

"Those men who constantly follow this my doctrine without reviling it, and with a firm faith, shall be emancipated even by actions; but they who revile it and do not follow it are bewildered in regard to all knowledge, and perish, being devoid of discrimination."—*Bhagavad Gita*, Chapter III.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.*

A Happy New Year! A Happy New Year to all! How our hearts are thrilled at the greetings from one whom we love! How much happiness and brightness they bring! But there are those in the world who are sad and in want, whose hearts are heavy and their lives shut in. Shall we not send our greetings to them, shall we not send a ray of light, of loving sympathy to all lands, to all peoples, to all the little ones of the earth, to all cities, to the dark places of the earth, the crowded tenements, the prisons, the hospitals?

Yes, we say a Happy New Year, a loving Greeting to you, Americans, Europeans, Asiatics, Australasians, Africans, to you, civilized nations, and to you savages. To you, dear children of every race. To you who labor with your hands, to you who are weary and bowed down, to you who are unfortunate knowing not whither to turn, to you who are in prison, to you who are sick and diseased.

Shall we greet only those whom we love and who love us—truly we send loving greetings to them but so too we send loving greetings to those who do not love us, who may have forgotten what love is, who may be our enemies, perchance enemies to themselves also.

We will encircle the whole earth with our Greetings, we will exclude no one.

We will send forth the welcome of Brotherhood to all Nature and speak to the heart of every creature.

How much a single word may mean! Are you poor, dear reader, poor in material things and in this world's goods? Many a one has these things and yet is not rich. Ah! no one is so poor that he cannot lighten another's sorrow or give a kind word, a sympathetic look or a friendly hand-shake and so, it may be, awaken new courage, new hope, new light in the heart of one of the sad ones of the earth.

No one is so poor that he has not some of the treasures of the heart. You may have forgotten their existence, they may be covered up with selfishness, pride, ambition, but they still exist in your heart of hearts. Did you know their value and their power you would bring them forth. Forget, if but for one brief moment, yourself; send out if but one loving thought to others; live for one short instant for your fellows.

The years pass ever silently on with their swift tread, never to return. That which we call the year 1897 has passed, 1898 is here, but how many thousands, millions of years have rolled over our earth since man was man, and still the goal is far off. Far off and yet how near, nearer, much nearer than man may think. So near that but the reaching

* Through the pressure of new business connected with the Movement all over the world, and the development of plans of work for the new year, Mrs. Tingley was prevented from writing the usual matter for the Search-Light, but being still anxious that her New Year's greeting should go forth to all readers of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, she desired me to embody her ideas in connection therewith for that purpose, and I have endeavored to do so as faithfully as possible.—J. H. F.

out of the hand is needed to grasp it—a reaching out to grasp the hand of thy Brother man with the strong grasp of Brotherhood.

Each year glides into the past with its freight of good and ill, each new year comes from the future with its possibilities and promises. What of the past, what of the future? Much has been accomplished in the past year. In all lands souls are awakening to their divine possibilities, in all lands the cry and the welcome of Brotherhood has gone forth. The great cycle is nearly ended, the century draws to its close. But two years more and the XXth Century will be born. Will you greet it with your faces turned toward the light, helpers and workers in humanity's cause, or will you enter upon its threshold seeking what you can gain for self, ambitious, proud, selfish? Choose, there is no time to delay, choose now; make your choice and so act.

The work of the past year has been mainly along interior lines; much still remains to be done in this direction. The inner attitude, the inner purpose and motive is being brought to the surface, and to each is given the opportunity to face himself, to know himself as he is, and the opportunity to take the first step to become that which he may be—a worker for humanity—or, the opportunity neglected, a worker for self. Look then not merely at the external results achieved or to be achieved, but look within, into your own heart, see the divine possibilities latent within yourself and every man, seek to realize them, let light and love shine forth in every deed, every word, every thought.

Send with me a loving greeting to all humanity and kind thoughts to all creatures.

A Happy New Year.

J. H. FUSSELL.

THE CYCLE OF LOVE ETERNAL.

THE ocean of love, pent up in aggregate Humanity, ever trying to express itself, yet fails because the wave of Spiritual evolution—though manifesting in wondrous ways all through this materialistic age—is still in its cycle of beginning. Soon however the latent divine faculties will unfold and again permeate the race. The ideas of duty towards our fellow men are already enlarging day by day; indeed a bond of sympathy spreads from land to land unperceived by the multitude; it will finally encircle the whole earth and reveal the law of compassion which is the Law of Laws—Eternal Harmony.

Platonic love, emotional, animal, even self-love are reflections of the real thing temporarily misdirected. The time will come when through pains of trial and tribulation every individual will blossom

forth into the grander love, the cosmic ideal, the innate quality of the soul.

The large mass of people including the educated, the pious, the rich, and others are with few exceptions in utter darkness about their origin and destiny; they have not yet gotten forward to the stage where they could see beyond the superficial phenomenal world. Only the experienced souls who, during many lives in human bodies have learned nature's limits and its laws, know the light of everlasting right and the fitness of all things, the law of love eternal. Some of these feel the touch of a brotherly hand reaching across space—exchanging sympathy, while others, are yet sound asleep, satisfied in their complacency and the delusive lulling of repose.

Our earth is built on the same plan as is man. So is the whole universe. It

too has its beginning and end. From the invisible it is born into the visible; gradually grows, lives and decays, returning into the invisible, whence it emerges again and again in obedience to a plan which is to be rounded out in each succeeding birth on higher and higher scale without end.

Man having evolved to the point where he is capable of becoming conscious of his continuous existences and accompanying responsibility will, with the approaching cycle of spirituality, obtain the faculty of realizing more clearly the bonds that unite the race. Commensurate with this awakening will come the knowledge of his being an essential part and factor in the whole progress of evolution.

This teaching which is to be found in all religious systems gives an immense hope to the wearily groping pilgrim and if it were possible now to remove the veil to the extent that these truths could be understood it would set aside all fear of death, fear of man or beast or danger.

An ancient religious book says:

"Thou grievest for those that may not be lamented. Those who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead nor for the living. I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we hereafter cease to be."

The Spirit is one and indivisible; it manifests periodically in the material Universe; all souls emanate from "It." During the entire period of evolution the manifested Universe exists in apparent separateness, that is, so long as it remains involved in matter, out of which it is destined to evolve, carried on the wave of the cycle.

Each periodical manifestation proceeds on a definite plan into time and space; it has its birth, youth and decay. Nature forever creates, preserves and destroys (regenerates) in a circle around the same volume of substance, evolving

form after form, higher and higher; the eternal Monad, the Soul, using the substance as vehicle for its evolution. After each manifestation follows an equal period of rest.

The plan comprises waves of well-defined duration during which the mass of humanity called Monad in the early stages is carried from point to point; in the early periods downward towards matter through the various kingdoms: elemental, mineral, vegetable, animal, helped by the hosts of Hierarchies from previous periods of manifestation. But when the *middle*, the human stage is reached, the quality of free will is developed and separateness is rampant. Each human being is then to himself the centre of the Universe. Still the plan and the evolutionary wave goes on and each soul having its own innate spiritual qualities has the choice to follow or not the cycle of necessity. If one fails to progress in the order of the Universal plan and his individual consciousness does not keep up with the stream of evolution, such an entity will then remain in abeyance as individualized entity until the period of manifestation comes round again when he has the chance to take up the pilgrimage anew; these periods, measured by our standard of time are of immense duration. All souls are brought into cognizance by Mother Nature, through the wheel of rebirth, with all the experiences necessary to teach the limits of the law. Nature is kind and patient but never still, and the wave moves on and with it humanity must needs go.

The human beings who, during this cycle having risen to a high stage of self-consciousness, come to a point of approximate realization of the homogeneity of all beings and things, are those who feel and live the principles of Universal Brotherhood following this ideal from a knowledge of Nature's laws: *Compassion Absolute!*

E. A. NERESHEIMER.



ISOLDE.—In the moving wave of the whole world's breath—
To drown—to sink—
All senses lost—
Highest bliss!

RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS.

BY BASIL CRUMP.

VII. TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

(Concluded.)

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invalidate his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes
Unto NIRVANA. He is one with Life.
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
OM, MANI PADME, OM! the Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea!—*Light of Asia.*

All that is by Nature twain
Fears, or suffers by, the pain
Of Separation: Love is only
Perfect when itself transcends
Itself, and, one with that it loves,
In undivided Being blends.

—*Solâmân and Absâl of JAMI.*

THE Third Act introduces us to Tristan's ancestral castle in Brittany, whither the faithful Kurvenal has brought his wounded master out of reach of his enemy. It is significant that in his setting of this peculiarly Celtic legend Wagner takes us in turn to the ancient Celtic countries of Ireland, Cornwall, and Brittany.

Tristan lies on a couch in the neglected garden of the Castle with the grief-stricken Kurvenal watching anxiously for signs of returning consciousness. For, since the blow dealt by the "Dweller on the Threshold," his soul has been wandering in other realms. The opening theme, in which we recognize the original Yearning-motive in a new form, impresses us at once with the heavy weight of woe and quenchless yearning which oppresses and tortures the soul:



From the battlements the melancholy tune of a herdsman playing on his pipe adds to the deep pathos of the scene:



Kurvenal, in utter despair at Tristan's condition, has at last sent to Cornwall

for Isolde, as the only one who can heal him. The ship is expected hourly and the herdsman is watching for it, but as yet in vain. Presently the strains of the plaintive tune waken the sufferer and he asks Kurvenal in a hollow voice where he is. Kurvenal tells him how he carried him down to the ship and brought him home to his own land where he shall soon get well and strong. Alas! no more than Marke or Brangaene can this devoted man know aught of the inner life, as Tristan's answer shows:

Think'st thou so?

I know that cannot be.

But what I know

I cannot tell thee.

Where I awoke I tarried not,

But where it was I cannot tell thee.

I did not see the sun,

Nor saw I land nor people.

But what I saw I cannot tell thee.

I—was—where I have ever been,

Where I for aye shall go,—

In the vast realm of the whole World's Night.

Here we find expressed the truth upon which in part the principle of Re-birth rests: that the soul has existed for ever in the past and will endure eternally in the future; for, as Wagner truly says, "that Future is not thinkable except as stipulated by the Past" (*Prose Works* II, 376).

The temporary absence of Tristan from his body bears a close resemblance to the "descent into the Underworld" which in all ages a would-be initiate has had to undergo. And when we remember that the Tristan legend is a Solar Myth, Tris-

tan representing the Sun, the connection becomes more obvious; for Wagner has

throughout preserved the symbolic contrast between the Day as the World of Appearances and the Night as the Realm of Realities or the Mysteries.

"Astronomically," says H. P. Blavatsky, "this *descent into Hell*" symbolized the Sun during the autumnal equinox when abandoning the higher sideral regions—there was a supposed fight between him and the Demon of Darkness who got the best of our luminary. Then the Sun was imagined to undergo a *temporary death* and to descend into the infernal regions. But mystically, it typified the initiatory rites in the crypts of the temple called the Underworld. . . . All such final initiations took place during the night."*

In this journey to the inner world Tristan has found that the "Desire of Life" is not yet stilled. "Isolde is still in the realm of the Sun," and whilst this is so it is a sign that he cannot free himself from the bonds of the flesh :

I heard Death's gate close crashing behind me ;
Now wide it stands, by the Sun's rays burst open.
Once more am I forced to flee from the Night,
To seek for her still, to see her, to find her
In whom alone Tristan must lose himself ever.

Isolde lives and wakes,
She called me from the Night.

As Tristan sinks back exhausted the mystified and terror-stricken Kurvenal confesses to his master how he had sent for Isolde as a last resource :

My poor brain thought that she who once
Healed Morold's wound could surely cure
The hurt that Melot's weapon gave.

Tristan is transported at the news and urges Kurvenal to go and watch for the ship, which already he sees with the clairvoyant vision of one who is more than half free from the limitations of

Time and Space. But Kurvenal reports that, "no ship is yet in sight," and as the mournful strain of the herdsman is resumed Tristan sinks yet deeper in a gloomy meditation which impresses us with the most profound sadness. It rouses in him the memory of his present birth in words which recall the sorrow-laden lot of Siegfried's parents :

When he who begot me died,
When dying she gave me birth,
To them too the old, old tune,
With the same sad longing tone,
Must have sounded like a sigh ;
That strain that seemed to ask me,
That seems to ask me still,
What fate was cast for me,
Before I saw the light, what fate for me ?
The old sad tune now tells me again—
To yearn ! to die ! To die ! to yearn !
No, ah no ! Worse fate is mine ;
Yearning, yearning, dying to yearn,
To yearn and *not* to die !

These latter lines have, perhaps, more than any other part of the drama, been ascribed to Schopenhauer's influence ; but I have already shown that Wagner had already grasped intuitively the great philosopher's main principles long before he became acquainted with his writings. His own account of this is clearly given in his letter to August Roeckel which I quoted in the concluding article on the *Ring of the Nibelung*. The above lines are a close reproduction of the passage from the *Artwork of the Future* which I placed at the head of my last article, where Wagner speaks of the soul "yearning, tossing, pining, and *dying out*, *i. e.*, dying without having assuaged itself in any 'object,' thus dying without death, and therefore everlastingly falling back upon itself." And in his *Communication to My Friends* (Prose Works, Vol. I.) he says that at the time of working out his *Tannhäuser* he was feeling a deep disgust of the outer world and a yearning for "a pure, chaste, virginal, unseizable and unapproachable ideal of love. . . . a love denied to earth and reachable through the gates of death alone."

* Roots of Ritualism in Church and Masonry, *Lucifer*, Vol. IV., p. 229.

It is by no means the least valuable part of the rich heritage that Wagner left to the world that he has laid bare some of his inner life, and so enabled us to see that the essential principles of his dramas are distilled from his own soul experience. If this be egotism, as some narrow critics allege, would that there were more of it in the world!

In the course of Tristan's reverie we come to the point where we learn the psychological significance of the love-draught which he shared with Isolde and which is still torturing him with the curse of "Desire that dies not":

Alas! it is myself that made it!
From father's need, from mother's woe,
From lover's longing ever and aye,
From laughing and weeping from grief and joy.

I distilled the potion's deadly poisons.

The concentrated power of this terrible Desire-Curse here finds expression in the following theme, many times repeated.



Overcome once more Tristan sinks back fainting upon his couch. Presently his inner sense again perceives the nearer approach of Isolde, and soon a joyous strain from the herdsman is followed by the news that the ship approaches from the North. Kurvenal reluctantly leaves his master to meet Isolde and help her to shore, and the old impatience overmasters Tristan again. In a fever of excitement he tears the bandage from his wound and staggers forward, crying:

In blood of my wound Morold I once did slay;

In blood of my wound Isolde! I win to-day.

(*Isolde's voice is heard without*)

How I hear the light! The torch—at last!

Behold it quenched! To her! to her!

He rushes headlong towards Isolde and sinks in her arms to the ground; and as he raises his dying eyes to hers with the one word "Isolde," we hear the Look-motive for the last time. Night

has indeed come at last for Tristan. But in the right way? No, as we are reminded by Isolde's lament:

Ah! not of the wound, die not of wound.

To both united be life's light quenched.

Tristan look
In his eye the light
Beloved! Night!

She falls senseless on his body, and now a tumult is heard and the herdsman announces to Kurvenal the arrival of a second ship, bearing King Marke, Melot, Brangaene, and others. Kurvenal, eager to avenge Tristan's death, rushes out and furiously attacks Melot as he comes to the gate, striking him down; then, driven back wounded by Marke and his men, he staggers to Tristan's body and falls dead beside it with a touching expression of fidelity.

Tristan, dear master—blame me not—

If I faithfully follow thee now!

Gazing mournfully on the solemn scene, King Marke utters these words of sad reproach:

Dead, then, all! All—dead!

My hero, my Tristan, most loved of friends,

To-day, too, must thou betray thy friend?

To-day when he comes to prove his truth.

For, as Brangaene now relates, the King had sought from her the meaning of the riddle, and, learning of the love-draught, had hastened to repair the wrong which had been wrought through Tristan's own delusion. To Isolde, now awakening from her swoon, he speaks and tells her of his noble purpose. But Isolde seems already unconscious of what is passing around her, and begins softly to whisper in the melting strains of the Death-Song the revelation of the great truth which was glimpsed by Tristan in the culmination of the second act. Until now we had felt a fear that the soul had made a fatal mistake in its overhaste; but, as this wondrous song proceeds, we realize that in the transfigured woman who utters it there is embodied that divine power which shall restore the

balance and bring peace and rest in Union with the All. Thus the great song rises ever in power and grandeur until at last the World-Union motive bursts forth like a shout of victory with the magnificent concluding words :

Where the Ocean of Bliss is unbounded and whole,
Where in sound upon sound the scent-billows roll,
In the World's yet one all-swallowing Soul ;
To drown—go down—
To Nameless Night—last delight!

Then as the great theme gradually dies away, and with the last breath of the Yearning-motive is dissolved in ethereal harp sounds, Isolde sinks lifeless on Tristan's body and the Tragedy of the Soul is once more accomplished. But this is no ending of untold sadness ; rather is it one in which we see the soul, purified, free from the shackles of the body, rise triumphantly on the wings of Love and Knowledge into that realm of deathless consciousness clearly indicated

by the great Master as the only possible goal of man's life struggles. A sense of triumph, of the most utter liberation, is left with us as we close this page of the Master's works, realizing ever more and more the deep teaching which he sought to convey : that life is indeed not a cry of agony but a Song of Victory.

Finally let Wagner sum up the whole drama for us in a fragment from his own pen : " Desire, desire, unquenchable and ever freshly manifested longing,—thirst and yearning. One only redemption,—Death sinking into oblivion, the sleep from which there is no awaking ! . . . It is the ecstasy of dying, of the giving up of being, of the final redemption into that wondrous realm from which we wander furthest when we strive to take it by force. Shall we call this Death ? Is it not rather the wonder-world of Night, out of which, so says the story, the ivy and the vine sprang forth in tight embrace, o'er Tristan and Isolde's tomb? "

QUEST AND CONQUEST.

BY DR. J. D. BUCK.

Man has ransacked the earth in his quest for happiness.

He has climbed the highest mountains, dredged the deepest seas, penetrated the densest forests, crossed the trackless deserts, and searched the abyss of space for a new Utopia. In his search for wealth or fame or power he has braved every hardship, faced every danger, and sacrificed health and even life itself : and, sweetest dream of all, he has laid his hard-won trophies at the feet of Love, only to find at last sore disappointment, desolation and despair, and has perhaps ended the quest and his own life in suicide.

Sad and pathetic beyond words is this image of Tantalus in the human breast ; this tireless quest of the soul of man for a resting place ; for the joyous, the peaceful, and the permanent, in the midst of eternal change.

The indolent and the weak, no less than the tireless and the strong, come at last to the same goal and the same fruition. He reaches the shore of the shining silent sea only to see the phantom ship sailing far away on the distant horizon, and the isles of the blessed vanish, and the dark waves dash harshly on the desolate rocks at their feet, while the night settles down and the stars come out, and the distant constellations watch over him like a weary child asleep. He renews the quest, and like a half-remembered dream, the disappointment of yesterday but impels him forward to-day. He has missed his way like one who seeks the fountains of the Nile or an open polar sea.

He cannot rest in sunlit valleys with babbling brooks and flocks of kine. He

dreams of a larger world and pastures new, and cattle on a thousand hills, and self the conquering lord of all. Conquest and happiness, and then alas! but dust and ashes.

Gold slips like grains of sand from the nerveless hand of age and death, and so he seeks to conquer these, and toils a thousand years for the Elixir of Life, the fountain of eternal youth, in order that he may renew the quest, and triumph still.

Ambition at its highest tide sighs for more worlds to conquer, and assails the constellations with impotent rage born of despair.

Fame is such a hollow mockery when the game's played out, and the curtain of oblivion begins to fall, and soon the monuments of stone and brass lie scattered in broken fragments o'er the plain, and the antiquarian of another age pieces together a few fragments that tell the same old story, ever new, of love and pride and death, and perhaps a name like a piece of driftwood cast on shore from an old wreck, a name which no one can pronounce—and that is all!

What does it all mean, this tireless quest with disappointment at the end? Is there no spot of land on which the weary dove may rest? No olive-branch as sign of falling tides and haven of repose? No conquest for the soul with peace and joy beyond? If he cannot attain why must he ever try?

Man must evolve his latent powers and touch the earth at many points, yet find no resting place, for this is not his home. The restless earth, the tides of time, the fleeting show of life—all these he must experience and know, while something in his soul cries "rest" and something else—"move on" like the Wandering Jew, till his soul cries "it is finished" and the conquest sure.

Man's dual nature thus revealed is kin to earth and heaven. In the midst of all the false, the true: in the midst

of the ever-changing, the permanent, the everlasting.

Not all the joys of earth could satisfy his soul, but this he'll ne'er believe, till sorrow oft, and disappointment sore, have burned away the lust of life, then deep within the Conqueror is revealed—asleep! Then all his dream of bliss, and paradise regained through sense, seem such a hollow mockery. Then the soul, long restless in its sleep, awakes. The body masks the soul, and when the soul awakes the body sleeps with all its lust of life and running to and fro. Year after year, life after life, the play's kept up till the soul awakes to claim its heritage divine, and then, only then, does man begin to live at all. Then flooding back upon the soul comes all that it has loved and lost, and every failure, every sin, is seen as a stepping stone to sure success—the awakening of the soul, the conquest of the Holy Grail.

In all man's striving thus for rest and peace and joy he seeks without, he journeys far, tries every avenue of sense, seeks a resting place on shifting sands, and so evolves to knowledge of the outer world of sense and time. Then when the soul awakes, the horizon's clear; no incense rises from the veil of flesh; no smoke of altars built to Baal obscures the glorious sun of life. Then step by step the conquest comes, for soul and sense are one. Man's never truly man till then. Ages of toil and pain have not been vain or lost, but steps by which we climbed to higher things, a lesson learned, a rule of life set down in black and white, an experience never to be forgotten, a hoarded treasure cheap at any cost of pain, garnered forever in the citadel of his soul. It is the apparent uselessness of pain that makes us so rebellious. Why learn to brave and bear, to suffer without complaint? Why must we reap this bitter harvest, why not an easier road?

Grant that it all comes back in joy, all that we sow in tears, why must

it be? Desire of life and the awakening of the soul on this lower plane: fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and ill, and back of all the tree of life, and back of this is peace and power and wisdom. Ask of the soul if it would relinquish all the joy of living to get rid of all its pain? The suicide may seem to answer yes, but he is bewildered or insane. Imagine if you can what life would be bereft of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain. Life without sensation or feeling, only peace and power and wisdom, what would there be to desire? But if the soul had known it all, and turned within and rested in itself, this would be the awakening of the soul, its conquest over sense and time and fleeting show.

Pleasure and pain are but the "pairs of opposites," the necessary garb of sense, and each, like light and darkness, impossible without the other: each, to the last scruple, the measure of the other.

Life's meaning, therefore, lies within itself. It is its own revealer. The quest is all without; the conquest all within. Just as man conquers sense and self, shall he subdue the world, and conquest comes by letting go, not holding fast. Nothing that he can gain and hold in sense and time can last. 'Tis all a passing show, the pleasure as the pain; the evil as the good; and there remains alone the True. When man has thus begun to live, with all illusions gone, with self subdued, with all the body's parts and powers as servants of his will, he is part of all, at one with all, and goeth out no more.

Buddha on the lotus flower, his quest all ended, conqueror now of life and death, worlds roll around him as a thought Divine, and he is that thought, great Brahm, and all in all.

Such is the quest to which man is devoted, and if the journey's long, and painful is the way, the conquest is glorious beyond the thought of man, beyond his wildest dream, his highest hope.

Imagine not the lotus symbol is inane, or that the conqueror sits and broods over the dawn and the decay of worlds, indifferent to the woes of men. He touches every sorrow, every joy, and being lifted up, draws all men to him along the highway he hath trod and knows so well.

But conquest cometh not all at once. 'Tis not alone restraining evil thought and deed that wakes the sleeping soul. These are but dead branches on the tree of life. If this were all, a barren trunk ere long remained with no green branches waving in the wind, or leaves to drink the sunshine. Repression and restraint go hand in hand with life's renewal. The deed still done is freed from self, and action ceasing not becomes divine compassion. Where once it sought to rob, it now restores an hundred fold, and when the debt's all paid, the awakened soul's now free to live and lift the world "to the lotus feet," the "Master of Compassion."

Perfection is the goal of man, but not in some far-off heaven, correcting our mistakes and failures here. Man is at once a child of earth and heaven. Earth has its seed-time and its harvest, too, no less for souls than sprouting grain, and heaven and hell are here and now: we make them both. Man's kingdom is within, or hell or heaven. The senses are his servants. The will is minister of state. Experience is his treasure vault, the currency of his realm, and sympathy the light around his throne.

When once the soul of man has wakened from the lethargy of the animal plane of sense, and given exit to the light that is within, then he is like a city set upon a hill, well-governed, and a light to all the world. He sorrows not, but lifts the veil of sorrow from the hearts of men. This is the great conquest toward which all quest of man hath tended from the beginning, while pain and sorrow are but the loosening of the tentacles of time and sense from the

already fossilizing experiences of the past, in order that they may be reborn in joy in the eternal present.

Man is the epitome of nature and hath it all within himself. Seeking that which he cannot find, yet seeking ever, till at last he looks within and the soul cries: "Here am I, waiting for the summons of thy magic wand." This is the grand ideal, hidden, like the "jewel in the lotus," deep within the soul of man. It is older than Time, born in the councils of the Infinite before Time was, or any world emerged from space. Defying thus all tides and times, or cataclysms, or clash of worlds, or fossilizing creeds, or craft of church or state—wherever man may be, when'er he climbs above the realm of sense, and looks within the holy place, lo! the sleeper wakes, and holds

within his hand the Holy Grail, the cup of Life, and sleeps no more. When thine eye is single, thy body shall be full of light.

Thus is the conquest won. Thus is man lifted up to his divine inheritance, and then begins the triumphal journey of the soul, the real mission for which all else was preparation. Trammelled no more by sense and space and time: Master is he of life and law, because he has fulfilled them by obedience. He is at one with all. The quest of the soul is for perfection. Its conquest is over self: this conquest made, man steps upon the plane that is divine, and as a god, goes on from plane to plane, with perfect knowledge, power, and compassion Infinite: co-worker with both God and Nature for the uplifting of humanity—the Brotherhood of all.

THEOSOPHY IN THE POETS.

BY KATHARINE HILLARD.

II.—BROWNING.

ONE would like to inscribe Shakespeare's name after Dante's in our list, but that would be hardly fair to a poet whose genius is so essentially dramatic that we are not at liberty to take any of the opinions uttered by his characters as his own. Moreover, while Dante was essentially a mystic, and born at a time when that element pervaded both the prose and poetry of the age, and when its language was frequently used to cover ideas that the Church would otherwise have smothered at their birth, Shakespeare, on the contrary, lived in a time of frank materialism, when the worship of the body had succeeded to the asceticism of the Middle Ages, and life had become full of luxury and the pleasures of the senses. And while Dante was one of the most subjective of poets, and put himself into every line of his poetry so that you come to know as a personal friend the man who had seen the vision of Heaven and Hell, Shake-

spere was so intensely objective that we know little of his personality, of his own idiosyncrasies and convictions. Only in the sonnets does he become autobiographic, but those unfold a tale of misplaced love and of the treachery of a friend, and their scope hardly includes the subject matter of religious ideas and beliefs.

That Shakespeare was acquainted with the doctrine of metempsychosis we know by his reference to it in *Twelfth Night*, but we have no right to believe that he either rejected or shared the opinions of Malvolio. When the Clown professes to think Malvolio mad, he asks him, as a test of his lunacy, "What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?"—"That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird," answers Malvolio. "What thinkest thou of his opinion?"—"I think nobly of the soul and in no way approve his opinion," replies the steward, whereupon he is told that he

shall remain in darkness till he hold the opinion of Pythagoras, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest he dispossess the soul of his grandmother.

When we come to Browning, however, we find that many of his ideas can really be called theosophic, there being, in spite of Browning's strongly dramatic faculty, a subjective quality in all his writings. The mode of thought of all his personages is similar, the *expression* of their thought is almost identical, that is, they all use the same turns of speech that we have learned to call Browningesque. His general tendency is optimistic, and, as Prof. Dowden once said, the mainspring of his poetry may be said to be Passion, in contrast to that of Tennyson's, which is Duty. The one thing that Browning cannot pardon is weakness, and he shows an agreement with the theosophic idea that the thought is more important than the act, in his poem of *The Statue and the Bust*,* where his lovers fail to accomplish their guilty purpose solely through indecision and want of energy. They lost the counter they had staked as surely as if it had been lawful coin,

“And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost,
Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a crime,”
says the poet. This is the moral of much of his poetry, and the strength that he exalts he feels sure is given for noble uses, and not in vain. So in *Paracelsus* he writes :

—“Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he
deigns impart!
Ask the geier eagle why she stoops at
once
Into the vast and unexplored abyss,
What full-grown power informs her from
the first,
Why she not marvels, strenuously beat-
ing

* And in *Saul* :—“'Tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do!”

The silent, boundless regions of the sky!
Be sure they sleep not whom God needs!”

As for the doctrine of reincarnation, Browning touches upon it several times, in *Paracelsus*, his earliest poem of consequence, and elsewhere. It is *Paracelsus* who says :

—“At times I almost dream
I too have spent a life the sage's way,
And tread once more familiar paths.
Perchance
I perished in an arrogant self-reliance
Ages ago : and in that act, a prayer
For one more chance went up so earnest,
so
Instinct with better light let in by death,
That life was blotted out—not so com-
pletely
But scattered wrecks enough of it remain,
Dim memories, as now, when once more
seems
The goal in sight again.”

In the poem called *Old Pictures in Florence*, we have the same note touched, in a more uncertain way.

“There's a fancy some lean to and others hate,
That when this life is ended, begins
New work for the soul in another state,
Where it strives and gets weary, loses
and wins :
Where the strong and the weak, this
world's congeries,
Repeat in large what they practiced in
small,
Through life after life in unlimited
series :
Only the scale's to be changed, that's
all.”

And in his *Christina*, the poet, speaking of the supreme moments of existence when a sudden flash of intuition seems to show the true meaning and purpose of life, writes :

“Doubt you if in some such moment,
As she fixed me, she felt clearly,
Ages past the soul existed,
Here an age 'tis resting merely,
And hence fleets again for ages.”

its sole end in this life being to unite itself with some kindred soul. Again in his own person, the poet expresses in the poem called *La Saisiaz* what he says indeed in many other places, the conviction that this life alone can in no sense satisfy the demands of man's soul, that no conception of Infinite Love and Power can stand side by side with a belief in our mortality.

“ Only grant a second life : I acquiesce
 In this present life as failure, count
 misfortune's worst assaults
 Triumph not defeat, assured that loss
 so much the more exalts
 Gain about to be,
 Only grant my soul may carry high
 through death her cup unspilled.”

And over and over again in his poems Browning declares his feeling that no process of reasoning is required to convince us that “mind” and “soul” are two things. Mind he compares to an engineer (in the poem called *With Charles Arisson*) laying a bridge stone by stone with careful measuring and adjustment of each to each. “So works Mind,” says the poet, and with facts, more or less,

“ Builds up our solid knowledge: all
 the same,
 Underneath rolls what Mind may hide,
 not tame,
 An element which works beyond our
 guess,
 Soul, the unsounded sea.”

All we can really know in this life, he says, are the changes in our own consciousness, all else is, after all, mere conjecture and surmise, and this knowledge can never be obtained from without, but must be sought within. This is the teaching of Paracelsus in Browning's poem of that name, and he saw no reason in after life to abjure the conviction of his youth.

“ There is an inmost centre in us all,
 Where truth abides in fulness ; and
 around

Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems
 it in,

This perfect, clear perception—which
 is truth.

. . . . And to know
 Rather consists in opening out a way
 Whence the imprisoned splendor may
 escape,

Than in effecting entry for a light
 Supposed to be without.”

Taken altogether, this poem of *Paracelsus* written in the full tide of Browning's poetic power, and before he had acquired all the mannerisms that make much of his later writing so difficult, and so repellent, is full of fine passages that will repay the searcher for theosophic poetry. Such is the magnificent description in Part V of the evolution of the universe, culminating in man. It is too long to quote here, but how fine are the closing lines describing man as the seal put on life.

—“ man once desried, imprints forever,
 His presence on all lifeless things. . . .
 But in completed man begins anew
 A tendency to God. Prognostics told
 Man's near approach : so in man's self
 arise

August anticipations, symbols, types
 Of a dim splendor ever on before,
 In that eternal circle life pursues.
 For men . . . begin to grow too great
 For narrow creeds of right and wrong,
 which fade

Before the unmeasured thirst for good :
 while peace
 Rises within them ever more and more.
*Such men are even now upon the earth,
 Serene amid the half-formed creatures
 round*

Who should be saved by them, and
 joined with them.”

The lines underlined might have been written by a Disciple of the Masters. That Browning has been in some measure a student of occultism, his many references, not only to the works of Paracelsus, but to those of Cornelius Agrip-

pa, and to many another "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore," amply testify. He stoutly refused to join in his wife's devotion to spiritualism, and his *Sludge the Medium*, is a terrific attack upon its professors and their arguments. Nevertheless he wrote a wonderful poem called *Mesmerism*, which shows how perfectly he understood the method of what we now prefer to call "hypnotism," and "suggestion," and in his very last book he has four curious poems called *Bad Dreams*, which do not amount to much except for this touch:

"Sleep leaves a door on hinge
Whence soul, ere our flesh suspect,
Is off and away."

But after all, putting aside all questions of belief, the best thing about Browning is his splendid courage, the quality of which stirs other souls like the sound of a silver trumpet, and rouses all their latent fire. "Do, and nowise dream!" he says, and this resolute bravery and fortitude was the outcome of what is generally called his optimism, but is really his absolute trust in the Divine goodness and power. The last poem of his last book, published on the very day he died, shows the secret of his confident attitude. "It looks almost like bragging to say this," he said to his sister, when he read her the proof, shortly before his death, "but it's the simple truth, and as it's true it shall stand." So he called himself

"One who never turned his back, but
marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were
worsted, wrong would triumph.

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,

Sleep to wake."

It is this strong conviction of the ultimate victory of good, this heroic defiance of misfortune and sorrow, together with his warm heart and his love for all mankind that has so endeared him to the multitude of readers who have known

how to sift his precious grains of wheat from out of the bushels of chaff beneath which it seemed his pleasure in later days to conceal them. Except in his last book of all, *Asolando*, where there is more of the lyric quality than Browning had displayed for many years. But generally speaking, his best poetry was written before 1869.

"Nothing can be as it has been before;

Better, so call it, only not the same,
To draw one beauty into our heart's
core,

And keep it changeless! such our
claim;

So answered,—Nevermore!

Simple? Why this is the old woe
o' the world;

Tune to whose rise and fall we live
and die.

Rise with it then! Rejoice that man
is hurled

From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled!"

This idea of incessant change, ever tending towards the perfecting of man's soul, is the cornerstone of Browning's religion: "my own hope is," he says,
— "a sun will pierce

The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;

That after last, returns the first,

Though a wide compass round be
fetched;

That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove ac-
cursed."

"Earth changes, but thy soul and God
stand sure," he says elsewhere.

"He fixed thee 'mid this dance

Of plastic circumstance,

This Present, thou forsooth, would
fain arrest;

Machinery just meant

To give thy soul its bent.

Try thee and turn thee forth, suffici-
ently impressed."

Browning was an accomplished musician, and many are the analogies he draws from the laws of harmony. There

is nowhere, among all his poems relating to music, any one more beautiful than that called *Abt Vogler*. The musician has been extemporizing upon the instrument he himself invented, and it saddens him at first to think that nothing will remain of the beautiful palace of music he has reared, and then comes this magnificent outburst, with which I will conclude this brief sketch of Browning's philosophy of religion.

“Therefore to whom turn I but to thee,
 the ineffable Name?
 Builder and maker thou, of houses not
 made with hands!
 What, have fear of change from thee who
 art ever the same?
 Doubt that thy power can fill the heart
 that thy power expands?
 There shall never be one lost good!
 What was, shall live as before;
 The evil is null, is naught, is silence
 implying sound;
 What was good shall be good, with, for
 evil so much good more;
 On the earth the broken arcs; in the
 heaven a perfect round.
 All we have willed or hoped or dreamed
 of good shall exist;

Not its semblance, but itself; no
 beauty, nor good, nor power
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each
 survives for the melodist,
 When eternity affirms the conception
 of an hour.
 The high that proved too high, the heroic
 for earth too hard,
 The passion that left the ground to
 lose itself in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God by the lover
 and the bard,
 Enough that he heard it once; we
 shall hear it by and by.
 And what is our failure here but a triumph's
 evidence
 For the fulness of the days? Have
 we withered or agonized?
 Why else was the pause prolonged but
 that singing might issue thence?
 Why rushed the discords in but that
 harmony should be prized?
 Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow
 to clear,
 Each sufferer says his say, his scheme
 of the weal and woe:
 But God has a few of us whom he whispers
 in the ear;
 The rest may reason and welcome;
 'tis we musicians know.”

THE NATIVITY OF BUDDHA.

(From the *Buddha Charita* of *Ashva Ghosha*.)

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE HOLY CITY.

OM! Reverence to Him who Knoweth all things;—He hath provided for us a higher joy than Providence itself,—He who, in driving away our darkness, hath outshone the sun,—He who, allaying our hot passion, hath out-charmed the silver moon,—Him, the Worthy One I praise, who never had his like on earth.

There was a city, the dwelling place of the holy man of old, Kapila; surrounded on all sides by a fair, broad upland, set in hills that girt it round like clouds. The lofty pinnacles of the city soared towards heaven; and its rule was a white mountain of holiness,—that might draw away the clouds from the snowy peaks, misleading them, yet repaying all their hopes by its beauty. And darkness and misery found no refuge there, for the bright shining, and wealth of the city. And smiling Fortune dwelt there gladly, amid such worthy dwellers. And, for that nowhere throughout the whole earth was seen the like of it, for gardens and arches and jeweled spires, the city could vie only with itself, one palace striving with another.

And the women of the city were fair in face as the moon, more lovely than lotuses, so that the sun, even in setting, could not forget them, but hastened towards the west to slake his hot longing for them in the waters of the ocean.

And seeing that even the King of the the old-world gods was eclipsed by the gathered splendors of the Shakya nation, the people strove to wash away even the memory of him, with their flags and bright-waving banners. By night, the rays of the moon, that fell on the silver cupolas were like the whiteness of a full-blown lotus; and by day the sunlight

gleaming on the golden domes was like the brightness of yellow water-lilies.

KING SHUDDHODANA.

And the king of the city was Shuddhodana, of the Solar line, anointed chieftest monarch of the world; and he adorned the city, ruling over it as the sun adorns a full-blown lotus. And the king, though ruler of all, yet listened to counsel; though liberal, he was not lavish; though master, he yet shewed equal justice; though full of graciousness, he was yet mighty in valor. By his arm had been slain the war-elephants of the enemy, in the field of battle; their heads all decked with jewels, scattered now, had bowed down before his might, like worshippers that scatter offerings of flowers.

And he shook the enemy with the fiery might of his valor, as the hot sun shakes off the darkness of eclipse. And he shone forth over the people, lighting them in all their ways.

Under his rule, though holiness and wealth and pleasure each had its own aim, yet the outward face of them was the same; and vying against each other, each shone brighter in their triumphant course. And the king, full of glory, yet drew glory from his noble counselors; as the moon shines not less brightly for the shining of the stars.

THE MOTHER OF THE MASTER.

And Maya the queen, like the Mother of the Worlds on earth, was not less in high honor than the high honor of the king; she was radiant as the sun, driving away the darkness by her majesty,—a goddess more glorious than the multitude of the heavenly host. And the people loved her as a mother, while the great folk esteemed her as one beloved.

And she, who was to bring great joy into the world, shone like goddess Fortune in the family of the king. And though a woman's lot loves best seclusion, yet when that lot fell on her, it shone more brightly; so night is no longer dark when it falls on the brightly shining moon.

HOW THE MASTER WAS BORN.

"This nether world cannot perceive me, so far above their human sight,"—thus spoke the Law Divine, and laying aside his heavenly form, took upon himself a shape visible to outward eyes. And descending thus from his heavenly dwelling place, lighting up the three worlds, that Being of Wisdom entered the womb of the queen,—as the king of the Serpents enters the cave of joy—taking that form whose symbol is the sacred elephant,* white as the snows of Himalay, six-tusked, and full of well-doing. So he entered the womb of King Shuddhodana's queen, to take away the sorrows of the world.

And the Sovereigns of the Spheres came down from heaven, to worship him, who was the one Lord of all the world; so the moonbeams, that shine on all things, yet shine more brightly on the Holy Mountain. Queen Maya also, perceiving that he had entered her womb, like a flash of heavenly light, blessing all the world, made the misery of the poor to cease by a rain of gifts upon the people.

And as she, goddess-like, surrounded by the courtiers of the palace, best among those that bear children, went once to the garden with the permission of the king, that Being of Wisdom came forth from her womb, as she was resting on the bough of a tree, heavily laden with blossoms.

SIGNS FROM HEAVEN.

Thus a blessing came upon the world's dark age, and thus a son was born to that fair lady, all her vows performed,—

a son who should bring joy to the world, nor did she suffer sorrow or sickness. As the morning sun comes forth from the clouds, so he came forth into birth, from his mother's womb.

And as the sun pours forth its shining rays, that slay the darkness, he filled the world full of golden light.

And the king of the old-world gods, well pleased, received the new-born child, bright as a pillar of gold, and from the heavens upon his head descended twin streams of pure water, with flowers of the scarlet coral-tree.

And held by the chiefest of the heavenly host, he shone back on them, with the magical rays that came forth from his form, and by his brightness excelled the new moon, framed in the glory of the twilight clouds.

And new-born he shone as one who had descended from heaven, not passed through the gates of birth; he who had manifested himself in many an age, already full of understanding, was not dismayed.

And by his brightness, his firmness and his beauty the boy shone, illuminating the world, thus descending into birth. And he held the eyes of those that looked on him, as the bright moon does, such was his luminous glory.

For by the brightness of his body he robbed all other lights of their glory, as the sun does; for he was in color like to fair gold, and illumined all the lands of the earth with his shining. And taking seven steps, fearless, bright as the moon, firmly planted, full of valor, and steadfast, shining like the seven stars, he spoke:

BUDDHA'S FIRST WORDS.

"Born am I for Wisdom, and the welfare of the world, and this is my final birth": thus spoke he, whose glory was like the lion, looking forth through the four worlds; thus he spoke, declaring the purpose of what was to come.

And two streams of water, shining like

*The symbol of Esoteric wisdom.

the rays of the moon, flowed down from heaven, soft as falling dew ; and they descended on his moon-like head, for the gladdening of his body, who had no equal.

And as he lay there on a couch, whose feet were of lapis-lazuli, whose body was of sparkling gold, whose covering was rich and beautiful, the genii of the earth stood round him as his courtiers, with yellow lotuses in their hands. And at the majesty of him, born thus of queen Maya, the heavenly dwellers, with heads bowed in reverence, came to him bearing a snow-white canopy, bringing blessings for him who was thus born for Wisdom.

And great Serpents who had done honor to the Buddhas of ages gone by, drew near to him through love of the great Law, their eyes full of devotion, and strewed the scarlet coral-flowers upon him. They rejoiced at the birth of him, who came as the Others had come, they dwellers in the pure worlds, Beings of purity.

The gods rejoiced, even though their chiefest was gone, descending into birth for the good of this world sunk in woe ; at whose birth the earth trembled, like a ship struck by the wind, the earth adorned by the king of mountains. And from the cloudless sky fell a rain of lotusbuds, sandal-scented. And the winds breathed soft, with loving touch, descending from their dwellings in the sky ; and the Sun shone out with exceeding brightness ; the fire-lord flamed with rays of beauty, unconstrained.

And in the neighborhood of his dwelling-place a stream of pure water burst forth, and the palace was astonished at it, and it became as a shrine for holy acts. And the spring of water received virtue from the hosts of divine beings who came there, longing for the Law, and seeking to behold it.

And they shewed joyful reverence, bringing branches of scented flowers. And the flowering trees blossomed forth

of themselves, showering their scented blooms on every side, full of the murmur of bees, and the scented air was breathed by the assembled serpents. And on all sides the place was gladdened by the tinkling of women's tabors, and the soft sounds of the lute, and many-voiced instruments giving forth sweet music melodious.

THE SON OUTSHINES THE FATHER.

Is it not written in the holy books of old, that what Bhrgu and Augiras could not accomplish, that the sons of these two sages, founders of noble lines attained,—their two sons, Shukra and Vṛhaspati. And the son of Sarasvati gave out again the lost Doctrine, which they of old had not beheld,—Vyasa, the sage, accomplishing what Vasishṭa, with all his knowledge, could not accomplish.

And Valmiki, likewise, made such a song as Chyavana the mighty seer could never make ; and what Atri could not attain to, that the son of Atri afterwards performed. And the honor of second birth, which Kushika did not reach, that his son successfully obtained. And the sons of Ikshvaku were able to set such limits to the ocean as Sagara had tried to set, and failed.

And Janaka reached a fame as teacher in the mystic lore, which had not been reached by any others of the twice-born. And many are the doings recorded, which great heroes were unable to compass,—but which yet were compassed by the heroes' sons. Hence it is manifest that neither age nor time avail for preëminence in the world ; the deeds that kings and sages set their hearts upon,—these things have been done by their sons, which had not been done by those who went before them.

Thus was the king consoled by his trusted counsellors from among the twice-born, and even made glad. And he put away unwished-for fear from his mind, and even rejoiced with great rejoicing. And well pleased with those

excellent twice-born men, he gave them gifts and shewed them hospitality, saying: "Let him indeed become king of the earth, as has been declared, and, in old age, let him depart to the forest."

THE VISIT OF THE SAGE.

Thereupon, learning by heavenly signs, and through the power of his magic knowledge, that he was born who should make an end of birth, the mighty sage, Asita, came to the palace of the Shakya king, full of thirst for the Good Law.

Him gleaming with holy radiance, and radiance magical, the king's own Teacher led within the king's abode,—himself a knower of truth eminent among truth-knowers,—with reverence and hospitality. And the mighty Sage drew near to the inner chamber of the king, where all was rejoicing at the young prince's birth; he came full of dignity through his magical power, and the force of his mystic knowledge, and the sense that old age was upon him.

Thereupon the king, shewing the saint all due honor, and setting him upon a seat, and causing water to be brought, to wash his feet, welcomed him, as of old Antideva welcomed Vashishta: "Happy am I, and favored is my race, in that thy greatness has come to visit me; oh august one, order what I am to do, for I am thy disciple; deign thou, then, to shew confidence in me."

Thus, verily, welcomed by the king, with every honor, as was fit, the saint spoke these deep, wise words, his eyes opened wide with wonder.

THE SAGE'S BLESSING.

"In thee, magnanimous, is this well and seemly, that thy mind is so full of affection towards me,—whose desire is the Law, who practice renunciation,—as to a beloved guest, in accordance with thy goodness, wisdom, and age. It is thus that kingly sages, casting away from them perishable riches according to the Law, and renouncing them altogether, grew rich in mystic power, though poor in

outward substance. But hear thou now the cause of my coming, and draw great gladness from it.

"For by me, on the heavenly path, was heard a heavenly voice: that a son had been born to thee, for Wisdom. Hearing the voice, therefore, and having set my mind to it, and understanding it by heavenly signs, I came hither, full of the desire to behold him who shall raise aloft the banner of the Shakyas, as they raise the banner of Indra at the festival."

THE HEAVENLY BABE.

And when the king heard this speech of the sage, with swift and joyful step he went and took the boy from the nurse's arms, and shewed him to the saint, rich in magical power. And the mighty sage with great wonder beheld the prince, his soles marked with the sacred disc; his palms and feet with joining membranes; the circle of hair between his brows; his body vigorous as an elephant.

And beholding him, in the arms of his nurse, like the son of the Firelord in the arms of his mother, the tears came, hanging to his eyelashes, and sighing deeply, he was as one who gazes into paradise. And seeing Asita, his eyes suffused with tears, the king trembled, for love of his son. And, his throat choked with tears, he asked, sobbing, bending suppliant before the saint:

"Why, O wise one, beholding him whose form is almost like a god's,—whose birth was marvelous and full of light,—whose future, thou sayest, is most excellent,—why, beholding him, dost thou weep?

"Is it, sage, that this prince is destined for long life, or is he born for my sorrow? And after taking up water in my hand, shall I not have time to drink it? Is the treasure of my glory also secure, or is the strength of my family certain? Shall I go forth happily to the next world, with the unwinking eye of the gods, while my son is asleep? Or shall

my race be without a flower? Are the descendants of my family destined to wither away? Tell me quickly, Master, for I have no peace; for thou knowest the love of kindred toward a son."

THE SAGE'S MESSAGE.

The saint thus replied to the king, thus overcome with faintness at the thought of misfortune:

"Let not thy belief be changed, O King, for what I have declared is fixed and sure. Nor indeed was it on his account or for any change in him, but for my own misfortune, that I grieved.

For my time has come; and he, the teacher who shall put an end to birth, who is hard to find, is but newly born; he who, giving up his kingdom, and unallured by things of sense, shall reach the Truth by fierce striving.

For he shall blaze forth as a sun, to slay the world's darkness of delusion,—by full knowledge.

From the ocean of sorrow, whose foam is sickness, wide-spread, whose waves are weakness, and whose swift tide is death, shall he save the deluded and afflicted world, on the raft of wisdom.

The thirsty world shall drink his river of the Law, flowing forth most excellent, whose swift waters are wisdom, whose banks are firm righteousness, the birds on whose waves are vows.

He shall declare the way of freedom to those who have lost their way, and wandered from the road, to those who are worn out with sorrow, shewing them the path from this rough highway of necessity, hemmed in by objects of sense.

He shall bring joy to the people in the

world, burnt up by the fire of passion, whose fuel is material life; he shall bring them the glad moisture of the Law, as the great cloud brings rain allaying the burning heat.

He shall break open the prison house whose bars are lust, and whose doors are darkness and delusion, for the freeing of the people; he shall break it open with blows of the good Law, excellent, irresistible.

He, as king of the Law, shall make a freeing from bondage for the people who are fettered by the bonds of their own delusions; who are wrapped round with sorrow; who have no place of refuge.

Therefore grieve not for this grief of mine; for he is to be grieved for, in this grievous human world, who shall not hear thy son's strong Law, whether through delusion, or the allurements of desire, or strong fascination. And therefore, lost are my meditations, and failed of their aim; since I shall not hear him. I esteem even dwelling in paradise as a misfortune."

THE SAGE DEPARTS.

When the king heard this his heart was glad, and he put away from him despondency; "Thus, indeed, shall my son be," he thought, his grief assuaged: "on the Noble Path shall he go," he thought within his heart. Nor indeed was he unfriendly to the Law, yet he saw in this a fear of his son's loss. Thus the sage Asita, having told the truth to the king, fearing for his son, departed again as he had come, by the pathways of the wind, greatly honored, and revered by all.

THE LARGER WOMANHOOD.

BY C. M. N.

THE FIRST GOOD LEVEL.—RIGHT DOCTRINE.

The First Good Level is *Right Doctrine*. Walk
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offense ;
In heed of Karma, which doth make men's fate ;
In Lordship over sense.

IN the preceding paper we endeavored to prove that woman had reached an inevitable awakening in the course of her evolution and tried to point out some of the changes and how that womanhood was not to be lost by the broadening of her opportunities but was to be made nobler, stronger and better.

Buddha, in the ages gone, formulated the four good levels on the upper road. In later years Jesus taught the same doctrine. But for our purposes we will take the four good levels of Buddha as Sir Edwin Arnold has so beautifully given them in his "Light of Asia" and consider the first. This is what he says of it :

"The First Good Level is *Right Doctrine*. Walk

In fear of Dharma, shunning all offense ;

In heed of Karma, which doth make men's fate ;

In Lordship over sense."

We all know that the doctrine held by men and women will color, more or less, according to the sincerity of their convictions, all their acts. Therefore it is hardly necessary to argue the necessity for holding right doctrine. That the doctrine is the foundation for character is recognized here by making it the first step on the road.

The Bible tells us to "Prove all Things." First we find that age proves nothing. Every day science teaches us that the firm beliefs of ages past were errors. What two hundred years ago would have been deemed impossible in the realm of science and for the teaching of which a man would have been in serious danger, is the acknowledged fact

of to-day. What one hundred years ago would have seemed improbable, if not impossible, in the world of mechanics, is the commonplace of to-day. What is true in the realms of material and mental thought should be true in the line of spiritual thought. By the steady unfolding of our powers, evolution will bring to us new phases of truth and broaden our understanding of underlying principles. Our doctrine must grow with us if it is to be a right doctrine for every stage of our development. Age *alone* proves little but liability to error.

Custom is equally worthless as a proof of right doctrine. Wherever the power of the priesthood is strongest custom is most united in the following of any set religious ceremony. At the same time there is less spirituality, less individual thought, less intensesness of conviction in the people. Humanity as a whole is too lazy to think, or as we often say, it is conservative. This tendency is stronger in woman than in man though she is now being taught that it is not unwomanly to think for herself. We can all remember when the strong minded woman, the woman who dared to hold and express an opinion which differed from that given out by her church was looked upon with horror. With all our broadened views and enlarged opportunities, it still takes courage for a woman to face the world with a new idea. Custom has proven nothing, as to the correctness of the doctrine, because it has been a careless, unreasoning attempt to shirk responsibility and place it on the shoulders of some one else.

This has been nothing more nor less than an attempt to base doctrine on authority by people too indolent or too timid to think for themselves. They have forgotten that there could be no authority for any doctrine save its

own reasonableness, logic and truth, whether we take the Karmic idea of cause and effect, or the Christian idea of a divine lawgiver, the argument remains the same. We know that effect follows cause in exact proportion and with un-failing accuracy and certainty. Neither can we conceive of a *Divine* lawgiver making laws which would not represent the reasonable, logical outcome of conditions. Therefore we are back to our original statement, that the only authority that can give weight to any doctrine is its own inherent merit. In this matter Christianity and Theosophy agree; the one teaching 'prove all things' and the other saying 'accept nothing on authority.'

Let us then examine some of the essentials of right doctrine. It is of prime importance that it be true. We must be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us and this we can only do when our faith is based upon law, when we can demonstrate by the laws of logic, reason or experience that our doctrine is a fact, not merely a pretty or amiable sentiment. This will give us a stable, firm ground or basis for our ethical doctrine or law of life, which could never come to a doctrine based upon the caprice or whim of any supposable personal lawgiver, be it a divine God or human priesthood. Everywhere in nature the law carries with it the result of its violation, not as a punishment for disobeying some higher will but the effect of the cause.

The law of the Universe is harmony, the heart of the law is love and the end of the law is peace. If we break the law the result is discord in our lives, misery and pain. Nor is this an "inscrutable dispensation of Providence." The law "knows not wrath nor pardon" but "who thwarts it loses and who serves it gains." Basing then our right doctrine upon law we find that no one can suffer for us. If we break the law we suffer. If we keep it we gain.

Then again our doctrine must be pure. Pure not only in its outward deeds but pure also in the thought which prompts the deed. We are too often satisfied with a blameless life. We regard scrupulously all the rules of action laid down by our creed and neglect the heart and mind. Too often we read the book in private that we drop under the sewing in our basket when the friend calls whose good opinion we value most highly. We think the thought we would not say. We dwell in imagination upon the act we would not commit and then wonder why, day by day we are obliged to set a more rigid watch upon our lips and actions. To have the one pure the other must be free from stain.

"Strive with thy thoughts unclean before they overpower thee. Use them as they will thee, for if thou sparest them and they take root and grow, know well, these thoughts will overpower and kill thee. Beware Disciple, suffer not e'en though it be their shadow, to approach. For it will grow, increase in size and power, and then this thing of darkness will absorb thy being before thou hast well realized the black, foul monster's presence." Again it is said, "His thoughts become an army and bear him off a captive slave."

When this personal purity of thought and life is taught and lived then we may hope for social purity. Never, however, will social purity be accomplished until the women themselves learn the importance of demanding one standard of morality for man and woman. So long as the fault that ostracises a woman is condoned in a man; so long as we open our doors to the man of evil habits and close them to the woman against whom there is, rightly or wrongly, a breath of suspicion; so long as we make the purity of our daughters an essential quality and consider the chastity of our sons only desirable; our doctrine is not right and we shall make small progress for we are not working with the law. Evil will

come of evil, always, in every time and place. There is no sex in soul and intellect. The sin that soils the soul that informs our sister's frame leaves just as deep a stain upon the soul which uses our brother's body. The great commandment, "Be ye perfect," "The law which moves to righteousness, which none at last can turn aside or stay" bind all humanity with equal force.

While true and pure our doctrine must be charitable. Intolerance and self-righteousness are grave errors. We have no right to be intolerant of the beliefs of others. Upon no one does the full light of truth shine all at once. We learn Life's lessons page by page. The memory of our own struggles should teach us kindly patience. Having gained some light we should try to realize by the darkness still in our own souls how dark and hopeless and helpless those must be who have seen no light and so, teach the good law patiently, as the mother teaches the little child. Remember, that while we are right to condemn sin and impurity our duty does not end there. We must help purity and righteousness to grow, for the law moves ever in that direction. Showing in our doctrine the beauty of purity, we must show as well its noble strength to help those souls which are in profound gloom.

But our doctrine will be useless and without force unless it is practical enough to meet the demands of humanity as a whole. To accomplish this we must strive to reach a fuller realization of the brotherhood of man. Being the incarnation in common matter of rays from the one divine source we are all one. We cannot divide ourselves off into the good and the bad. The same law rules us all, fitting itself to our various degrees of advancement. Any doctrine which does not take this fact into consideration fails in so much. The law is one and the same for all. Knowing this we will work unselfishly for humanity. The self loses its great importance

when we realize the solidarity of humanity. Our energies are no longer bent to the saving of our own souls alone but to the helping of all humanity, the spreading of all the light we can get and the bettering of the condition of the whole race, for personality will be lost in the sense of brotherhood and we will be able to take as our motto, "All for humanity, nothing for self."

Such a doctrine will be informal and creedless. It will recognize all that is good and pure in every creed and try to hunt out the golden grain of truth from the chaff of dogmatism and ritualism. The only ritualism of such a doctrine will be that of good deeds, its only service that of willing hearts, its only sacrifices those of self-sacrifice for the good of humanity.

Such would be Right Doctrine, to be lived out by each of us according to our own circumstances and surroundings, the first good level on the upward path, broad enough for all humanity.

Having proven the doctrine, hold fast that which is good. Mingle gentle courtesy to those who see differently with steadfast will and a courageous heart. The path winds uphill. The human heart is conquered slowly. Perfection is not won in one brief life. We have often need of the caution, "Beware of fear that spreadeth like the black and soundless wings of midnight bat between the moonlight of thy soul and thy great goal that loometh in the distance far away." Still we may take courage and fight bravely on for the law changes not.

"Behold I show you truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,
Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure."

THE KINDERGARTEN OF THEOSOPHY.

BY MARIE A. J. WATSON.

WHAT is the object of life? Is it merely to pamper the body in its tyrannical demands for self gratification, to be well fed, well clothed, well housed, basking in the sunshine of animal contentment, never seeking beyond the material welfare, never knocking at nature's doors for admission into realms other than the physical?

The soul that lives thus is one in whom the voice of the higher Ego has not yet sounded. Deafened by the noises and clamorings of the senses it cannot hear the sweet melody of the higher self that is ever pleading within. The lower nature of man, composed of the four grosser principles in nature, is symbolized by the square, and is called the lower quaternary. *This* it is that must be sent to the grist mill of suffering, its sharp corners must be ground away by the wheel of experience, until it becomes rounded and whole, the symbol of the perfect soul. Mother Earth is our nurse, she trains us in this vanishing world of matter to a maturer existence of spirit.

As the personality has its infancy, its youth, its prime and its old age, so likewise the soul of man has its seasons of spring, summer, autumn and winter; the innocence of childhood, the presumption of youth, the pride of manhood and the mellowed richness of its ripened experience. To the Egos advancing toward this last stage the doctrine of Karma and Reincarnation is a fact, a truth known to them. How? There are those who have had glimpses far back into the dim past, they have seen that the one golden thread runs through the garment that they have been weaving from time immemorial. The soul has awakened from her long slumber into which she has thrown herself by the narcotics of sense-life, and rousing from the torpor, declares that

from henceforth she will be free. Girt about with the experience of many lives, fortified by the knowledge of which she has had glimpses, she makes war upon the other half of her nature, the lower animal self, and asserts her rights, her powers, and commands where formerly she obeyed. Like a true Master she guides the old force into new channels, she trains it until it unites with the higher, nobler nature, thus spiritualizing matter, or turning the baser metal into gold.

Until man has reached this step nature kindly veils from him the pages of the past. Until he is strong enough to look upon this record, his mistakes, his falterings, his deficiencies, his wasted opportunities, and even his crimes are hidden from him by a break between successive earth-lives, the Ego, retiring into the subjective state, to rest after the labor of the life just closed, and to mould the fruit of this experience into character. For the shadow of the awful past standing ever beside man would defeat the law of progress and evolution.

Just as we withhold bad news from the invalid, fearing to put more upon the sick, sensitive one than can well be borne; so Nature, in her motherly tenderness, shields us likewise while we are yet feeble and ill, and puts no more upon us than we can bear; thus manifesting her wisdom and forethought for the welfare of her offspring.

Heredity accounts for physical resemblance in form and feature, physical habits, tricks of manner and so on, but it does not explain the startling differences in mortal perception, in mental capacity, in children born from the same parents, living under the same influences, reared in the same surroundings, yet each child evidencing peculiarities strictly its own.

Twins, who are subject to the same parental influence yet exhibit marked differences in disposition and character. How can this difference be accounted for, if not by the reasonable explanation that the Egos, having had different experiences in former lives, the result must also vary? A little child of my acquaintance, said one time to his mother: "You are the best mother I ever had. Oh, I picked out a good one this time." This is a case in hand where "out of the mouths of babes comes wisdom."

The Ego, upon entering the new earthly life is attracted by the law of Karma to those physical parents who will furnish, for its further development, such a body as is adapted to its needs, wherein it may have opportunity to learn the lessons it has missed; for the Ego before being clothed in its new "coat of skin," clearly realizes its own necessities, and thus selects wisely, although to the limited knowledge of the personality it embodies, it may seem unfair and uncongenial, but we may be sure that it is always according to law. So when we see a musical genius like "Blind Tom" encased in a body furnished by negro parents, we only see that the soul having failed in some lesson of life, has been put back to make good the loss.

Just as we see when a student does not keep up with his class, he is put back and goes over the ground again to take up what he has missed, if he will, although in one branch of study he may excel and be beyond his fellow students, as the musical talents of "Blind Tom" bore witness to the fruits of his industry in that line. If we neglect duty we break a thread in the loom, and we shall find the flaw when we have forgotten the cause. That we do not remember our past lives is nothing against the doctrine of reincarnation; the recollections of childhood and infancy are soon forgotten; yet many a habit formed at this age is

retained for life. The full grown man in the childhood of his larger cycle of life also forgets the details of his experiences, yet the Ego goes on accumulating the knowledge gained. The soul has expressed itself through all the kingdoms of nature, finally as man, and not until the soul becomes conscious of these experiences can she remember or impress the lower man with the facts of her many existences, but the possibility is latent within the soul to do so; and the object of reincarnation is to develop the soul, so that she may become a self-conscious entity, an intelligent co-worker in the Universe; beginning at the lowest rung of the ladder of knowledge, climbing ever upward towards infinitude. In Jesus the lower human nature was overcome. The crucifixion of the Son of man was upon the cross of matter; the atonement was fulfilled when the four lower principles were transmuted into the three higher; then Jesus said: "I and my Father are one, and he that hath seen me hath seen Him that sent me." At another time Jesus said, "Call me not good, there is none good but one." Now these sayings are either contradictory nonsense or they contain the deepest philosophy. Interpreted by the light of Theosophy the latter is apparent. When Jesus, the visible man, was spoken to as "Good Master" that portion of his nature, his four lower principles was completely controlled by his higher nature of trinity; pride, egotism, vanity and all kindred elements, which belong to the lower nature only, these in Jesus were uprooted, dead, and when he said, "Call me not good," etc., it was knowing that the man who addressed him saw only the man Jesus and not the invisible Deity within him. Among the many voices lifted up to proclaim the hastening of a better day this earnest word is sent forth not to attack true religion—which teaches the adoration of one Supreme, unknown Deity by words and acts and not by human dogma—but to

interpret anew the message of the Christ, and to restore the secret of the true life realized by him. The Masters of the East tell us that the time is ripe for establishing these higher truths; but it is left for man in the exercise of his freedom of choice to seize the golden opportunity to lose it.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

KARMA THE RESULT OF EVOLUTION AND INVOLUTION.

In the great cycle of manifestation, the out-breathing of the "Great Breath," in Indian thought, is equivalent to what we mean by evolution. In other words the Divine energy diffuses itself, or goes out into the lowest and most material conditions by a gradual process on different spheres, or on seven great planes as the Esoteric philosophy teaches. This differentiation, or out-going, covers immense periods of time, and as evolution is slow and gradual, growth always from the simple to the complex, so likewise involution is slow, and a gradual return from the complex to the simple. Both of these processes are divided into a series of cycles; that which has isolated itself from the Great Whole experiences, evolves, individualizes, and seeks again to become reunited. Now what is it that experiences, progresses and evolves? Is it matter *per se*? Surely not. Matter has no character of its own, but that which is given to it by the prime mover, the Soul. Matter is the clay in the hands of the potter; the soul selects its own material, moulds its own tenement through which it expresses itself, whether that be in the form of a mountain, a tree, a dog or a man. The perplexing thought that presents itself to the mind that if it is not matter that progresses, it must be spirit, the source of all intelligence and wisdom, and how reconcile this statement that that which already possesses all wisdom must come up through the various kingdoms in nature for experience. This must be a contradiction, a paradox unless the seven-

fold nature of man is understood. There is a middle ground whereby this seeming inconsistency disappears. It is the child of Matter and Spirit, and like all childhood needs training; it has ingrained in it all the tendencies acquired of the natures through which it has come, spirit was the impulse that started it in its early life manifestations, and spirit must continue to be the impulse urging it onward and upward. So we see it is not spirit pure and absolute that needs experience, but the product of spirit, and this product is the mind, or the reincarnating Ego, the real thinker who utilizes matter wherein to live, or manifest, or become conscious of itself as a something not the body or form.

But nothing is attained without labor. Evolution is true, but Karma is true also and unless we sow with loving deeds the fields of future harvests we shall find but barren plains. Patient perseverance and earnest labor only will achieve.

"What good gift has my brother but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice?"

The time has passed when we can grow as children. From henceforth our progress must be the work of our own willing hands. We have been sowing from life to life, our causes of well—or ill—done duty and reaping, as we came, our effects of strength or weakness. Spiral by spiral we have ascended, till now we stand where we must hear the law, must know that all life is one, that back of all stands AUM, the absolute, and that we as rays from that great light—the highest and the lowest—are one, a brotherhood in fact, a loving brotherhood, if we so will it.

We must know that objective life is not limited for us to this little day, but has run, and must run, through endless ages. Nor is this a hard doctrine, as some think, who, seeing the weariness of this little life, would wish to escape all further Earth life. On the contrary the doctrine is one which should bring hope to every human heart. We toil here

beset by many hindrances. We earnestly aspire to, but never reach, the goal. We long to lift the burden from the sad old world and find our hands too weak to lift the load from off the hearts we love the best. We would be crushed beneath this weight of woe and ignorance, drowned in the salt tears of our less happy sisters were this brief life our only chance for work. Then comes the truth of Re-incarnation and our hearts are gladdened, knowing that what we failed to do to-day we may accomplish to-morrow. Each effort for the right gives added strength of heart and will. Every failure may be but a stepping-stone to higher achievements if we but keep our souls pure and our hearts open in loving charity to all humanity.

And to make assurance doubly sure comes in the grand, eternal law of Kar-

ma, Nature's first law, that effect must follow cause.

"That which ye sow, ye reap." It is a law which "knows not wrath nor pardon: Utter true its measures meet, its faultless balance weighs." We know that "Good must come of good and ill of evil—surely—unto all—in every place and time." Knowing these laws, we shall stand indeed, in "the light of Truth's high noon." Living by these laws we may indeed "lift crowned heads unto the sky."

Thus, and only thus, may we climb by the Fourfold path, to the mountain tops of Peace and Wisdom, where man and woman shall stand hand in hand, one in the dignity of their Divine origin, one in unity of life and purpose, the perfect flower, the gem and crown of Human Brotherhood.

FRAGMENTS.

THE REAL.

BY M. A. OPPERMANN.

THE real means for us something which we realize, and we realize that which we experience within ourselves. Thus the real has a variable appearance to each man according to his inward experience. As the human family as a whole, is very much alike, experiences of a similar nature are gone through in very much the same way at the same time by most of the members of humanity. Those whose inner experience differs from the general trend are either in advance or behind the average. Thus what is generally conceived as the real is due to the experience of the average humanity. When the latter occupies its mind with things and phenomena appertaining to matter, then matter is conceived of as real, and so it comes about, that things outside of earthly matter are considered by most people as unreal and only as the outcome of fancy, at best of speculation. One man

may reason with another and try to prove by analogy the real existence of things outside and within matter, but the reasoning imparts no conviction and makes no man realize anything which he has not experienced as real himself. It seems so absurd that men should hunt after riches, when they well know that death will surely deprive them of all wealth, and that death may overtake them the very next day or hour; but this absurdity can only be explained by the error of man believing material things to be real, and as long as this belief exists in him, he will try to accumulate wealth. In this lies the reason why man does not become changed by outside influences however strong they may be; I mean influences established by man himself, man-made laws, social customs, contrition, etc. Man only changes from within, and each man has to do that work himself, and establish within himself the

conception of that as real which is more real than that which he believed to be so before. This will help him up; the reverse will drag him down.

The question arises: How can he do this? It cannot be done by reasoning, emotion is a step when it is pure, art is a step when it is elevated, but that which helps best and surest is compassion. It seems strange that compassion should be the great teacher of the real, but it can easily be understood why it is so. When a set of forces in the character of man tends towards making him believe that this material world is real, then the forces which go in the opposite direction must have the contrary effect. Concentrating for self, carrying all back to one's own enjoyments, tend toward making a man believe these to be real. Selfishness and hardness of heart are thus forces which increase the conception of non-real as real. Altruism, pity and compassion must therefore have the contrary effect upon man, and not only soften his heart, but bring him nearer to the real. Thus, real knowledge is the direct outcome of the practice of brotherhood and no understanding can be obtained without it.

We are told that the Real in its ultimate aspect is only in the Absolute, but we all know that we cannot reach this Absolute for a very long time yet. So the only possibility for us to progress, is to take new aspects of phenomena and new perceptions, such as will bring us nearer to the Absolute. We are told that gross matter is the lowest of all, and indeed it seems impossible to imagine anything more gross, heavy, and cumbersome. Being a clothing of spirit after all, there is beauty in it, in every stone, in every blade of grass but that beauty, as far as we are concerned, resides more in a conception of it by ourselves. One man may admire a beautiful sunset, another passes and does not even look at it, and thus the sunset is beautiful for that man only who contains beauty within himself.

We are told that the Real is not subject

to change, but where is that unchangeable something, seeing that all things change? Our modes of existence change, our very mode of thought and appreciation, all is modified in time, and even time is incomprehensible without admitting a change of something or of things, the succession of which changes serves for us as a conception and as a measure of time. It then follows that the real must be outside of time, or more correctly, that time cannot exist in the real. Thus he who reaches the real knows the beginning and end of things. The real cannot have undergone any change since the beginning until the end of manifestation, and thus it is not manifested itself but only surrounded by manifestation, or so to say clothed by it.

When we observe the component parts of a thing and see some parts disappear and others endure longer, we may say that the latter are more real and more lasting. Acts are due to causes, last for some time, and then become causes in their turn for new acts.

Thus we may say that while the acts are born and die, the law which makes them, that is the law of cause and effect, is enduring and real. Even the qualifications which we give to acts are more enduring than the acts themselves; while virtuous acts pass by, virtue still exists, but being a conception of the human mind, it cannot be all enduring like the law of Karma. The more ideal a conception and the further it is away from earthly matter, the more real it is. Mathematics is a real science, because it is the most ideal one; but as soon as it is carried out in matter, there is no more absolute correctness in applied mathematics due to our errors of observation and measurement. What can be less material than the idea of a point, a line, a surface or even of volume? But a draughtsman will never make an absolutely correct drawing, a chemist cannot weigh correctly, and no absolutely true surface can be given to a body, and ob-

servations have to be corrected by a calculation based upon the calculus of probabilities. As the real can have no qualifications expressible by words, man cannot be taught how to reach it, but can only be taught where the road is that leads up to it. Thus man cannot learn the real, but must evolve within him the already existing reality. He must be the real in order to understand it, and not be that which is unreal. All the unreal has to be discarded from man's perception, if he would attain to his real self. Since man is a thinker this has been told to him, but few have listened. He has been told that his five physical senses apply to the physical world only, and that by using them only, he cannot go beyond the physical kingdom. He has been told that man had spiritual sight, and the atrophied organ of that lost sense has been pointed out to him. The increasing predominance of the physical senses accompanied by a gradual descent into matter, brought about this loss, gradually of course, and gradually man has to regain it by restraining the physical senses and tendencies. It is the natural process of evolution, and will come about for the bulk of humanity in its gradual development, and for each man whenever he wills it. It is easy to go down and difficult to go up, easy to lose and difficult to regain. For such a long, long time we have gone through so many incarnations, in which our tendency towards matter went on increasingly, and we cannot possibly mend all this at once, or without a serious and hard struggle. This struggle has been depicted by the sages, and perhaps there is no better book on it than the *Bhagavad Gita*, where all the stages of the inward fight in man are clearly defined, and help indicated for obtaining victory.

The teaching begins with a description of the soul and its characteristics, then it goes on to the acting of the man that struggles forward. Next comes the knowledge necessary and the under-

standing that renouncement of acts is not inactivity but renunciation of all results to the supreme. The book next deals with self-restraint and with right understanding and discerning, which is followed by the study of the indestructible Brahma and the understanding of the hidden supreme knowledge. We then come to the supreme powers residing in the real man and their different forms of manifestation. Once man is carried so far in his understanding, and when he has grasped the real character of the supreme, then he is seized with utmost and most touching devotion, understands root matter and root-spirit, and sees nature as the outcome of the three qualities, and then begins to understand spirit in its highest sense. The book then goes on with the distinction between holiness and badness, between the three kinds of faith, and terminates with the entire renunciation to the Supreme. The whole path is thus laid out, and the beauty of the book can only be equalled by its profoundness. The book can only be fully understood by following its precepts and by realizing its teaching point by point within oneself. Even ordinary study with attention and good purpose helps wonderfully and opens the mind to the influence of intuitional understanding.

The struggle of a man towards the Divine is so sacred and holy, that interference, curiosity and purely intellectual discussion seems almost a sacrilege. When a man is on his death bed, the bystanders are silent and hardly dare to whisper, and so it should be towards a man that fights and struggles with his lower nature for the liberation of self, which is really a dying and a rebirth, not for his own good but for the good of all.

The way to the Real is terribly uphill; joyful and laughing man went down and sacrificed the Real for the Unreal and Fleeting; sorrowful and afflicted he has to trace his steps back and regain with tears and suffering that which he so hastily abandoned, his Real Self.

WORK AND WAIT.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

"If Sun thou canst not be, then be the humble planet."

THE present is a time for work. Not a single member of the Theosophical Society can afford to be idle, can lie back upon his oars and "float over the summer sea," waiting for the future to bring renewed life and energy, or to give him greater knowledge by which his labors may be more effective. There can be no "floating" with the tide; no waiting for better opportunities. Right here and now the effort is needed. Not one could be in the Society had not Karma brought him there to do a definite work in helping humanity.

It may seem sometimes as if our ability to do was so limited; our influence so small; our comprehension of infinite truth so weak, that it were idle to make the attempt to help others along a path in which our own feet are stumbling. Do you not know that no effort, however small, is ever lost out of the world of causes? The word spoken in season may be just what is needed to turn a brother's face in the right direction. The *Voice of the Silence* says, "Point out the 'Way'—however dimly and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness." That is meant for you and for me, as well as for those who are far in advance of us on the way to the Divine.

This we are told to do: "Seek out him who knows still less than thou," and then if the opportunity comes, as come it will if the purpose be strong and true, speak the good word, plant the good seed and leave the rest to Karma.

There are so many ways to work—there is so much to be done—more at the present hour than ever before because the promise of results is so much greater. Yet knowing this, it is also well to re-

member the words of our Brother and Teacher, W. Q. Judge, concerning our efforts: "It is not that you must rush out to do, *to do*. Do what you find to do. Desire ardently to do it, and even when you shall not have succeeded in carrying anything out but some small duties, some words of warning, your strong desire will strike like Vulcan upon other hearts in the world, and suddenly you will find that done which you had longed to be the doer of. Then rejoice that another had been so fortunate as to make such meritorious Karma."

You see what is meant. It is the warmth of desire, the strength of purpose that counts most, so we need not despair if our power of accomplishment seems so small and worthless. It is only that we must make sure that we are doing what we can.

Last year, around the globe, went some of those in whom our trust was greatest, to bear the good tidings to other lands, to other people. Perhaps the Master's plan comprehended, besides this work, the development of the powers of those left behind. It may have been a test of our earnestness, of the strength of our endeavor to help others to see the Light which shines for all alike, and a recognition of which will be—*must be*—the final redemption of all life. Should our hearts ever fail us, let us remember that over each and all stands the "Warrior, eternal and sure," ready to give strength and guidance as we need and deserve.

Work and Wait. That must be our attitude, our effort. If we believe, as we do, that the Master is directing, and controlling this movement so far as the Karma of the Society will allow: if we believe that H. P. B. and W. Q. Judge are yet laboring for its success, surely we

cannot hesitate in giving all of the time, money, and work that is possible to the promoting of its growth and prosperity. And let us remember that it is not the outwardly great things which we do that mean the most. It is the intensity

of the motive back of each thought and deed, however trifling the latter may seem. "If Sun thou canst not be, then be the humble planet."

Work, WORK is the order of the day.

HAPPINESS.

BY ELSIE BARKER.

I HAVE sometimes thought that the pursuit of happiness is very much like the pursuit of one's own shadow. It always eludes the man who breathlessly runs after it; but if he turns away and strives for something else, it will follow close behind him.

The condition of happiness is quite as elusive as the shadow: it certainly eludes analysis, and seems to have as many definitions as it has pursuers.

I have asked several people to tell me what happiness meant to them, and each gave me a different answer. One man told me that it was getting money; another that it was having plenty of money to spend; while a dear young friend of mine said that the word happiness to him suggested a wood-fire and a magazine—infinite leisure in which to study and dream.

So it seems that happiness to most people means pleasure—contentment, for the time being at least, with what is theirs.

But all pleasure is not happiness, and the distinction is sometimes more than that of degree. Mere pleasure is necessarily brief; it comes to an end; but true happiness is serene; it is abiding and may be eternal. It is not found in the wild scramble after wealth and amusement which characterizes our civilization. Our people are always striving after something—something to get a hold of, to possess and to enjoy. Give them the object of their pursuit and they will not stop to enjoy it, but will

immediately start after something else. And so on through life. At the end they have nothing worth having, and a whole lifetime has been wasted in the chase for shadows. Those who follow after happiness in this way will find it a will-o'-the-wisp.

Why not live in the present? Nothing can take that from you. If you are to suffer to-morrow, make the most of the peace of to-day. Do not fear the future. The unpleasant thing you dread may never come to you. Enjoy yourself now—in the present. All time is the present. It is always now; it always will be now.

All very young people who are not satisfied with their present surroundings expect to be happy some day. As they grow older they are not quite so certain that they will be. They begin to have doubts and to demand less. A woman whose life held much suffering has said:

"The heart asks pleasure first,
And then, relief from pain;
And then those little anodynes,
That deaden suffering;
And then, to go asleep;
And then, if it should be
The will of its Inquisitor,
The liberty to die."

This doesn't sound very hopeful; but, like most pessimistic utterances, it holds a grain of truth.

The trouble with most of us is that we take ourselves altogether too seriously.

A sense of humor has saved many a man from melancholia. By this I do not mean that we should indulge in levity and look at life as a joke: rather let us regard it as a great game, which we can play well or ill, as we choose, and according to our skill. In the great chess-game of life there are kings and castles and pawns, and knowing the relative value of each piece is wisdom.

Someone has defined genius as "a disregard for the unimportant"; and there surely is no more fruitful cause of discontent than a continual fussing over little things. If your dress is old-fashioned and you have no money to buy another, why fret about it till your very soul feels old-fashioned too? Forget all about it, and other people will be very apt to do the same—if, indeed, they ever noticed it at all.

Cultivate the larger carelessness. We trouble ourselves too much about what other people think of us. The chances are that they think very little about us, one way or the other. I have known a woman of intelligence to make herself miserable for a week, by reason of some little social mistake, which probably passed unnoticed—save by one or two people, and by them was quite forgotten in five minutes.

Why grieve over your mistakes? You will make them; we all do. Just profit by the lesson and put the thought aside.

Emerson has spoken of regrets as "false prayers."

Another cause of unhappiness is that we all ask too much of life. We demand that all our ideals shall be realized, and because they are not realized we are unhappy. This feeling of disenchantment grows slowly, year by year, as one by one our hopes die unfulfilled; as one by one the friends whom we regarded as ideal friends are proven to be only mortal—and sometimes very weakly mortal; as we are forced to surrender one by one the fondly-cherished ideals of youth. An ideal dies hard. I believe there is no

greater suffering than having to relinquish an ideal.

But know that your ideal of love, of friendship, of perfection in anything, will never be realized in this life. I do not say this in a pessimistic spirit, but because I believe it to be true. In this unpoetic world we do not find poetic realities. We may shut our eyes to the real facts of life and live in our own little world of dreams, if we want to—and can. There is always poetry enough there. There we may entertain our ideals to our heart's content. As for me, I entertain many an ideal which I know can never be realized. I have often wilfully and knowingly deceived myself, because the deception made me happy. This may or may not be wise: that is a matter about which there may be a reasonable difference of opinion.

We say, "There is no religion higher than truth." I suppose we may also say there is no ideal higher than truth; but there are ideals which are more beautiful than certain *facts*, and whether or not it is unwise to cherish them I do not know. I only know that I shall go on doing so as long as I have I have an ideal left to cherish.

My reason tells me that if I should die, or go away for a long time, most of my friends would cease thinking often of me; that those whom I love best would soon fill the vacant place left in their hearts. Shall I let the knowledge make me miserable? Shall I refuse to believe in the love that is given me because I know a very moderate shock might shatter it? No, certainly not. It is just as true, so far as it goes, as if it were made of a stronger and sterner stuff. Do we blame the basswood tree because it is not an oak, or the little stream because it is not a river? Each has its own work to do in the great plan of creation.

Let us take things as they are, with all their imperfections, and not grieve because they are less beautiful than we would have them.

Making the best of circumstances will go as far as any other one thing toward securing happiness. The man who does this can never be truly miserable; he will always find the silvery lining to the darkest cloud; and if he has no great and active happiness, he will always have the passive satisfaction that comes from knowing that things are not as bad as they might be.

And it is just possible that to be happy is not the greatest concern of this life, anyway.

If we do, to the best of our ability, such work as is given us to do we shall feel the blessed consciousness of having done our duty; we shall know the felicity that comes to the worker at the close of a well-spent day.

And I suppose there is nothing that gives greater and more satisfying happiness than success in one's chosen work in life. I am one of those who believe in work. It is not an evil, but a positive good. Work, even uncongenial work, is a great teacher, a great mother. It strengthens the will and develops fixity of purpose. It takes a strong will to persist year after year in work which is not congenial, in order to accomplish some desired result; harder still when the end in view is only that of eking out a bare existence. Yet one may be moderately happy even under these circumstances.

But if our work is something that we love, like an art or a science, something that we do for its own sake, without regard to pecuniary gain, then our felicity is very nearly perfect, especially if we meet with a fair measure of success.

If I remember rightly, Schopenhauer says that the nearest approach to perfect happiness in this world is that of the creative artist in his work. So they are wise who worship Art.

"For she can so inform

The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed

With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
tongues,

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is,
nor all

The dreary intercourse of common life
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb

Our cheerful faith that all which we
behold

Is full of blessings."

In Art one can lose one's self, can get rid of that feeling of separateness from others, which is desolation. In his moments of inspiration, of creative excitement, the artist feels himself a part of the *great* Creator; he is communing with the gods.

A young man once told me that in order to be happy he must become so much interested in something as to forget himself entirely. He had unconsciously hit upon a great truth, a great mystery.

There is another question much discussed by philosophers—and others, and that is the necessity of killing out desire. I think that the person without desire for something must find life a great bore. Imagine a world in which there is nothing to work for, a condition in which you desire nothing, in which nothing will give you either pleasure or pain. I would prefer a good, hard *ache* to such apathy.

Yet I think these two extreme views may be harmonized.

I suppose that those who talk so much about killing out desire mean simply the desire for selfish gratification; while those who love life and action, *must* have some purpose in living beside mere existence and the gratification of merely selfish desires.

Let us live simply, naturally, without haste and without fear, desiring strongly what is good for us, casting aside the things which are selfish and unwholesome, and we will be sure of a healthful

amount of happiness, for we will have created harmony in ourselves.

All true happiness comes from within the self. You may wander the wide world over, you may have wealth to gratify every desire that can be gratified by wealth, you may have friends and cheerful companions with whom to spend your days and nights; but if the awakened soul is truly conscious of wasted hours and duties unperformed, and the atrophy of gifts that might be put to noble use for self and for mankind, that soul can know no happiness worthy of the name. In moments of forgetfulness it may find pleasure, but happiness is a deeper, calmer feeling; it is contentment with all that was, and is, and will be.

Then one must have faith in one's self; one must be self-reliant. We are happy when we trust ourselves; when we doubt ourselves we are wretched. Did a feeling of distrust of self ever creep over you? It is despair! It is utter hopelessness! But no man who truly trusts himself can be unhappy long. The truly self-reliant man is insured against the weaker kinds of misery.

Of course there are degrees of happiness. Some natures are capable of an intensity of emotion which the majority never know. But the majority are not unhappy in their deprivation of the greater ecstasy, because they know nothing whatever about it; and being denser and of a duller sensibility they are thereby protected from much suffering which *must* come to the more finely organized and more sensitive nature.

Everything has its compensation somewhere. This is the law of Karma.

A happy disposition may be a gift of nature, but, like all other natural gifts, it can be cultivated. As someone has said:

“This life is what we make it;
And whether it is good or bad
Is just the way we take it.”

A feeling of discontent, if humored,

will become chronic. I have known people who truly seemed to hate themselves and everybody else, and they were always miserable.

Happiness is Love,—not only of one or two, but of everybody, a great love of all created things. A noble genius has given it expression:

“Oh, ye millions, I adore ye!
Here's a kiss to all the world.”

No man can feel like that and not be happy.

But this universal love need not make one indifferent to the special love, as so many seem to believe. And right here I want to say that I think those who try to kill out all special affection in their hearts make a great mistake. They do not love Humanity any more because they are indifferent to those nearest them. It is pure sophistry—in my opinion. I believe that in proportion to one's ability to love one man or woman deeply, truly and unselfishly, will be one's ability to love the race and work for the uplifting of the fallen. And Pinero tells us that “those who love deep never grow old.”

The trouble is that we are all too selfish in our love. We are always thinking of what we are going to get, not of how much and how generously we may give. We need not be so stingy of our hearts.

Also let us cultivate the spirit of kindness and of tolerance of others. So long as one hates anybody, one's happiness will be vitiated. There will be a dark spot on the soul.

Give freely; not only of material things, but give of yourself, of your sympathy. We may not quite accept the extreme view of Drummond, that “there is no happiness in having or getting, but *only* in giving”; yet if we look back upon our lives we will find that our happiest moments have been when we brought a smile to replace a tear, or a song to lips that had known

only sighs. "Happiness results not from the possession of something, as commonly supposed, but from the free, full, unimpeded use of the powers in unselfish service."

To vain and selfish men and women this may seem impossible; but I have come to believe that the happiest man in the world is the true philanthropist, the man whose main purpose in life is to bring sunshine into other lives. You will remember that the name of Abou-ben-Ahmed, who "loved his fellow men," stood on the angel's list above the names of those who "loved the Lord." The soul of such a man is in harmony with the universal soul. Such harmony brings happiness. It is the lack of harmony that causes infelicity.

What I wish to say in closing has been so well said by Matthew Arnold, in his lines on "Self-dependence," that I will quote the poem here.

"Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which
bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the star-lit sea.
And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
'Ye who from my childhood up have
calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!
'Ah, once more,' I cried, 'ye stars, ye
waters,

On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!'

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault
of heaven,

Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the an-
swer,—

'Would'st thou *be* as these are, *live* as
they.

'Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things with-
out them

Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

And with joy the stars perform their
shining,

'And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with
noting

All the fever of some differing soul.

'Bounded by themselves, and unregard-
ful

In what state God's other works may
be,

In their own tasks all their powers pour-
ing,

These attain the mighty life you see.'

O air-born voice! long since, severely
clear,

A cry like thine in mine own heart I
hear,—

'Resolve to be thyself; and know that
he

Who finds himself loses all misery!''

THE SOKRATIC CLUB.*

BY SOLON.

II.

THE next morning during breakfast Dr. Roberts was subjected to a good deal of chaff and anxious enquiries were made as to whether he had been to sleep and if so did he go to sleep with his eyes open, seeing, smelling, tasting and above all using his reason. He took it all very good-naturedly as he knew that his last statement the night before had laid him open to this friendly attack.

Dr. Roberts.—“Well, my friends, I must confess I have never found a satisfactory explanation of sleep or dream, nor do I know how it happens that sometimes I dream and sometimes not, that sometimes my dreams are incoherent, fantastic, foolish and at other rarer times I have seemed to catch a glimpse of higher powers and higher faculties which in my waking moments my reason and experience cannot endorse as possible. I have even once or twice had what I suppose some would call prophetic dreams and warnings concerning what has actually afterward taken place. Heretofore I have called these coincidences, but the word coincidence does not satisfy me and does not explain them. Last night, after retiring, several questions occurred to me, growing out of our talk, and which some time I shall propound to the Professor, but not now as I have already monopolized too much of the conversation.”

All.—“Oh, go on, Doctor.”

Mr. Berger.—“We have all day before us and I am sure we shall all be glad to hear your questions and the Professor’s replies, but let us go outside on the verandah and smoke our cigars there.”

The verandah overlooked the Hudson river, across were the beautiful palisades. The scene was inexpressibly lovely; a

faint breeze just rippled the surface of the water and gently stirred the leaves, tempering the heat of the sun which slowly mounted the heavens in all the glory of a clear August day. We sat and smoked for some time in silence; to me it seemed a pity to mar the peacefulness of the day with words. Surely, thought I, we could learn more if we simply could get into touch with nature and unite our consciousness with hers; if that could be we would then learn by *becoming* far more than by *reasoning*. It suddenly flashed upon me that I was simply following out the line of thought which the Professor had suggested to Dr. Roberts last evening when he said good-night to him. I turned to the Professor and found him looking at me and I was more than surprised when he answered my thought and said:

The Professor.—“Yes, my friend, the deepest knowledge can be gained only in that way, but not everyone understands the truth of this and we have to adapt our methods to the needs of others.”

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—“What is that, Professor? What were you saying? Of course one has to adapt his manner and speech to the comprehension of a laborer or an uncultured man when speaking to one, but surely here we all meet on the common ground of reason and logic. There need be no question of adaptation here. We meet on a common platform.”

A hardly perceptible expression of amusement crossed the Professor’s face, but he merely said:

The Professor.—“Well, Alec, we take that for granted, but we seem to have forgotten that by common consent we agreed to give the Doctor the floor this morning.” (Turning to the Doctor) “I think, Doctor, you were going to tell us some of your dream experiences, were you not?”

* Begun in the September issue.

Dr. Roberts.—"Not exactly, but simply to discuss the general theory of sleep and dream. However, I did have a most remarkable dream last night and in connection with your remarks of last evening, Professor, it did for the moment seem to shake my theories. Still, although it now seems very different examined in the clear light of waking reason, I will try to tell you what I remember of the dream and describe to you my sensations.

"I can only remember a fragment though the dream seemed to cover a long period of time. . . . Well, I found myself outside what seemed to be a temple more gigantic than I have ever seen, even than the temple of Karnac. It seemed to be built right into the side of a huge cliff. Outside were gigantic stone figures; I remember distinctly the figure of an elephant and that I could hardly reach up to its knee; what the other figures were I don't remember. The sensations I experienced I can still feel but cannot describe them. There was a sense of awe and yet of indescribable peace, though now that I relate the matter this seems rather incongruous with my ordinary nature which, as you know, is pretty well matter-of-fact. However, that is the way I felt: then there came upon me an intense longing to enter the temple but something held me back. I seemed to be two people, the one in the dream, myself and not myself, and the other fellow was myself as I know myself, matter-of-fact as I have said, wanting to reason out everything, accepting nothing on faith. My indecision continued for some little time and I finally sat down on one of the temple steps and put my face in my hands. I said to myself: 'Why may I not go in?' and at that very instant I felt a hand laid on my head and a voice that seemed to come from a long, long distance, said: 'Not now, you are not ready, you may not enter until you have made yourself ready. Prepare yourself that when you come

again you may enter the temple.' A burst of light seemed to stream from above the great doorway of the temple and all space seemed filled with music. I turned to see who had spoken to me and awoke to find the sun streaming into my room and to hear the birds warbling outside my window.

"So much for my dream, which I did not intend to relate and would not have told had not the Professor suggested it. . . . What caused it I do not know. . . . I remember that almost my last thought before going to sleep was in regard to the Professor's statement to the effect that a thing is real to us only in proportion as it is related to our consciousness, and the question arose in my mind: 'How then is it possible to attain any certain knowledge, seeing that our mode of consciousness may change?' Perhaps my dream was a fantastic reflection of my thought; most certainly it was real enough while it lasted, though after all it was but a chimera.' The inexplicable part of it, however, is the sensation which I experienced in the dream, and which even now I cannot get rid of. Bah! this is rank foolishness, I must be only half awake."

Mr. Berger.—"Ah! Doctor, you've convicted yourself. We shall next hear of your having seen the fairies, though you so strenuously denied their existence last night. You must acknowledge after all it is only a question of relating your consciousness to their plane of being."

Dr. Roberts.—"No, sir, I beg your pardon. I am quite willing to admit the possibility of *dreaming* about fairies and seeing them in *dream*, but I understood you to take the position that fairies were real beings and that they might be seen in waking moments. That I cannot accept. So long as I am awake and can correct the evidence of my senses by my reason I know that such an experience as I had in my dream would be impossible, and also that to

see fairies would be impossible. To see them in waking moments would be to me sufficient evidence that I was temporarily insane."

The Professor.—"But, Doctor, how then do you account for dreams and the possibility of seeing in dream what has actually no existence—according to your theory, of course?"

Rev. Alex Fulson.—"Perhaps the Doctor would have us infer that he was temporarily insane last night. I hope such attacks happen only at night and not in the day-time, Doctor."

Dr. Roberts.—"I have always held that the dividing line between sanity and insanity is very thin, and if insanity is the condition of mind in which the reason has lost control—with which definition I myself agree—then dreams do indicate a mild form of insanity. I hold that healthy, normal sleep should be dreamless."

Rev. Alex Fulson.—"Hadn't you better prescribe a blue-pill for yourself to-night, Doctor, to be taken at bed-time, or take one now, if you fear another attack. By the way, I wish you would give me one, as I ate too much breakfast, and then I think I'll take a nap."

Mr. Berger.—"Well, Alec, get your pill and take a nap if you like. . . . Doctor, please go on."

Dr. Roberts.—"My theory in regard to dreams is that in sleep the reason or intelligence sinks into quiescence, and the only processes that then go on in the body are automatic or reflex. If the brain has been unduly excited during the day, action will continue in it, and being uncontrolled by the reason, strange and fantastic pictures may arise in it, and the mind on waking, catching a faint glimpse of them, expands them into what we call a dream. Or the action of the brain may be induced by the unhealthy state of the other organs of the body, especially the digestive organs, as is well known, but the most interesting

dreams do not arise from this latter cause. Probably our friend Alec is now enjoying some of these dreams."

Mr. Berger.—"Yes, he evidently prefers the actual experience of sleeping and dreaming to the discussion of these states."

The Professor.—"But do you think, Doctor, that your explanation is an adequate one? I know you have given only the barest outline of your theory, though I think I understand your line of argument, but does it fit the facts?"

Dr. Roberts.—"Frankly, Professor, up to yesterday I was sure of it, but this morning,—perhaps it's the influence of my dream still hanging over me and beclouding my mind. . . . Yes, Professor, it *must* fit the facts, it is reasonable, and that is the final test."

The Professor.—"You will grant, I suppose, that a stream cannot rise higher than its source. How then do you account for dream experiences sometimes transcending waking experiences?"

Dr. Roberts.—"What do you mean, Professor?"

The Professor.—"You yourself said, at the breakfast table, that at rare times in your life you have caught in dreams glimpses of higher powers and higher faculties than you have deemed possible in waking moments."

Dr. Roberts.—"Quite true, Professor, but I also said that my reason and experience cannot endorse these as possible, in fact,—the impossible may, of course, in fancy, transcend the possible, but surely we must rule fancy and imagination out of the argument."

The Professor.—"Not so fast, not so fast, Doctor. Let me ask you a question? Did not those rare glimpses have a great effect on your life?"

Dr. Roberts.—"Ah, Professor, what you say is true. They did have a great influence on my life and it required all the strength of my will and reason to get back into a wholesome practical way of looking at things. I verily believe

that at one time I was in great danger of becoming a mystic ; but I thank my stars that the cold, clear light of reason prevailed and brought me back to my senses."

The Professor.—"However you do acknowledge that these dreams influenced your life."

Dr. Roberts.—"Yes, most certainly, and gave me a hope and a courage to combat adverse conditions, and I might say, gave me an inspiration, if I believed in such a thing, that seemed altogether foreign to my surroundings and to the general thought of my family. The only way I can account for it is that it must have been some ancestral trait striving to assert itself in my nature ; indeed it must have been so for one of my ancestors who lived about three hundred years ago was a great student of mysticism and alchemy. However, I am glad to say that I have killed all such foolish notions in myself."

The Professor.—"But the fact remains, Doctor, that these 'foolish notions' were a hope, a courage and an inspiration to you. Is it not remarkable that such things which have an existence only in the realm of fancy, as you say, should have a permanent effect upon one's life and should be able to awaken one's energies and change the whole course of one's career ? Is it not possible that there may be some other explanation of these things and that they are real after all ? Perhaps they have not been studied in the right way. The reason is

a good thing, a useful servant, but most people make of it a master, a god, and bow down before it. It then becomes a veritable tyrant when it should be only a servant. Your own experiences, Doctor, both in your dream of last night and in those other dreams you have mentioned ought to make this clear to you."

After a pause the Professor continued : "Yes, it is necessary sometimes to mortify one's reason. The higher powers of the soul can never become known so long as we fear to trust them or so long as we measure them by our limited experience or require them to fit in with our imperfect methods of reasoning. It is a species of moral cowardice that prevents a man from receding from a position once taken or a conclusion once formed. He fears to become a fool either in his own or in other people's eyes and so very often he rejects the proffered hand of a friend, aye, in one case that I know of, the proffered hand and counsel of a teacher, a member of the Great Brotherhood, because it would have meant his receding from the position already taken, although he knew this to be a wrong one."

The Professor had ceased to speak to Dr. Roberts, and it was evident that he had in mind not simply the principle but also a particular application or mis-application of it.

Mr. Berger here suggested that we take a stroll through the gardens before lunch.

(*To be continued.*)

IN DREAM OR WAKING.

BY VERA PETROVNA JELIHOVSKY.

“WHO can this be, so late?” wondered the child.

“A telegram with New Year greetings from somebody at home,” suggested the host, who always liked to pretend, to himself and others, that his prominent position of olden days was not as yet forgotten by his ungrateful countrymen just as completely as his own insignificant and fussy old person.

“It is probably Kitaroff,” announced the hostess in gratified and yet awed whispers.

“Murder! Police!” shouted Nicholas Saradsky, a violin student at the Conservatoire. “A real live millionaire! What are we to do with him?”

“It is not the old Monsieur Kitaroff I mean,” answered the hostess, reproof in her eyes and her fingers nimbly and hastily tidying away the most indecorous traces of their somewhat disorderly feasting. “His son promised to look me up, in case he could tear himself away from the big reception his father is giving to-night. I told him the lateness of the hour would be no consideration. But, please, do mind your manners, Nicholas!”

The pretty face of Lila Rianoff was a study, though she did not say anything. She was busy trying to fork an obstinate piece of cake on her plate. Her eyes were cast down, but her whole expression was that of discomfort and uneasiness. Anna Karssoff and another girl, at the far end of the table, nodded at her and exchanged a knowing look.

However, both the pleasant and the unpleasant anticipations, aroused by the young Kitaroff's name, proved to be unfounded. When the maid opened the door there was no young Kitaroff at all, but, instead of him, a street commissionaire, holding a tray, which literally bent under a load of bonbons, the pick of a Parisian confectioner's shop. There also

was a calling card. André Kitaroff sent his felicitations, greetings and good wishes, and hoped the hostess and her guests would not consider too forward his humble request that the few trifling little sweet boxes should be raffled by all present; as to himself, the calling card added, he was truly in despair, but the very important and highly-placed people his papa was entertaining this evening, imperatively required his presence at home. Each of the very pretty bonbonnières was numbered, and tickets with corresponding numbers were to be found in a magnificent vase of doubtless Sèvres, placed in the centre of the tray. This piece of costly china caught the hostess' eye from the very first, and—Oh! the joy of joys and—there was no number on it: so it evidently was meant for her.

“How sweet of him, how extremely thoughtful!” the old lady exclaimed. “The dear young fellow.”

The pleased smiles and the admiring exclamations of the young girls, when all the little party grouped around the tray—everybody being in a hurry to see what prize the tickets from the vase should bring them—proved that the last words of the hostess exactly expressed the popular opinion. Even Nicholas Saradsky confessed there was more in a millionaire than he hitherto expected, and that young Kitaroff showed both tact and an intimate knowledge of what the occasion demanded by sending the candy and himself staying at home. His sardonic remarks were indignantly rebuked, he was shown his meanness and put to shame. And Anna Karssoff, whose natural gravitation towards the young musician was an open secret, went so far as to remark that a well groomed, stylishly dressed young millionaire was most refreshing after a prolonged régime of unkempt, shaggy, long-haired violin-

ists, even if these violinists *are* geniuses.

The only two people in the room who did not share the general animation and satisfaction were Lila Rianoff and the host. The girl took hardly any interest in the proceedings, and, though like everybody else, she did draw her ticket, the bonbonniere she got in exchange did not presumably answer her taste, for she immediately gave it away to the little girl, to whose society she obstinately clung the rest of the evening. As to the poor old "would-be magnate," at first, he also was attracted by the bountiful tray, but having carefully examined all the diminutive hampers, satin and plush bags and gaily decorated boxes, heaped up therein, he sniffed indignantly and drew aside.

"The puppy!" was the old gentleman's verdict. "As if he could not use his brains a little and send me a box of real *Habanas*. He well knows they are my favorite brand. But these upstarts have no real delicacy of feeling, they have no respect for people, who, unlike their own boorish father, have birth and high position and orders and decorations their father never dreamt of."

It was a high spirited and very noisy little crowd that the concierge let out into the silent, sleepy street of a Parisian faubourg at the late hour of 2 A. M. They all were perfectly sincere in thanking their hostess for a most pleasant evening, they really did have a good time. But Lila Rianoff felt greatly relieved when, having bidden her a very noisy good-bye, they left her, at last, at the entrance of the *pension*, where she and her aunt were staying. They showed, she thought, a decided lack of delicacy or even common kindness talking so much of her vision. In a society where there were so many strangers, who would misunderstand, ridicule perhaps, she certainly did not feel inclined to show how very much her vision still meant for her. She decidedly was afraid to think of it; a year ago the impression was so vivid

that her whole system suffered a real shock, and she had to stay in bed for quite a week. And still the mere thought of it filled her with mingled feelings of mortal anguish, glad expectations and, at the same time, vivid regret. It was not the slightest use either analyzing or combatting these feelings. The best was not to think and, certainly, not to talk about anything related to her dream. What was merely innocent fun for the others, at the beginning of the evening, proved a regular ordeal to her. Then, this silly raffle. What business had all these geese to accept presents from a man they hardly knew, on the mere grounds of his being rich enough to be able to afford expensive presents. It was insolent to offer and undignified to accept them. It certainly was a relief that André Kitaroff did not come in person, but, in any case, Lila was glad the evening was over.

And yet the worst was not over.

The moment the girl entered the large room which she shared with her aunt and Sasha, her little cousin, they both jumped out of their beds, paying no heed to their more than scanty costumes.

"Lily, your new friends are simply great!" the little girl shouted.

"Yes, indeed, Lila, you will be surprised to see what magnificent New Year's presents the Kitaroffs sent us all. Look at this ring." And the elderly lady waved her hand to and fro in order that her niece should admire a very costly diamond ring, she would not take off even for the night.

"Oh, mama!" impatiently cried her spoiled child, "I wish you would let Lila alone. I want her to look first at my things. See, Lily, the ear-rings and a little brooch to match. They don't cost half of what mama's ring cost. But I am only a little girl, so I must not wear the really pretty things. Oh, but all the same, my new ear-rings are just lovely! The old Monsieur Kitaroff is a perfect darling!"

"But, oh, how forgetful of us," the mother interposed, "we forget there are two parcels for you also."

"Oh, yes! they send you something very big. We can't imagine what it is. Do make haste and open the parcels. May I cut the strings?"

"Of course, you may, Sasha," answered Lila, too dazzled and shocked for words.

The poor girl tried hard to compose herself and repeated to herself, that, after all, her prejudice against the Kitaroffs might be unjust. True, both father and son were ever ready with their unwished for attentions and their repulsive love making. But, after all, it was only the old man's silly manner, and he, at any rate, meant no harm. And, besides, it was just possible, that were she to refuse his present, she would show herself a prig and make a perfectly ridiculous exhibition of herself. He was such an old man, old enough to be her mother's father and, besides, there actually existed a distant relationship between them. She would hate to make an exhibition of herself.

"Lila pray, shake off your phlegma, for once in a while," her aunt said, "come and unlock the box yourself."

Sasha stood before her holding a very ornamental satin box, all covered with laces and ribbons, and handed her a tiny key.

"Good enough to keep my gloves and veils in," said Lila, cramming into her pocket a letter she found on the top of the "marrons glacés"—her favorite confection—and touching the spring of a smaller box which accompanied the letter. "Oh, what a pretty thing!" "I told you he was a darling!" the mother and the daughter cried in one breath.

Lila looked at the bracelet, all set in

with deep blue sapphires and sparkling diamonds, without any enthusiasm. "I am glad it is not as loud as I anticipated," she said, "for I wish I could refuse, but I think I had better accept."

"As to being in good taste, I should think it was," her aunt said, "it could not be otherwise coming from people who can afford to buy of the best makers."

Sasha did not say anything. She thought her big cousin was putting altogether too much "side" and "showing off" most disgracefully. But she was in too great a hurry to open the other parcel and did not care to lose many words.

The other parcel contained a jewel case of white plush, which, when opened, revealed a truly magnificent pearl necklace. "A gift worthy of a king," commented Lila's aunt.

Sasha shrieked in a perfect ecstasy of joy and admiration.

Lila picked up another calling card, which dropped from among the wrapping papers, and read: "André de Kitaroff. Avec ses respects et ses plus sincères souhaits de bonheur et de bonne chance,"

And, with these seemingly perfectly respectful words all Lila's unaccountable but deeply rooted dislike and mistrust of the Kitaroffs, young and old, a dislike and mistrust she often tried to keep down, but never could get rid of, came back to her, with an overwhelming rush. The girl nearly staggered under the sway of hatred and repulsion.

She flung the magnificent box away from her, as if it was something unclean.

"Back goes the ugly thing, at the earliest hour!" Lila cried, "nothing would induce me to touch it again."

Mother and daughter turned speechless with astonishment.

(To be continued.)

KARMA.

BY G. A. MARSHALL.

THIS subject is in itself one of the most simple and intelligible of all those which constitute the body of Theosophical philosophy. It expresses the thorough-going character of the law of action and reaction—the rule that effect invariably and inflexibly follows cause. It is accordingly sometimes called the law of cause and effect—and this is a very correct version of karmic law. In applying this definition, however, we are exceedingly liable to stumble at the very start, owing to the indefinite and manifold meaning and use in our language of the word *law*. The idea of law as a rule of conduct prescribed by the supreme authority in the state is so thoroughly ingrained into our modes of thinking, that we can with difficulty free ourselves from it. We thus habitually think of law as something that may be evaded in various ways, as for instance by the negligence or ignorance of state officers, by the fallibility or venality of courts and juries, or by the clemency of the chief magistrate through the pardoning power. Accustomed from our earliest youth to look upon God as merely the executive head of the universe, omniscient indeed, but approachable through appeals for favor, Divine law comes to be regarded as a rule of conduct which is only enforced through the Divine Will, and hence as a code whose penalties may be evaded by taking advantage of the Divine clemency, if not even by Divine indifference to trivial matters. Nay, this notion of the uncertainty of law is carried by us into our conceptions of the physical world; for we have been taught that by miracles God sets aside the laws of material nature. Thus the term *law* does not in any of its applications call up in our minds the idea of an inflexible sequence between cause and effect.

To this misapprehension of the meaning of law—a misapprehension of which those who suffer most from it are no doubt unconscious—may be charged much of the confusion and lack of clearness that prevails in a great deal that is written upon this topic. We read about “good Karma” and “bad Karma,” as if a moral quality could attach to that which is literally and strictly inevitable. We find Karma discussed as if it were a personal entity that dispenses rewards and punishments, thus making the word merely a synonym for the Jehovah of the Jews and the personal God of popular Christianity. All this might not be objectionable, if it could be kept constantly in mind that the personification is only a literary device; and that rewards and punishments mean only agreeable or disagreeable consequences. But the language used does not convey this impression to the average reader, and there is certainly danger that Karma may become only the name of a new deity to be feared and cajoled.

Karma is defined by more than one able writer as the law of ethical causation. As the word in Sanscrit means *action*, and is taken over into English to denote the *law* of action, there is no serious objection to limiting its application to actions which have an ethical or moral character or quality. The difficulty is that it will not stay limited; language is a thing of growth, and no man who imports a new word can determine its signification when used by others than himself; and there is no hard and fast line between actions which have a moral bearing and those which have not. Still, as a practical question, we are most concerned with the ethical aspects of karma and karmic law.

Here comes to the surface the old question of fate and free will; if effect inva-

riably follows cause, we are the result of former causes, and cannot change our nature or our destiny, says the fatalist. It is not necessary now to thresh over this old straw. We recognize no such thing as dead matter or blind force. Everything emanates and evolves from Spirit, and we trace our heredity to this One Life as the source of our being. This source is beyond our comprehension; we do not know clearly the nature and power of that faculty of the individual spirit which we call Will; it becomes us therefore to accept as the basis of our responsibility the practical fact that we seem to ourselves to have ability to direct our conduct. We learn from the *Secret Doctrine* that evolution proceeded on unconscious lines (as we know consciousness), and that the factors and products of evolution were and are irresponsible and without moral quality, up to the time when Manas began to be developed in man, when self-consciousness dawned in him, giving the power of reflection and the power to help or hinder in his subsequent progress. With the dawn of self-consciousness comes the sense of moral responsibility; the man has eaten of the tree of knowledge, and discovers that he is naked—that he must use his faculties for his protection and advancement. He can no longer hide himself among the trees of the garden—he is no longer, like them, irresponsible. His conscience—the voice of God within him—tells him what to do and what to avoid. Karma, or the law of cause and effect, has carried him forward and upward to a plane where he has found him-

self endowed with a faculty which to all seeming can originate new causes. He cannot thwart or prevent the working of forces already set up, but he can apply new forces that shall change their direction. It is a familiar law in mechanics, that when several forces meet, the resultant force takes a new direction, which is determined by the combined effect of the strength and direction of the meeting forces. The number, direction and strength of the forces which enter into and make up the sum of each individual life are practically infinite; the karmic threads which unite to determine our position and initial impulse are many and are intricately interwoven. Manas, the faculty or principle with which the *Manasa Putras* have endowed us, is an additional cause, which must be taken into account in determining all subsequent results. Man can no longer drift; he must exert his newly acquired power or sink into a worse condition than that from which he has emerged. With its use he can continue more effectually the upward trend that has brought him to this plane; and by its abuse he can turn back to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and increase his pleasure in mere animal gratifications. In this ability to choose lies the conception of Karma as the basis of ethics. By virtue of this endowment man is invested with divine attributes, and it lies with him to say whether he will accept his inheritance and enter upon its enjoyment, or will reject it and sink back into the oblivion from which he has just made his escape.

DANGERS OF THE PSYCHICAL PLANE.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

IT has been taught, from time immemorial, by the Masters of the Ancient Wisdom which Theosophy revives, that in all the illimitable universe there was nothing that was not God, no atom that was not part of the Divine Being. The rock, the body of the man standing upon it, his immortal spirit and the planet casting its light upon him, were all held to be one in their primary essence for all were manifested God. According to those teachings, the process by which worlds came into being was one of evolution. Primarily, there was nothing but the Omniscient, Omnipotent, Omnipresent and Unknowable Spirit, the Source and Container of all things. By his will Spirit and Matter were differentiated, the latter being manifested Spirit and proceeding by imperceptible gradations of increasing density down to the "prakritic" or lowest plane, that of the grossest material forms of this and other worlds. In this descent, matter was subject to control by natural forces or laws of being and becoming, that were immutable, like in nature and effect upon all planes, and that operate to-day, for preservation and transformation of forms, along the same lines by which they originally brought those forms into being. And those evolutionary influences will eventually, in the fullness of time, carry matter back to the point of resolution again into Spirit.

Certain metals and stones present the lowest, or densest, forms of matter, those in which the molecules—aggregated atoms—are most closely impacted. Pure hydrogen gas is perhaps the highest, or most tenuous, manifestation of matter directly cognizable by science. Between those extremes the gradations in molecular density are infinite and so close together that there are nowhere any breaks

or gaps discoverable. Dividing lines are merely nominal. Classification into gases, fluids and solids, expresses simply temporary conditions of mutable matter. Heat converts the solid into a fluid, the fluid into a gas. Pressure and cold condense the gas to fluid and transform the fluid into a solid. The properties inherent in material things are dependent altogether upon molecular arrangement and, primarily, the atomic constitution of the molecules. And the most advanced physicists find that the phenomena of nature are illusory and even to the circumscribed possibilities of their methods of investigation, involve realities of the most amazing and least apparent character. Thus, for instance, they tell us that even in steel, the diamond and glass, no two atoms are in contact, but that each is surrounded by an akasic envelope, in which it maintains ceaseless vibrations, of inconceivable rapidity. This akasa, which permeates and pervades every molecule of cognizable matter, is itself matter, since it possesses demonstrable properties of matter, yet is so refined that science can only postulate its existence and realize its effects, without being able to control it or to learn its laws.

Even without that discovery of the akasa, would it be reasonable to suppose that the limit of the scientist's ability to study the phenomena of nature is the boundary line, where those infinitely fine progressive gradations in the refinement of matter suddenly cease and beyond which there is nothing but absolutely empty space—with, perhaps, God, far off on the other side? But even if such a notion could once have been honestly believed in by intelligent minds, can it be any longer entertained in view of the discovery of the proved akasa [or ether]?

While the akasic state of matter defies

investigation by the material methods of modern occidental science, it has been deeply studied, and much exact knowledge gained concerning it by Oriental philosophers, who have been able to employ, in their researches, correlative and extraordinary states of consciousness. They know it as the plane of the atoms. The laws potential in it are akin to those of our material plane to a limited extent only, but the variations in atomic condition are as limitless as those we know in molecular arrangement; its forces are more powerful in their effects, owing to the tenuity of the matter upon which they operate, and it is inhabited by conscious entities presumably upon the evolutionary path and destined to eventual corporeal existence. There does not seem to be any violence to probability—to say the least—in the assumption that the human beings of to-day have, millions of years ago, passed through that phase of existence.

This necessarily inadequate epitome of some few relative teachings in a stupendous philosophic system has seemed desirable, to show the solid foundation for our affirmation of an astral, or “psychical,” plane, as one of the manifestations of the akasic. Some persons, possessed of a deeply-rooted aversion for the exercise of thinking, assume that there is no astral plane, other than a sort of imaginary corral for mythical spooks, invented by the Theosophists, and find it simply funny. Others, of more serious and perhaps pious tendency, who go so far as to think they think, entertain vague concepts of an “unseen world,” which they people with angels, devils, or spirits of the dead, according to their individual idiosyncrasies. Both classes are wrong.

The astral plane is quite as real as the material. Its phenomena are subject to laws like in kind to, but differing in degree from, those obtaining in the realm of gross forms, because of the infinitely greater tenuity and consequent respon-

sive mobility of its matter. There are gradations in density and varying modes and velocities of vibration among its atoms; it is as full of entities, in all possible degrees and states of consciousness, as is the material plane with which we are familiar; and those entities are clothed in forms composed from the substance of the plane to which they belong, just as we are made up, physically, from gross elements that are likewise the components of the animal, the tree and the rock.

It is an error to suppose that a defined line exists between the material and astral planes. The imaginary one supposedly drawn by visual observation is wholly illusory, for its location is dependent upon the capacity of the individual. Normal, unaided sight draws it at one point. The microscope puts it much farther on into the margin of the astral field. The bacilli belong as much to one plane as to the other. Even untrained psychic consciousness is an unreliable guide to cognition of the conditions and limits of the intangible world, for it, too, is dependent upon the capacity of the seer, and its percipience may be sympathetic with either of widely different conditions, and blind, or illusive, to others closely allied to or even mingling with them.

In the bell of a gloxinia or upon a petal of an orchid, one sometimes finds a progressive deepening of color, from absolutely pure white to an excessively dark shade of crimson, or purple, by such exquisitely delicate increase of tint that not even with the microscope can a point of change be discerned. To this may be likened the degrees by which descent is made from pure spirit to the lowest depths of gross matter. In a broad general way it may be said that the astral plane is semi-material, lowest of the akasa, and that above it in tenuity is the psychic, and beyond that further refinements needless of specification here. But, in point of fact, these states

of refined matter—for convenience denominated planes and sub-planes—mingle. are inter-dependent and each is susceptible to the vibrations of those approximating to it in tenuity, above and below. And this obtains even down to the prakritic plane. To illustrate: A thought impels vibrations on the psychic plane, which stir others at a lower rate in the astral and the latter translates—or commutates them—to such reduction as is appreciable by and mandatory upon the gross organs of apprehension and action. In like manner, a sensation is not perceived by gross nerve matter, but by the astral atoms pervading it; by them is transmitted at a higher rate of vibrations to the mental—or psychic—atoms and there becomes realizable by the thinking principle; and it may even be of such a nature as to transmit vibrations to the higher mental plane, which is spiritual. Without that commutator, the astral principle, acting between his mind and his gross organs, a man could no more make his hand move in conformity to his wish, than he could push Jupiter out of his orbit. Without harmonious reciprocal action between the astral and mental principles of his being, the man would be mindless. Abnormal excitation of a principle disturbs that harmony of action which is essential to health of both mind and body, and in this is the chief danger to rash adventurers upon the psychical plane. They are subjected to the influence of vibrations peculiar to a state of matter beyond their powers of justly appreciative perception and correct cognition. The intensely vivid impressions flashed upon their abnormally excited consciousness, are distorted by false apprehension and perverted beyond measure in attempted mental assimilation, through inadequacy in responsiveness of the connecting and transmitting chain to the thinking organ—the brain. Temporary delusions and ultimate insanity—if the influence is continued—are the inevitable consequences.

Another danger, too real to be ignored or even lightly regarded, is from inimical entities liable to be encountered on that plane. It is not to be supposed that things devoid of tangible bodies are necessarily harmless. While vast multitudes of the denizens of the astral plane possess only collective consciousness and manifest but as forces, either there or on the material plane; there are others whose evolution has reached attainment of conscious individuality, with a certain intelligence that may or may not be hostile; and between these in development are a very numerous class who are capable of employing powerfully forces of which we, of the material plane, know nothing, and who wield them blindly as impelled by will force of human origination, to which they are susceptible.

There are several ways in which the majority of persons may, without difficulty, acquire some degree of perceptivity on the astral plane—which is commonly magnified in important seeming, by styling it the psychical—and many do so unconsciously, both in sleep and waking. All self-induced trance states have that result and, not infrequently, the hypnotee is precipitated into that state of consciousness, either unintentionally, through lack of proper control on the part of the hypnotizer, or purposely in the course of perilous investigations into the problem of subliminal consciousness and other fascinatingly mysterious phenomena of the deeper conditions of trance. The latter is particularly dangerous, since the subject is not only exposed to the hazards of the plane, as any other intruder would be, but has the additional risk of betrayal by suggestions from the master-will, which, under such circumstances, is but a "blind leader of the blind."

There is good reason to believe that one of the evidences of the transition state the human race is in at the present time, is a notable increase of susceptibility to the higher rate

of vibrations from planes above the material. Genius and madness are alike manifestations of its effects. The time is no doubt coming in which the sixth sense—that of psychical perceptivity—will be the common property of humanity, but before that can be enjoyed,

the race must experience a great acceleration in the normal rates of vibrations in all its principles, raising its capacity for correct perception in the atomic states of matter. We can hasten our progress—but only at great risk.

THEOSOPHY IN AMERICA.

BY ALPHEUS M. SMITH.

THE true strength and enormous power of the theosophical movement, is not by any means apparent in, nor is it limited by the membership of the Theosophical Society. Its influence is much wider.

The forces at work have been at work for ages. The object sought is the evolution of mankind, fitting it for the new thought, the new race, the dawn of a new day. That day is about to dawn, the new race to appear, the new thought which is truly old and truly new is to be brought home to the minds of men, is soon to be given broadcast to humanity, a humanity fitted to receive it, a humanity of a new era, who have known these truths and acted on them in ages past, and will now recognize and accept them.

The limitation of this work has been the limited capacity to receive, to believe, to comprehend. The basis of the future has been gradually laid, and is shown in the newer thought, the more generous views, permeating and influencing in the recent years, every faith and every creed. This has proceeded so gradually and grown so extensively that to-day much Theosophy is preached in Christian pulpits. The audience do not know its source, but they recognize in it the newer, truer thought they want, the church pews are filled and they come again. The minister perhaps did not mean to preach Theosophy. He may be progressive and have been reading, the

truths sinking deeper than he knew, tingling and changing somewhat his old ideas. Almost unconsciously and yet with fear he gives it out, but knowing instinctively, 'tis what the people want.

The newspaper, that pulse of public want, if not of need, is changing too its attitude. Not many years ago, it refused its columns to our cause, largely because it did not comprehend, but more because it thought erroneously that the public did not want it. The Press as well as individuals is learning, and so the good work has been moving, and not so very slowly, onward. A respect for Theosophy has been established. A general interest to know more about Theosophy is general, is everywhere apparent. Until it began to be understood even this could not have happened. Even the members of our Society have grown so accustomed to this preparatory era, to this basic work which had first to be done, in preparing the age for Theosophy, to this permeating and initial step of the movement, that we have not yet awakened to the fact that a new day and greater opportunities are before us. The slower process was necessary until the ground was made ready and the philosophy introduced, but it is evident and all signs indicate that the time has now come for a more vigorous growth, when Theosophy is to be received as well as heard by multitudes of men and women, as the only salvation for struggling humanity from the miseries of life. Whence shall the message

spring? Who shall carry it forth? Look for your answer to its first initial movement, to the Crusaders who, a year ago, carried the gospel of peace and liberty to the whole World, a Crusade which meant more I firmly believe than any of us even now have the faintest conception,—a liberty of knowledge of the Soul's journeyings and destiny, a liberty of thought, which is the only basis for Unity and Brotherhood, a liberty to others, which is the chiefest condition of the possibility of brotherhood. From America goes the message to the world.

America, the land of liberty, known and sung, as the land of the free, for whose freedom our fathers fought and died, and which is to extend further and be more lasting, than their fondest hopes ever pictured; a freedom of thought, for which the pilgrim fathers landed on these shores, and which shall be a freedom greater than their narrow and limited vision, would have desired.

The Civil War, which maintained the unity of this country, was also of more far-reaching benefit, than even then appeared, or of the freeing of a race from slavery.

Where shall the new race spring? We have been wont to look to hoary India with its wealth of ancient lore, its adaptitude to metaphysical thought, its vast heirlooms of ancient manuscript and mystic learning, but the life impulse of nations sweeps ever onward.

Here, in America, is the life impulse of the day and hour, here the strength of

the warm fresh blood, that comes with the youthful manhood of a young nation. Here the mixture of all bloods, of differing nationalities, coming to our shores, as to no other land or clime—a condition most unique, and which cannot be without result, in the formation of the civilization and the race to follow.

America, the ideal Arcadia, to which all people flock to share the greater privileges of a free land, what other land, but this, can provide the conditions needed for the growth of the new race? America, the land of the new race, with its many acres of virgin prairie, never yet turned by the plow, is yet an old land, and has in many places the signs left behind of an older and former civilization, showing that parts of it formerly belonged to other ancient continents, probably long since submerged beneath the ocean.

If we knew the secrets the waves could tell us, if we knew the history of nations, inhabiting long ages since, this land of ours which we call new, we might guess if this newer race now to incarnate here, were ever on this soil before, might know if we ourselves were not that race and were mayhap upon this soil before, when the ancient knowledge and the sacred lore of mysteries was still known.

And now a School is to be formed, a School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, and where but here, in this new land, which yet is old.

Fortunate land, fortunate race and people, who may foster and acquire a knowledge of those mysteries and send forth light to the world.

SOUND EFFECTS.

BY MRS. J. T. RAE.

AMID the hurry and bustle of nineteenth century life a great discovery, or re-discovery may almost pass unnoticed because so many busy people are compelled to be absorbed in their own concerns. The duty lying nearest is their duty of the hour. Eager sympathies, high aspirations, longings for scientific knowledge are all there, but are cramped and stunted through lack of time to bestow upon them. Therefore a large number of people have never seen Mrs. Watts-Hughes' wonderful Voice-Pictures, and if told of them, are vaguely skeptical concerning the manner of their production, believing it impossible for sound to produce form.

There is no trickery about their construction, though it is probable that if Mrs. Watts-Hughes had displayed her art to mediæval England she would have been burnt as a witch!

That which can be seen by the uninitiated to-day, is a sheet of glass covered by a flat wash of water-color paint, usually green, and when certain notes are sung near it a wonderful effect is produced. The whole surface can be seen to become gradually transformed, until the glass upon which the paint is placed presents the appearance shown by our window panes after a night of heavy frost, with their beautiful trees and ferns and flowers, only in these pictures the beauty is enhanced by being green instead of white.

Rich red tints, royal purples and æsthetic ochres are sometimes placed upon this lovely green background, and these form themselves into shell-like flowers, when a certain note is sung through a particular kind of horn.

The wonderful blendings of color, with their minute gradations, rounded by strong bold outlines are simply marvellous, and show the magical modula-

tion of voice and the delicate shades of tone necessary to produce the corresponding delicacy of form.

It is said when Madame Patti sings her highest note, the vocal cords vibrate at the rate of 2100 vibrations per second. This proves how wonderful a force vibration may be on the form producing plane and perhaps goes far to explain the Indian belief in "Mantrams," or "the pronunciation of certain words in such a way as to start vibrations that would control the minds of men, as well as the external forces of nature." The magic of the serpent charmer might be understood in the same way.

This voice painting is no new art. The ancient Greeks were well versed in its intricacies, though for ages the secret was lost. It has been stated that specimens have been found, in what was once the wonderful city of Pompeii, and the same kind of experiment has been made in various lands in many ages. Some have proved its truth by placing sand on drum-heads, and others by some kind of paste on flat surfaces, using a violin bow to draw out mystical sounds and thus produce form.

Some years ago a celebrated dentist was explaining to a lady patient the use of some new and very clever inventions in the way of dental instruments and appliances. A few weeks later he visited Pompeii, and on his return said, "You remember those new appliances I showed you? Well! Imagine my surprise when I dug out the very same things at Pompeii, somewhat rough from their long burial, but there was no mistake about their being the same kind of tools."

There are cases in which sudden revelations flash through the intellect, and one of these seems this re-discovery, in various minds, of the relation of sound

to form and color. The poet mind with its inspirations and intuitions sees deeper than those of a more material cast, and often lights on a fact for which it can give no scientific reason, though the slower and more plodding step of science may *afterwards* confirm its accuracy and explain the laws which govern it. Wordsworth caught a truth when he said,

“ And beauty born of murmuring sound
did pass into her face.”

It is difficult to fathom the mystical bond existing between Poetry, Music and Painting. Can it be that the clear stillness of a frosty midnight brings some echo to earth from the “Music of the Spheres” which causes the white landscapes to grow upon our window panes? In their higher altitudes, the snowflakes seem to catch heaven’s music and come to us in star-like forms of perfect beauty.

Is it this music which paints the early dawn with its first faint rays of hopefulness, broadening into delicate beauty and retaining undertones of shadow to make the full glorious sunlight the most perfect thing on earth?

Perhaps this symphony of form is the symbol of that higher harmony which earthborn ears are too dull to catch! How much more meaning is thus put into the refulgent sunset splendor! It is impossible to even imagine the majestic glory of that music whose wave on wave of sound paints cloud on cloud of form, gold, crimson, grey; flame-tipped with a light our canvases can never catch and radiating a magnetic calm to still the tumult of feverish, restless hearts. At such times the over-soul seems nearer, and a wonderful peace steals into weary hearts.

If the music of the spheres paints many a picture for human eyes to rest upon, earth’s music may also add a note of gladness to resting souls! It may be, that joyous, happy songs, thanksgivings and laughter, innocent mirth and

light-hearted praise, ascend heavenwards to paint their glowing pictures for the joy of those who gather there! And that cries of despair, drunkenness, crime, debauchery, go to the regions of weeping and remorse. How poignant would be the sting of such pictures to one who had led many astray, on finding his works still following him and making their mark upon his place of habitation. Panoramic views, of his children, or of those he loved, led through his example, or neglect, into sin and anguish of soul, flashing vivid effects before his vision when beyond recall, and he utterly powerless to remedy this gathering of the ills of his own creation.

Sound-produced pictures prove the force of the truth, that not a word uttered or a deed done ever loses its effect, but goes on with reproducing issues throughout all the ages.

Some of the old monks appear to have had glimpses of underlying truths; visions and foreshadowings of the hidden unity existing between poetry, music and painting (song, sound and form). Music produced in them a mystical yearning, for which they could give no reason; they felt it had more meaning in it than they could catch, a power and force they could not grasp, and we are now re-learning one side more of its wonderful harmony although we are so dense and dull to its many-sided meanings.

And the human voice, how it attracts or repels even against the reason! Is it this strange power, painting its picture upon the brain and so producing an irresistible influence?

We see its effects in the expression of the face, causing its muscles to contract or relax; in the fire which lights the eyes though we cannot see the inner picture painted upon the brain. Does this in part account for those sudden affinities or aversions felt with strangers, which upon second thoughts are fought against as unreasonable, perchance uncharitable?

How many people have had to sadly admit that the first impression produced, in its strong, bold outline, with no after smudge or smear to mar it, was the correct one?

Are people at all aware how strongly they are influenced by sound, to take actions of various kinds?

Was it for this reason that when the ancients formulated laws for their ideal state, they had martial music played—melodies, stirring and inspiring, such as would lead on to brave deeds? All softer strains were suppressed, lest they should unman or enervate, and no voluptuous strains were allowed to weaken their powers of volition.

And music has the same effect in this age. A tramp through our city slums, on a drizzling, dismal day, is one of the most depressing journeys possible. The poverty around, the children with bare feet and hunger-pinched faces, squalor and dirt everywhere, humanity in tatters, send the spirits below zero. But an organ-grinder strikes up an enlivening march and it is wonderful how men straighten their backs and go forward with brisker steps, women grow brighter

and children begin to dance. The unconscious influence of sound forces all into action.

Watch a vast crowd swayed by the voice of an orator! Faces light up, emotions come so near the surface they can be read at a glance, and when the sound of the voice dies away they gradually return to their stolid every-day expression.

But an abiding picture may have been impressed upon the brain, and the words lie deeply hidden in the heart, and so be reproduced in the life of the people! And for this reason it is good to flood the world with *good* music and encourage orators to teach high thoughts, so that every action produced by these means may be of such an elevating type, that humanity shall spring from the dust, and shaking itself free from the bondage of evil customs, rise to that higher plane where the earthly is dominated by the spiritual.

For it is thus possible for love and blessing to be poured upon all who come within the influence of spiritual sounds, which in turn will produce noble thoughts and holy deeds.

THE SYMBOLS OF MASONRY.

“It is or seems to be the general notion that the symbols of Masonry are used and were appropriated or invented as *explanations*; as a sort of picture writing, intended to render easy the acquisition of knowledge. Hence the absurd, superficial, and common-place interpretations of them that make one wonder why they should have been used to express such trite, tame and ordinary truths or lessons.

But the real fact is that they were

used to *conceal* the truth, as a means, not of teaching it to, but of *hiding it from*, the vulgar. It was never meant that they should be *easily* interpreted. Like the symbols of the Egyptian Hierophants, everyone is a Sphinx (half buried in the sand, moreover), that only an Œdipus can interpret. The consequence is, that the ordinary interpretations of our symbols and ceremonies are simply absurd.”—*Albert Pike*.

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

RIGHT MOTIVE.

BOTH right speech and right perception depend on right motive. The essential characteristics of a true student may be summed up by these three taken in the following order: Right motive, right perception, right speech. He who would become a student of the Science of Life, a student of himself in the truest sense, must put away the ordinary views on the matter of study. In this deeper sense, study means more than mental exercise or the obtaining an *intellectual* grasp of the problems of life. There is a deeper knowledge than that of the mind, it is the knowledge of the heart which touches the soul of things and enters into that inner realm where the mind of man can never penetrate. Such knowledge is understanding, it is an interior grasp of things, contrary to which a man can never go, for it becomes a part of his very being.

I am well aware that in this material age there are many who deny any other knowledge than that of the mind, and who hold that knowledge may exist without regard to the uses to which it is put or the means whereby it was attained. Such knowledge is however but the husk, the mere form of the outer shell. The kernel, the heart of knowledge, can never be reached in this way. Knowledge is more than information or the classification of facts and phenomena. Knowledge implies the *power to use* and is realized only in the *use*. This power to use comes from relating the object of knowledge to one's inner consciousness and life. The means by which this relation is realized is true study. It will thus be seen that by study, in this sense, is meant more than the poring over books or the observation of phenomena; it means the assimilation of experiences, a seeking to understand one's own na-

ture and to relate oneself—mind and heart—to the universe. And since all parts of man's nature are inter-dependent it follows that true study must have reference to all planes of his being and hence that the acquirement and use of all knowledge concerns the moral and ethical, as well as the mental nature of man. Knowledge concerns not only the mind, but also the heart.

Taking knowledge in this sense makes clear the declaration of Christ: "He that *doeth* the will of the Father shall *know* of the doctrine"; and also that older saying of Krishna's in the *Bhagavad Gita*: "Whoso is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously within himself in the progress of time."

The acquirement of knowledge simply for the sake of power or for any other reward has been justly condemned; but the substitute—of seeking knowledge for knowledge' sake, as ordinarily used and understood, is equally to be condemned. On first hearing it sounds very plausible, but if, as contended above, the value of knowledge lies in its use, the statement becomes meaningless. "Seek knowledge that thou mayest use it."

Every living person, who is not an idiot, has some measure of true knowledge, some power to help on the evolution of the race. The only way to increase one's store of knowledge, the only way to attain to more power is to use what one already has. Mark well, however, it must be *to use*, not to abuse; and right motive is inseparable from right use. The world in general has lost sight of the inner potencies of things. There is a subtle potency in every being, plant and stone, so too is there a subtle influence or potency in every action entirely apart from the mechanical effects thereof.

The same is true of our every thought and the same line of intellectual study pursued by two students at the same time may in one case irradiate and in the other darken the mind and life even though it were apparently followed abstractly by both. The legend of King Midas is verified every day. Everything turns to gold at the touch of some, to lead at the touch of others; the transmutter is the motive. There is no need for discouragement that we find our motive not pure, at least we all can endeavor to set our faces toward the light, we can make the light our aim and goal. We may fail in many particulars, but if we keep before us the one great purpose and aim of our lives as workers and students, gradually will the general motive shine out in each particular word and deed.

Add to right motive the vigilance of right perception, the expression of right speech, all these finding their crown in right action, then will the gateway of true knowledge be opened and the student shall become one of "those who know."

WILL ALL BE SAVED?

Will all men be saved eventually?

Yes, if it be understood that men are souls and that each man is responsible for himself and must become his own saviour. I think the word "saved" is an unfortunate one and incorrect, for it conveys the idea of being saved by someone, and of a saviour different from man himself. Man's only saviour is himself by virtue of the divine power that is within every man.

The soul is imperishable and in essence divine. We are in the habit of regarding the various coverings or expressions of the soul and the instruments through which it manifests itself and gains experience, as the man himself. But the real man is neither the physical body, astral body, passions, nor even the mind but the user of all these, the soul. The physical body changes from day to day, the astral, though relatively more per-

manent, changes from life to life, a new one being formed for each incarnation. The passions change and even the mind, including all the mental characteristics, undergoes constant change. The thread of continuity that runs through the whole of life and through all lives is the soul itself, called by the ancients the *Sutratma* or "thread soul," on which are strung the beads of experience—the many personal existences of the soul.

Hence to say that all men will be saved does not mean that John Jones and Thomas Thomas, as we know them, will be eternal throughout the ages because we know only the appearance and not the real man. What we see is but a disguise of the soul expressing one of the phases of its development, and unless we have attained to the pure vision of the soul we cannot know the real man.

Gradually through the long ages of evolution and the experience gained in many lives, the soul attains to a perfection of outward expression and weaves for itself a garment, or vehicle, in which its own nature is perfectly mirrored. That which is contrary to the soul's nature and the soul's purposes is gradually sloughed off until only that remains which is pure and harmonious. The ultimate destiny of all men, the condition to which they attain when they are "saved," is beyond our present comprehension; all that we can say is that it is godlike, divine.

CREMATION.

What are, from a theosophical point of view, the reasons for preferring Cremation to Interment?

In my opinion the Theosophical reasons are purely sanitary reasons both as regards the one just dead and the community. That cremation of the dead is better for the well-being of the community needs no argument. That it is also for the well-being of the individual just dead may not be so apparent.

Fire is the great purifier and regenerator. It not only acts on the physical

plane, loosening the bonds of chemical affinity, but also on the magnetic and vital plane, loosening the magnetic ties which are the counterpart of the passions and desires and the love of life (physical existence) that bind the soul to the body. The seat of these magnetic ties is the astral, etheric or magnetic body. In its lowest aspect it is the body of form and it dissipates *pari passu* with the physical body. Being the link between the soul and the body, so long as it persists there will be a magnetic tie between the soul and earth which will hinder the soul's passing on to other spheres. At death the physical body in itself is nothing more than a cast-off garment, no longer fit for use, but because of its previous long use by the soul there has been set up in case of the ordinary man a strong magnetic connection between the soul and the body *via* the astral body. Hence simply as a sanitary matter these magnetic ties should be broken as soon as possible, and the quickest way to do this is by the use of fire in cremation.

THE HUMAN ELEMENTAL.

I understand that Theosophists speak of the higher and lower egos in man and I have heard the lower ego characterized as a human elemental, thus making two distinct entities in man;—the lower, or human elemental being the synthesizer of man's animal body and nature. Is this a correct idea and if so does the human elemental persist and ultimately become an independent human entity?

It is quite true that Theosophists speak of a higher and a lower ego in man and even of a third or divine ego. A discussion of the use of these terms may be found in the *Key to Theosophy* by H. P. Blavatsky who also speaks of the spiritual soul, the human soul and the animal soul, but says that "these, strictly speaking, are one soul in three aspects." *Key to Theosophy, Section VII.* At the end of *Section IX* in the same work she describes "the lower or personal ego" as follows: "the physical man in conjunction with his lower self *i. e.*, animal instincts, passions, desires,

etc. It is called the 'false personality' and consists of the *lower Manas* combined with *Kamarupa*, and operating through the physical body and its phantom or 'double.'"

My understanding of the above quotations is that there are not two entities or beings in man in reality though apparently this may be so. The "false personality" or so-called human elemental is not a true entity and can have no continued existence apart from the real man. Man is a unit of consciousness or a unit life, he is not two units. The lower nature, the apparent entity or human elemental, is but the reflection in matter of the soul or real man. The soul by means of its synthetic power has built up for itself a form of matter which is in reality a host of elemental lives; the soul *itself* synthesizes these lives into a veritable universe—the human form. There is not, as I understand the matter, an intermediary *being* between the soul and the physical plane; the intermediary "false personality" is but one of the aspects of the soul itself.

It is quite true that in certain cases the physical body and passions together with a low form of induced intellectuality may cohere and persist for a time after the soul or real man has withdrawn to higher planes but such an apparent or false entity will in time disintegrate, the synthetic power will dissipate and the elements of which the apparent entity is formed will be resolved into their original planes.

Most certainly it is the duty of man to raise up and purify his lower nature, but he does not thereby make of this a distinct entity. Instead of being a temporary and false personality it becomes his true personality or purified instrument, a reflection on the lower planes of his own perfected nature on the spiritual planes.

No doubt by so doing he raises up each one of the unit lives in the host of lives of which this instrument is builded

and it may be that each individual unit will in ages to come attain to the human stage of evolution and become man on a future earth.

In connection with this subject the third fundamental proposition of the *Secret Doctrine* should be studied. See Vol. I., p. 17; new edition, p. 42.

YOUNG FOLKS DEPARTMENT.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BY MARGARET STUART LLOYD.

In the forest dark and grey,
The sad princess sleepeth still,
Until Love shall find a way
To release her fettered will.

MILDRED was sitting on a low chair before the fire. She was all alone in the cosy sitting room. Her long curls drooped over the page she was reading and so absorbed was she in the fairy tale that she did not hear her big sister Edith enter the room. Edith stole up softly behind her small sister and bent over to see what she was reading. Then she said, stroking the bright hair :

“‘Sleeping Beauty’ is very absorbing, isn’t it, dearie?”

Mildred looked up with flushed cheeks and very bright eyes and answered :

“Oh, it’s just too lovely! How I wish that I could have seen the forest and the dear Princess asleep, and then watched when the Prince came and wakened her!”

“So you think the story a true one, do you?”

“Well, sister, it seems as though it might have happened sometime, do not you think so? It is so beautiful it ought to be true.”

“It is true, dearie, but not, perhaps, in the way you suppose. That is, I do not think that there ever was actually a princess who was charmed to sleep for a hundred years and then waked by the kiss of a prince.”

Mildred’s face grew thoughtful as she looked at her elder sister. “Dear Edith, I wish you would tell me exactly what you mean. How can a story be true and yet not be true?”

“Little sister, do not puzzle your

brains so, and I will tell you what I think about the story of ‘Sleeping Beauty.’ You have heard of an allegory, have you not?”

“Oh, yes, I know! It’s a story within a story.”

“That is it, exactly. But it is more. If it is a true allegory it teaches the one who reads it something wise and beautiful, something that has to be searched for beneath the words. You might say that the truth in an allegorical story is like the perfume of a red rose. The outside story is like the rose, beautiful and full of color, while the real truth of the story is like the perfume of the rose, hidden, yet most lovely of all.”

“I believe I understand what you mean, sister; but tell me, do you see allegories in my fairy book?”

“Yes, especially in the story you have just finished.”

“Oh, please tell me, it will make ‘Sleeping Beauty’ so much more interesting.”

“But perhaps you will think my explanation very dry?”

“Indeed, I will not, dear Edith. I would love to learn something true from my stories.”

“Well, then, little sister, it seems to me that the story of the Sleeping Beauty is just a beautiful way of telling us about the soul. That is, the Princess is our Soul, the very inside of us, you know, dearie, that which is always whispering to us to do the noblest thing. When the Princess is enchanted it means that the soul is very ignorant, or that it has done wrong, perhaps because it did not

know any better, and so it falls asleep. Then it needs a messenger from the Great Soul to wake it up. Do you understand?"

"I think that I do, Edith. Tell me, who is the messenger?"

"The messenger is the Prince."

"And what does it mean when he wakes the Princess?"

"You remember he wakes her with a kiss. This means Love. Because it is Love that helps the Soul more than anything else in the world. Very often a poor soul who has been unhappy and almost helpless is made happy and brave again by a loving word or some kind action. Did you know that even a little girl can wake the Sleeping Beauty?"

"What do you mean, Edith?"

"Each one of us, even the youngest, can be a messenger from the Great Soul, a Prince who wakes up the Sleeping Beauty. For everywhere there are beautiful Princesses, the souls of boys and girls, of men and women, who are fast asleep. They are bound by the spells of hatred, or selfishness, or ignorance. And the one who wishes to wake such a soul may do it by the magic power of unselfish love. Sometimes we have to try many, many times before we succeed in helping another, but if we have patience and keep persevering, we will surely succeed at last in waking the sleeping soul."

"Thank you, Edith, for telling me about the real Sleeping Beauty. I understand just what you mean, I think. But do you suppose that even I could find a Princess bound by a spell and wake her up?"

"Why, of course you can, little sister. Take, for instance, Mary Owens at your own school. You have often told me of how cross and disagreeable she was and how none of the girls liked her. Have you ever tried to be friends with her?"

"No, because she has been cross to some of the girls when they tried to be pleasant. She never plays in our games and she never talks with us. I think she fancies that the girls look down upon her because she is so very poor, but I am sure I never thought about it!"

"Yes, but you cannot know how much unkindness may have been shown her by others. She must have had a very unhappy life to be so shut up and so unfriendly. She is ugly and awkward you say, and perhaps she feels that she is different from the other girls and it makes her unhappy."

"I never thought of that!"

"Well, Mildred, I think that Mary Owens is a Sleeping Princess, and I believe that you may be the one to wake her and make her happy like other girls."

"Oh, dear Edith, I know what you mean, and I will try! Will it not be nice to become friends with her and to try by being loving and unselfish to wake up the sleeping soul? I am sure I can do a lot to help her and I am going to think of her as the Sleeping Beauty. Think of knowing a real Princess! And she will never guess that I am not really just little Mildred Lawrence, but a grand Prince, come to rescue the Sleeping Beauty!"

Mildred clasped her hands and looked into the bright grate fire as though she saw in the flames beautiful pictures of brave princes going to the rescue of spellbound princesses. And the big sister sat beside her saying never a word, but thinking of how much a little child can do to make the world more beautiful if she will use the magic power of Love.

All about us beauty lies,

Sleeping in the souls of men;

At a loving touch to rise,

Never to be bound again.

The Pacific Theosophist, for November.—An article on "Hypnotism from a Theosophical Standpoint," by Mrs. J. C. Keightley, fills most of the space in the magazine. The subject is handled in an original way, and the article is distinguished by accuracy, orderly arrangement, and clearness of statement. "Buddhi," by Stanley Fitzpatrick, is an attempt to define spirit, mind, and matter. The philosophy of the article is sound, but the use of the foreign term is not very clear. The editorial on "Brotherhood Pence" is a ringing appeal for practical brotherhood on the line indicated by its title; and the "Branch Reports" make a fine showing of activities—ARETAS.

The Artist (London) for November, has as its leading contribution "Mysticism in Art Pictorial," by R. Machell, R. B. A., illustrated by nine excellent photo reproductions of the author's splendid allegorical paintings. In explaining the mystical meanings of his pictures, Mr. Machell writes like a Greek philosopher, displaying intellectual acumen as keen as the artistic sense revealed in his pictorial work. In refuting the notion that the mere representation of material things constitutes art, he says:

"I am sometimes inclined to doubt whether much more than half of the things we see are really seen with the physical eyes at all, so strong is the imaginative faculty, even in the most wooden-headed materialist who handles painting materials. But seeing is only one mode of perception, and the physical organ of sight is not the seer. The seer is the inner man, and one of the faculties of the inner man is called imagination. Now, what is this imagination if not an inner sight, a faculty which so controls and directs the outer organs as to enable the inner man to see the outer world by

the light of the inner world in which he really lives?—thus interpreting and explaining to some extent the ordinary material scenes of this mystery of mysteries, Life."—ARETAS.

*Regeneration—the Gate of Heaven.**—This is a work which will prove of interest and value to students of occult subjects, but it is of too technical a nature to appeal to the ordinary reader. It treats of a very difficult subject with sincerity and directness, maintaining that perfect purity of life, by a standard far higher than that commonly held, can alone lead to spiritual knowledge. It is a scholarly work, and the English diction is of classical purity. The examination into certain esoteric passages in the *New Testament* and in patristic literature is particularly thorough, but, unfortunately, *hoi exó*, the exoteric many, will find these as incomprehensible and will be no more inclined to put them in practice than in the days when Paulus excoriated the profligate Corinthians. The author says: "The Art of Life consists in preserving the due proportion between the interest of the present moment and that of the future destiny, harmonizing the whole with the part. Earthly avocations are, after all, not ends in themselves; they are but the means by which men become perfected and become worthy of their divine inheritance. Things are good or bad only according to their utility, and therefore should be followed as far as useful, and not for themselves. . . . Every man carries his whole life with him in his hand, and he must so guide the interests of the moment that he mar not the welfare of the future. This careful self-scrutiny and self-direction is conduct, intelligent and planned, not emotional and fortuitous." Through the demonstrated facts of biology and

* Medford, Mass., Prophetic Pub. Co. (Box 9).

physiology he shows that perfect purity of life, as an element of right-conduct, is absolutely essential for one who seeks to gain insight into things spiritual; and he then proves that the same was taught by the *New Testament* writers and by the fathers of the Christian church, as well as by all the great philosophers and religious teachers in every age. The concluding chapter on the "Great Renunciation" is a masterly analysis of the true object of religion.—ARETAS.

The Internationalist for November.—This number clearly reflects the spirit of the magazine's title, and is in thorough keeping with the animating principle of the new cycle of practical work. Indeed it formulates the ideals and hopeful plans for the new order of things more definitely and vividly than has hitherto been done; and under such headings as "A Civilization Reborn," "The Hero in Man," "On the March," and "International Brotherhood," the purposes that inspire the present activities in the Theosophical movement are given clear and virile expression. A large part of the material in the number is from the fertile pen of G. W. Russell; but the familiar pen-names and initials of Laon, A. P. D., Paul Gregan and A. W. D. also appear.—An article (illustrated) by Charles J. Ryan, on Newgrange, gives a detailed description of that Initiation-crypt of ancient Ireland.—ARETAS.

The Dream Child; by Florence Huntley*.—The author of this novel claims to write "from authority" through her connection with a school of Occultism, and blandly informs her readers that although she has "been under the continual instruction of a member of that school" for over ten years, her "education along the line of physical, spiritual and psychical laws and principles has proceeded slowly." This is only too painfully evident as is also her lack of

education along the line pursued in the public schools. The novel reflects no credit upon the occult pedagogue or upon his none too modest pupil. As a merely imaginative work of fiction, it could be passed over as one of the numerous "shilling shockers" in which hack writers utilize Theosophical ideas by jumbling together, in cheerful incongruity, Divine Masters, moon-stricken lovers, astral bodies, and the forlorn spooks of Summer-land. But as the author claims to be a revealer of occult lore, and, announcing that she has forsaken the field of romance, threatens to inflict upon the public "a work which will conform to the rational instead of the poetic method in literature," the novel is open to severer criticism. The psychology of it is expressed by the equation $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} = 1$. The human soul incarnates as a + and a -; and Mr. Positive wears trousers and a silk hat, or their equivalents in whatever country he happens to alight when he makes his meteor-like advent upon this earth from those celestial regions which our novelist locates in the depths of space; while Miss Negative rejoices in petticoats and a bonnet, or other appropriate finery. But sometimes one moiety of the soul arrives on the earth only to find that its better or worse half has failed to keep the tryst, or has missed the train, or something of the sort; and the resulting lonesomeness of that fractional being is terrible to contemplate. And even when these halves strike the earth simultaneously, their difficulties have only begun. One may be born in the interior of darkest Africa and the other in the central portions of yellowest China, so that often the prospects for that soul to pull itself together are small. Then there are so many millions of half-souls that they get hopelessly shuffled up; and the parsons and justices-of-the-peace, in their well-meant endeavors to bring harmony out of the chaos, and unify things, sort them out blunderingly and put together halves

* Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

that don't belong to each other, thus making matters worse. Mr. Positive identifies the missing half of his immortal soul only to find that she is wedded to a jealous and athletic individual several sizes larger than himself, and is the mother of a large and interesting family. But these are only flights of the reviewer's fancy, falling far short of the dreadful realities taught in "the Dream Child." In that authentic story, the hero, Zanoni, is dispatched by his master in India to find his other half, presumably because the astute Hindu occultist did not desire such a half-hearted disciple. Zanoni, despite his name, is

an Englishman, and his quest for his immortal semi-soul only results in his being locked up by his hard-headed parents in a lunatic asylum, where he pines away and dies, his other half also perishing soon afterwards from the same sort of sickness in an American hospital for the insane, to which her mismated husband had consigned her. There is an aroma of lunatic asylum all through the book, and one naturally falls to wondering if the "occult school" spoken of by its author were not an institution of that nature, and the "occult teacher" a sagacious physician who humored his patients in their disordered fancies.—ARETAS.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

THE most important event of the past month has been the holding of the Brotherhood Bazaars under the auspices of the International Brotherhood League. These were held on December 13th all over the country in most of the places where I. B. L. centres have been formed. At the date of writing only a few of the reports have been received, but all indicate the great success of the undertaking and the work of the I. B. L. and the T. S. A. will be much aided thereby.

In New York the Bazaar was held for four days, December 10th, 11th, 13th and 14th, in Scottish Rite Hall, on Madison Avenue, not far from the T. S. A. headquarters. The building was in every way most convenient for the purpose. The Bazaar proper was held in the large banquet room, where booths were fitted up to represent the different nations as follows: (1) America, (2) England and Scotland, (3) Sweden, (4) Holland, (5) Germany, (6) Italy, (7) Greece, (8) France, Spain and Japan. There were also a Killarney tent and a North American Indian tent. The decorations were very artistic. Each booth was draped with the flags of the nations represented, and the ladies attending were dressed in the

appropriate national costumes. It would be impossible to describe all the booths in detail, but mention should certainly be made of the American booth decorated with the "Stars and Stripes," and one of the principal features of which was a beautiful large doll dressed for "America." The North American Indian tent attracted much attention, and the young Indian and the young squaw were correctly dressed and painted. A large collection of soapstone knives, pipes and horseshoes, and moccasins and rare relics made by the Sioux Indians had been sent to the Bazaar by the Sioux Falls Branch. "Rebecca at the Well," from which she drew forth refreshing lemonade, was kept very busy every evening.

Adjoining the Bazaar room was the Quaker supper room, the ladies in attendance wearing the old Quaker costume. Miss Chapin had charge of this, and it was a most successful feature of the Bazaar. At the top of the stairway leading to the hall was a booth for books, photographs, etc., and on the other side of the hall, adjoining it, was the Eastern tea room, the ladies serving tea being dressed in Oriental costume and the room being draped with rich Oriental

tapestries and curtains. There were also many beautiful specimens of Benares brass work. Altogether there were about fifty ladies in costume at the Bazaar, each room presenting a very pretty and attractive scene.

On the evenings of the 10th, 11th and 13th in the large Hall, Mrs. Richmond-Green of Easthampton, Mass., gave a mystical interpretation of Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale," illustrated by Tableaux Vivants. At first it was intended to give this on two nights only but it was so successful and so well attended that it was decided to repeat it on the third evening, and the attendance on that evening proved to be the largest of all. Signor Operti, one of the best known artists in New York, had charge of the tableaux and is to be congratulated on his arrangement of the beautiful pictures. The last picture was particularly effective where Queen Hermione descends from the pedestal—King Leontes believing her to be dead and gazing at what he thought to be her statue. Tableaux were also given of a symbolical representation of the "Higher and Lower Self" and one of "Old Egypt," followed by the March of the Nations.

On the fourth night the unique entertainment of a tour around the world with the Theosophical Crusaders was presented. The stereopticon lantern slides had been specially prepared by Mr. W. D. Inslee, one of the best known New York photographers, from a selection of photographs belonging to Mrs. Tingley's private collection. This was one of Mrs. Tingley's many personal contributions to the Bazaar. Mr. J. H. Fussell gave an account of the Crusade and described the pictures as presented, many of which were entirely new and had never appeared on a screen before. Perhaps the most interesting of all were the views of many of the rock-cut temples of India and the Pyramids of Egypt. And of particular interest were the camp at Killarney, the Crusaders in Paris, the Cru-

saders on Elephants in the Courtyard of the Palace at the deserted city of Amber, and Mrs. Tingley at Darjeeling. Characteristic views were also shown of the inhabitants of most of the countries visited including an Australian aboriginal, Maoris, natives of Samoa, etc. Altogether this was the most interesting entertainment of the Bazaar. I understand that in all probability Mrs. Tingley will send these views to be shown in other cities.

Many of the Branches throughout the country sent gifts to the Bazaar. The North American Indian collection of curios was sent by the Sioux Falls Branch. Beautiful evergreens, leaves and berries were sent from California and were used to decorate a stand on which were placed copies of *The New Century* for sale and presided over by a little girl dressed as the "New Century." Beautiful shells were sent from Point Loma which Dr. Partridge had found in the caves there and had had polished. Some Spanish hanging moss was sent from Savannah and cotton flowers from Macon. R. W. Machell, of London, sent two very fine pictures—a flower piece and a symbolical painting, and J. B. Longman sent some of his beautiful pictures from Nashville. One was also received from Louisville, and from Paul R. Goudman of New York. Many other gifts were received which cannot be enumerated here for lack of space.

Reports have been received from Boston, Providence and Cincinnati—the Bazaars there being most successful in every way.

During the last week in November the Macon Branch of the T. S. A. held a Theosophical Jubilee. Mrs. E. C. Mayer and Rev. W. Williams went from New York to assist at the meetings which were held every day for a week. On Thanksgiving Day a supper was given by the Branch to over 1000 of the poor people. All the meetings were crowded and much interest was aroused in the International Brotherhood League in connection with

which special meetings were held. Mrs. Mayer addressed a large meeting of ladies, attended all the influential ladies of Macon. Other special meetings were held and excellent reports were given by the newspapers. A full report of these meetings has already been given in *The New Century*. A large increase in membership has resulted from them.

A new Branch with a large membership has just been formed at Portland, Oregon, under the name "The New Century Branch."

The Pacific Coast Theosophical Committee have issued their usual monthly report of Branch Work and other activities showing the splendid work that is being done on the coast.

We regret to have to record the death of Mrs. B. H. T. Wilson, one of the charter members and most faithful workers of San Diego T. S.

A donation of Theosophical literature was recently made to the U. S. Prison, McNeil's Island, Wash.

NEWS reached us too late last month for insertion in our columns that Dr. Archibald Keightley had resigned from the Presidency of the Theosophical Society in England. Dr. Keightley had been contemplating this step for some time owing to his increasing medical

practice. This does not, of course, mean that Dr. Keightley has resigned from the Theosophical Society. He has rendered faithful service to the cause in past years, and it is with great regret that we have to record his resignation from the office which he filled so well. No one, however, is more convinced than Dr. Keightley himself, of the necessity for carrying on the work at all times without regard to changes in personnel.

Readers will have noted that in our last number we published a very faithful picture of Dr. Keightley and Dr. Coryn. The latter as Director of the Home Crusade work, has been rendering great service along with Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump, and writes cheerfully of the progress made. They recently paid a visit together to Sweden, and news just received from there indicates that they achieved a great success. The number of members in England has trebled during the past year and a half, and the work goes on increasing all the time, demanding constant attention of all officers of the Society, but especially the President, and we have no doubt the members will elect some one who will be in a position to devote as much time to the work of the Theosophical Society in England as its growing demands necessitate.

J. H. F.

NOTE.—We regret that this issue is a few days late in appearance, but the holidays and extra pressure of work in other directions caused the unavoidable delay.