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TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

“Remind yourself that all men assert that wisdom is the greatest good, but that there are few who strenuously endeavor to obtain this greatest good.”

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A Voice of the Past *

by a Student



THE Nineteenth century is over, and we are well embarked upon the Twentieth. Let us consider what the tendency of the past *hundred* years has been and what lies before us in those to come.

In the Nineteenth century we have seen the rapid rise of a system known as “modern science,” which, in its hurried and superficial growth, compares with the *solid* and *mature wisdom* of the ages, as does the fungus that springs up in a night with the forest oak. The chief doctrine of this modern science has been that our present civilization is the highest point yet reached by man, and that man has evolved up to this point by ever-ascending stages from barbarism. In the view of Nineteenth century science, man’s past history was one of ignorance and degradation, ever increasing as we look further and further back until the times when he went on all fours; and the *extremes* views depicted man as having evolved from the apes. This was the teaching of the Evolutionists.

In the Twentieth century these views are rapidly fading away before the piercing rays of two powerful search-lights. One of these lights is the light of a clearer insight which has pierced many of the illusions of past theorizers and grown weary of their useless repetitions of stock formulas. The other light is the strong bright ray from the past, which is being thrown over the whole field of modern thought by the discoveries made by our explorers, antiquarians, and students of ancient languages and records.

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

To take one instance of this—our professors and scholars in this country have entered seriously upon a study of the far past history of these Western continents, and of the races whose records and remains we find scattered abroad over the land. And they admit that the doctrine of the evolutionists, that man has evolved from the savage indigenes, is wrong; they affirm that the savage indigenes have degenerated from a mighty race that dwelt here in the past and was wise and able and civilized.

This is only one example out of very many that might be given; and if you will look carefully at the signs of the times as thus indicated, you will find good ground for the conclusion that this Twentieth Century is to witness quite a remarkable revolution in thought as to the past history of mankind. It is to witness the discovery that our present much-belauded civilization is only a degenerate copy of far mightier civilizations that have been; that our present knowledge is only a miserable makeshift for the grander and nobler wisdom that the world has lost; and that the ancients had a science of life that did not plunge them into the social discord and stress, the universal invalidism, and the all-prevailing doubt and skepticism which marks the reign of our science. The coming century will witness the restitution to the ancients of their stolen credit; and we shall see, as already we are beginning to discern, that what few arts we have, have come down to us as scraps saved from this treasure-house of knowledge.

Every nation and tribe has records and traditions of a past when its land was inhabited by men of exalted character and great capacity. After this initial stage the history of each nation shows a double movement—first a degeneration and fall from the high ideals and simple nobility of life; and, running along with this degeneration, an equally steady increase in material luxury, superficial learning, and the inventions and appliances of a commercial and city life. To illustrate this, one single instance will serve as a type of all. The ancient Greeks believed that their ancestors were heroes or god-men, and that they themselves inherited the wisdom, the nobility, the manliness of their progenitors. They still knew that the national welfare, as well as individual happiness, depended on the staunch adherence to high principles of self-sacrifice, integrity, and humanity: and we find them ever laying aside private and personal interests to muster to the call of duty whenever the safety of their country demanded it; ever ready to fulfill the requirements of justice in the face of apparent loss; never forgetting to precede every undertaking with sacred ceremonies in their temples, that they might thus fortify and purify themselves by communing with their souls in silence. And ever they believed that such duties would surely make all things well for them, even though they might have to sacrifice time or money or convenience in their performance.

But in later times, as generation succeeded generation, and material success increased, the people lost faith in their high ideals. Fear came upon them; they did not trust in the power of right; and they resorted to measures of calculation and expediency. Instead of magnanimously neglecting self and putting public duty in the first place, they feathered their own nest first.

What need to trace in detail the story of the gradual decline of a nation from its primitive grandeur to its final chaos of rotten luxury. Are not such stories writ large for us all to read? And have we not seen something of the same kind in the few short years since the birth of our own country? We can all repeat glibly the principles that actuated our ancestors in their fight for freedom and dictated the constitution that they framed for their sons. But it takes a keener eye than we possess to discern the remnants of those principles amid the rank growth of money-hunting, political corruption, and social impurity that is throttling our national life.

This is a melancholy picture I have drawn; and, were I to stop here, I should rightly be called a pessimist and a prophet of evil. But Nature does not everlastingly tend in one direction; her great Law is the law of ebb and flow, and she has eternally decreed that, as every bright day must have its following night, so in its turn the dreary night must yield to glorious day.

Not in vain did those ancients thus faithfully follow their high ideals, nor is he who trusts in the power of right doomed to failure and extinction. Of what use would it have been for me to extol the virtues of the past if I had left you free to say, "but that past is dead!"

That past is not dead; the soul that sleepeth is not dead; no man believes that the western sun hides his face forever beneath the waters of the ocean.

The past shall be born again. I cannot lead you into the mysteries of a knowledge that traces the conditions of races and of men during the night of time when they have vanished from the earth; such lore shall be ours again one day. But it is enough to know that unerring Law will surely bring back to earth the spirit of the past, and men shall rise from the dark hour before twilight into a new day that is even now dawning.

How different our lives would be now, if we had followed the simple ideals of the past, and how different they will be when we shall have returned to those ideals! Like Solomon of old we have wandered afar into the mazes of intricate study, only to find that, without the kernel of faith, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. "Remember thy creator in the days of thy youth" and, as another wise man said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Instead of doubting, fearing, questioning, speculating, and perhaps drowning our misery in dissipation, or drugs, or death, we should be resting serene in the

perfect faith that no harm can come to man so long as he does not make war on his own soul. Instead of living our short years feverishly in the expectation of the bugbear death with his conqueror worm and moldering tomb, we should be living our life of joyous endeavor in the full knowledge of an eternal existence, nor should we fear death more than sleep. Knowing that all joy and peace in life come from the experiences that men share with each other, we should not be struggling in the mad attempt to snatch an advantage at the expense of our neighbor, to monopolize happiness, or to find joy in self-contemplation, or self-admiration.

Life has become complicated by the replacement of simple rules and truths by a vast medley of schemes and devices, and policies, and theories, and cults.

Scientists and philosophers are always trying to find some one foundation principle that will explain and unify all; and in human life that one foundation principle is Brotherhood. It is because we have neglected this first necessity that our life has become so complicated and laborious. Without the key-stone the building crumbles; without the regulator the machine races and jams. Each man is trying to live an impossible life—trying to find out some other way than the true and natural way—trying to make a little universe of his own.

And from the past we hear the voice drawing nearer and clearer, telling us in many accents—"Learn first the golden rule of harmony and Brotherhood, and all your tangled skeins shall be unraveled. By this rule we built up our mighty civilization; in it we found the clue to our vast knowledge; our beautiful architecture shows that in art we knew the golden rule of proportion. Overcome your demon of selfishness and your ignorance and discord shall disappear, and life become once again simple, easy, and grand."

The Forest Primeval

by LONGFELLOW

THIS is the forest Primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
 Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
 Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
 Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.
 This is the forest primeval.—*Selected*

Divine Discipline

by Lydia Ross, M. D.



IN the spring the conscious life in grass and tree and flower seeks expression in the language of the vegetative world. The earth furnishes nutrition from below, while air and light and warmth and rain produce favorable conditions for unfoldment. Each curled-up, wrinkled leaf and flower comes like a closed hand, holding the eternal secret of life. With deft touches of sunshine and of shower Nature guides and encourages her children to tell their story; and lo! the countless, tinted, veined fingers of the leafy world respond and open out, in simple, natural joyous life and rich unfoldment. Unconfined by creeds and unlimited by learning, each flower and leaf, working with the law, expands in symmetrical fullness. Nature does not aim to produce one-sided prodigies of growth, but seeks to make each individual form a miracle of perfection of its kind. Life is sweet, though its feet are in clay; and the aspiring plant climbs sunward, regardless of the law of gravitation.

Mother Nature brings her babes up by the rules of Raja Yoga. Can we question her success?

The human buds—delicate, tinted, flexed and folded promises of racial flowers—greet the returning spring-time of another earth-life with a cry, perhaps dismayed by memory of previous lives. A gardener would seek to know the nature and the needs of some rare plant about to be intrusted to his care. But the human mothers—with the privilege of making the environment for a soul's unfoldment—how have they proven their awareness of this sacred duty? And the modern educators, with their confident activity in the cramming process, wherein do they demonstrate the wisdom of Nature's way of evolving the latent possibilities within each center of consciousness? Do they not confound involution with evolution? Could they read the meaning of that look in the child's grave eyes they would stand, like Mother Nature, in reverent silence, encouraging these new arrivals to tell their story. Were children better understood the educational efforts would aim—not to fill them, as we older infants have been filled with surplus unrelated facts and fancies, but to help them express their divinity, the reality of which still haunts them.

Every thirty years a new generation is born. Were the methods of child training any sort of success it would be possible to have a new and happy world in a hundred years or less. Instead of which, for successive centuries, the plastic child-mind has been so molded as to perpetuate the same old errors of selfishness, with the inevitable suffering thereby entailed.

Have the parents been at fault? Surely there has been no lack of devotion. The mother-love is an age-old proverb: she is justly described as being willing for her child's sake, to sacrifice herself and everyone else. The prehistoric sense of separateness is preserved all along the line; for the parental limitations have distorted the broad quality of brooding love for all helplessness into the narrow devotion of "my child," "my home." The mother-love has been too constricted to comprehend justice. Her blind devotion, focused upon the formative child-nature, warped it into too great a sensitiveness to self and too great an indifference to others. And so the whole series of unsymmetrical characters have perpetuated the social selfishness, to which they all objected—when it made them suffer. The trend of child training, even if unconsciously, has been how to get the best of a selfish world, not how to better it.

This narrow, personal, mother-love would be bad enough if its effects were limited to one life. But for every act of unbrotherliness which she taught or tolerated in her own, she helped him prepare his harvest of unhappy reaping in future lives. And so the vicious chain of sowing and reaping unhappiness, age after age, has brought about a disbelief in the fact that "Life is Joy."

Today the Theosophical philosophy throws a flood of light upon this world-old problem of what is the greatest kindness to the child. The prominence given to the Lotus work shows how much the hopefulness of the Movement lies with these little ones, for "in their tiny hands they hold the future." It is clearly enough shown by the philosophy that the best expression of parental love is to teach the child to work with the law, as does Mother Nature. We have been so narrow and personal and selfish in caring for the body and mind of the loved one, that the real child of destiny—the soul—was forgotten in its evolutionary journey. We have tried to make the children happy by gratifying their foibles and desires. "I cannot bear to deny him anything," says the fond parent. But in catering to his personal wishes occurs the grievous error of denying the wants of the child's Higher Self. Each new-born body is the instrument of a soul, seeking the gain of earth experience by contacting matter.

Life is a school, with all lessons to be impartially learned by each student of time. The soul knows what it wants and is willing to pay the price of incarnation. Is it not pitiful to think how long our mistaken, cruel kindness has exacted a usury of suffering from those we loved the best by holding back the lessons of the law?

Were it possible to love us into line, would not the compassionate hearts of the great Helpers of the race have long ago given to blind, struggling humanity a heritage of peace? But the law requires that each one must work out his own salvation, that each shall seek in his own heart for the place of rest. Vainly does the mother hide her own hurt from the selfish child. In vain does her short-

sighted devotion expect her willing forgiveness to acquit her child of unkindness or ingratitude. The unsettled account of hidden heart-ache goes on interest for its author. And in the temporary happiness given to the loved one the parent denies him the early finding of the more lasting helpfulness from those who know how to give good gifts. It is vastly better to teach the sensitive child to tread the dangerous and difficult path of progress, upheld by hands of tender strength, and illumined by the love-light of home, than to force him, blindly groping through self-inflicted suffering to slowly learn the stern lesson of the law. No one can learn the lesson for another, however dearly cherished; but the larger love can guide the feet of dear ones by the easier way to greater consciousness.

Selfishness defeats its own end; and the narrow love loses its object in building for only one life, desirous of possessing "my child" and of gaining possessions for him. The incarnating soul, drawn by old ties, chooses companionship which offers conditions favorable for unfoldment. But as selfishness means separateness, so unwise love works, in time, for the separation. If parent and child fail to find the larger meaning of unity together, the unswerving law will require that they learn it elsewhere and apart. However much the lower mind and body protest against the discipline, the impelling spirit demands the privilege of attaining to the greater truth. The ultimate duty is not to the personal child, but to his Higher Self.

Not love alone but the wisdom of love—divine discipline—will save the children that we cherish. To suffer in silence while they grow self-willed and ungrateful, may save them some mental and physical discomfort. But all the heartache they have sown so lightly they must some day reap in bitter sorrow. Love may spare the child for a time the anxiety of responsibility, and even for a life-time give him creature comforts not his due. But in the last analysis no one can save him from himself, no outside kindness can put away the Karma of his own creation.

To stand alone—always and ever does that lesson stare one in the face. No caress can replace the courage, no protection can substitute the strength needed to face the lower self. Sheltering love should be to the beloved a warrior's armor; too often it surrounds us like an enervating warm bath, delightful in proportion as it unfits us for the chill, stinging atmosphere of conflict upon the planes of our dual nature.

To stand by the eternal truth so far as in us lies, that is the supreme fidelity of all ties. Not to compromise with the conventional or cautious standards, not to cater to the sensitive selfishness of loved ones, but to hold them responsible to their Best Selves. That is the foundation of lasting unity and is the true loyalty of love.

*The Art of the Future**

by R. W. Macchell



WITHIN the historic period, that is to say, for the last few thousand years, the art of all civilized people seems to have been divided into two main classes which have been called sacred and profane. In days when the religious life of the people was very vigorous, as in ancient Egypt, there seems to have been the most decided difference between the two classes of art, but in modern times the difference is one of subject only and not of style.

It has been said that there is no modern religious art. This is no doubt due to the fact that there is very little real religion in the life of the peoples of the present day. The art of an age is a very fair index to the general state of a civilization, for although a great artist may be far ahead of the general state of evolution of those around him, still it is certain that the great mass of artists and art workers are always on the level of the average minds of their day, for the simple reason that they work for money or money's worth, and so are bound to produce what the public will buy. This applies too to the religious art of the period of the Christian Renaissance; for the general run of artists were completely at the mercy of their employers, the clergy, and could only produce what was pleasing to their ecclesiastical prejudices. A few might be strong enough to make a stand, but they were not free, even when most independent. The hand of the Church was heavy and far-reaching, and it was always outstretched to crush out independent or original thought or inspiration in art. So the Religious Art of that day reflected the religious life of the ruling classes; it shows all the narrowness and conventionality and artificiality that marked the time, and also the naive simplicity that was to be found here and there in some simple devotee whose faith carried him above the reach of the deadly formalism and conventionality of his religion. And it was just in these instances of simple faith that the greatest beauty was reached. The charm of these works is due to just this quality of naive simple faith that shines out and illumines the work. That which is great in such a work comes from the heart of the artist, and is of no age and of no epoch; it is eternal. That which is not great nor soul-stirring in the work is just that part of it that gives the clue to the condition of the times in which it was produced.

*Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

The art of the more ancient peoples gives the clue to their life also, and because the religious life was more important and more powerful, so the art was more noble and more inspiring. That which is great in the works of art of those times is not due to the personal character of an individual artist so much as to the very power of the religion itself, which carried with it a solemnity and awe that can be felt to this day in the fragments of sculpture and architecture that have come down to our time. This dignity and power are in marked contrast with the levity and triviality of the art work that we call profane, that is, the domestic decoration of private houses.

The reason for this is clear. The Temples were not merely churches, but they seem to have been more like colleges and public institutions and theatres combined. In fact it would seem as if all that was best in the life of the people, in its public life, was centered in the religion which regulated all the duties and details of life. Thus the domestic or profane art would naturally be confined to the representation of the lower side of the life of the people, and it does in fact frequently represent scenes of debauchery. The line is clearly marked; all that was noble or dignified in life was connected with the religion of the people, and the rest was connected with sensuality and debauchery.

The contrast between this condition of things and what exists today is very evident. The art of today is free from the influence of the churches, which no longer have the power to rule either men's bodies or their minds. The religion of the day no longer inspires men as of old, nor does it overawe them. One has only to look at the religious pictures of the day to see that there is no real conviction in the work, no fire of enthusiasm, no faith, no belief; merely a lame repetition of a well-worn theme. The same is true of the architecture of our religious buildings. Sometimes at their best they are pleasing, but never impressive nor inspiring. They are obviously the work of men who have no faith in the power of art to elevate the minds of men and to awake their souls. The designers and builders of these works may be good orthodox churchmen, but they are not inspired enthusiasts.

So if we look in modern art for the signs of those qualities that made the art and architecture of past times so impressive and so enduring, we look in vain amongst the works where naturally one would most expect to find them.

But enthusiasm and inspiration are not dead, nor have they entirely deserted the field of art. Here and there one sees signs of the old fire that burns in the soul of a true artist peeping out of some simple landscape. And here we see the hope of the future. For what does this mean? Surely it shows that the true religious zeal that made great nations of old has deserted in disgust the faithless modern religions and the soulless conventions on which they are built, and it has sent its devotees to Mother Nature, the great goddess of all true artists. Her

devotees may be very blind to her real being, very narrow and prejudiced by their false education and the general pessimistic cynicism of the age they live in, but none the less they love their Mother Nature, and she reveals to them a little of her beauty and divine mystery. It is in the works of these true lovers of Nature that one finds that earnestness and conviction that has ceased to inspire the branches of art which are generally considered to be higher. Here, is hope for the future, for here one sees that art is not dead, but able to respond to the living Soul of Nature.

It may seem strange to some to hear anyone speak of Art as dead, when the enormous production of works of art is considered. Certainly the thousands of pictures that are produced annually is sign of a certain kind of vitality in the art world, but look a little closer and you will see that all this mass of so-called art work is really little more than the manufacture of salable commodities produced for the sole purpose of making money. This is the source of its inspiration. What hope is there here? How can artists, who are dependent on pleasing the public for their livelihood, rise above the public taste and lead it on to higher things? They cannot do it.

The fire of enthusiasm that inspires all works that are capable of stirring the hearts of men is not lit by the need of money nor by the greed of gain, nor by hope of fame, it springs from the soul. It creates beautiful forms and expresses beautiful ideas and spreads joy and beauty around for the love of the beautiful in itself. How almost impossible is it for such souls to live and to fulfill their mission in the midst of the rush of our commercial civilization. All that is best in art is stifled and crushed by this overpowering necessity to make money. And the artists who happen to be independent and well supplied with this terrible "money," are not really free, for it takes a mental and moral giant to rise above and dominate the mental and moral atmosphere in which the whole world is steeped today. The Soul of Man, the great Artist in Man, is imprisoned and the Art of today is stamped with this mark, the mark of a soul cramped and stifled by small ambitions and mean aims. It is true that men have a freedom that is very apparent, but it is not real. We have no real freedom and can have none while each man is held by this chain.

If we hope for a New Art in the future we must prepare the conditions now—today. We must liberate the Soul—and that quickly—while the minds and bodies of the future Artists are young and able to be trained.

It is possible to do this, and I have seen it being done and seen the gradual unfolding of the soul when freed from false ideals, when freed from bodily impurity that eats out the substance of the soul, when freed from selfishness that stifles its very life. But to do this it is necessary to prepare proper conditions, to train the teachers, to establish the nucleus of the training college and watch each detail so that the old ideals cannot creep in and destroy the work.

For want of all this preparatory work many a high sounding scheme of education has failed utterly. But Katherine Tingley has accomplished this great work and the children at Point Loma are growing into this splendid type of ideal manhood and womanhood in which alone the soul of the artist can express itself. From these children we shall get the art of the future. And when it comes, we shall know that it is the Art of All Time, we shall see whence the greatness of past art drew its power, and whence all that is best in modern art comes now, for it all comes from the great Soul of Humanity that is not young or old, but eternal in joy and beauty.

No longer will the prisoner look sadly through the prison bars of narrow minds, and dwarfed, twisted and diseased bodies; but free at last it can step out and create new types of beauty, new ideals, new realities. The soul set free will liberate the world and make life beautiful. This will be the Art of the Future.

The Religion of Compassion

by Rev. S. J. Neill



NO more important saying is to be found in the whole range of literature than those words given by H. P. Blavatsky in the *Voice of the Silence*, where she says :

But stay, Disciple—yet one word. Canst thou destroy divine COMPASSION? Compassion is no attribute. It is the Law of Laws, a shoreless, universal essence, the light of everlasting right, and fitness of all things, the Law of Love Eternal. The more thou dost become at one with it, thy being melted in its Being, the more thy soul unites with that which is, the more thou wilt become COMPASSION ABSOLUTE.

These words go to the root of many important subjects. They remind us of similar words spoken by Jesus, where he says :

If ye had known what this meaneth, I desire mercy and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless.

In their views of life, and of religion, most men tend to one of two extremes: They are hard and cruel, or else sentimental and foolish. The religion of some is an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; while with others it is a foolish notion of pity which has no root in true wisdom and love. With very many, in the western world, the notion of salvation from the results of sin, by accepting the sacrifice of one who was not guilty, but, by a theological make-believe was

esteemed guilty, is the sum and substance of religion, the "plan of salvation," as it is called. This most surely leads to confused notions of justice, and it saps the moral fiber of all peoples who accept it. As against this, we now have the Theosophical teaching of Karma—Divine Justice. This is the health-giving tonic which men sorely need. They need to be continually reminded that we must reap what we sow; and that no one can take another's guilt.

With not a few Theosophists, in the early days, the truly merciful law of Karma was taught with a hardness which was foreign to all compassion. If a certain person suffered, the suffering was regarded as Karma, and no more compassion was felt than a mathematician feels in working out some problem. This was, perhaps, the natural rebound from vicarious atonement, and a doctrine of forgiveness that acted as a moral opiate. But this un-Theosophic spirit, shown by certain self-styled Theosophists, was all the more strange, seeing that these words of H. P. Blavatsky, whom they professed to follow, stand out like a beacon light. Her words declare that compassion is an essential part, not only of true religion, but an essential part of Being itself. She says: "Compassion is no attribute—it is the Law of Laws." Or, as the Christian scriptures put it, "God is Love."

Much has been written about attributes—much of it unwisely. It was said the Divine had no attributes, and the man of the world retorted; "How then can God give what he does not possess?" We may understand attributes as temporary appearances with which the Divine clothes itself during manifestation. They are the "Time-vesture" of the Eternal, as Carlyle says. But H. P. Blavatsky assures us that Compassion is no attribute—no mere Time-vesture, but *Essential Being* itself. It is no mere phenomenon or appearance; it does not change or pass away. It does not *seem* merely, it ever is. The Religion of Compassion, therefore, must have a deep fullness in it—the fullness of divinity, which is able to meet all human needs.

There is a form, and a very common one, which pity assumes, that does not really help people. It has often been said—in fact proven—that unwise charity tends to foster beggary. The boy or girl, the man or woman, that is "spoilt" by a false pity, is conspicuously lacking in those qualities of strength and manliness and unselfishness which Nature has been at such pains to encourage.

According to the common theory of evolution, Nature is very pitiless. Nature, who is so careful of the type, is apparently careless of the single life, and "of fifty seeds she often brings but one to bear." All the way up to man, Nature seems to be built upon rapine. The strong consume the weak, as natural food. It is said that Nature keeps up the type by this merciless process of sending the weaker to the wall, so that only the strong may survive. That may be so up to man. But man is something more than an animal. Professor Huxley,

in his celebrated "Romanes Lecture," was bold enough to state that "*now* the law of evolution, as applied to men, was not simply the survival of the fittest, but that as many as possible might be made *fit to survive*." This is the testimony of one of the foremost men of science to the lofty Religion of Compassion. It breathes the spirit of the well-known and beautiful words, "A bruised reed shall he not break and the smoking flax shall he not quench."

The new key-note struck in the Theosophical Society, by the present Leader, in the Crusade around the world, by the feeding of the poor, was more important as declaring the Religion of Compassion, than in simply satisfying so many appetites for a few hours. It was a declaration of compassion, and it recalls the words concerning the great Teacher of Nazareth: "And he had compassion on the multitude, because they had nothing to eat." If it be true, as the proverb has it, that "the way to some people's hearts is through their pockets," it is equally true that the way to the hearts of others lies through satisfying the needs of the "physical nature." This is mentioned, chiefly because it illustrates the fact that thoughtfulness, compassion, is a powerful factor in man's redemption. The heart, as the deepest wisdom teaches, is the great mainspring in man. We are saved not by the intellect chiefly, but through the heart.

A great deal of foolishness is attached to the exercise of what the world calls compassion, in many cases, but this is owing to the unwisdom of the person who shows it, and to the mistaking of weak sentiment for compassion. True compassion is the highest wisdom.

Compassion must take on many forms according as the end or object of wisdom will be most perfectly accomplished; but it never ceases to be compassion; and it is always dangerous for weak, erring mortals to "take the law into their own hands." The Scripture says, "Judgment is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord, therefore, if thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head." When the true religion of compassion comes into general operation it will prove a "saving health to all peoples."

A parent or a state which punishes through fear, or vindictiveness, or in the spirit of retaliation, does not diminish the number of criminals. Like begets like. We have to reform our criminal jurisprudence according to the highest light—the Light of true Compassion. This would not mean that the bed of the criminal is to be made a bed of roses—but it does mean that wisdom should always act with the tender glow of compassion ever shining upon her countenance. The parable tells us the Father *met* the returning prodigal *when he was yet a great way off!*

The moral and spiritual effect of correction does not lie in its severity, but in the strong compassion which the sufferer feels existing for him in the heart of his corrector.

The moral end and aim of all pain in this universe must be *corrective*; to help us to shun the wrong course to which the red danger-signal of suffering is attached. As we perceive that it is out of compassion itself that Nature inflicts all her penalties for broken law, and as we learn to copy Nature, then life will take on a new meaning. Nothing will be cruel, nothing will be arbitrary—we shall feel that if we do suffer, it is the working of the All-Compassionate Law, in order that we may come into complete harmony with that law and suffer no more.

We prove ourselves Sons of God by acting in a Godlike manner. The Scripture says: “He that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God;” and again: “If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?”

In truly feeling and wisely showing compassion we preach the highest gospel—we declare our own divinity, and we exercise a divine power—the power which humanity needs at this hour.

Washington says: “Lenity will operate with greater force, in some instances, than rigor. It is therefore my first wish, to have my whole conduct distinguished by it.”

The high doctrine, the lofty teaching of Theosophy is, that when we have learned all lessons, and when we stand ready to enter heaven, the Voice of True Compassion says: “Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?” and then the true Theosophist, he who has made many renunciations will make the GREAT RENUNCIATION; he returns from the other shore as COMPASSION ABSOLUTE—a Savior of the world.

Common sense tells us that this is the highest, noblest, best goal of all, and that the surest and also the easiest way to reach those Godlike heights is to daily exercise the religion of true compassion in all the little things of life. “He that is faithful in that which is least,” Jesus says, “is faithful also in much.”

The words of H. P. Blavatsky, with which we began, “That Compassion is no attribute but the Law of Laws, Alaya’s Self,” find an echo in these words of Sir Edwin Arnold, in the *Light of Asia*, where he says there “Is fixed a power divine which moves to Good, only *its* laws endure.”

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none, at last, can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation Sweet. Obey.

The Son of Shadows

Written in 1849 by COUNT SIGMUND KRASINSKY

Translated by V. A. H.

THE Son of Shadows from the heights looks forth:
 A force unknown hath hurled him from the gulf,
 With her own milk hath nursed him a wild she-wolf,
 Beneath his Titan footsteps shook the earth.

Half-dreaming goes he forward to explore,
 He hangs on crags, drinks dew, he climbs yet more,
 Till hanging mists divide their filmy woof,
 And light falls down from heaven's azure roof.

The Son of Shadows looks to skies indeed,
 He stretches hands to universal heights,
 Though born on earth, above are his delights,
 A nectar of the stars is his true need.

But till he dons the finished robe of man,
 Till he divests himself of Nature's train,
 He has to battle with her and bear pain,
 Gigantic martyrdom of Titans' clan.

Then from the ancient daring storms of power
 He issues forth all changed and shouts: I am!
 His forehead gleams with human joy and calm,
 And in his heart there blooms the soul-lit flower.

Though God to him is but the Lord of wrath,
 And but a vain appearance is his truth,
 Though with satanic forces leagues his youth—
 This fate floats by, he enters the new path.

By the long labor of the human pain
 He shall be freed from earthly cloak again,
 The thought that tortures and the wounds that smart
 Will eat away his day from out his heart.

A crown of thorns he dons upon his head,
 Tears of compassion from his eyes are shed,
 The sufferings in Father's love are stilled
 Of his unhappy soul, yet free from guilt:

Till his prenatal longing shall awake,
 And doubts return, temptations wild increase,
 Till for an orphan he himself shall take
 Tossed blindly on perdition's stormy seas.

But evil passes, 'tis as dust of roads;
 E'en though it seem a storm, 'tis as the shower:
 E'en though as thorn, 'tis but the blooming flower
 Whose rosy heart burns in the home of Gods.

He who doubts here, who groans through ages now,
 Shall reach his stars and dwell beyond their bar,
 For this sad earth he'll change into a star,
 Bridging it skyward with the Iris bow.

Upward and onward then, O Son of Dawn!
 Toward undiscovered worlds thine eyes to turn:
 All that doth live or shine or sing or burn
 Is in the sphere immortal all thine own.

What thou hast dimly grasped thine arm shall press,
 Thine eye shall see what erst were longing dreams:
 And, shedding from thy lute melodious beams,
 Thou shalt receive them back to thy caress,

Like crystal showers of pearls, pure, without spot,
 Embodied in thy life, from nothing risen,
 Given to thee for an eternal season,
 To thee who dreamed the grave thy destined lot.

And with that shame, O pilgrim, do not quail.
 Where'er thou goest, flames life's angel sweet;
 His face is often hid in death's dark veil,
 'Tis even as the rosebud ere it opes,
 Or like an infant's smile dawning through tears.
 Be thou the mighty Titan once again;

Around thee see the cradles, not the biers,
 For heaven is everywhere, the earth is heaven,
 In all things live the gods, in thine, in thee,
 In space and time and all immensity
 Thou wert with them, and thou shalt be again,
 Till thou dost feel—within the blue abyss
 The Light of Lights, the God of Gods, there hidden,
 Thou shalt outstretch to him thine arms in bliss,
 And he shall draw thee to Love's greater Eden.

Again thou triest by thine own loving might
 To reach him, who is yet beyond thy sight
 E'en in thy newer garb; on wings of thunder,
 And to the higher spheres of Light ascending,
 Thou longest yet: for thy soul is not under
 The roof of its true home: thy world is ending.

Though milky ways before thee stream in gladness,
 As on the earth did ocean's dancing glass,
 Yet looking thou dost feel another sadness,
 Thou knowest they will pass as those did pass.
 Something is lacking still, O son of Dawn:
 Though thou dost hover the vast world throughout,
 The shadow of thy wings still darkly creeps,
 The mist of some vague doubt uneasy sleeps,
 The remnants of thy pain are not yet gone,
 And God is "Thou"—thou seest him from without.
 'Tis but the threshold of Eternity,
 Till thou do see the Lord as he sees thee,
 And know thyself, and in that endless morn
 The night of ignorance be overborne.
 Thou shalt remember that thy Lord and Thou—
 The same One Spirit in the Shoreless Sea,
 Which NOW IS—never was and ne'er shall be.
 For all first forms have passed away from seeing:
 Thy dream it was, that passed in endless flow:
 Thou wert the same, though not awake ere now,
 For thou hadst dreamt of waves in thine own being.

Now thou shalt live, thou hast become a Heart,
 Others in thee, thyself in others art.
 In one remembrance, from long sleep of self,
 Hast found thyself, and merged into thy SELF:
 And all those souls which were to thee so true,
 That slept in graves and rose so fresh and new,
 And climbed the ladder, led by their upward vow,
 What at beginning they were, that are they now—
 One world of spirit with thy spirit merged,
 But every soul like gold itself has purged;
 And each soul grew to be Thyself again,
 Each dewdrop merged itself into thy main,
 And knows itself to be thy very Son,
 Equal to thee, O Father—thine only one;
 For in each one thou art, and so in each
 Thou sayest "I," none can gainsay thy speech:
 There is none else beside thee, nor shall be.
 NOW THINK, LOVE, DO—ETERNAL HEAVEN
 IN HEAVEN'S ETERNITY.

Franklin's Epitaph

Written by himself in 1728

✻

The Body

of

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer

(like *the cover of an old book,*

its contents worn out,

and stript of its lettering and gilding),

lies here,

food for the worms.

Yet the work itself shall not be lost,

for it will, as he believed,

appear once more

in a new and more beautiful edition,

corrected & amended

by its

Author.

Why do We Live?*

by F a l x



IT is not all men who have the power to ask themselves this question, yet in the life of one here and there it irresistibly presents itself. Till we do ask it, even if no solution comes, we are at the mercy of death. If we can solve it, we are already, though in life, beyond death. Let us see if we can ask this question now—what makes us live and keeps us living? and see if any answer comes out. There is no bond of friendship so deep as that which develops between men who are asking themselves—not each other—this question. There need not be, there will not be, much talking; they are sinking their thought inward, and the nearer they get to the truth, the farther are they from anything that words can convey.

To the deeper questions of life, words cannot render any answer. There are words that seem to give an answer to our question—the will of God, the purpose behind evolution, or what not—but what do we get out of them? In this matter each has to tell himself something; not be told by another. But let words go as far as they can. Beyond that, each travels alone, alone with his feeling; till it sinks deeper and deeper, and at last touches the soul. Thought, meditation, experience, and suffering, break at last the binding power of the personal consciousness, and the eternal key-note of being is heard. That cannot be silenced; nor in truth can we die or kill.

Spring by spring the tree throws up its leaves, and in the autumn they die; yet the *tree* lives, and in *it* is the life. And you can take away the branches, and yet the tree lives, for not in *them* is the real life-center.

And we too, as we pass along, throw out the leaves of childhood and youth, and manhood and old age; which disappear, for not in them is the life. The desires and thoughts of the child and young man are thrown up from his life like leaves; as leaves they pass away, leaving room to others; for *they* are not the life. So where, in it all, is the *man*? Who knows fully what “*I*” means, when he says “*I am*?”

We live because we love life; and life is action, and joy in action. That may not seem at once true, but it may clear up after a little thinking.

We love action, intense action, which is life; and the soul is the center of life, and therefore a glowing spot of intense and never ceasing action. It is the center fire in the heart. And the thrill of its light, life, fire-energy, passes outward into the mind, and the outer sphere of emotions, and the still outmore

*Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

sphere of sensations; which latter, ruling alone, are the motors of the panorama of the dream-sphere. In all these spheres about the center-soul, there is life, and from the soul comes now, or used to come, that life. If the life is low in one part of our being, it is high in another; if it goes out in one, it is at the highest in another. If the mind is still in sleep, and the higher emotions have died away, then the lower feelings seize the life, and the low, but vivid world of dream is awake. Still lower, still nearer death, common life ceases to be a unit, breaks connection with the man and the soul. For death is not a ceasing of life, but a breaking of life into lifelets. What we call *man* is the total, bound together, of soul and mind and emotion and feeling and bodily sensation; bound together into one. But in whichever of these departments life burns brightest, that part the man calls himself. Most of us call our sensations—skin, palate, and what not—myself; others count the mind as myself; a very few recognize *myself* as the soul. And of course, if a man thinks of himself as being the sensation-mass, then, as he knows that dies, he must think *I die, I am buried* and become one with the soil and the worms. Doubtless you have heard of the man who wanted to be buried in the shady west of the graveyard, because east winds were unhealthy.

It may seem untrue to say we love action, all of us, when one of the chief joys of some people is the luxurious dropping off to sleep. But it is true. That sense of luxury is no decline of life, but the running riot of sensations. When a drill-squad is dismissed, the force which held them together, the united wills of the men, relaxes and breaks up, and the liberated men go rejoicingly their several ways. The unit life of the squad has broken up into the lives of the men. And so in going to sleep there is no departure of life, but a breaking of it up among the sensations; and that dissolution, along with the separate and brightening flashes of sensation, give the sense of luxury. Were life actually dying down, there would be pain or discomfort.

We live because we love life, and we die because, in our search for more life, we look the wrong way. The entry of life into any part of our nature is joy; its going away may be pain. Life is in the consciousness of life, and both lie with *action*. Dissipation means scattering, and the dissipated man is scattering his life. But first he gets joy in that part of his nature which is concerned in the dissipation. He draws life from his mind and higher feelings into the lower fields of sensation; in those lower fields, the flashes of sensation leap up; and there is pleasure to the man, for he has elected to dwell there. But it is at the expense of the higher fields, which are drained. And they do not fill again with life, for the man has thrown himself out of relation with the soul, the glowing center and root of life. So the store of life is being wasted, and no more is coming in, for the flashes of sensation in the lower nature are the marks of the passing away of life outward into the world of matter. They are lost, so far as that man is con-

cerned. His exhausted and life-depleted body is on the way to its dissolution. And he may not replace that life with food, or with anything else from outside. For the kind of life we are considering is that which must be already present before that lower kind which is ordinarily got from food can be made of any use.

Every activity, every action, dissipates life; but they do not necessarily lead to death. For if they are done in the light of the soul, with the approval of the soul, the soul gives of its inexhaustible life to supply the place of that which was spent. Nor need we shirk the consequences of that view, or doubt that when men have learned to practice the law of perfect action, they will have learned to live in perfect bodies so long as the matter of this solar system shall hold its form and energy. And then, exhaustless in their life and consciousness, the further paths of existence will open before their eyes.

A happiness can be got from life that does not lead to death, for the dissipation is replaced. When the life is expended in raising with its divine power the living things around, then it is replaced from the stores of the soul. He whom we call the dissipated man dies with his higher nature starved; its life was stolen by the lower nature of gross sensation. Death can do nothing to sustain *him* or make *him* divine. The soul will not replace life wasted in *that* way.

But if a man give his energy and life to kindly work and service, in that work he is feeding his own higher nature; for he is acting under its impulsion. It is thence that his working bodily powers gain their life, in the true sense. And that higher nature, thus raining its energy into the lower, is not depleted; for it is in full relation with the soul, under the approval of the soul, in the full light of the soul. And if he wear his body to very death in such work, he passes through death with the higher nature in the full light of its undiminished life and consciousness. The dissipated man dies already dead; *this* man dies into a fuller and more awake life. For some men pass through death living; some live already dead.

The approval of the soul came about because, in spending life, that man spent it in raising life. Whether he nursed the sick, or helped a great cause, or freed his country, he made the life of the world the richer because of the life-work he did, the richer, the higher. He drew the living waters of his own soul, and gave them freely, and to him freely his own soul gave, because of that. Must it not be that after the perfect life is come upon earth, men will have learned how to replace in their bodies cell after cell as they wear out, so that bodily death is met, point by point, and point by point defeated? Already, though we know no more, we know that joy is toward health, and grief toward death.

Life is action, and therefore joy; but as the Hindoo book says, we do not know what is action and what inaction. The seed lies in the wet ground, apparently inactive, but we know that in its tiny world, the intensest activity is in progress; the future tree is stretching its arms in dreamland. As we stand under

the starred night sky by the lapping sea, our desires for this and that go away; the mind quiets down the troubled movement we call thought; emotion dies away. In the hush of the nature the breath of the soul is felt and something of its presence known in the heart. In all its seeming peace, this is a state like that of the seed ere it sprouts the green shoot. For the forces of the mind are not really lulled or weakened, but balanced, equipoised; consciousness is richer, fuller of real thought; the seeds of nobler action in the future are awaking. It is only because the state is one of action that it is one of pleasure.

It is the same with the creative, yet outwardly inactive, moments of the musician, the artist, the thinker. Behind the outward quiet they are moments of intense action, and therefore intense joy—the intensest joy that life can offer. The mind, and the sphere of higher feeling, have brought themselves into tune with the soul, and they thrill with some measure of its life.

At present we are not all musicians, artists, spiritual creators of life, not even truly thinkers; and so we cannot get those moments of rapt existence, of almost absolute action. Not at once, but sometime we may. They can be gradually attained by steady doing of duty in the light of the soul. Street-cleaning seems an occupation squalid enough to depress any life and extinguish any man's poetry. But not necessarily. Suppose it done by a man in preparation for some splendid pageant, a pageant in honor of some great helper of the race, whom this man had recognized for himself and whom he loved and revered in his heart. Every stroke of his broom would be a glory to him. In that sense we can try to understand and do duty. The soul comes forth when the man is at his greatest, when he is almost more than man. In the patriot, when the fate of the country he loves turns on the issues of the last battle, and the destiny he has created speaks in his words of command; in any man whom danger makes spring in a great moment to the highest heights of heroism, in the orator whose words reach a compelling power under the urgency of the cause he speaks for; in all men at their momentary noblest, the soul has come forth and flooded their whole nature with its life, power, and joy. That is the pageant, in expectation, nay in the very presence of which, we can sweep the streets of duty. Cultivate joy in the highest as every duty is done, and we cultivate life, grasp life.

We live because life is joy; and we are ever longing for more life and more joy. It is that longing that holds us to life. But we seek in the wrong direction. We exploit the lower nature, dissipate life through it, and then, when the mind's life and joy are both bankrupted, complain that existence is monotonous and duty blank and futile; or cringe for a "salvation" we have done nothing to merit.

There is another way, beside "dissipation," in which we may dissipate life. Men go about building up pictures of themselves; there is almost no one in whom does not lurk such a picture, more or less faint or vivid. It is the sense of self-

importance, and the forces of vanity and ambition, that gradually build up a man's feeling or picture concerning himself, and he walks about in that picture, with that feeling never absent. He fills it up with his life, by dwelling upon it in his thought. In the very walk of the politician, the business-man, the councilman, the preacher, the priest, you can see evidence of this picture of himself in his mind. And it is fed, that is, given of *their* life to, by all who look up to such a man and accept his picture. But relentless Law is looking on; some time comes the turn of fate. The reputation vanishes; people repudiate the picture; the bubble bursts; the man is seen for what he is, not for what he thought himself. The picture to which for years the man had contributed the life-essence of his imagination vanishes; he faces stern fact; chilled and disheartened, found-out even by himself, he knows well that he has lost his chances of simple, noble, upright life. You can see him on the streets, dejected, lifeless. Instead of cultivating through the years that relation with his soul which would have meant a current of richest life, he has turned away from his soul and enriched from his limited store an absconding or fragile phantom he pretended to be. Yet it is his lesson; and some men learn it, turn on their tracks and live better lives from that day. Others stay in their dejection, and either in no long time die of it, or turn and spend in lower dissipation what life remains to them. Cannot those who believe in Reincarnation see in this a reason why some are born with a weight of life upon them, who never find existence anything but burdensome? That too is under the Law; for some time, in some life, these men will in their desperation turn and seek through the shadows the true life.

And oppositely, those who in the last life they spent on earth tried, even a little, to seek the soul, made then a bond, a channel, for its life-light into their personal lives. They are the sunny, vivid, kindly temperaments who do not stay to think "I am this or that," but who are content to grow, self-thoughtless like the plant, seeking and in the light of, the inner sun.

Further on are those who have still more pronouncedly the hall-mark of the soul, the will to give, to call forth life in others, to raise to higher terms all they touch, whether men or things. In some, this may take a special and limited form; they are workers in a limited field. Among such are the great patriots. Of such was Wagner, who gave a new and vaster touch to music; and Whitman, who sowed the seed of a new poetry. In their divine desire to raise humanity's life, to give it some new glory or scope, to sow some one spot on earth's broad field, to liberate one country, spiritualize some one noble art, these men took birth. It was good, divine; but it was limited, it was as far as their comprehension and vision went; but the impulse beneath was the beat of the eternal, life-wide heart. They had made themselves the *hands of their soul*, and the soul built them for its work; for every man's soul, if he were great enough to let it, would fain create this old

world anew, have men gods in the space of it, and build us into workers for it.

Beyond such come those who can take all life and all human activities for their scope. They are heralds of the whole program of the soul and they create in domain after domain. I think that if you will study the work of Katherine Tingley you will find all the marks of that royalty.

One way and another, by the now culminating ages of pain, by the culmination of the work of the Teachers, by the determination of the few who have sworn to stand by and spread the light as the Teachers of this century have brought it, to impart it as they have received it, by the advent of the cyclic moment, it has come about that the old order is crumbling and the new arising. Some have not eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor minds that can comprehend; but they have hearts that can feel the shafts of light through the thick clouds.

Let him who would help the race stand up through all the hours of his days in a new joy, compelling it till it is as effortless as breath, burning with it all the limits that hedge about the center soul of him, himself a living protest against error, evil and fear. Wisdom will come upon him; he will know the helpers from the foes of humanity. The intensity of his life will ensoul his words, and make his humblest deeds become every one a far-shining fire along his path.

One Step Nearer

by JONAS



Thou hast to study the voidness of the seeming full, the fullness of the seeming void.—
H. P. BLAVATSKY

ONE is sometimes inclined to wonder how long it will be before the great revelation of the greatest of all modern scientific writers will receive its due meed of recognition from the modern truth-seeker. Hitherto the works of this scientist have been but little studied at our Universities or Colleges, nor do we find them quoted in our current magazines. And yet hardly a week passes without the appearance of some article in a newspaper or journal, some lecture by a learned professor or doctor of science, which claims to draw public attention for the first time, to truths which are already writ large upon the most wonderful scientific work the world has yet seen—the *Secret Doctrine* of H. P. Blavatsky.

In these latter days, however, time flies with swifter wings than ever before; nor does it require much intuition to foresee that the period is fast approaching when scientific discovery will have advanced to that point which will *compel* attention to the work in question. Then must result first astonishment, then respectful and reverential admiration.

One by one the leaders of scientific thought are approaching—and then passing—the limit which has hitherto bound and beset all real advance. The demonstration of truth which can only be proved by the evidence of the physical senses, cannot much longer block the way of man's advance into the paths of those truths which are as yet unknown, but which are and must be, as true as those which are known.

An article in current (August) number of *Harper's Magazine*, is so pregnant with a spirit of newer and deeper insight into the methods of future scientific investigation, that it merits more than ordinary attention from every cultivated and thoughtful man. It is entitled "Radio-Activity: A New Property of Matter, by Robert Kennedy Duncan, Professor of Chemistry, Washington and Jefferson College."

The article is an interesting exposition of the properties of the Becquerel rays. Prof. Duncan herein draws the conclusion that all matter is derivable by variance of (wave-length) or vibration from some ultimate parent form of matter which is *self-luminous*, and he further shows that this luminosity may be experienced without the apparent usual use of the physical eyes.

It will be at once clear that we are here approaching a vast field of experience, the end of which cannot be foreseen or even foreshadowed.

One is reminded of some words of H. P. Blavatsky:

The whole world is animated and lit down to its most material shapes, by a world within it. This inner world is called Astral by some people, and it is as good a word as any other, though it merely means starry, but the stars, as Locke pointed out, are luminous bodies which give light of themselves.

It is not within our present province to point out many other significant statements made by Prof. Duncan. It is impossible, however, to pass by the article without drawing attention to the admirable spirit in which he, in contradistinction to many scientists of (perhaps) the immediate past, approaches these mysteries of our common life, which lie open to our investigation. There is the spirit of manly reverence for the unknown, the humility of conscious power to know, the unassuming yet bold deduction of evident truth, all of which must disarm dogmatists of all classes whether they call themselves scientific or religious.

The following are extracts from Prof. Duncan's article:

“In the beginning God created,” and in the midst of his creation He set down man with a little spark of the Godhead in him to make him strive to know, and in the striving, to grow and to progress to some great, worthy unknown end in the world. He gave him hands to do, a will to drive, and seven senses to apprehend—just a working equipment; and so he has won his way, so far. . . .

To know, is to work and to do; and a new thing done is forever a rung on the ladder by which man climbs—necessary and good for all generations, until the summit is reached and the ladder can be cast aside. . . .

The theme of the present article is a New Thing Done—the discovery of a new property of matter. It is hoped that outside of its extrinsic interest you will see deep within it the beauty and the poetry of reasoned Action. If you questioned the discoverer—the doer of the work—about himself, he would probably tell you that his work, possibly, was something—he himself was nothing; and in a measure he is right, for in a few years he will pass, while his work will endure forever. . . .

It is little wonder, then, that through heredity and environment, he should bear the face of one who sends his soul into the invisible, for that, in good solid truth, is what every experimenter really does. . . .

Every scientific discovery has a genealogy of its own, going back to the primal ancestor of all thought; no discovery comes into the world parentless of previous conception. . . .

Thought always advances in waves, and there are always several men on the top of the same wave.

Many substances when they are exposed to Becquerel rays shine in the dark—that is, phosphoresce. The diamond and the ruby shine out vividly on being held up in the invisible rays. So do fluor-spar, calcium sulphide and many others. So powerful is the phosphorescence caused by Becquerel rays that if a tube of radium chloride be held to the forehead and the experimenter close his eyes, he will still see light. . . .

They are strange things, then, these Becquerel rays. The light which took the picture shone when the morning of creation broke, and will shine with the dawn of the last day of reckoning; for Becquerel rays are a property of the atom of the substance and are therefore indestructible. It is a matter of indifference what physical stress is brought to bear, or what chemical transformation is effected. The light will shine undiminished and undiminishable, in the gram, a soft radiance; in the pound, if we could get it, a new sun.

The physiological effect of Becquerel rays is most intense—almost incredible. A pinch of radium salt, contained in a sealed glass tube, was placed in a cardboard box which was tied to the sleeve of Professor Curie for one hour and a half. An intense inflammation resulted, followed by a suppurating sore, which took more than three months to heal. . . .

Any substance placed near radium becomes itself a false radium. This fact has been verified over and over again by every experimenter in the field. The zinc, iron and lead fittings, the air of the laboratory, the water, the clothing of the workers, their very persons in the presence of radium start into activity, and give out rays comparable to radium. . . .

Since these particles flying off from radium are decomposed atoms, their properties are not the properties of iron or gold or copper, but the properties of matter in general. These particles, or corpuscles as they are called, appear to be the primary atoms of some parent

form of matter, out of which the elements as we know them have been evolved. It is interesting in this connection, to recall the words of Huxley, written long ago, before Becquerel rays had entered into the dreams of the wildest speculator. "It seems safe to assume," he wrote, "that the hypothesis of the evolution of the elements from a primitive form of matter, will in the future play no less a part in the history of science than the atomic hypothesis which, to begin with, had no greater, if as great, an empirical foundation." These words were written with the prescience of a master.

Possibly the most interesting thought in all the strange eventful history of these interesting bodies, is the question of their energy. Whence does it come? It is suggested by Madame Curie that the radium receives its energy from, and responds to, radiations which traverse all space, much as some article of bric-a-brac in a room will vibrate responsively to a certain tone of the piano. This may be. Heaven only knows. One thing we do know—space is all a-quiver with waves of radiant energy, ranging in length from many feet to a size infinitesimally small. To only a few of these are our bodily senses fitted to correspond, or our mechanisms to detect. Waves of radiant energy constitute what has been called "the harp of life." We vibrate in sympathy with a few strings here and there—with the tiny x-rays, actinic waves, light waves, heat waves, in the treble, and the huge electro-magnetic waves of Hertz and Marconi, and the grand air waves of sound in the bass; but there are great spaces, numberless strings, an infinity of possible radiations, to which we are deaf—stone deaf. Some day, a thousand years hence, we shall know the full sweep of this magnificent harmony, and with it we shall vibrate in accord with the Master Musician of it all.

In this way Prof. Duncan closes his article. His deductions throughout bear the imprint of ideals which are both religious and scientific, *i. e.*, Theosophical. If he or any other of his fellow workers will borrow the *Secret Doctrine* from the nearest public library, and will read it with open mind, they will find these conclusions amplified and endorsed and their field of view widened to an extent before undreamed of. Possibly they may be led to suspect whose thought they have been tapping on "the top of the wave."

WHAT a divine calling is music! Though everything else may appear shallow and repulsive, even the smallest task in music is so absorbing, and carries us so far away from town, country, earth, and all worldly things, that it is truly a blessed gift of God.—MENDELSSOHN

MUSIC is at once the product of feeling and knowledge, for it requires from its disciples, composers and performers alike, not only talent and enthusiasm, but also that knowledge and perception which are the result of protracted study and reflection.—BERLIOZ

Is Life Worth Living?

by a Student



THOSE who follow events and conditions in the life of the world daily observe a strange paradox. At one pole they see an immense, struggling crowd, grasping sense-pleasure with one hand and ambition with the other, and, and at the first calamity, asking in despair this old, old question, "Is life worth living?" At the opposite pole they see the few strong ones of the race, its warriors, its helpers, bearing heavier burdens than the others, surmounting greater obstacles, meeting greater disappointments as the personality goes, yet serene, happy, living in the sunshine and the song of life, their watchword "Life is joy?" How can this be explained and such opposites reconciled?

Katherine Tingley teaches what all the great world-teachers have taught, that man is dual by nature. Within each are the higher and the lower, the angel and the demon, "each seeking to absorb or destroy the other and one or the other strengthened by every act and every thought." She has also said:

We all know the inner man to be strong, true, eternal, compassionate, just. The outer man is too often weak, wavering, selfish. Its energy arises out of desire and ambition. . . . Yet it is this which the higher seeks to perfect in compassion.

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What is Life? He alone knows who centers his consciousness upon the Higher Self. Then only does he contact the real, and see Life as it is, an expression of power, the garment and message of God, the fulfilling of the One Law, joyful, just, pure, proportioned, whole; a means by which the soul becomes acquainted with itself.

It is a sad commentary upon humanity that the "cycle of necessity" is usually considered to be synonymous with "pain" rather than with "joy." It indicates that in general, the ordinary waking consciousness is centered on things of the lower life, and in the light of a true philosophy, the lower life, unlighted by aspiration or compassion, is certainly not worth living; a wild scramble after things which the soul does not want, a frantic effort to avoid the very experiences the soul wishes the personality to have.

But the higher life is certainly worth living. That is apparent even to one who thinks superficially. For the higher life is the life of the soul, the physical body its sacred temple, every function of the body, eating, bathing, sleeping, working, a holy function, the intellect an alert and perfectly disciplined servant. Surely

such a life would place us with those souls who wait upon the gods, nay—we would be gods ourselves, “Children of the Most High.” And there is one spot on God’s green earth today where men and women may do more than simply try to live the life of the soul, but may and do *actually live it*, it is the city of Esotero, at Loma-land.

But how about this jumble, this chaos, that we call life today? Is it worth living, this life of ours, to those of us who yearn to live the Higher Life, and yet are continually dragged away from our ideal by pressure of all kinds, by circumstances, or by the antics of our own undisciplined “senses and organs”?

There is a species of human beings who seem to live in a higher than the ordinary consciousness most of the time. The sign by which we know them is that they are able to discern beauty and order in things and combinations of things which to us appear ugly and chaotic. We call them “artists.”

An artist will take a yard or two of some discolored, torn old rag (perchance a precious remnant of Bayeux tapestry), throw it in a corner with a few dusty junk-shop articles, paint a picture therefrom which may be hung on the line at the Salon, and mayhap be purchased for the Luxembourg. And when we see it we are tempted to go to that artist and say, “Now, my dear fellow, I never supposed a heap of old trumpery could be so beautiful. Is there nothing, then, so ugly that it does not contain possibilities of beauty and of harmony? And how comes it that I failed to see the beauty in this heap of things until your painting revealed it to me?”

And this friend will reply, “Yes, all things are beautiful, if we look a bit below the surface. There are certain laws, as old as the world, by which even the ugliest heap of things may be made to express something diviner, greater than itself. We artists say it depends upon right ‘composition.’ But the proportion, the balance, which the true artist seeks is not that of externals merely, but a *balancing of the inner with the outer*, so that the soul of things may shine through. Has it ever occurred to you that when we want the real thing we turn instinctively to the sculptures of ancient Greece? The Greeks knew their art to be but one expression of the Great Law—the law of cause and effect. The divine inner soul of things is the cause, the sculpture or temple fresco the effect, and the true artist was he who secured the right balance or proportion between these.”

The artist, unconsciously, has found the key to the great problem: given chaos—reduce therefrom harmony. The key is balance, an exact balance between cause and effect, between the inner and the outer.

For life is the great problem and life is the Great Art. To understand it, to see the beauty and joy in it, one must become an artist—and the soul is always an artist. Of this Great Art, sculpture, painting, architecture, music, are but fragments and reflections.

Life is always worth living to one who looks upon it with the perception of the soul. To the artist-soul, life is joy, no matter what outer conditions may be, and the key, by which he may bestow upon the outer the inspiration of the Inner, is

SHILA, the key of harmony in word and act, the key that counterbalances the cause and the effect, and leaves no further room for karmic action.—*Voice of the Silence*

Life is the Great Art, and the "rule of composition" by which a life worthy of the Soul, the real artist, may be fashioned is doubtless the "Lost Canon of Proportion," no longer lost but again, after the lapse of centuries, revealed. It is SHILA, Harmony, absolute balance between cause and effect, between the Inner and the outer, between soul and body.

And that which will give us the will and the insight to grasp this key and use it is *non-attachment to results*. Says the *Bhagavad-Gita*:

Whoever in acting dedicates his actions to the Supreme Spirit and puts aside all selfish interest in their result, is untouched by sin, even as the leaf of the lotus is unaffected by the waters.

Therefore perform thou that which thou hast to do, at all times unmindful of the event; for the man who doeth that which he hath to do, without attachment to the result, obtaineth the Supreme.

From that high stand-point, Karma is no longer a bugbear or even an inconvenience, but a benign process by which the disturbed harmony, the lost proportion in our lives is restored.

Every disappointment, every disagreeable duty of our lives is but the effect of some prior and corresponding cause. If we evade the duty, if we take an anodyne of the sense-pleasure variety, to save ourselves pain or inconvenience, we are adding chaos to chaos. We are refusing to pay our just debts, traitors to our own conscience and to our own soul. Most of us have done this at some time. But did we feel noble and conscience-clear, or did we feel like burglars? And was life worth living then?

It is because we are attached to the results of our actions that Karma, the Law, appears to cruelly drive us through a cycle of necessity. Yet the law is benign, not cruel, and it acts simply that we may learn to balance and proportion every duty, every deed, so exquisitely that the soul may shine through.

The first object of the International Brotherhood League is very significant:

To help men and women to realize the *nobility of their calling* and their true position in life.

Nobility is proportion, symmetry, balance.

Why are the Pyramids noble? Because they were builded by artists, by men who knew the soul wisdom and lived the soul life, who knew the "Lost Canon of Proportion" and used it as their guide.

Why is the *Nike*, the wonderful Flying Victory of Samothrace, beautiful and noble, in spite of the fact that time has ruined its surfaces and left but a trace of its former symmetry as far as externals are concerned? Because it expresses the inner. The *Nike*, headless, without arms, ruined, marred, yet is an inspiration in every line of its marvelous pinions and wind-swept robes. It will be preserved and cherished when the larger part of our modern sculpture—the work of mere technicians—has been consigned to some dust-heap. It is noble because the balance between the soul and the body is exquisite and true, because the soul of the artist and the soul of the race shines through it.

Is it not symbolic of our lives, this ruined *Nike*? Once having breathed the purer air and glimpsed the higher ideal we endeavor to make our lives express it. Then come shocks and disappointments. They threaten to ruin, mar, deform this life of ours which we yearn to make so beautiful. Shall we be discouraged? Shall we weep and whine about our life being “ruined?” Not at all. It may still express the soul, nay, it may express it better, now that some of the frills and ornaments have fallen away.

Let us be grateful for shocks. They try our mettle and wake us up. Let us be grateful for disappointments. They are old debts presented for payment, just the wise Law balancing its accounts. If we meet the account squarely, honestly, thankfully, by just so much are we nearer to that exquisite proportion and symmetry which alone can make possible the artist life, the only life that is worthy of the soul.

If our duties are disagreeable let us analyze a bit. The very same duty would be wholly agreeable to some. Therefore the difficulty cannot lie in the duty but must lie in ourselves. Let us take ourselves in hand, then, and welcome the duty that is ours, performing it with all our might but unconcerned as to the result. There is no more logic in shifting our own duties upon the shoulders of another because they appear to be disagreeable, than there would be in giving away our own children because they happen to be ill-tempered. Let us learn to *like* our duties. A single strong effort of will may accomplish miracles. Then, and only then, will life be worth living, joyful, proportioned, worthy of the artist-soul. Even the apparently useless and hindering things of mental and moral life may serve to awaken our sympathies and to give us a glimpse which, perhaps, otherwise we would not have, into that rich inner world, where the purple and gold abide, and whose Light is Compassion Absolute.

Let us be artists then as our Teachers would have us be. Let us find the center of things, “non-attachment to results.” Only then is perfect balancing of cause and effect possible; only then is it possible for us to put the artist touch into all life and render it beautiful. Let us take refuge in the Soul. Life is worth living then, no matter what may happen to the personality.

Of those who do this one of the World's Helpers has written:

They carry the inspiration into outer life and energize with it their common duties, high and low; gain from it strength for self-sacrifice and thus, bringing the inner into the outer, pouring forth in Deeds that *Wine of Divine Life* of which they have learned to partake, they achieve, little by little, the harmony of perfect life.

Thoughts on *the* Study of History

by E. V.



D ID someone say, "History! how dry! How uninteresting!" Do you think so? Many modern students take up history from an altogether dull and fragmentary, because too superficial, standpoint. Begin with the life history of any particular individual. Take your notebook and put down the details of his birth, parentage, education, marriage, social and political career and finally of his death. What do you know then about the *man*?

Study his public speeches, his writings and the opinions of his contemporaries about him, and then possibly you may have arrived at some faint idea of the man, his vices and his virtues, his aims, his triumphs, his disappointments. But even then do not for one moment imagine that you have begun to enter the outer fringe of the real history of the man you are attempting to study. Hardly in one case out of a thousand do you find that the mask which covered the real man within, has had even one little corner lifted. Why is this?

Is it not because we all live two lives, an inner real one, and also an outer one, which is but an appearance—the sum of the effects of the causes which lie hidden beneath? And so the canker of disappointment lies behind apparent joy, and a hidden relief is shut in by an outward show of sorrow. The triumph of success is marred by more than a suspicion of its own inherent worthlessness, while the loss of all may bring a peace which is a revelation.

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Human nature is so constituted that as now, so in the past, each day has brought to every man its own drama of events to occupy the attention. No one knows about this but each man for himself. He may have parents, brothers, children, friends, but they know him not. All they can see are a few outward effects produced by a continuous play of inward causes.

Where then does a man live his life? What are his purposes, his ideals? For what is he working? What thoughts come into his mind from his first waking moment, till his eyes and his mind close in sleep? What impulses flow over him leading him to think and act in certain ways? How does he deal with those impulses? Answer me these questions and you will know a man's life, and be able to form an idea of his real history. You will be able to judge from *your standpoint* of the part played by the real actor in the drama. You will, however, only be able to form an opinion about the man, when you imagine yourself placed in the position of the man whom you are studying. You have to remember that there may have been problems in the man's life which you cannot understand, because in the evolution of your own character such problems have not yet come to you.

* * *

In studying great historical characters, we find that each of these men is only a type of many. In some degree our comprehension of a man depends upon our understanding of contemporaneous people and events. We cannot safely judge of a man's real character and influence by his speeches and writings. He may have been merely a mouthpiece for persons of stronger mold, or of the conditions of life about him.

Bearing these things in mind we can form a clear idea about the life history of the great men of the past, whether great for good or evil.

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The real life of every man finally produces some net result by which experience has been given and gained. Any result short of the living Truth, which we will all know ultimately, is but a step in a long series of revelations. All are on the ladder, somewhere. The misfortune is, and has been for many centuries, that men are so blind as to continuously imagine, life after life, that the rung of the ladder upon which they stand is the last of the series. They do not see the one above them or the one below them. Nevertheless, the one they are on doesn't suit them. Finally the revelation comes, perhaps towards the end of life, and one object of their life is attained. They see the next step. They come to the conclusion that they have "paid too much for their whistle," as Poor Richard says. The fallen monarch who spent the last years of his life in looking from the cliffs of St. Helena, across the "sad and silent sea," is only one of many such. There are very, very few who can say (even under a delusion), as Admiral Nelson did, just before he died, "Thank God I have done my duty." We may surely do our best now, knowing that we might have done better in the past, without worrying about it; and if we have really learned our lesson, we are neither ashamed nor proud of that which we have learned.

It is a remarkable fact that even among those whose lives are molded on lines of self-glorification, self-indulgence, love of wealth, and disregard of human happiness or welfare, there is the innate conviction of the greatness of self-sacrifice. Any man who has distinguished himself by his devotion to others, *commands by right* the respect and admiration of the most thoughtless of mankind. And although oftentimes too late, he always gets it, even from those apparently least likely or worthy to follow in his steps.

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Passing now from the life history of individuals to that of nations, we shall find the same general principles hold good. If undertaken in the right way, this study is one of the most fertile fields in which the student of human nature may cull the flowers of wisdom. Regarded as a storehouse of bare facts and historical dates, it is like the stage of an empty theatre unlighted by living drama. But when we come to look at it from the true standpoint of human evolution, it becomes illuminated by lessons of the deepest meaning.

Hitherto but few historians have grasped the inner meaning of the trend of the stories they had to tell. They have not recognized that back of a particular series of events stood always the great drama of human life in its wide sweep of the ages. They have not seen that the history of any particular nation or individual was always but a part of a great whole, coming out of the unknown and mighty past, and rushing onward towards a mightier future. Excess of unreliable, disputed and petty detail has too often diminished the force of the real truths to be detailed, or the clearness of the lessons to be derived.

Further than this, the real facts of many most critical and important historical periods have been wilfully and malignantly distorted by unscrupulous historians (chiefly clerical), with the object of misleading future generations into an unmerited faith in false and ambitious leaders.

Looked at from the broadest standpoint, true history is now, always has been and ever will be, the story of the eternal struggle between good and evil. The right knowledge of the lessons of the past if they could be unfolded, would go a long way towards making the nations of the earth wise unto salvation.

To see the drift of these lessons it is obviously of more importance that we should know the peoples of the past as they were, their methods of government, their social life, their religion, their arts, their sciences, than that we should be able to define the exact year of any particular occurrence or the precise route of a particular invasion. It is better for us to know and realize the human characters as they come down to us over the ages, with their loves and their hates, their ambitions, their ideals and their philosophies, than to waste our energies over petty details. Many historians prefer to burrow like moles, rather than take the comprehensive view of the eagle.

Regarded in this way history is all one. It is the same story over and over again, repeated in the race, the nation and the individual. There is ever the pursuit of an idea—the same realization of failure—the same stepping forward for new effort. Could we see closely the underlying current of soul experience we should recognize that in every attempt some ground had been gained, some experience wrought out which, then and for all time forward remained as a permanent asset in the character of the individual, nation or race.

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There is an aspect of recorded history which few historians have noticed sufficiently to draw from it the self-evident and logical conclusion. The progress of human civilization has followed the course of the sun from East to West. All the records which together assembled from the body of modern accepted history, will bear this out, dealing as they do with that portion of humanity which we call the Aryan race. Learned men differ about what spot upon the earth's surface was the cradle of this race, but most agree that the race was formed from those saved from the downfall of the previous race, which destroyed itself by its lapse from those principles of eternal harmony and justice which alone can give enduring existence. This previous race was the Atlanteans, and the remains of it are found in China to the present day.

The discoveries of modern explorers are now showing more and more conclusively with surprising unanimity, that in every portion of the globe buried beneath the soil, and in cave and mound and rock-built temple, engraven in the hills and strewn over the plains—are the wonderful remains of previous mighty civilizations of which no other record exists. The conclusion is irresistible, that as now, so ages ago, far back in the night of time, the tide of humanity has swept around the globe, wave on wave. The records of these previous hoary civilizations await the unravelment which will come with our increasing intelligence and the extension of our powers of discovery.

Returning, however, to the Aryans, the successive empires which have followed each other are matters of record. Egypt, India, Babylon, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, Carthage have arisen successively and are no more. In later centuries, through the dark times of mental night and spiritual darkness, one by one the nations of Europe have dominated the known eastern world. The Papal dominions—Germany, Spain, Holland, France, Britain—have in turn swayed its destinies.

Looking back upon these events, as they marshal themselves before us like a panorama on the screen of time, we cannot fail to observe that the downfall of each dominant nation has come from the same causes which led to the destruction of the Atlanteans. In every case the simple, natural life of the pioneers has

given place to the arrogance of power, the destructive effects of luxury and evil, the disintegration and demoralization which flow from vice and self-indulgence, sapping the foundations of national life. Then have arisen the pioneers who have gone forth westward to found the new commonwealth.

Thus all history points out the future and the mission of the United States. Therein are gathered from all time the pioneers of humanity on the top of the wave of the coming civilization. Already the nations of Europe have become afraid of they know not what.

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There is no need for fear. The Constitution of the United States is of such a character that no desolating wars will ever be waged by it for the destruction or enslavement of mankind. Human progress cannot be stopped, nor can the world's eternal ways be hindered. Hitherto no wars of conquest have darkened the annals of the great republic. We have confidence that such can never be waged. Lawful warfare has hitherto been engaged in only to free its sons from unlawful oppression, or to extend the helping hand of human brotherhood to the oppressed of other nations. If such omen for the future be adhered to, the Twentieth century will see the flowering of a new empire founded not upon might against right, but by good against evil. And so the Aryan race approaches the time of its greatest glory.

And now, whilst the tide of human advancement flows westward, all eyes are turned to the Pacific Coast as the furthest point of the new order of things. Those who have recently journeyed thither have been amazed at the signs of development to be seen everywhere.

More than this. Within the last few years has been founded out there on the extreme Southwest, a new educational institution wherein are being educated the seeds of a new and more perfect race of men. In the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, under the wise Leadership of Katherine Tingley, are being trained a body of boys and girls, upon lines so marvelous in their results, that all who have seen them cannot fail to perceive the dawn of a new day.

And so in these days of crisis in international affairs, when all the world hangs expectant in the balance, when creeds are crumbling and ancient institutions and time-worn systems are tottering to a fall, that the glorious sunlight may freshen their dark places and fructify therein the seeds of the future—in these days of transition—the future is being provided for. As in the past, so now, the pioneers—perhaps the *same* pioneers, as of old—are out westward. It is the apotheosis of the Aryan Race—the promise of Universal Brotherhood.

The Molding of Destiny

by J. H.



ONE of the grandest words in the universe is Man! One of the most glorious conceptions is man as he should be! But the name and the conception have alike suffered the degradation these generations have seen fit to bestow upon all sacred mysteries. Not so was it with the ancients, and in our own day there are still they who have carried down the inward memory of its true meaning from past ages. To them the real man is indeed the Thinker, the Soul, a center of divine force manifesting in the outward world his own inward being, according to the power he has gained over the universe in which he dwells. For man the thinker creates his own universe, and it is bright, full, boundless and free in proportion to the power he has of realizing in the outer the true glories of the inner world, the Soul which he is.

“What a man thinks that he becomes,” is a key to the power which he possesses to mold his destiny.

Man holds, in that which constitutes him man, the power of thought, an instrument or faculty by means of which he accomplishes this end. He holds his future in his own hands. Today he is what he is because he has lost the secret of life, the knowledge that he is a divine being, with all the powers of a divinity to create a new heaven and a new earth.

This truth however is not lost to the world; through untold ages it has been handed down, concealed in symbol, glyph, allegory, tradition, from the enemies of human progress which ever war against it. It is at the root of all religions, and from the holy of holies, the temple of the heart, always to the attentive ear rings out the cry, “Arise! put on thy strength, seize thy immortality!—Man, know thyself!”

No knowledge is real until we have made it a part of our own lives. To know a truth, we have to become it. Only the merciful man knows mercy—only the hero knows strength. To know freedom one must become free, and to know soul and soul life man must put away the erroneous and misleading doctrine that he *has* a soul, a misty something somewhere, and realize that he *is* a soul, live in the knowledge of that, and act accordingly. When man once sets out to this end there will be no necessity to look forward to a heavenly kingdom in the far-off future, for that kingdom will then have come for him upon earth.

Full well the great Teachers of old knew that this could not be accomplished without a struggle, full well the faithful disciple realized that unless he conquered his lower nature and bent his whole will to the effort the result would

be failure ; for from the moment he determined with earnest resolve to know himself and seize on the living and immortal fire, his mind and his whole being would become a battle field whereon he must meet the contending foes of good and evil and fight out the battle until in his divine nature he shall stand victorious.

So it is the Soul Man who has the power to consciously direct and mold his destiny, to direct and mold it through Thought—the Power of Thought is one of the mightiest in the universe, and perhaps one of the least understood.

In the trained will and imagination, the outcome of which is strong, vivid, intense thought, man possesses a power he as yet hardly realizes. Even from the ordinary mind every thought is a living impulse sent out into the world to work for weal or woe. Every time man thinks he creates on the mental plane a center of force clothed by the imagination and vivified by the will concentrated upon it. Since man has lost sight of this fact—the living substantiality of thought and thoughts—his creations have become in many instances vague, shadowy, almost lifeless and calculated to do very little, but generally confuse and obstruct the course of soul evolution; but in the man who possesses knowledge, thought becomes a more positive help or danger. For as in him the life impulse is working with greater strength, so his thought creations, partaking of his life essence, become greater powers for the degradation or uplifting of humanity. So therefore malicious or careless thinking is as much a crime against our brother as is the evil or careless use of poisons, or the careless spread of disease.

The outward manifestation of each man, his surrounding circumstances, capacity for work, his power for good or evil, his position in the social, intellectual and moral world, his failures and successes, and the impressions he makes upon the world in each succeeding incarnation, are but the outward expressions of the Inner man, and his thoughts.

Only what a man lives for, that he gains. He who fearlessly demands at all costs a large and grand Spiritual Life and raises his mental attitude to the height of his ideal and by persistently living in that, will assuredly command it, and endow it with life and strength sufficient to secure in all its glory its ultimate fulfillment in the physical world. And as his ideal grows in beauty and grandeur, so the outer appearance will grow with it. So attempt the impossible, see it as a complete success—and succeed, this is possible for all, for man is himself that immutable, invincible power which carves out his own destiny.

A Step in the Right Direction

by a Student



IN spite of the evil and corruption of which, to judge by the daily newspaper, the world seems very full, there are many signs which point to the fact that true compassion is coming into the hearts of men and cruelty is going out. A "Boys' Humane Society" has recently been started in Wisconsin. The members, even those who had formerly been experts in the use of the sling-shot, are all staunch defenders of birds and beasts and are really doing police work in tracing out and in relieving cases of suffering. At every club meeting there are reports of "accident cases," crippled birds, torn or destroyed nests, injured dogs, abused horses, etc. In ministering to injured birds, these boys have learned so much of bird life that a warm comradeship has sprung up between the boys and their little feathered "brothers of the air," which has doomed the deadly sling shot to oblivion. Several birds were found suffering from broken wings. These were treated until they were cured and then, when able to fly, set at liberty again. Says one of the Milwaukee papers:

A report came in at one of the meetings that some boys were robbing the sand swallow's nest in a sand bank. A committee was appointed to wait upon the offenders and reform them. The bluejay, which has been the last to graduate from the hospital had a copper ring put around its leg and was placed in Humboldt Park, Sunday. The jay was deemed exceedingly smart and the park will be visited next Sunday to see if it can be found again. It was first picked up an orphan by the boys. Now that it has been given its liberty a policeman in the park has been commissioned to look after it.

And these boys are sturdy, healthy, active. They can box and run and play foot-ball. They will be quite equal to striking heavy blows in defense of those who are too weak to defend themselves, if ever the necessity arises. Surely there is something broader and deeper than *some* creeds!

We read in a newspaper published about the same time of how the members of a certain Young Men's Christian Association have been enjoying themselves shooting rabbits! And their leader in this sport was, it is reported, their Sunday-school teacher. What an insult to that Christ whom they profess to follow! What curious incongruity between the lives of these young men and the compassionate life of Jesus, in whom they profess to believe!

What Is "The Grip"? by H. T. E.

THIS question is asked in the medical papers and answered vaguely and inconclusively by disquisitions on bacteria and other mere symptoms and observed effects. The essence of the malady is not even guessed at.

But we find no difficulty in finding an answer that fits the problem in general, and leaves the details aside as of secondary importance. When we find an epidemic devastating civilized humanity universally and year after year without ceasing, it is not hard to see that it is because the conditions of civilized life are becoming impossible. The laws of health have been neglected and abused to such an extent that life is no longer possible under the conditions. Nature turns the abuse into a drastic remedy by purging out the impure life from the mass; and if conditions continue as they are, we may be visited again by a destroying angel like that of the Black Death which destroyed half of Europe in the Middle Ages.

The palliatives which doctors discover are absolutely useless against the real danger; for, when efficacious at all, they merely drive disease into fresh quarters and still more intractable forms. So long as the causes remain, cures cannot be effected any more than the dent can be removed from a rubber ball by squeezing it about. Everything points alike to the need of establishing the nucleus of a healthy life such as ours at Loma-land.

Scythe Song

by ANDREW LANG

MOWERS, weary and brown, and blithe,
 What is the word, methinks ye know,
 Endless over-word that the Scythe
 Sings to the blades of the grass below?
 Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
 Something, still, they say as they pass;
 What is the word that, over and over,
 Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?
 Hush, ah hush, the scythes are saying,
 Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
 Hush, they say to the grasses swaying;
 Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
 Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
 Hush, and heed not, for all things pass;
 Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
 Over the clover, over the grass!—*Selected*

Electricity---Latest Scientific Generalization

by H. T. E.

FROM the *Literary Digest* we cull some extracts from the *Electrical Review* on electricity. The writer points out that electricity has assumed such a primacy in scientific thought that it is becoming the basis of the very latest and most sweeping generalization of phenomena. At one time it was sought to find a mechanical explanation of electricity, but now scientists are seeking rather an electrical explanation of mechanics. It would seem as if, in electricity, they had found the actual life-principle of the mineral or inorganic world, of which principle all the other phenomena are but manifestations.

Already tentative theories have been timidly advanced looking to the suggestion that mass, that apparently cardinal attribute of matter, is after all an electrical phenomenon, and that even gravitation may fall measurably within the category of electrical manifestations.

The writer admits that,

Perhaps by this substitution of one mystery for another we have not advanced so far as we might naturally be led to think.

But adds in a more hopeful strain,

With every addition to our knowledge we come closer to the great and final generalization which shall open for us the door to the inner sanctum of the universe.

It is true that we cannot yet define what electricity is, nor, for that matter, can we define anything in absolute terms. We do not yet know even what is the nature of matter or of force, or of the all-surrounding ether. But every new step that is not founded upon a false conception leads us inevitably nearer to the truth, and nearer to that final understanding which no man of science can fail to feel is the ultimate heritage of the race. The older idea that Nature itself was an insoluble problem and that the mystery of the universe was one that no man could ever unfold is passing away, and recent research has done much to show that we may hope in the end to know the real and ultimate reasons of things—the actual logic of cause and effect.

That “final generalization” can surely be no other than the familiar God, Brahm, Unknowable, or whatever it may be called, under some new name perhaps, but in all other respects the same.

Scientists may pursue their studies in two ways: (1) they may probe the phenomena of Nature with lens and scalpel; (2) they may classify abstractions and juggle with imaginary conceptions. In the former case it will not be long be-

fore they will find that they have passed beyond the prescribed limits of modern science and gotten over into the domains of psychology, for the life-principle which they are studying is the bridge between mind and the vestures of mind (the body). Phenomena will be found to have lost their wonted immutability and to vary with the temperament of each investigator and with his moods. In short, the phenomena will merge into the psychological. But if it is to be merely a question of "generalizations" and categories and formulæ, then let them know that generalizations can be made without end. Ever since the beginnings of speculation men have generalized and formulated, and the number of possible theories of the universe is measured only by the variety of the intellects that elaborate them.

The "final understanding" is the understanding of one's own nature—that is what all science resolves itself into. The phenomena of physics and chemistry are percepts, and their real knowledge involves a knowledge of the senses, hence of the mind, hence of the soul. The despised ancients knew this well enough.

But the proviso, "not founded upon a false conception," neutralizes the whole argument. For the "new steps" of science *are* founded upon a false conception—the conception that abstractions have a real existence, or, as Stallo calls it, "the reification of concepts." Hence, instead of getting to a final understanding by that road, the scientists will get to a logical and metaphysical confusion more confounded than that which they are already in.

Already the atomic theory of Dalton, the foundation of what has been regarded as chemical science, is shaking.

And will not the newer theories share the same fate? Will not modern science, by that laborious process of investigation which consists in framing and rejecting theory after theory, at last reach the same conclusions as the ancients? Truth is "not this, not this," and so on, until we find ourselves back at the old maxim, "Man, know—THYSELF!"

P. S.—On electricity, see *The Secret Doctrine*, where it is spoken of as a conscious entity, carrying out the plans of the divine mind.

LET us have faith that right is might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—LINCOLN

THE truest test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops, but the kind of men the country turns out.—EMERSON

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



I have recently read an article on the glories of past civilizations, such as those of Egypt and Greece, which deplored their disappearance and speculated as to whether our civilization would share the same fate. The whole tone of the article was pessimistic and seemed to suggest a failure and lack of purpose in the plan of the universe. Can you throw a brighter light on this subject?

MOST certainly: for the teachings of Theosophy are plain common-sense and never fail to make clear the problems which the limited views of modern culture have created.

In the first place, we should realize that modern science takes so extremely limited a view of the universe and of human life that it is impossible for anyone to trace within such narrow limits the unity and coherence of the great plan. But Theosophy so enlarges the field of view that the adjustment of the various parts can be readily traced, causes found for effects, and effects matched with causes.

The disappearance of great and noble races from the earth is only for a period. Theosophy recognizes the "Law of Cycles" in nature, and applies on the large scale that principle which, on the small scale, we see in the succession of day and night and of the seasons. Our present materialistic and ugly civilization marks the trough of one of these cyclic waves, and it will surely be succeeded by another period of exalted idealism and of beauty and nobility in life.

Nor does this return of cycles imply a mere vain repetition; for we are taught, both by our teachers and by analogy, that the *spiral* is a form that symbolizes the course of time more fully than does the circle. Each return of glory and light to the world is on a grander scale than before; and we shall witness not only the return of the power and wisdom that has been, but also an added luster due to the fruitage of the experience which humanity will have gained in the meantime.

Reincarnation fits in perfectly with this law of cycles, just as the various threads in a complex woven fabric fit in with each other. For, viewing the matter first compositely, we see that races as a whole must follow the general law of rebirth and reappear again upon earth; and, viewing the matter in detail, we see that individuals too will return, their separate destinies being interwoven with the larger destinies of the races they compose.

What becomes of the races and of the individuals in the meantime is a question the answer to which may be sought partly in study of the writings of H. P.

Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, and partly in the intelligence of the student. Perhaps they incarnate in the darker cycles for the purpose of taking on a greater burden of the experience which a materialistic life can give, and thus of emerging to a stronger prowess in the bright cycles. Perhaps there are other worlds than this one little world, where souls can pass through higher experiences than here.

H. T. E.

I have heard it said that Theosophists often draw a marked distinction between sentiment and feeling. Can you give any sort of definition that will make the distinction clear? Of course I know that sentiment easily *runs into* "gush," but *need* it do so?

Strictly, of course, *sentiment* and *feeling* should be synonymous; but of late years a process of degradation has set in. *Sentimentality* tends to mean the same as *gush*; *sentiment* the same as *sentimentality*; and *feeling* the same as *sentiment*. The words are following each other down hill. *Are not the states which they represent, in modern life doing the same?*

Now Theosophists are trying to rescue *feeling*—both word and thing—from this. *Feeling* builds, ennobles, deepens, strengthens character, and *leads to action*; *sentiment* trifles it away, wastes the life essence, and does not lead to action. It is the maudlin imitation of feeling. *Feeling* is not likely to have or require any other expression than action. Its tears are few; its words few and strong. The tears and words of *sentiment* are copious. It is inconstant; its atmosphere is idleness; it is self-conscious, poses, needs witnesses and auditors; and, when its possessor is struck by misfortune or even merely made uncomfortable, or has his vanity wounded, vanishes.

C.

Why is so much importance laid upon the right doing of the small things of life? I can understand their importance to the individual, but in what way can they affect the Universal Brotherhood Movement?

Do we know what are the small things of life? If we were able to trace the great events of history backward to their earliest causes we should find that they originated in every case with the smallest beginnings, with causes which at the time we should have pronounced to be insignificant. The greatest changes in our own lives have all had similar beginnings, they have been born from some small thing. If we believe that there is a universal law throughout the universe we must admit that the insignificant beginnings are as much under the intelligent control of that law as are the weightier results. The highest power is said to be the ability to do the right thing at the right time, to foresee the great results

which will spring from the small commencement, and even though we may lack this power of foresight we can at any rate see to it that the great plans of our Leader and Teacher are not frustrated by our failure to rightly perform some small act because it may seem to us to be insignificant. By such failure we may well earn a Karmic debt which it will take long to pay.

It is moreover obvious that the habit of right action can only be acquired by an added attention to the daily life, and by a studied regulation of the countless acts and thoughts of which the daily life is composed. S. C.

Do you believe that we are subject to a Law of Predestination? Please give reasons for your answer.

This question was asked at one of the monthly meetings held by the Universal Brotherhood at San Quentin Prison, California. These meetings are always attended by a large number of the inmates of the prison. The program consists usually of reading, singing and short addresses by the members of the Universal Brotherhood, who go over to conduct the meetings, and nearly always a large number of questions are asked, being written down on slips of paper and handed to the Chairman.

Most emphatically we do not believe in predestination in the sense in which the word is ordinarily used. We believe in the ultimate freedom of the Will, because without such freedom there can be no supreme Law of absolute justice, and in the absence of such Law there can be neither philosophy nor religion. It must, however, be remembered that Law and Justice are dependent upon the perfect working of Cause and Effect. The causes which are set in motion by the free exercise of the Will must exhaust themselves before a balance can be again obtained, but that balance can be enormously hastened by our mental attitude in learning the lessons which are brought to us by our experiences.

To take an every-day illustration, a man may become diseased by over indulgence in eating and drinking. The disease is the natural and just result of his perverted appetite and therefore cannot be avoided. If he recognizes his error and amends it, he will set into operation causes that will remove the disease. If on the other hand he persists in such over indulgence, the diseased condition will be aggravated until finally the ill-treated body will be destroyed. The excessive eating or drinking was at one time or another easily controllable by the Will, but the causes having been set in motion the results must follow, and the causes may have been generated in the past life and thus have produced *the character with which we were born*.

The same law operates even to a greater extent in the moral world. Our errors are in every case the consequences of the thought habits which we have allowed to dominate us, and which must sooner or later result in material acts. These thoughts are always controllable by our free will, and so long

as we permit ourselves to entertain them they must sooner or later culminate in action, and these must have their results in pain or joy. It is only a question of going far enough back to find the operation of free will in the choice of the path. If that path is a painful one, although we cannot escape the results of our past acts, and although the smart of experience may still linger for awhile, yet, wherever we may be, we can begin to take a new attitude of mind and we can sow new seeds of thought and act which will result in new opportunities to live a life that shall benefit all men and bring happiness to others as well as to ourselves. We shall find, too, that even the present pain will largely disappear as we learn to look down upon it from a position of control over our lower nature and comprehension of the laws of our being. In this way every man becomes the arbiter of his own destinies. He can act with the law or against it. He can earn joy or pain.

S. C.

Mirror of the Movement



The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine

We have received advance sheets of this most important work, which will almost immediately be in the hands of our readers. It is a most sumptuously and tastefully gotten up book of 350 pages, printed in large type on the best of paper; and the illustrations, consisting of photo reproductions and of symbolical drawings by Machell, are exquisite in finish and beauty.

The contents form a perfect mine of valuable teaching and useful information, such as has never before been collected in so compact and handy a form; and enquirers will now have a ready means of gaining reliable instruction on any point, whether of teachings or of history connected with our work.

Not the least important feature is the chapter on Reincarnation, that forgotten key which unlocks the perplexing problems of life and banishes forever the fear of death and useless sorrow for those departed.

This grand teaching is not made abstruse by learned terminology, but shown to be the simple and obvious truth that it really is; while the collateral subjects treated in other chapters demonstrate how Reincarnation fits naturally into the general scheme.

Of great value also is the chapter on "The Lost Chord in Modern Civilization," which most clearly and comprehensively describes the great lack of modern life as compared with ancient; and the chronological tables giving the true past history of our Movement.

**Katherine Tingley
addresses another
crowded house at
Isis Theatre,
San Diego**

The chief event of the month has been the magnificent address given by the Leader and Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood on Sunday, August 10, to an immense audience which packed every corner of the Isis Theatre. A large number of persons were turned away for want of space. The theatre was decorated with exquisite taste by Mrs. Walter Hanson, one of the students of the Isis Conservatory of Music and Drama, and her skilful corps of assistants. A group of the Raja Yoga children's choir opened the proceedings by singing several of their new songs with great sweetness and feeling, to the delight of the attentive listeners. When the Leader appeared she was received with most enthusiastic applause, and the sympathy of all was plainly shown for the necessity under which she still labors, of having to use crutches while walking or standing.

Her address, "The Broader View of Duty," was unanimously considered to be one of her finest efforts and was warmly received throughout. A few of the more important passages are as follows :

"I believe that the great divine voice of humanity is attempting to attract one's vision to the grander life, to take one out into a broader scope, a broader vision that one may dream for a while, if only for an hour, of a power so grand that all one has to do is to break down the mental limitations that have been born in one, ingrained in the heart all the way along. . . . Can we really, as people who have constantly talked of freedom, who have lived under the flag of freedom, who have a constitution that is made of granite, sealed by the blood of men who loved freedom, can we really love freedom? Can we really love freedom? Are we really free ourselves? Can we teach freedom to our children until we are free? Can we stand up god-like in all the dignity of our liberty and be warriors of freedom until we have dared to protest against all that impedes the progress of humanity and in that protest to declare the right to think and act for ourselves? . . . One cannot be in touch with humanity, one cannot be willing to serve humanity and then commence working without having strength added to his efforts, without feeling the clasp of that divine hand which is invisible, but which is nevertheless an overruling power in the universe. If it were not so we should be living in chaos. . . .

"These poor clergymen are so hemmed in that they do not dare to tell what is in their hearts, for there are many noble men among them who have taken up this vocation and now have found out their mistake, and they have not the courage to do what some have done, they have not the courage to be labeled heretic, they have not the courage to be unpopular, they have not the courage to know that if they are persecuted they are given the key to open the door of some of the great truths of human life. Now a very narrow-minded person might say that Katherine Tingley is known as an enemy of the clergy and that she is always attacking the churches. I protest against such a statement as that. I attack a certain class of clergy who threw down the glove by declaring that the Theosophists on the hill were pagans and that they worshiped idols, and who when they were asked to step down and out and meet us in fair debate in this theatre remained silent. . . . It will be my mission to try to rescue Christ. . . . I declare to you that there is no power in the land which can silence my voice. The only power which can do that will be death, and I

believe that I have the key to life, and I propose to go out and to use money and time and energy to liberate—to tear away the veils, to open closed doors in every church in the land where there is a hypocrite in the pulpit. . . . So while I am working all the time I have a broader view of my duty all the time. I am going to work more, and not until I see every seat here empty shall I cease speaking to the people. Now my hope is—and this is nothing new—that the children, our children, the children of today, are to be the Saviors of the world. I know that the truth is cradled in their hearts. Believing in Reincarnation as I do I know that they have returned, that they have come into this life with the sorrows of the ages. Take little children in their quiet moments and watch them. Look into their eyes and tell me if you cannot find more truth in those innocent eyes than in all the sermons you have ever heard!

“Now I speak very strongly, but I hold that just as far as we limit their knowledge—just as far as we hem them in mentally with such teaching as I have referred to—just so far are we committing crimes, C-R-I-M-E-S, crimes! And I hold that in your city there is money enough and that there is energy enough, and that there is intelligence enough to enable you, the citizens of San Diego, to do a unique work and to establish such a work in your town, in one of your churches. Take a church, buy it, coax the pastor away to a higher salary, buy his church, for no other building will do, and then dedicate it to humanity and let the children come in and do their work, and it will not be very long before you find the children have got a true platform. A pulpit is too high, too small for your Twentieth Century. There must be no such gap between the preacher and the people, and I give you my word, and there are some who know that I speak the truth, that if you will take one hundred children and place them in an institution such as I have referred to and find teachers who absolutely love children—and I don’t mean sentimental love, I mean real love—and simply teach them the arts, the sciences, the higher education, and music, that you will see a wonderful thing in your midst. . . . You will have a better idea of what Christ meant when he said, “Be ye as little children.” The Christos is in us all, every day we live, and unless we are doing our duty every moment, unless we are conscious of this divine power, we are losing our way just a little; but broaden the path for the children, strew that path with flowers of truth, stand in protest against any act or thought that will impede their progress and this town shall be like heaven. The kingdom of heaven will be here. . . . Maybe I shall live long enough to see some one take up this idea, but to show you how strongly in earnest I am, I will head a list for \$5,000 the moment the citizens of the town can place \$10,000 for that purpose, and I assure you that in less than a year you will be able to buy two or three churches in this town for less than I speak of; and let that stand as a prophecy. . . .

“John Wesley said, ‘No more opinions. I am done with opinions. I want work,’ and this is what humanity is crying for. Away with mere opinions and every sort of teaching that is not practical and cannot be applied to human life at all times. To make San Diego a great center of education, to have all the people united like one great family, to have every man honest and every woman true—is that too much to hope for, is it too much to work for?”

A New Architecture Arising

With the rapid increase in the number of new group homes and other houses at Loma-land, the strikingly beautiful and original system of architectural design which the Leader has been quietly working out is becoming apparent. Already the cluster of buildings as seen from the heights near the cornerstone of the S. R. L. M. A. presents a unity of composition as pleasing as original. The pure white sanded walls, the wide verandas, the quaint windows—many placed in unusual and effective positions—and, above all, the harmonious curves of the green-tinted, sweeping roofs, on the crest of each of which a light and graceful turret rests, from which at night a brilliant light shines out, all combine to give an air of distinction utterly foreign to what is called, by courtesy, the architecture of today. No two of the houses are exactly alike in any respect, there is no monotony, but the general effect is that a master mind has supervised the whole and is working out a great plan. Esotero will indeed be an ideally beautiful city, realizing the half-expressed visions of poets and artists.

Photographic views, however well taken, cannot give the real charm of the structures at Loma-land, for so much depends upon the color, and the fact, not sufficiently recognized by architects, that a rightly designed building should fit into and be seen amid its own local surroundings. At Loma-land the houses seem to be a part of the landscape, they have apparently grown naturally out of the hillside and, instead of being eyesores, actually add to and help the beauty of the scene!

* * *

Housewarming

A delightful "housewarming" took place on July 17th, when the Leader and as many of the students as could be accommodated, spent the evening with the campers in pleasant social intercourse. The social evenings at Camp Karnak House have since become quite a noteworthy feature in the life on the Hill, and are a source of much enjoyment to the students and our guests. The method of life of the students who occupy the house is extremely simple, the friction of domestic labor being reduced to a minimum by the convenience of the appointments, whereby much more time is left free for the endless activities always in operation.

* * *

Hillside and Garden

The unusual showers that recently fell have produced a marked effect upon the vegetation and reduced the need of watering to a minimum. Wild flowers, whose glory was departing, took a new lease of life under the refreshing moisture, and the cliffs and canyons are still decked with more blossoms than is usual so late in the season. But soon the accustomed sunshine returned and now there seems no likelihood of further rains until "winter." A large number of the graceful Acacia-like pepper trees, which flourish so well in this climate, have just been planted along the Sacred Way, from the Homestead to the Greek Gate of the grounds of the School of Antiquity. As they grow tall very quickly, these handsome trees will soon form a magnificent avenue leading to the great Temple, and as the many palm trees growing in the Homestead grounds increase in height, they begin to give a distinctly Egyptian or Oriental impression to the scene.

Under the stimulation of regular watering the great bed of *Yerba Santas*, those handsome, fragrant shrubs so characteristic of this part, which was recently planted around the upper part of the Amphitheatre, is developing remarkably and showing some new features of great beauty, owing to the care the plants are now receiving, and to which, when growing wild, they were not accustomed.

* * *

**Camp Karnak
at Home**

The members of the Literary staff of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, who have been encamping at Camp Karnak for some time, took up their residence on July 17th in their beautiful new Group Home which has just been erected from the design and under the direction of Katherine Tingley. This house is perfectly unique in design, extremely convenient for study and residence and most picturesque, within and without. It is situated close to the Amphitheatre amid a grove of scented eucalyptus trees, and overlooks the Pacific Ocean, lying four hundred feet below. Creeping vines are being trained up the pillars of the veranda, and surmounting the dormered, gracefully-pitched roof, is a quaint little turret in which a brilliant light shines all night. A terraced garden is being constructed all round the house. The members of the "Camp" have separate rooms opening upon three sides of a large study and work room, and by a simple arrangement of blinds in place of solid paneling, all the rooms can be practically thrown into one large and airy hall. Little decoration has been attempted within or without, as the nature of the construction has provided all that is needed for picturesqueness; but a few mottoes, such as "A New Order of Ages," "There is No Religion Higher Than Truth," have been introduced in suitable places.

* * *

**Pacific
Coast Congress**

Just as we are going to press the delegates from the Pacific Coast Lodges of The Universal Brotherhood are holding a most successful and largely-attended Congress at Loma-land, which the Leader had arranged early in the Summer. As soon as the students at the Homestead heard of the coming event they looked forward to this auspicious re-union with keen anticipation and busy preparations were rapidly made. The visitors are camping in large and comfortable tents in a lovely spot near the grounds of the School of Antiquity. The weather is perfect and the surroundings and arrangements ideal in every way. An extremely interesting and instructive program was arranged for the week of Congress, and the Comrades all declare they will return to their Lodges with a much clearer idea of the magnitude of the work and the astonishing developments of the Leader's plans at this great Center, than can be given by any written description, however faithful. Then there is the "feel" of the place, the pure, unselfish mental atmosphere of the whole Institution evoked by the aspiration of the volunteer students, and above all by the inspiring presence of the Leader, ever working her hardest for the benefit of humanity in countless ways. The beauty of the scenery, the charm of the unique white buildings of the Homestead and Aryan Temple, the exquisite natural setting, the dignity and remarkable potentialities of the great Amphitheatre, the elegance and novel design of the new Group Homes and

the many other objects of interest, combined with the devoted work being carried on here, produce an impression upon those who have "eyes to see," that is almost overwhelming. So say all the earnest Comrades who come here, and, as our esteemed brother, F. J. Dick said, before returning to his duty in Dublin, "It is impossible to understand the vastness and far-reaching nature of the work of Katherine Tingley, without actually coming into close touch with the Center. As all the members of The Universal Brotherhood throughout the world realize the truth more and more fully, they will see that the New Order of the Ages has indeed begun." To have established the Raja Yoga School is itself alone worth all the persecution, the suffering and the efforts of the past, for, as a visitor, a prominent professional man, after very closely studying the methods of the Leader and the children, remarked lately: "These young people have already got what we are spending our lives trying for—self-control, equipoise and concentration. Each one knows his own base, and works from it in perfect harmony with the others. They waste no energy, and each is clearly destined to be a powerful helper for the race."

* * *

The following is a brief summary of the first address of welcome the Leader made to the Congress delegates upon their arrival:

**The Leader Addresses
the Delegates**

"This will be the beginning of a new life for you. Something great and indescribable has happened because you have stood so loyally for the noble work of Brotherhood. You will feel this in your hearts, and you will go back to the world strengthened for your future work. Every helpful thought a true Theosophist sends out does something for the world. So today we are forging a link which the world will feel at once. I remember my first meeting with the western Lodges, and how I wished for words to tell you of the future. But I could not speak then, and if I had told you of today's achievements you would have said, 'Unbelievable, impossible.' Next time we meet, perhaps in a year's time, you will see things you hardly dream of now. I will leave the picture of the future in the air. Each one of you can do your part to make it a living reality in the hearts of men. The time is beginning when we shall be challenged by the world to bring out our best and noblest; we shall all have to step out and do practical work, and this challenge brings us face to face with ourselves.

"Every day we can see the work lying waiting before us, and every day we realize more clearly that we cannot do all demanded by the world unless we perform our smallest duties faithfully.

"I am trying to express the joy your first Leader H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge would feel if they were here, nay more, the joy of these great Helpers of humanity that you are here on this firm basis. But you know you can now do better than you have done in the past. You are gathered here to take a new step, to let each moment tell, to suppress the personality so that as you go forth you will be united within in bonds of adamant, though outwardly you may be far apart. It is time too for any who feel they have not done all in their power, to start afresh so that when the hour comes for you to go forth all will be duly prepared."

* * *

The Convention of Pacific Coast Delegates, which is now drawing to a close, has had a greater influence upon the future work for the children than most students are aware. It has opened the way for certain lines of work in our Lotus Groups that could not otherwise have been done. At the time of writing Mrs. Elizabeth Spalding, Superintendent of Lotus Groups throughout the world, is reading an important paper to the Delegates on this subject. It will have a decided influence on expanding future activities.

* * *

The Lotus Group work in England has been not only accentuated but enlarged during the past year. Particularly is this the case with the work being done in the larger cities. A backward glance to the inception of the work of the Raja Yoga School at 19 Avenue Road leads one to realize how much may be accomplished even under the most adverse circumstances. The work done in H. P. Blavatsky's old home, now the European Center, cannot fail to be an inspiration to all who may observe it. And it is impossible that this should not have a great influence over the children's work in all the Theosophical centers throughout Europe, indeed, throughout the world.

* * *

The Lotus Group work being carried on at Point Loma is continuous the week through. It is needless to say that, under such circumstances, not only are results obtained more quickly but the benefits are permanent. And the way thereto is so simple—so very simple that comparatively few follow it, as the world goes. It consists merely in the faithful doing of the day's duty, a faithful putting into practice of the principles of a true philosophy of life.

Pages and pages might be written about the children's work at Point Loma. Even then the truth could only be approximated. If the actual truth could be written the record would appear to be scarcely credible.

The secret lies in the fact that the teachers of the children of Loma-land themselves *live the life*. To a great extent they understand the laws which govern their own being. They understand child nature. More than that, they have that courage which surmounts all obstacles and which opens the way.

That is the secret of the Lotus Group work in San Diego. The teachers, coming as they do from Loma-land, carry with them something that is more than words, greater than mere professions. Therein lies the secret of their power to win and to hold their children along all those lines which will give them a clearer understanding of life and a larger liberty. The membership is steadily increasing. The hall which at first was more than sufficient is now no longer large enough.

One of the most encouraging features of the work being done for the children in San Diego is the unsolicited reports sent in by many of the parents. These, without exception, witness the remarkable effect of Raja Yoga training upon the lives of their own children. If such are the results of Raja Yoga training when given for only one hour in the week, who could compute the results when children have its benefits every hour in the day, for seven days in every week?

This, too, is the testimony of many of the teachers in the public schools, some of whom had at first allowed themselves, unwittingly, to be misled as to the character of the work done. As is always the case, however, prejudice is disappearing, in exact ratio to honest investigation.

One of the first educators to send his own children to the San Diego Lotus Group was Professor Hugh J. Baldwin, County Superintendent of Schools. Professor Baldwin is one of the best known educators in America, and has been for twenty years active in the educational work of California. It was only after full investigation that he placed his own children under the Raja Yoga instruction, and he considers the system to be unequaled. It is the only system in the world which absolutely demands of both teacher and pupil that *they shall live the life*. With this ideal before us, can we not go forward in our children's work with greater courage and with a deeper trust?

OBSERVER

An Old Comrade

ONLY a few months ago we greeted again our old comrade Colonel H. N. Hooper who had come to Point Loma to spend his last days here, hoping to regain his health. For over twenty years he had been a sufferer from heart disease and other complications. He hoped that the beautiful climate of Point Loma would give him new strength and enable him to add several more years to his life, but in spite of every loving attention and surrounded by many of his old comrades he had not the strength to make a permanent rally, and died on the morning of August 13. He had a very wide circle of friends and no one knew him but to love and respect him for his integrity and high-mindedness as well as for the sweetness of his disposition.

He was born sixty-seven years ago in Boston, Massachusetts, and graduated from the Lawrence Scientific School. When twenty-three years old he went to South America to take charge of the great Bashenthal sheep range in Paraguay. At the outbreak of the civil war he returned to his native state, enlisted and received a commission as second lieutenant in the Thirty-second Massachusetts Regiment. Later he was transferred to the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts as first lieutenant. He was successively advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and colonel, and assigned to the staff of General Griffen.

At the close of the war he was made brigadier general in the regular army and was put in command of the Department of Colorado, where he was actively engaged with the Indian tribes. When these troubles were suppressed and the Indians again became peaceful he resigned his commission in the army and took charge of the Maxwell ranch in New Mexico, at that time the largest in existence, being sixty miles square.

With Henry Maxwell and the late Thomas Scott, then president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he financed a projected railroad, which was to run from Galveston, Texas, to San Diego, California. An English syndicate was interested to the extent of \$40,000,000, but the panic of 1872 intervened, and the enterprise went to pieces. After this he was interested in mining operations. In 1879 he retired from active work, and went to Brooklyn, where he lived up to the time of his coming to Point Loma. He was a member of the Loyal Legion, U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., and the veteran association of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment. He left four sons and two daughters, who have the sympathies of all the Universal Brotherhood members throughout the world.

From the very early days of H. P. Blavatsky whom he met when on a visit to London, he has been most loyally devoted to the great cause of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood and to its Leaders. He was one of the oldest members of the society and was instrumental in forming the Theosophical Lodge in Brooklyn, New York, and was its president from its foundation until his death, and he also received direct from H. P. Blavatsky authority to form a special study Group.

The simple and beautiful services of the Universal Brotherhood had always impressed him and at the service rendered in tribute to him the Loma-land men's choir under Brother Nereshheimer sang *There's Peace on the Deep*, and *Welcome Repose*, two of the songs he loved best. Rev. Brother Neill read from the *Bhagavad Gita* and was followed by the reading of the following, selected by Katherine Tingley from Edwin Arnold's *Song Celestial*:

. the wise in heart
 Mourn not for those that live, nor those that die.
 Nor I, nor thou, nor any one of these,
 Ever was not, nor ever will not be,
 Forever and forever afterwards.
 All, that doth live, lives always! To man's frame
 As there come infancy and youth and age,
 So come there raisings-up and layings-down
 Of other and of other life-abodes,
 Which the wise know, and fear not. This that irks —
 Thy sense-life, thrilling to the elements —
 Bringing thee heat and cold, sorrows and joys,
 'Tis brief and mutable! Bear with it, Prince!
 As the wise bear. The soul which is not moved,
 The soul that with a strong and constant calm
 Takes sorrow and takes joy indifferently,
 Lives in the life undying! That which is
 Can never cease to be; that which is not
 Will not exist. To see this truth of both
 Is theirs who part essence from accident,
 Substance from shadow. Indestructible,
 Learn thou! the Life is, spreading life through all;
 It cannot anywhere, by any means,
 Be anywise diminished, stayed, or changed.
 But for these fleeting frames which it informs
 With spirit deathless, endless, infinite,
 They perish. Let them perish, Prince! and fight!
 He who shall say, "Lo! I am slain!" those both
 Know naught! Life cannot slay. Life is not slain!
 Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
 Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
 Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever;
 Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!
 Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained,

Immortal, indestructible—shall such
Say, “I have killed a man, or caused to kill?”

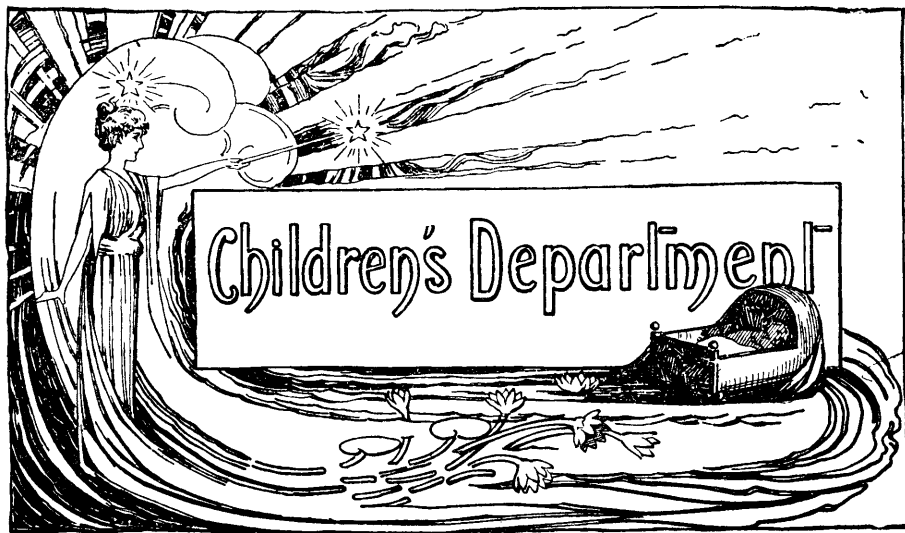
Nay, but as when one layeth,
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
“These will I wear today!”
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

I say to thee weapons reach not the Life,
Flame burns it not, waters cannot o’rwhelm,
Nor dry winds wither it. Impenetrable,
Unentered, unassailed, unharmed, untouched,
Immortal, all-arriving, stable, sure,
Invisible, ineffable, by word
And thought uncompassed, ever all itself,
Thus is the Soul declared! How wilt thou, then,
Knowing it so, grieve when thou shouldst not grieve?
How, if thou hearest that the man new-dead
Is, like the man new-born, still living man—
One same, existent Spirit—wilt thou weep?
The end of birth is death; the end of death
Is birth: this is ordained! and mournest thou,
Chief of the stalwart arm! for what befalls
Which could not otherwise befall? The birth
Of living things comes unperceived; the death
Comes unperceived; between them, beings perceive:
What is there sorrowful herein, dear Prince?
Wonderful, wistful, to contemplate!
Difficult, doubtful, to speak upon!
Strange and great for tongue to relate,
Mystical hearing for every one!
Nor wotteth man this, what a marvel it is,
When seeing, and saying, and hearing are done!

Fort Wayne, Indiana

We have recently suffered the loss of Mrs. Malvina R. McQuiston, a valued member of this Lodge. She had always been an invalid and had passed through much suffering, but her devotion to the cause of Universal Brotherhood and her love of humanity were great. At the very time she was seized by her last illness she had just started an inquirer’s class at Auburn, and during her residence at Logansport she started the U. B. Lodge there. Her remains were cremated in this city.

ANNIE L. TAYLOR



The Finding of the "Magic Flower"

by Uncle Starlight

CHAPTER III

AND so the days passed. The prince had his wish, and spent one day alone, out in a cave on the mountains. But the Magic Flower was not there, and he was glad to be back again among his fellow men. Day after day, he awakened to find himself among new scenes. Sometimes he was rich, again poor; sometimes strong and healthy, and at other times sickly and weak. Once he even became monarch of a small kingdom. Yet the Magic Flower seemed as far off as ever. Some days he almost forgot the object of his search altogether, and at other times, he remembered it only as the day was drawing to its close and then it was too late.

Yet the memory of his mission never quite left him, and he struggled on in the hope that some day his search would be rewarded. And each night when he fell asleep, the fairy came, and touched him as gently as ever with her golden wand, and smiled upon him as he slept.

One night he went to sleep rather more tired and disappointed than usual. For the day had been very hot, and he had made an unusual effort to find the flower. But when he set out to seek it, he met a child crying, and being of a kind heart he had stopped to comfort it. Then, as soon as he started again, he came across a lamb that had fallen into a stream, and would have drowned had not the prince plunged in and rescued it. Then he met a poor woman with several little children who were very hungry and ill-clad, and although he had only a few pence

left, he felt that he must spend them to buy bread for the little ones. Thus the time passed, and when night came he found he had not made much progress. At last, having no money left, he sought shelter in a workhouse, among a great number of ragged tramps, and with a deep sigh he lay down and fell asleep.

But the kind fairy came as usual, and this time her smile was sweeter than ever. And as she laid her golden wand upon his head, she said softly, "Poor Prince Manas, you have indeed journeyed far, but your wanderings are nearly over. It will not be long before you find the Magic 'Vita Pura.'" And she went away singing.

The next day broke clear and sunny, and the young prince looked around him with gladness at the beautiful scene which met his gaze. On every side there stretched a beautiful country, carpeted with fresh green grass, and sparkling with many thousands of most gorgeous flowers. Away beyond, there rolled the mighty ocean, and as he caught its roar in the distance it brought back a faint memory of his boyhood days, when he stood by his father's side in the Golden City, and gazed out with rapture on the ever-surging sea. Then he turned his eyes the other way, and beheld a beautiful temple glittering in the morning sun, and other stately buildings whose very shapes seemed to convey a sense of rest and peace as he gazed upon them.

The prince was just thinking of going nearer to find out the purpose of these beautiful buildings, when he heard the sound of children's voices joined in merry laughter and song. Tripping gaily down a path across the fields came a group of happy children singing "Life is Joy." The prince noticed that he, too, was a little child, dressed the same as these other children, so he did not feel shy of them, but went up boldly and asked them who they were and if they could tell him the name of this beautiful place. They welcomed him gladly and told him the name of the place. They said that they were the child-gardeners of that beautiful land and lived in the buildings on the hill.

So the prince walked along with them, and asked one of the children to explain to him where they were going and what their work might be. And little Faith—that was her name—said, "We are going to do some wonderful work to-day, for our teacher, whom we call 'Lotus Mother,' has shown us how to cultivate a wonderful flower whose colors are so beautiful that no one who looks at it can ever feel sad or lonely, and whose fragrance is so sweet and pure that it is quite sufficient to cure anybody who is weak and ill, and make them healthy and strong. It is called the 'Vita Pura'"—

"The Vita Pura!" broke in the prince, with joy gleaming in his face, "Why that is the very flower I have been searching for, these many, many days; Oh do let me come with you."

And together they walked on towards the town that lay near by. Presently they came to a little house, where lived a poor old woman who was very feeble

Just as the children came along she had gone to the well to draw some water. But her strength failed her and she was just giving way to despair, when the children all ran forward and not only drew up the water for her but carried it up to the house. Then, noticing that her fire had burnt very low, they gathered a big stock of loose wood and piled it together where she could easily get it. The poor old soul thanked them heartily, with tears in her eyes, and the children, seeing that she was very old and nearly blind, gathered round and sang one of their sweet songs.

A little further down the road they met a young man, who rebuked them for their happy and joyous demeanor. "For," said he, "There is nothing in life to be happy about, since one has only to work and eat and sleep, and in the end to die. There is no purpose in life, and no one is any the better for living."

The children listened quietly, and when he had finished speaking, little Faith started singing the song of the Blossoms. When they sang:

Somewhere in the vast Unknown,
Perfect blossoms grow, so we
Till a perfect seed is sown
Work and hope untiringly,

the young man's face softened, and he said tenderly, "Maybe you are right, little ones. I too will try to work and hope, and perhaps some day I shall find life worth living."

Soon the children reached the town and marched through the streets singing, "We are marching from the mountains." It was a busy town, and men and women were hurrying to and fro. But they all found a moment to stop and listen to the children's song, and the men's stern faces softened, and the faces of weary women were lit with unaccustomed smiles, as the message of hope rang out.

By this time the younger ones were rather tired, and they were all hungry, so they sought a quiet spot where they could eat their lunch. They gave the young prince some, and then sat down to eat. But the prince caught sight of two little boys, clothed in rags, who were looking longingly at the children eating. So he stole away very quietly, and dividing his lunch into three parts, he shared it with the two hungry lads, and was more happy when he saw how their eyes lit with pleasure, than he could possibly have been if he had eaten it all himself.

After lunch the children went on their way, but they had not gone far before they found some one who needed assistance, as he was carrying a heavy load. Quite willingly they shared his burden; and so the rest of the day passed, and they kept on finding some one who needed help, or another who was very sad. And in each case they stopped and did their best, or sang one of their songs of Joy and Liberty. And at last as the sun was setting, the prince found himself

back in the beautiful land where the children lived, and with his little comrades he entered one of the buildings and was soon in a clean nice bed and ready to go to sleep.

Then he suddenly remembered that he had not seen the Magic Flower after all—in fact he had forgotten all about it. But he did not much mind, and he felt so happy at having helped to make so many people happy during the day, that he said to himself that he would keep on helping others every day, even if he never saw the Golden City any more.

Then he lay and thought of all the events of the day, and all the children's acts of kindness in which he had taken part during the day. He remembered the joy of the poor old woman when they drew the water for her; and as he did so, a most curious thing occurred.

He saw something that looked like a hoop of lovely purple, quite round, with an edge of pure gold. It came rolling across the room, and fell down by the side of his bed! He thought this very strange, but he was too tired to get up and see what it was.

Then he recollected how the young man's face had brightened when they sang their song of hope. And again, a hoop of white with a golden edge came up and laid down by the first one! And so as he thought of all the kind deeds of the children, hoops of all colors came rolling up from somewhere, and ranged themselves all round his bed. And at last, when he was just dropping off to sleep, the beautiful fairy whom he had seen so long ago appeared on the scene. She stepped in among the bright colored hoops, and touched the floor with her golden wand; and as she lifted it again, there rose from the ground a bright green stalk. Then she waved her wand over the hoops, and they gathered together and grouped themselves on the green stalk, and Prince Manas saw that each hoop formed the petal of a handsome flower which he at once recognized as the "Vita Pura," the Magic Flower of the Golden City.

And the fairy smiled very sweetly and said, "You can sleep peacefully now, little prince, for tomorrow, you will return with the flower to the City of Gold. Your journey has indeed been a long one, and you have had many trials, but now they are all over."

But Prince Manas said, "O kind Fairy, I am very glad, but I cannot understand it. For I have not really looked for the flower today, and it seems as if the flower has come to me of its own accord, or else the fairies have brought it."

And the fairy answered, "The flower has never been far away from you, prince, for the fairies hid it in your heart, when they moved it from the garden of your father's castle. And they have watered it daily, and kept it alive all the time. But today they could keep it hid no longer, for every time you sought to render service to others, a petal of the flower forced its way out of your heart;

and you kept on helping and sharing all day long until the whole flower had come out of its hiding place, and now you see it, fairer and more beautiful than ever. So you will go back to the city, but no longer as prince, for you have discovered the great secret, that in unselfish service to humanity, is to be found the Magic Flower of the Pure Life, and you are now worthy to be King of the City of Gold.”

Who do you think were the children who helped the prince to find the flower, and where do you think they lived?

(THE END)

Lotus Group Reports



Lotus Sunday of the Lotus Groups in Boston and Vicinity

It was a great day and a great occasion for the Lotus Groups in and about Boston. They had worked hard. The little seed planted in the soil in the early fall had sprouted up in the water of the late fall, winter and spring-time, and had come to full blossom in June. Why then should not the Union Meeting of Lotus Groups, the last Sunday in June, the last of the season, express in symbolism the full flower of the year's work, and be set out as a Lotus Sunday?

So the grown-up workers thought, and so they determined—if only the pond lilies, the Lotus flowers of New England, should be in bloom. Were they? Well, I think they were. And the workers were up early gathering them Sunday morning, and arranging for the full opening of those gathered Saturday afternoon. Over 300 in all were gathered. Not only the Lotus flowers but yellow and white daisies, and orange ox-eyed daisies, and purple flowers of the woods and greenhouses were brought in in great profusion. The out of town groups were themselves at work on Saturday afternoon, and as a result of their joyous labor, loads and loads of flowers came, bending with the beautiful blossoms, many exhaling exquisite perfumes, and all crying, “Here we are. Come! Use us.” And used they were, until hall and platform became a veritable fairy bower of flowering beauty. At least, so the Recorder thought, and so thought the children, if their “oh’s!” and “ah’s!” were any index of what they were thinking.

The exercises were simple, (for it was thought the day might be hot, instead of the nice cool day that actually came) and expressed the simplicity of the “child state.”

The Lotus Buds and Blossoms marched in, clothed in their white robes, and carrying their colors, to the song of Young Crusaders, and then obeyed the word of the President, who said that the first order of the Lotus Group was Silence. Then the song Aspiration, the recitation of the usual precepts and the Gayatri. Then came the Warriors of the Golden Cord, the Circle Song, and Children of Light, while all held the Golden Cord, which stands for the One Life which binds us all together.

Then one Lotus Group sang the New Century song. A member of another Group, who also was one of the boys of the B. B. C., recited "The Nobility of Labor." Then Lotus Buds sang "Golden Sunshine," and all sang "A Little Flower," and "The Angels."

Then the Lotus workers and the President each said a few words to the children, among them coming Mrs. Somersall's story of Loma-land and another beautiful story for Little People, to which the Buds and Blossoms listened most eagerly. Then came "America," and the Buds and Blossoms marched out singing "Children of Light," to the tune of the wedding march from Lohengrin, each child bearing two lovely pond lilies as a symbol of the day's work.

It was a meeting not to be described but seen and, most of all, to be felt. The exercises were interesting, the flowers beautiful, the Buds, Blossoms and grown-ups happy with the Joy of Helping and Sharing. But the combination was more than all put together. It lived in another plane, although on the earth. It was heaven "Here and Now." The spirit of the Golden Age had touched our hearts.

THE RECORDER



Boys' Brotherhood Club, New York City

The following essays have been received from two of the members of the above:

A NEW ORDER OF AGES

"The meaning of 'A New Order of Ages' is a complete change. This change may be a great headway in Art, Exploration, Literature, Inventing or in Fighting so as for a nation to become the ruler of the world.

"If we were to look back and read something of ancient Greece, we would soon find what a great country it was. We should find that it was once famous for its glorious Age of Art.

"Then came an age of fighting. Men occupied their time in training themselves so as to make good soldiers. These men were ambitious to fight for their native countries, such as Greece and Rome.

"Then came an age of discovery and exploring. This age lasted for centuries. The latest age is one of inventing machinery for the good of the people. While waiting the next order of ages the Boys' Brotherhood Clubs and New Century Guard are helping to make it an Age of Brotherhood throughout this great round world."

A NEW ORDER OF AGES

"All over the world are the signs sure and positive of a new order of times, of the flowering of a civilization such as the world has perhaps never known.

"Ever since the year 1776, the birth-year of the Declaration of American Independence, the word Liberty has rung out throughout all the lands, and the mighty echo of that sound made their very foundations quiver. Today that sentiment lies deeper than ever in the hearts of the peoples, and in the world of ideas we may sense a new aspiration, we can discern a new cry for a higher liberty, the liberation of the soul from its enslaving lower nature.

"The United States which, since their birth, have led in every advance that concerns true civilization, naturally show the clearest signs of the New Order of Ages. But the news of the nations as reported by the newspapers, shows that the new age struck root universally, that the higher ideals have called out a most active fermentation all over the world.

“And in this dawn of the new times, Katherine Tingley, by organizing the Boys’ Brotherhood Clubs and New Century Guard, has given a distinctly new touch to boys’ life. She gave to the Guard the motto that expresses a truth about the world, and this was an intimation of the important part boys are going to play in this new order.

“Boys, brimfull of energy, full of love for the courageous and the chivalrous, have the germs in them of true heroes. This germ will surely sprout in this new time, and the New Century Guard will go down into history as a true blessing to the world.”



Forest Gate, London

The Lotus Buds are sending their thoughts to help to build the Temple at Loma-land. The work is going on well; the children fully realize how much they can do to make the world brighter and better, and that helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means. The spirit of harmony in the Group is greater than ever; it does one good to see the children so harmonious, though in such different stations in life. All send their love.

AGNES E. MATHEWS, *Superintendent*



Liverpool Lotus Group, U. B. L. No. 6, England

The classes are held at the Superintendent’s home and the Buds are very promising. An unbreakable link has been made by them with the work and it is a joy to be with them. On May 3d, they were taken to the country and thoroughly enjoyed themselves gathering purple and yellow blossoms in the woods. All hearts are full of love and gratitude to the Lotus Mother.

ALICE SANDHAM, *Superintendent*



Majorsgatan (Stockholm) Lotus Group, Sweden

Report for May—In addition to the regular meetings, we have held a Spring Festival, to which the Lodge members and parents were invited. The passwords for the month have been Love—Peace—Joy. At the festival the children rendered a dramatic performance of Lotus leaflet 5, series 2, “The Pilgrim Becomes Man.” Thirty children took part in the representation, which was followed by recitations, songs and choruses, all having reference to the spring time, and it was a happy day for children and grown-ups.

GERDA NYSTROM, *Secretary*



Kungsholmen (Stockholm) Lotus Group, Sweden

Very successful meetings have been held during May. On the 4th, one of the girls, Regina Baggstrom conducted the whole meeting with great earnestness and sweetness. On the 16th we gave a successful entertainment. Leaflets 2, 3 and 4, series II, were performed and all the children did their very best. Some of the teachers executed good music on the violin and piano from Grieg, Wagner, etc., and the audience took away with them a real heart-touch of Brotherhood from the joy of the little ones.

All the Buds and the teachers send their greetings to the dear Lotus Mother.

ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*