleged to have been sustained by the publication in the *Los Angeles Times* on October 28, 1901, of a libelous article, tending to injure the reputation of the plaintiff.

"Mrs. Tingley asserts in her complaint that 'the defendant wickedly and maliciously and with intent and design to injure, disgrace and defame this plaintiff, and to bring her into public discredit and obloquy, printed and published in said newspaper on the 28th day of October, 1901, of and concerning this plaintiff, a false, libelous, malicious, and defamatory article.'

"Katherine Tingley's attorney is J. W. McKinley, who was formerly a Judge of the Superior Court, and who is known as a broad and liberal-minded man."



**"Bohn" Habeas
Corpus Case**

At about the same date as the notice of the libel suit was served on General Otis, the *habeas corpus* case by which Mr. J. G. Bohn endeavored to obtain the court's order for the custody of his children was being tried at Los Angeles. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bohn was a resident of California, and so the custody of the children could not be awarded by the court. It had happened, however, that Mrs. Bohn had some time previously appealed to the courts of her own state (Illinois), for the custody of the children and had commenced suit for divorce against Mr. Bohn, and the case is consequently pending in Chicago.

While Theosophy is used as an excuse by Mr. Bohn for his action, the fact is that Mrs. Bohn was about to institute divorce proceedings against Mr. Bohn before she entered the Universal Brotherhood Organization or knew Katherine Tingley. It is considered by those most familiar with the facts and who know both parties, that thousands of people will be led to investigate Theosophy, who would never have known anything about it had it not been for the attempts on the part of its enemies to overthrow it.

Mrs. Bohn is one of the most respected members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and her position is a strong one. The case is now pendent before the Chicago courts.

It might be noted that a Mrs. Green, who is assisting Mr. Bohn, as Mrs. Bohn states, to get the custody of the children, although she has testified that she is not a member of the society to which Mrs. Annie Besant belongs, which it is well known the Universal Brotherhood does not endorse, was proven to have entertained Mrs. Besant and one of her agents, selling her books, etc., gave lectures in Mrs. Green's house.

Of course, to members of the Universal Brotherhood it is easy to see where the real cause of the recent attacking effort is to be found.



Greeting from the Senior Boys' Brotherhood Club, Point Loma

To Our Comrades of the Boys' Brotherhood Clubs Throughout the World :

The Senior Boys' Brotherhood Club of Loma-land sends New Year's greetings. Let us, in loyalty to our Commander-in-Chief, make during this year our motto, "A New Order of Ages," which has been given us, an established fact in our Clubs.

We older boys appreciate greatly the rare opportunity offered us at Headquarters to unite with our younger Comrades in these Clubs, all over the world, to bring about a fuller realization of higher comradeship and patriotism, true nobility of character, and the dignity of a pure life.

We realize that the time is at hand when the world needs strong, fearless men to uphold the Truth and the Right and to overthrow Evil and Selfishness. Let us therefore take advantage of the unparalleled opportunities given us through the Clubs by our wise Commander to fit ourselves to do our whole duty, as "Fortune's favored soldiers," loyal and alert.

SENIOR BOYS OF LOMA-LAND



Report of the Raja Yoga School at 19 Avenue Road, London

With the close of the first year's work in the Raja Yoga School it becomes a privilege and a pleasure to tender a short account of what has been accomplished.

The school was founded by Katherine Tingley in October, 1899, and free classes for children under the name of Lotus Groups were immediately started, which eventually formed a nucleus from which were selected pupils for the school.

At the first gathering some fifty or sixty children from three to fourteen years of age assembled in the hall and there listened to the loving welcome extended to them, as to all children of the earth, by Katherine Tingley, to join with her in the great work of "benefiting the human race and raising it to higher conceptions of right action and self-government." A vigorous and hearty response came from the circle of boys and girls as they laid their hands to the "Golden Cord" and thus united by the outward symbol of love, they marched around the hall dedicating themselves in song to a life of service as warriors on the battlefield of human life.

The names of the children were entered in the Lotus Group register and throughout the winter months they attended, bringing with them, from time to time, many little friends to see "what we do at Lotus Group" and to share in the joy of making gladness to grow in their hearts that the whole world might thereby be made the brighter and richer.

Industrial and Art classes—classes for Physical Training—Singing and Elementary Science were then organized as offering rare opportunities for the higher development of children.

On April 13th, 1900, the New Cycle Unity Congress was held, in which the children of this group joined with others from the various London Lodges in a Children's Festival.

A series of Floral Action songs formed part of a dramatic representation of the "Triumph of Hope and Joy" over sorrow and death, as symbolized in the return of spring. The babies sat in the center of the floor as little white buds in that garden of human flowers, waiting for the "Fairies of Time" to usher in the "Youths of Spring," who in

song called them to rise from their long winter sleep, and to grow to "blossoms rare," and live in the Fairyland ruled by Love. Twenty girls in their white drill costumes, went through some of their exercises with dumb-bells and wands, with a grace and precision that told well of the efforts each had made to gain a certain perfection of movement and carriage in the rhythmic motion of this simple form of healthy recreation.

During the summer months much of the work was done in the garden under the Ash tree, a favorite spot of that Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, whose great love for humanity has made it possible today to gather the children together and to educate them to become workers for humanity.

In September, 1900, a group of little ones under seven years of age were admitted to the Raja Yoga School, where it is our desire to introduce to the children under our care a higher education which shows how by self-restraint, self-discipline, by ceaseless love of others, and by willingness to aid them, it is possible to develop such a power to help the world, the like of which we have never dreamed. It has been called the science of Raja Yoga or the union with the Divinity, whose voice we know is the voice of conscience.

The daily work in the school includes all the ordinary school subjects, which are treated in such a way as to secure the full and hearty response of every faculty of the child, while at the same time the collective work appeals to and arouses that sense of unity and interdependence by which alone can harmony and peace reign on earth.

Before the close of the first term the number in attendance had been doubled and a sense of great interest and appreciation established in the minds of the parents and friends. It was at first a great surprise to them to find that no Inspectors were needed to ensure regular attendance, for the children's greatest sorrow is to be obliged to stay at home. The pupils are divided according to their development into three groups.

- 1 Babies of three and four years of age.
- 2 Children between the ages of five and seven years.
- 3 Children over seven years.

The work for each group is specially arranged to meet the peculiar needs of each child, to encourage and strengthen individual effort, and to awaken the desire *to be* and *to do* that which the highest ideal leads us to realize is possible for every man and woman.

In pursuance of this standard we do our best to secure the child health, and full physical development that the body may be as far as possible a perfect instrument for the use of the indwelling Soul, we endeavor to train the senses to be acute, the intellect to be clear, keen and strong, disciplined to the power of concentrated attention and love of work.

It may be of interest to give an example of one day's work: "Good morning little Sunbeams." Good morning! good morning! rings out on every hand as at nine o'clock the key turns in the lock, the doors are opened and the merry troop of little pupils enters to the ante-room and thence to their seats in the circle of little chairs awaiting them in the center of the hall—H. P. Blavatsky's Hall, converted by fairy magic each morning into the cosiest of schoolrooms bright with flowers and pictures. The register is marked and then we sing together our opening song. It is rather difficult to choose which of our favorites it shall be, but very often it is "The Poet and the Water-lily," from the Lotus Song book.

The next few minutes are spent in describing and recording the weather, and today little Ivy of three years, with great delight, found the yellow disk which stands for sunshine and with the help of our big Nellie pasted it on to the Nature Calendar. Then Autumn flowers, leaves, fruits, that had been found and brought with care to the school, were examined and drawn, so that the sheet grows each day more beautiful with the record of their observations.

The music sounds again and we march to the table which stands at the end of the hall and holding the cord of Love sing "The Temple Song," and the little ones feel the

presence of the great bright joyous life in their midst, which is still more accentuated in the silence which follows, while they are silently thinking out "golden thoughts" which shall help "to make the great world glad." We like to remember too the little Loma-land buds who are then fast asleep and we wish them bright dreams in the City of Light—then with our magic sword "I WILL," drawn and held aloft the little warriors march forth to the duties of the day.

For the babies, a chat follows, perhaps on some flower or animal, the aim being to bring the children closely into touch with the world of Nature, to help them to realize that all things contain some of the living force that is in themselves, and to awaken in them a sense of responsibility towards the lower forms of life. This chat will set a keynote, for all that follows will be connected with the central idea. Some of the little ones take their drawing-books and make pictures of any ideas they have gained during the chat, others represent their ideas by means of bricks and sticks. The reading and number lessons lend further opportunity for expression. Games are played, the children themselves suggesting the method of play, thus further developing their imaginative, creative power.

With the elder ones the work is conducted upon the same principles. In addition to the ordinary school subjects many stories are told—stories of heroes which enable the children to form pure and noble ideals of what men may be and do—nature stories which develop the sympathy or imagination of the heart—and fairy stories which supply illustrations to the children of the laws governing life, and they see their own lives reflected in them as in a mirror.

In addition to stories there are nature lessons of flowers, animals, stones, also about the structure of the human body and the forces which aid or retard its growth. These different things are shown to influence one another; the same laws are seen to control widely different kingdoms, the children are taught that because they are souls they have power over all the lower kingdoms and can either help or hinder Nature. Every little part of such knowledge makes their life the richer, it helps to raise the thought from what is mean, petty and selfish, to what is great, ennobling and pure. The power of thought is shown to be more powerful in its effect for good or ill than are acts. The children are thus enabled consciously to send out thoughts of sunshine and joy in the firm belief that these will lighten up some of the dark places of earth.

The day's work closes with music and song in which all unite, and the children depart carrying with them the feeling of an all-pervading harmony and of great joy.



In the Raja Yoga School of Point Loma (of which this is a branch) "a system of education is being adopted which to educationists visiting Loma-land is a surprising revelation. Katherine Tingley, to whom the inception and development of the unique and highly successful methods in vogue are due has turned her attention to systems of training the mind, and has designed a comprehensive plan of great simplicity and effectiveness. The Point Loma system of education makes a leading feature of the simplification of the methods of study and aims at the rounding out of character so that the pupil shall more surely gain a firm grasp of the spirit of the subject in hand, after getting which the subordinate details will naturally develop in the proper proportion."

I will close by quoting the words of Katherine Tingley:

"The children! the children! what mighty powers do they evoke in the hearts of men! Truly they are the torch bearers, the sunbeams, the blessings! Our duty to them is plain. We must give them the light of our countenance in helpful, loving deeds, we must take them in our hearts as tender, budding souls, to be nurtured with the sweet breath of truth, with the protection of our discrimination for their souls' unfoldment. We must stand firmly in our mental and moral attitude toward the right and the true, and thus command their love and trust."

SUPERINTENDENT

Reports of Lodges

Alameda, Cal., Lotus Group

The Alameda Lotus Group send a Thanksgiving offering with love to the Lotus Buds in Loma-land. The Buds of Alameda Lotus Group decided to make the month of November a month of self-sacrifice, and send all money saved from not buying candy to Loma-land. Two of our earnest little workers wished to send more than was saved in that way, so they arranged to hold a Fair in their home. They asked the assistance of the other Buds which was gladly given, and the result was a very successful "Children's Fair." The proceeds are sent for the benefit of the Lotus Home. ALICE G. CRUM, *Secretary*

November 27, 1901

Lodge No. 13, Macon, Georgia

The twenty-first of November is always a gala day with Lodge No. 13 of Macon, Georgia, for it is the anniversary of the birth of the Lodge, and its members always celebrate the occasion with fitting ceremonies.

This year the eighth anniversary was celebrated with a Symposium, to which only members were invited. While it was impracticable to have the members come in costume, the Symposium was chosen as the most fitting form for so joyous an occasion, because it gave opportunity to each to express himself.

Seated about the long table, beautifully arranged with flowers and fruit, with our President as "Master of the Feast," a spirit of unity and harmony prevailed, to the end that every member present arose and expressed thoughts that came from the depths of the heart.

Dignity, earnestness, sincerity and deep feeling characterized the Symposium, while the theme of the discourse was the "Cause," and the love and loyalty to our Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

Beautiful music from piano and violin accentuated the harmony that was the undercurrent of the celebration.

BERTHA W. BUNDSMANN,

Assistant Corresponding Secretary

December 10, 1901

Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 20, Gefle, Sweden

[Extracts from a letter]: . . . I think you have heard that we have started a new Universal Brotherhood Lodge in this city. This was done last midsummer. . . . In a new place the Theosophical pioneers need to bring forth mutual force and vigor. . . . Yesterday Miss Anna Sonesson, of Stockholm, was visiting us and was present at a members' meeting. We talked about the work at Point Loma and what we desired to do for the Cause. We realize we must help more and more. With our Leader guiding us we are already succeeding, and discouraged humanity can see the Rising Sun. Truth, Light and Liberation are our weapons and our armor. Our hearts turn to Point Loma, and to our Leader and Comrades we send salutations from this northern land.

November 29, 1901

G. SIGFRID SVANBERG

Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

Members' meeting is held every Sunday at 7 p. m., for study of Theosophical Literature and general work. The first Sunday is devoted to reading "Circulars" on Theosophical work. Much interest is taken in the study which is of great help to all. On Tuesdays from 9 to 10 p. m., a study class is held. This class is always invaluable to

members and probationers, and it is at this and at the Sunday evening meetings that our public meetings are arranged.

On the 27th of the month our public meeting was held, the subject being "Human Brotherhood." The meeting was very powerful, articles from *The New Century* and UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH were read on the "Savagery of Civilization" and "Problems of Civilization." The International Brotherhood League representative read the objects of the League and a short essay on Clause 6. Excellent music was provided and the methods of the meeting carefully prepared; much force and vigor were manifested.

We soon hope to get into better and more suitable and larger quarters. We are very busy preparing to give, in conjunction with Lodge No. 4, the Greek Symposium, "A Promise," on November 13th. Signs are hopeful and we must say how delighted we are with *The New Century*, and are endeavoring to increase its circulation.

Our present efforts are directed to fostering that atmosphere of thought conducive to awakening the public mind to a knowledge of our Great Cause. Song enters into our life, proving it is Joy, and the singing of the "Brotherhood Song," "Hymn to Apollo," etc., is getting to be a feature of our private and public meetings.

The consciousness that we are souls clears our minds, strengthens our purpose and augurs well for the future. Meanwhile Hope is radiant. We have trust in our Teacher, Joy and Love in our hearts, and determination to work for "Truth, Light and Liberation" as our Guiding Star.

J. T. CROPER, *Secretary*

November 7, 1901



U. B. Lodge No. 129, 607 East Fourteenth Street, New York City

A Thanksgiving feast was given by the members of this lodge on Thanksgiving day. The tables were covered plentifully and all present enjoyed the evening. After the physical man was satisfied, having taken all the material food necessary, the real feast began. The material food, the material man is forgotten, it seems as if some unseen hand had changed the feast into one for the mental and spiritual man. Every one spoke some words of gratitude, there was a feeling of harmony, brotherliness, tolerance and unity, there was such a feeling of joy and happiness that the members could not express all they wanted. Some spoke only a few words, but their eyes told more than words ever can tell. It seemed as if some heart touch had melted them all into one, and if Apollo had come into their midst, he would have found himself at home, for the scene appeared like a feast of the gods, so great was the harmony of thought and feeling. From the youngest recruits to the oldest members all declared their loyalty to the good work, and to their Leader; all realized the work the elder Brothers have done for them, and all declared they would go forward with a new determination to follow in their footsteps, as knights of the Doctrine of Truth, Light and Liberation.

What a joy life will be when the hearts of men are united, the message of the new time is echoed from shore to shore, from mountain top to the valley, and so there is felt in this Lodge in New York some of the joy of Loma-land. Hail to our Teacher, is the cry of all our hearts, for we all realize what a great Leader we have, who leads us on to higher planes of service and usefulness. With happy thoughts from all present to our dear Leader and Comrades,

O. L., *Secretary*



Lotus Groups---U. B. Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

Report for October. The Advanced Class meets on Thursdays from 7:45 to 8:45 P. M. The lessons during the month have been in the form of stories from *The New Century*, Brotherhood a fact in Nature, illustrated by the growth of plants; "The Jewish Girl Singer," "How fear came" (from Jungle book) and stories from UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH. Lotus songs and learning verses were other items.

The "Young Buds" Class is held on Saturdays from 2 to 4 P. M. This class is most

promising. Lessons during the month have consisted of a story from UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH, A story from Jungle book, fables from Æsop's Fable book, singing, marching and learning verses.

ALICE SANDHAM, *Superintendent*

November 7th, 1901



Presidential Report from Bow Lodge No. 3, London, England

Some four years since the Leader was conversing with the writer during a visit paid by the members of the Great Crusade to the former premises of Bow Lodge. She said (amongst other things) that in five years' time more people would come to the Lodge than its members would be able to deal with. Throughout the vicissitudes that followed, that prophecy has never been lost sight of. Sometime back, owing to the rebuilding of our former quarters, the Lodge migrated to Hackney (London), and the prophecy *then* seemed a rather doubtful one—or, at least, its fulfillment so seemed! In the spring of the present year, however, the way opened for a return to the old locality, where the fruits of previous years of arduous constructive work lay ripening, and now Bow Lodge is itself again!

In the main road, ten doors from the old place, the passer-by observes a low doorway wedged in between two shops. Over this is a legend indicating that the Universal Brotherhood is to be found within, in white enamelled letters on a black ground. Entering he passes through a narrow hall, out into the open air—still in a narrow passage—and finds a flight of wooden steps confronting him. To the right is a square piece of ground with a flower bed running round three sides of it. Ascending the steps a lobby is entered, provided with hat-hooks and a table for literature. Three steps up from the lobby and the Lodge-room is reached. This consists of a small hall. The walls are painted yellow, with deep purple dado and cornice. The ceiling is a lofty one. Various windows admit light and air, and the whole effect—the sunlight streaming through and on to purple curtains and across the yellow walls is quite enchanting. The seclusion of the place, after the roar of traffic (and the dust!) of the main road is remarkable. Nothing is to be heard but the twitter of birds and rustling of trees outside. Portraits of the three Leaders hang at one end of the room; pictures decorate the walls: the seal of the Universal Brotherhood is painted over the fireplace. A piano and blackboard with easel grace one end of the room; at the other a spacious bookcase stretching out from the wall, end on, separates the culinary department from a library of several hundred books, loaned by the librarian. Several rows of chairs, thanks to Brother Thomas of Brixton Lodge, occupy part of the floor space. A gas stove and incandescent gas burners provide heat and light. In a few words, it is a first rate Lodge-room thanks to the interest, energy and unity of its members; and it has a very distinct atmosphere of its own already.

It should be added that the room stands about 10 feet from the ground, and is isolated on every side from other houses. It also is two or three hundred years old. Rumor has it that Queen Elizabeth once danced in it—being on the high road from London to Chingford, and this sounds not impossible.

Work is well under way, and the prospects for the future are bright with promise.

PRESIDENT



Report of Lotus Group No. 1, Stockholm, Sweden

DEAR LOTUS MOTHER: Thank you dear Lotus Mother for all the things Miss Bergman brought home from you. We hoist that beautiful Flag at every Lotus meeting and we will try to be always true to its Star.

Now we have learned to sing all the three verses of that dear song "The Sun Temple." We hope you very soon are coming here that we may sing it for you.

As we have learned that "helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," we have distributed the charming wild flowers amongst all the Lotus Groups in Sweden.

Loving Thoughts to you and to all our dear comrades in "City Beautiful" and to little Spots. Your loving children in Stockholm.



Christmas in Loma-land



DEAR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS: Shall I tell you how the children of Loma-land spent Christmas? It was such a happy festival time, beginning, as no doubt it began with you, on Christmas Eve, Early in the evening, as soon as the first stars peeped out, the Raja Yoga Warriors were watching for Santa Claus. By and by lights, red and gold, flashed here and there over the hills. Out of their group houses rushed the children, and over to the gate at the head of the path leading to the Cave Man's home. The lights appeared and then vanished, but by and by a shout went up from the children. "Here he comes! here comes Santa Claus!" "O look, look!" said one of the little Cubans, "there are three of them, three Santas!" and, will you believe me, there were three Santas trudging merrily up the path and toward the Temple gateway where the children were waiting.

Ah! but the Raja Yoga Warriors were ready for them, and not until the Santas gave the passwords (a little bird whispered that these magic words were "Love one another"), did the gates fly open. For Raja Yoga boys know that there are evil, selfish Santas who go around sometimes, their packs all filled with bad gifts instead of good ones. And it is just as necessary, isn't it, Blossoms, to be "on guard" to shut out evil, naughty things, as to be "on guard" to let in the good? But when these Santas gave the passwords, then the children knew they were Brotherhood Santas, and they let them come in.

And how they tried to hold them! But the Santas, oh, so big they were! at last broke away and ran into the Homestead. All the children ran after

them, but the Santas were swift and before the children reached them they had entered the building and shut the big doors behind them.

Now Raja Yoga boys know that where there is a will there is a way. In a very short time they all marched in with all the other boys and girls, then they marched up the grand stairway on to the balcony that surrounds the great rotunda, and looked down upon a sight that would almost take your breath away. Such a sight I believe has never been seen before! How I wish you might have seen it! There, beneath the great glass dome, which shines with the sun in the day time and shines with a light at night, were seven great, glorious Christmas trees. And all around them hurried the three Santas busily taking gifts out of their big, big packs and hanging them upon the trees. They hoped to have all the trees loaded with presents before the children came in, but they did not quite succeed. So the children watched them and laughed when the Santas, who are doubtless not used to polished floors in their own home, would slip a bit and occasionally tumble down upon the shining floor of the rotunda. Knowing it would help them, the children sang a song and the Santas nodded a happy "Thank you" while they worked more busily than ever, putting gifts upon the trees.

The children shouted, "Won't you talk to us Santa?" And one of the Santas, who had emptied his pack, went half way up the circular stairway and did talk to the children. And there were ever so many grown-ups, too, who thought themselves very fortunate to hear him. He told the children that when he was down in San Diego he had heard fine reports of the Christmas Festival given by the children the week before in the big "Fisher Opera House." And Santa himself had been there, although nobody saw him, and he said, "When I think of the pleasure the Lotus children of Loma-land and the Lotus children of San Diego gave to all the mothers and fathers and to other little children who saw the beautiful play and the tableaux, why I really feel as if the Golden Days were coming back again. For in the golden days it was just all one big brotherhood and everybody was happy and nobody was sad. And the world was like one big country, not as it is now, with ever so many countries and some of them quarreling with each other. And don't you see children, why the Raja Yoga school is the finest school in the world? It is because little children from all countries come here, and while they still love their own land, they learn to love all lands too, all the big, big world, and all the people in it. And they learn to help others—that's what brotherhood means, isn't it?—helping and sharing. Think of all the money you made at the Christmas Festival and of how many little children will be helped by it! Why, each one of you is just like a really truly Santa Claus to some poor little child who hasn't the happiness and the good times you have in Loma-land. That's true Raja Yoga, isn't it? And its the secret of being happy, all the time, too, isn't it? "Now, boys, and girls, let us give three cheers for Loma-land—and for America—and for Cuba, and Germany, and Holland, and France, and England, and Maori land, and all lands!"

Such a ringing "hurrah" as went up from those brotherhood boys and girls. The big dome seemed actually to grow higher and larger, and the flags of all countries, which were hung all about the rotunda actually waved in sheer happiness. I tell you, Blossoms, I saw them. Flags must know a little about brotherhood, you know, or their colors would not be always so clear and bright, would they?

How I wish you might have seen old Santa Claus as he stood there—for the other two Santas were still busy about the trees. He was dressed all in white, with a big white pack and a big white cape, and the queerest pointed red cap. He had a long white beard and altogether, to judge just by appearance—he might have stepped right out of the land where Aladdin used to live. That the Cave Man sent him to Loma Hill, though, I have no doubt.

"And now," said Santa, "Let us give three cheers for the Raja Yoga School and for the Lotus Mother." Again the "hurrah" of these happy children filled the great rotunda and then, at a sign from Santa Claus, they formed in double column and marched, singing, down the stairway and into the rotunda beside the seven beautiful trees.

"Heads up," said Santa. "I must see your faces; I must discover whether you are bad and sad or good and glad. For it will never do for me to give Christmas gifts to children who are not happy. And now you know why you came over to see the trees this evening. It was not to receive presents, but to let me see you all, so that I might know just which ones are to have something from my big pack and which ones are not."

And, children, will you believe me? Not a single child, from the tallest of the Raja Yoga Warriors to the tiniest of the babies was even the least bit sad. Santa smiled and nodded as he watched them march by, singing,

*See the nations hand in hand,
Life is Joy, Life is Joy!*

Then said Santa:

"Come here in the morning at 8 o'clock, children, and you will receive your gifts. And now, Merry Christmas and good night." Santa bowed low, the children sent him a world of love straight from their happy hearts and then, still singing, marched out of the Homestead, down the winding pathway to the City Beautiful and soon went off to dreamland.

On Christmas morning, I was awakened by the sound of children's voices, not far from my window, singing, singing. It was just before sunrise, and beyond the mountains was a great golden glow which became brighter and brighter until at last the sun's disk rose above the distant Sierras and it was day. Never was a day so beautiful, bright and clear. Even the roses and the lilies of the gardens seemed to know it was Christmas day, as they nodded "Good morning" to the children. And the sound of those voices,—never, never was there such music as the singing of the children in Loma-land. Some day, Blossoms, you must come to this City Beautiful and hear the wonderful

music and sing with the Raja Yoga children yourselves, perhaps. After breakfast was over, the children all marched back to the Homestead, up the outer stairway and into the rotunda where stood the seven trees, one for each group. The children of each group quietly sat down in a circle about their own tree, the Raja Yoga boys and girls about the largest and most beautiful tree which stood in the center. And then the Santas gave them their presents.

Think of it! Ninety-nine children, some of them mere babies, and no one naughty, no one sad, no one selfish. Each one received a garland of popcorn beads, each one a little bag of candy and sweeties, pictures, cards and other presents. But all the games and books were given to the groups to be shared in common. That is a better way, isn't it?

Do you suppose the Raja Yoga children just ate their candy and popcorn and looked at their own presents, as so many little children do at Christmas time? Not at all, the children in Loma-land would rather sing than eat at any time, and soon they were up again, their faces happier than ever, singing. And never have I seen the Lotus Mother so happy.

At last the Christmas trees were empty of gifts and the three Santas had stolen away so quietly that no one saw them go. "Where is Mr. Neresheimer, our music teacher?" went up the cry. "Let us find him and give him some of our presents." And in a moment the boys led in their beloved music teacher, seated him in a big chair, put one of their garlands about his neck and gave him a rousing "three cheers." One by one the fathers and mothers, teachers and helpers of the Raja Yoga School were brought in by the children for their hare of the Christmas joy. And then the Lotus Mother spoke to them, just a few words, but I am sure, dear Lotus Blossoms, that some of the things she said, and some of the love that goes out from her heart to all the little children in the world, will reach you in Golden Boats one of these days. Be on the lookout for them, won't you?

"Children," said the Lotus Mother, "I think I have never been happier than I am today. I feel as if I were really a child with you and can scarcely believe that I am a grown-up. How I wish that all little children might live in a City Beautiful as you do, their lives filled with sunshine and joy and helpfulness.

For if all had the Raja Yoga training that you have, the world would be filled with love and happiness very, very soon." Many beautiful things which she said I cannot remember, and she also spoke to the fathers and mothers. Some day I shall tell them what she said. Thus passed the happy Christmas morning and at last, again singing, the children marched out, the Lotus Mother and her students leading the march.

After lunch, all, children and students, and little Spots, also, went down and took seats beside the broad roadway which is near the Group Houses. Here the Senior Boys Brotherhood Club had arranged a program of field sports. How the children enjoyed this, and how eagerly they entered into some of the contests! Even the little ones played their part.

First there was a tug of war. Brotherhood boys know all about that, I am sure. Then came a sack race and many other contests. The half-mile race made by the Senior boys made me think that we were getting back to nature, after all. For you know, Blossoms, that, as your history teacher tells you, it was living close to nature that made the Græeks such good warriors and so fleet of foot.

Then came a splendid "hundred yards dash," first by the Seniors, then by the Raja Yoga boys, every one, in groups of ten or twelve. It is easier to run, just as it is easier to be happy, where the air is so pure and the sky so



bright. Then there was a contest in pole vaulting and other games such as the Greek boys used to have, long and long ago.

And, children, it did my heart good to see in the faces of those who failed in the contests not a trace of envy or disappointment, but a real joy that some one else should have the victory. You see, that makes all the difference in the world. And that is one reason why Raja Yoga boys and girls are brighter and wiser and truer than boys and girls who do not have Raja Yoga training and do not live in a City Beautiful. Then there are other reasons, also, but those I will tell you another day.

So passed the Christmas Day till sunset. And as I looked out over the great ocean, all aglow with the gleam of the setting sun, and as I heard the waves surging and breaking up against the cliffs, I fancied I could see the Cave Man smiling as he looked out over the beautiful water and waited for the three Santas to return. Dear children, a happy New Year to you all.

Affectionately,

AUNT ESTHER

A Letter to Spots



DEAR SPOTS — This is the first time I have been able to get a letter written down for you, though I have known about Point Loma for quite a long while now, and have often wished to send my love to the dear little children of the tented city, and to the fearless, helpful boys. My folk here are so endlessly busy they can hardly get through with their own letters, much less write what a doggie wants to say; so most times when I feel like loving those children and their sun-bright lady-mother more than I can hold, I send off a whole fleet of golden boats full of love-thoughts and then I feel better. It's a long time now since the New Year Jubilee, almost a year ago, but I *must* tell you how we managed to be "in it," though we live miles away from everywhere, and could not think of getting to the nearest U. B. town. I have heard my mistress say that U. B. stands for Universal Brotherhood, only they say U. B. for short.

Well! when the joyful news of our kind Lotus Mother's tip-top Jubilee plans came along, we arranged that we'd pack up a big box of greenery for each of the U. B. towns, for their children's entertainment, and send thoughts of light and gladness by every ivy branch and holly sprig we gathered.

Before New Year's Day it was too wet to do anything, but just at the coming of the new century, which you know happened on the 13th of January, there must have been a strong blaze-up of heart-light right all around the world, for the sunlight on those first January days was so bright and alive it seemed a world-chorus singing joy and brotherhood and peace.

Sure, it's gold-glad that we were on those clear, sunshiny days, going off to look for moss and ferns and all the earth-sweet green things!

One day the girls had gone back to the house with a big shawl full of holly and had asked me to stay and mind the baskets—not for fear of thieves, you know, for the road is miles away and no one ever passes here, but because the forest ponies would have been certain to come and kick the baskets over just to see what they were, if I had not stopped there to bark to them loudly: "Don't touch!"—Well, while I was lying there on guard I looked up at the broken boughs of a cheerful old holly tree and wondered if it was hurt, and

how it liked having its bonniest sprigs all taken. So I remarked, "Rather unkind work, this, perhaps?" The old tree smiled and said:

"Why, it's near cracking their stems with excitement all my twigs have been; each one wished to be gathered and sent off to see the flower-like children. The wind has told us all about it, and the plants and branches that are gathered will be the envy of the whole forest! They have promised to come back in dream-time and tell us all the news, and they carry enough messages of hope and joy and purity from us all to fill a printed book. But the children will understand without that, and their love will come back to us all, and a great gladness will be in the woods."

I was so pleased to know this for certain, dear Spots, that I wanted to write straight away and ask you to tell the children,—but I've learned to wait without worrying, and here's the letter now and a sky-full of love to the dear Lotus Mother and to everyone. Your moor-land comrade, PEAT

A Song of the Dancing Waves

FROM THE SWEDISH BY JANE CAMPBELL

SHINING and sparkling we dance along,
 With soft, foamy edges upcurled,
 Singing forever the same sweet song
 We've sung from the dawn of the world.
 We sing of the long, happy summer days
 On some white, sandy beach,
 Tossing our playthings, the pink sea-shells,
 Far away out of our reach.

Dancing and glancing we strive to catch
 The bright rainbow tints of the sun;
 And with our comrades, the little sea-fish,
 How swift are the races we run!
 We splash and we dash in rocky nooks
 Where little star-fish hide,
 And where sea-urchins and limpets live,
 Each day we merrily glide.

Swiftly and lightly we speed the ships,
 Laden with treasures away,
 Over the ocean to distant lands,
 On thro' the foam and the spray;
 And skimming above us our friends we see,
 The sea-gulls in rapid flight,
 Darting and dipping with glancing wings,
 Creatures of air and of light.—*Selected*