

" This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd at the crowd'd heaven,
 And I said to my spirit *When we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the pleasure and
 knowledge of everything in them, shall we be fill'd and satisfied then.*
 And my spirit said *No, we but level that lift to pass and continue beyond.*

Walt Whitman.

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EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

III.—THE "OLD EMPIRE."

Egypt was now launched upon a new career. The "double country" had passed under the dynasty of the kings of Teni. The princes of the several nomes were in authority at home, and the divinities, customs and local usages were little changed, but the Pharaoh* was the Overload.

He was recognized as representative of divinity itself, and was even styled *Neter* or God. His name seems to have been considered as too sacred to be familiarly uttered.*

"This designation is now translated literally as meaning the "Great Gate," or "High Gate"—the same as "Sublime Porte" at Constantinople. The ancient Orientals held their courts at the gates of the cities as places of public resort, and litigants brought their causes thither for judgment. See Deuteronomy xvi., 18; Ruth iv., 1; II. Samuel xv., 2, 6. The title of the place naturally became the official designation of the king. In an analogous manner the gate of the Temple in Memphis was designated as representing Osiris as judge of the dead.

*It became a custom for the kings in coming to the throne to adopt some new designation, which was often from some divinity, and indeed many had several titles, perplexing later historians. When speaking of him it was usual to say "he" and to denominate him as "His Holiness." An

Professor J. P. Lesley has described this early period as characterized by great simplicity of manners. Making reference to the wooden and stone images which had been found by Mariette-Bey, he represented them as exhibiting features of undeveloped intellect and homely affection. "bourgeois faces" never crossed by the frowns of serious conflict. He also declared that there was then no "impious race" in the valley of the Nile; no sail woven by an Egyptian hand. "The horse was not yet even a dreamed idea. Arms and smoking altars were alike unknown; they loved and feasted; dug the ground and danced at harvest time; died, and were gathered to their fathers 'on the other shore.' The Pharaoh wore *no* crown," he affirms; "not even the Uræus on his head-band. He had a simple collar of beads around his neck, and a breech-cloth about his loins, and sat with naked waist and

individual coming into his presence prostrated himself and kissed the ground; but favored persons were permitted as a great privilege to embrace his knees.

thighs and legs upon a wooden throne, smiling and peaceful, like a May-fair prince."

This picture so quaintly drawn might have been fairly descriptive of the social condition of the Egyptians in the days of King Bitys of the preceding period and of some African Chief away in the heart of the Dark Continent. But Egyptian Kings of the dynasty of Mena were hardly so simple in manners, so peaceful, or so primitive and easy-going. Mena belonged to a city and district of an undetermined antiquity, that possessed the arts and culture of a ripe civilization. The accounts of him, although so fragmentary and circumscribed as to make many mistrustful of his actual existence, are, nevertheless sufficiently explicit to exhibit him as possessing the practical talent of a statesman, the bravery of a veteran warrior, and the zeal of an earnest religious man.

The dyke which he built to turn the Nile from its bed and thus to procure a site for his new city, can hardly be considered as the work of a "smiling and peaceful" chieftain. The sacred precinct* which he set apart for the worship of the demiurgic god, Ptah, contained not only the living serpent, always present in Egyptian shrines, but the symbols and statues of the Sacred Triad; and there was likewise a complete hierarchy of initiated priests, prophets and scientific men to fulfill all the requirements of worship, instruction and professional skill. There were all these in Mena's own country at Abydos, for the Egyptians had passed through many ages of civilization before his accession to power, and he established them in his new metropolis and dominion.

The new city was oftenest called Ha-ka-

*Temples or *temenoi* anciently consisted of plots of ground marked out by a priest or sacred person, and set apart to religious purposes. They were often very large, and abounded with cloisters and buildings for the occupants. As astrology was a part of the religious system, to *contemplate* was to resort to the temple to *consider* and study the aspects of the sky. Caves and grotto-structures were employed for secret worship and initiations.

Ptah, from being the place where Ptah was the Supreme Divinity, but the various precincts had names of their own as so many towns. It was perhaps more generally known as Men-nefer, the "place of the Good One," the god Osiris. There was a practice of grouping the houses around sacred precincts, and the several regions were named accordingly from the sanctuary. The whole district was named Seket-Râ, the field of Râ. The dead were buried in the stony ground at the west of Memphis, and the region was called Ankht-ta, the land of life.

Mena is recorded by Manethô as having reigned sixty-two years. He found it necessary to defend his dominion against foreign adversaries, and in an expedition against the Libyans, "perished by a wound from a hippopotamus." He left no monuments, and the material of Memphis was carried away in modern times to build the city of Cairo, thus making it difficult to find memorials.

The successor of Mena was his son, Atuti or Athôthis, whose reign is recorded as fifty-seven years. It was a common practice of ancient kings to associate with them the heir apparent during their lifetime, and thus to familiarize him with administration and likewise avoid the perils of a disputed succession. Whether Athôthis reigned conjointly with his father is not certain, but by no means improbable. He was succeeded by his son of the same name, who is said to have reigned thirty-one years. It is recorded that Athôthis, probably the father, but perhaps the son, built the Royal Palace at Memphis, thus establishing that city as the capital of all Egypt. It is also stated that "anatomical works were produced, for he was a physician." A medical papyrus, now in the Royal Museum in Berlin, which was composed in the reign of Ramases II., illustrates the probable accuracy of this statement. It contains directions for the cure of leprosy, which it declares to have been discovered in a writing of very ancient

origin in a writing-case under the feet of the god Anubis at Kakemi, where Se-Ptah or Usaphaidos was king. Professional employment was open to persons of every rank who might possess the necessary skill. It was high praise to describe a

town of "the Black Bull," near Sakkara, the necropolis of Memphis. The principal pyramid was erected on a base of about four hundred square feet and was one hundred and ninety-six feet high. It was built of granite and limestone, and had seven steps like the towers at Babylon. It was evidently a royal sepulchre, and contained a sarcophagus, but it was employed afterward as a receptacle for the bodies of the Apis bulls.

Hesep or Usaphaidos, the succeeding king, has left no memento beyond his name and the memorandum of the medical work which has been mentioned. He is said to have reigned twenty-six years. He was succeeded by Merba or Miebiès and he by Semempsis. The accession of this king was marked by various wonderful occurrences, and by terrible pestilence. The next monarch was Bienachès, with whom the direct line of Mena was completed. None seems to have equalled the head of the dynasty in achievement. It is significantly stated, however, by Manethò that every king was succeeded by his son.

The Second Dynasty began by the accession of Butan, Neter-Bau (God of Spirits) or Boéthos, also belonging to Teni. During his reign an earthquake took place in Egypt, and a chasm opened near Bubastis, accompanied by the destruction of many of the inhabitants. The succeeding monarch was Ka-kau* or Kaiakhos, who reigned thirty-eight years. He established the worship of the bulls, Hapi or Apis, at Memphis, and Mena or Mnevis at Heliopolis, and that of the god Ba-en-tatta at Mendes.† This was probably a measure of public policy; the deifying of these animals rendered all others of their kind sec-

*This name seems to have been given in commemoration of the instituting of animal worship. The term *ka* signifies a male, a bull, or he-goat. Ka-kau therefore signifies the Great Father.

†In the symbolic meaning, the bull Hapi represented Osiris. Mena at Heliopolis was the living image of Tum or Atum, the sun-god of evening, and the goat was the living anaglyph of Neph, its name, Bin-el-tatta, signifying the Eternel Soul.



ANUBIS.



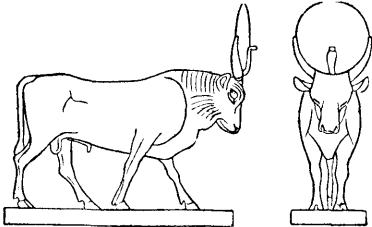
NEPHTHYS.

gifted individual as "being of an unknown origin." On the other hand, it was usual in all ages for members of the royal family of Egypt to engage in useful vocations. They became priests and prophets at the temples, scribes, physicians, architects or whatever suited their genius. It was in no sense demeaning, or a lowering of royal dignity for the king to be a physician and author. The custom of embalming the dead was now in full operation, and great care was taken in regard to the procedure. The bodies of the sacred animals as well as of human beings were thus preserved.

In the reign of the fourth king, Uenephès, great famine prevailed in Egypt. Whether the annual inundation in the Nile was deficient, or whether the excessive overflow destroyed the chances for harvest, we are not informed. It was probably the latter. The king, either in the exuberance of religious fervor, resulting from misfortune, or else from a benevolent desire to furnish employment to indigent subjects, engaged in the building of pyramids. The site of these structures was at Kakemi, the

ular, and so permitted the people to employ them for common use accordingly.

The next king bore the name of Binothris or Bai-en-netera, commemorative of the new worship at Mendes.* Under this monarch the custom was enacted into a decree that women should be eligible to the royal dignity. The effect of this is traceable through Egyptian history. A queen upon the death of her husband would take the reins of government or occupy the place of her son in his minority; and where there were no sons, the daughter of a king transferred the crown to a new dynasty. Her husband in such case was king only in power, but her son had full right to the throne. Where the king married a wife of lower rank, her children had not equal rights with children of a wife who was of royal blood. Most of the dynasties succeeded the previous ones by virtue of marriage with such princesses.



THE SACRED BULL—APIS.

The successor of Binothris was Utnas or Tlas, who in turn was followed by Sen-ta or Sthenês. There is at the Ashmolean Library at Oxford part of the architrave of a door, which belongs to the tomb of a prophet who belonged to the worship of this monarch. The kings were adored as gods, having their priests and other functionaries.

We now observe the introduction of the name of Râ in royal names. Kha-Râ and Nefer-ka-Râ were the next sovereigns. It was reported of the latter that during his reign, the Nile flowed with honey for eleven days. Nefer-ka-saker, his successor, is described by Greek writers as five cubits, or about ten feet high, with cor-

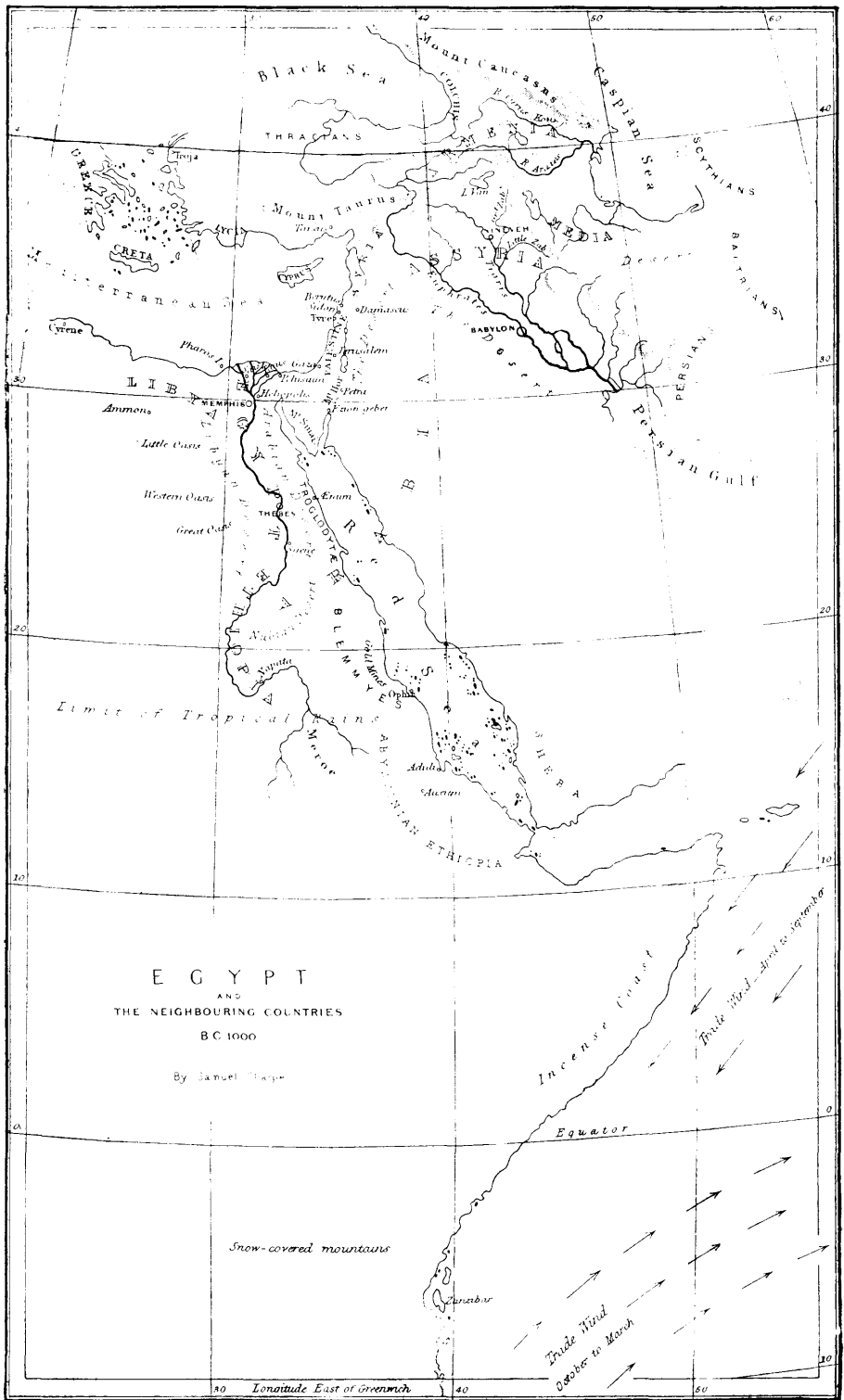
responding breadth; probably taking the notion from some bust or picture. One more king only is named in the Second Dynasty; the monuments mention Hutefa as reigning a few months; the chronicles designate Khenerês with a term of thirty years.

In regard to the Third Dynasty, the several writers, old and recent, widely differ. The kings made Memphis the sole metropolis, and Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson is of opinion that they ruled at the same time with those of the First Dynasty. It has also been supposed that for a long period Upper and Lower Egypt had again distinct rulers. Other writers generally consider those of the Third Dynasty as succeeding the Second, and arrange them accordingly. The first king in the series was Neb-ka,* or Nekherophes. Under his reign the Libyans revolted from under the Egyptian rule, but upon beholding the spectacle of a sudden increase of the size of the moon they were terrified and returned to their allegiance.

The heir of this king was Ser or Serhes, the Tosorthros or Sesorthos of Manethô. Wilkinson was of opinion that he was the same as Athôthis of the First Dynasty, which also seems to be favored by the description which has been preserved. "He was denominated the Egyptian Esculapius, for his medical skill, and invented the art of building with hewn stones, and also gave attention to the art of engraving." Doubtless under his encouragement these arts were more diligently cultivated, but the Egyptians were proficient in them long before.

After this enlightened monarch followed a list of whom only the names have been preserved. There were Tota or Tyris, Toser-tota or Mesokhris, Setes or Sôiphis, Neb-ka-Râ, or Tosertosis, Nefer-ka-Râ, Huni or Akhis, and Se-nefer-u or Siphuris. When no history is made a people is generally happier.

*The monuments give the name of Bebi as preceding Neb-ka, and give the latter the Greek appellation Tosorthros.



Brugsch-Bey is unwilling to say much in commendation of these princes. The old names, he remarks, suggest, according to their original significance, the ideas of strength and terror, which are very suitable as designations for the men who succeeded in subjecting the great masses of the people to their own will and law. "It is only later that the sacred names of the gods occur in the Pharaonic escutcheons, reminding us by their positions of the circle of gods specially venerated by the royal house."

The last king of note of this dynasty was Se-nefer-u, the "doer of good," a name bestowed apparently by a grateful people. He left behind him many memorials of his career. The "oldest scripture," as Professor Lesley terms it, the *Papyrus Prissé*, dates from his reign. The following two chapters verify its date and give a fair impression of the religious sentiment of that remote period:

CHAPTER I.

1. Health be to him that honoureth me!
Honor be to him that goeth with me willingly.

2. Open lies the casket of my speech!
Uncovered the place of my word building.

3. Furnished with swords to attack the negligent, who is never found present at his post.

4. When thou sittest in the company of men, scorn thou thy favorite viands: for a short moment renounce them with thy heart.

5. For gluttony is a vice and scandal lies hidden therein. A cup of water slakes one's thirst; a mouthful of Shüu* strengthens the heart.

6. Virtue is the end of good things, and what is of no account determines greatness.

7. Miserable is he who is slave to his belly, or who spends his time in senselessness. Fatness lauds it over the house of such.

8. When thou sittest with a banqueter who eats till his girdle bursts,

9. When thou drinkest with a wine-bibber, who receives thee, his heart rejoicing itself with drink more than a butcher with flesh,

10. Take thou what he handeth thee: reject it not.

11. Nevertheless, it is disgusting when one who cannot possibly make himself intelligible in any word, tortures himself in vain to win for himself a favorable heart.

12. He is a shame to his mother and to his friends.

13. When he knocketh as a suitor at the door, every one crieth out: "Make haste!" "Depart!"

CHAPTER II.

1. The word out of thy mouth, it instructeth thee.

2. Let not thy heart lift itself above the ground on account of strength.

3. Be not of a stiff-necked mind.

4. Teach thy posterity in that thou regulatest thyself.

5. Not to be comprehended is the world: God who made it has forbidden it.

6. What a man hath to do after he has finished the lot of man, is to teach his children wisdom.

7. Their duty stands in going up the ladder which he has set for them.

8. It happens that all this stands written in the Book of Proverbs; therefore follow it, as I tell it, after the example of the more useful.

9. These committed it to memory. These had so read it; it was in the Scripture.

10. Its excellence was in their slight greater than all things which are in the whole land, whether they be great or small.

11. So soon as his holiness, Huni, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, had reached the [other] shore.

12. There arose his holiness Se-nefer-u, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, as beneficent king of the whole land.

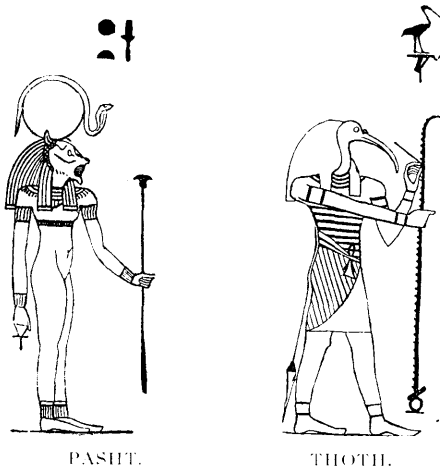
13. Lo! Then became Kadjimna, governor of the city and its environs.

This is the end.

*Shüu is a kind of mace.

Before these two chapters, there had been written another scripture, which was carefully erased; as well as another after it, written by one Ptah-hetep at a later period. It has been guessed that the author of the erased writing was Kheops himself.

The reign of Se-nefer-u was characterized by many significant events. The fashion was adopted of taking several names at the enthroning of the monarch. He had the name conferred by his parents, the escutcheon of his sacred name and three titles of honor. Each name was believed to have a magic power influencing the character and destiny. The first title began with the symbol of Horos, the sparrowhawk wearing the double crown. Then followed a hieroglyphic group, setting



forth the second title and exhibiting the king as the lord of the two diadems. The third contained the image in honor of Horos, and under it a praise of the monarch. The fourth was the sacred name of the king, and the fifth his own proper name with the standing title as a prefix. "Son of Râ." In later periods it was usual after the name of the king to give that of his pyramid. That of Se-nefer-u was of green stone near Meidum, and bore the name of Kha.

Se-nefer-u was a conqueror as well as a sovereign, and added the peninsula of Sinai to the dominion of Egypt. Its mines of copper and "maika" or turquoise and other gems were for many centuries a prolific source of wealth. On the wall of rock in one of the caves he is pictured as a warrior with a club striking down a foe. The inscription gives his name and the designation, "Vanquisher of a foreign people."

The rocks bear the remains of many inscriptions, which have been the occasion of much curious speculation. The territory was carefully fortified against invasion from the East, and numerous temples were built to the gods of Egypt. Chief among them all was the Sanctuary of Hathor, the Great Mother, Queen of Heaven, and there was also a shrine to the divinity of the East. The mountain was thus "holy ground," centuries before the reputed period of Moses.

It was a common practice for Egyptians to have their tomb, the "everlasting house,"* in the neighborhood of the royal pyramid. Many years ago some curious natives discovered the entrance to one of these near the pyramid of Se-nefer-u. They found the walls covered with pictures and hieroglyphics, executed skillfully in mosaic and admirably colored, as fresh as though the work had been done at a period comparatively recent. They also brought out to daylight two statues of a man and his wife seated beside each other in a chair. The eyes were of crystal, white ivory and a black ore, and exhibited the appearance of life. The man sat on the right, and his name was given as Râ-hotep. He was the son of a king, had commanded troops, and was at the time of his death a high priest

*Ecclesiastes xii. "For thus man goes to his everlasting house, while the mourners walk about the streets. And dust goes hence to earth from whence it came. And spirit returns again to him who gave it. Fear the Godhead and keep his commandments, for this is the All of man; for every work, every secret act, good and evil, God will bring to the judgment."

at the temple in Heliopolis. His wife was named Nefert, and she was the granddaughter of a king.

There were also found in other tombs at Gizeh the names of members of Senefer-u's family. This king was held in high esteem till the later periods of Egyptian history, and his worship as a divine being was maintained till the time of the Macedonian conquest. He was emphatically a prince who had regarded the welfare of his people all the days of his life, and throughout all their vicissitudes they loved and venerated his memory. He gave to Egypt a new life, new instruction, a new genius and policy that changed but little in the succeeding years.

Thus was Mr. Gliddon's description fully

realized: "The time-honored chronicles carry us back to the remotest era of earliest periods; and even there display to us the wonderful and almost inconceivable evidences of a government organized under the rule of one monarch; of a mighty and numerous people, skilled in the arts of war and peace; in multifarious abstract and practical sciences, with well-framed laws and social habits of highly civilized life, wherein the female sex was free, educated and honored; of a priesthood possessing a religion in which the unity of the godhead, and his attributes in trinities or triads, with a belief in the immortality of the soul, a certainty of ultimate judgment and a hope of the resurrection of the dead are discoverable."



RA-HOTEP AND NEFERT.

RICHARD WAGNER'S PROSE WORKS.*

BY BASIL CRUMP.

VOL. I. THE ARTWORK OF THE FUTURE.

3. THE ART OF DANCE.

Even more than her two sisters, Music and Poetry, has Dance lost her original lofty function in the Drama and become a degraded slave. Wagner brings this out very clearly. He says that Dance is the most realistic of all the Arts; the one through which Tone and Poetry are first understandable. Its law is Rhythm which is "the natural unbreakable bond of union between the arts of Dance and Tone." *In union with her sisters Tone and Poetry, Dance held part of the high office of teacher.* In her original purity as the *poetry of motion* she expressed to the eye the harmonies or discords of the inner soul. But as a separate art she quickly became debased, until to-day she has lost entirely her true mission and ministers only to pleasure and sensuality. Having drawn a vivid picture of this degradation, Wagner says:

"To-day the *only* remaining individual dance is the *national* dance of the *Folk*." From it all the individual phenomena of modern dance have been taken—a process of copying, patching, mutilating, barren of creative power. Again is the Grecian Artwork referred to. What dance was in the days of Æschylus is now being demonstrated in the broad and educative work established by Katherine A. Tingley, who has founded the Isis League of Music and Drama in the Art Department of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. In her remarkable revival of the *Fumenides*, performed at New York, Buffalo, and in the open air at Point Loma, there was seen, first, the sinuous threatening measures

of the Furies about the unhappy Orestes, and then their graceful evolutions expressive of joy and beneficence when Athena soothes their anger and changes them to forces of light and love. What a picture, preaching a poetical sermon! After a form as nearly as possible resembling the Greek had been taught to the chorus by a professor of dancing, Mrs. Tingley took them in hand and introduced those touches which imparted life, soul, originality, and a wonderful beauty and depth of meaning to the whole conception. Without the aid of dance this drama would lose half its force and impressiveness.

THE ART OF TONE.

Music has always been regarded as the most divine of all the Arts, able to make the most direct appeal to the soul. So here we find her called "the *heart* of man." A little thought will also convince us that "in Rhythm and Melody, ensouled by Tone, both Dance and Poetry regain their own true essence." Hence the music which is a true handmaid of drama is wholly governed by "the Measure of Poetry and the Beat of Dance."

In pursuing the career of tonal art after "the death of all-loving father, *Drama*," Wagner makes an interesting reference to Columbus: "Did his world-historical discovery convert the narrow-seeing national man into a universal and all-seeing *Man*; so, by the hero who explored the broad and seemingly shoreless sea of absolute Music unto its very bounds, are won the new and never dreamt-of coasts. . . . And this hero is none other than,—*Beethoven*."

* Translated by W. Ashton Ellis. London: Kegan Paul.

In the effort to "shape herself from out the exhaustless depths of her own liquid nature," Tone built up the many-colored structure of Harmony. "In the kingdom of Harmony there is no beginning and no end: just as the objectless and self-devouring fervor of the soul, all ignorant of its source, is nothing but itself, nothing but longing, yearning, tossing, pining—and *dying out*, i. e., dying without having assuaged 'itself in any object;' thus dying without death, and therefore everlasting falling back upon itself." Can we not recognize here a hint of the doctrine of Rebirth which Wagner declares elsewhere to be "the basis of a truly human life." Many years later this passage found dramatic expression in the 3d Act of *Tristan and Isolde*, where the wounded Tristan cries "Yearning, yearning, dying to yearn: to yearn and not to die"—"a passage," says Mr. Ellis, "which has more than any other been ascribed to Schopenhauer's influence, but which is almost a literal reproduction of the words used in the present instance." Similar keynotes to his dramas are found scattered through Wagner's prose writings, sometimes, as in this case, penned year before the drama itself was conceived and created. They are valuable as pointing the true inner meaning of the dramas and revealing some of the wonderful mental processes of great minds.

The rhythm which Tone had borrowed from Dance became condensed into the rules and canons of counterpoint. Thus Music became "her own direct antithesis: from a *heart's* concern, a matter of *intellect*." The soul of music lived in the Folk-Song (*Volkslied*) and even this was taken up by the opera writers and set to words entirely unrelated to its spirit. But in the hands of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven it breathed life and soul into the contrapuntal machinery of the Symphony. A few words from Wagner on each of these masters lead us to the apex of Music's separate career:

"In the symphony of Haydn the rhythmic

dance-melody moves with all the blithesome freshness of youth. . . . This form of melody became the very element of the Symphony of song-abundant, and song-glad *Mozart* . . . he lifted up the 'singing' power of instrumental music to such a height that it was now enabled, not only to embrace the mirth and inward still content which it had learnt from Haydn, but the whole depth of endless heart's-desire.

"It was Beethoven who opened up the boundless faculty of instrumental music for expressing elemental storm and stress." The pith of what follows is, that absolute music cannot by her own unaided powers portray the physical and ethical Man—"She lacks the *Moral Will*." In his C-minor Symphony Beethoven "was able to raise the utterance of his music *almost* to a moral resolve, but not to speak aloud that final word." Then in the Symphony in A-major he gave us "the *Apotheosis of Dance* herself. . . . And yet those happy dancers were merely shadowed forth in tones, mere sounds that imitated men! Like a second Prometheus who fashioned men of Clay (*Thon*) Beethoven had sought to fashion them of *tonc*. Yet not from 'Thon' or tone, but from both substances together, must Man, the image of life-giving Zeus, be made. Were Prometheus' mouldings only offered to the *eye*, so were those of Beethoven only offered to the *ear*."

At last in the "Ninth (Choral) Symphony" the word he had been seeking bursts forth in a cry of brotherhood to all humanity: "The word that the redeemed world-man cries out aloud from the fullness of the world-heart. This was the word which Beethoven set as crown upon the forehead of his tone-creation; and this word was:—*Freude!* ('Rejoice!') With this word he cries to men '*Breast to breast, ye mortal millions! This one kiss to all the world!*' And this Word will be the language of the *Artwork of the Future*."

"The Last Symphony of Beethoven is the redemption of Music from out her peculiar

element into the realm of *Universal Art*. It is the human Evangel of the art of the Future. Beyond it no forward step is possible: for upon the perfect Artwork of the Future alone can follow, the *Universal Drama* to which Beethoven has forged for us the key." His was in truth a dauntless and loving heart, that, in the evening of life, poor, solitary, deaf, misunderstood, could create this universal message and feel at one with all humanity.

From Beethoven it was Wagner himself who took the keynote, and as *Tone-Poet* established a higher Art.

THE POETIC ART.

In giving a word picture of the trinity of arts—"Tanz-, Ton- und Tichtkunst" (Dance, Tone and Poetry), Wagner affords us a beautiful example of the old *Stabreim* or Staff-rhyme, of which he makes such extensive use in his "Ring" and "Tristan" poems. The short alliterative lines of this rhyme have a peculiar power, due, no doubt, to the fact that this style was invented by the ancient Bards and Teachers who no doubt knew the proper and forceful use of Tone and Speech. It is significant, too, that the remarkable Gypsy or Romany race of nomads use it in the songs and incantations they have employed in all ages in their processes for healing the sick, etc. Wagner found it far better adapted to the free style of his dramatic melody than the conventional poetic measures of the day, and its great superiority is seen at once if we take, for instance, a passage from *Tannhäuser*, and compare it with one from *The Ring of the Nibelung*. In the former it will be found that the flow and accent of the lines is broken by the musical cæsura, whereas in the latter the words and music blend in complete harmony. As a rich example of doubled and redoubled *Stabreim*, Mr. Ellis quotes Brünhilde's words at the end of the *Ring* poem:

Nicht Gut, nicht Gold,
Noch Göttliche Pracht;
Nicht Haus, nicht Hof,
Noch herrischer Prunk.

Such epics as the *Odyssey* and the *Nibelungenlied* appear to have been a literary piecing together of fragments of the original Folk-epics containing the traditional histories of the Universe and Man handed down from those divine teachers whose gigantic figures loom forth from the night of time. Hence we find in them all the same basic truths.

But, says Wagner, "before these epic songs became the object of such literary care, they had flourished 'mid the Folk, eked out by voice and gesture, as a bodily enacted Artwork; as it were, a fixed and crystallized blend of lyric song and dance, with predominant lingering on portrayal of the action and reproduction of the heroic dialogue. These epic lyrical performances form the unmistakable stage between the genuine older Lyric and Tragedy, the normal point of transition from the one to the other." In a later essay in Volume II, called "Opera and Drama," this subject is more fully dealt with.

Of great interest also are the remarks on Shakespeare and his relation to Beethoven: "Shakespeare was indeed the mightiest poet of all time, but his Artwork was not yet the work for every age. . . . The deed of the one and only Shakespeare which made of him a universal Man, a very god, is yet but the kindred deed of the solitary Beethoven, who found the language of the Artist—manhood of the Future; only where these twain Prometheus'—Shakespeare and Beethoven—shall reach out hands to one another; where the marble creations of Phidias shall bestir themselves in flesh and blood . . . there first, in the communion of all his fellow artists, will the *Poet* also find redemption."

In reviewing attempts made to re-unite the three humanistic arts, Wagner says that each art can thus step beyond its own bounds and find itself again—"but only in accordance with the natural laws of *Love*. As Man by love sinks his whole nature in that of Woman, in order to pass over through her into a third being, the Child—

and yet finds but himself again in all the loving Trinity, though in this self a widened, filled, and finished whole; so may each of these individual arts find its own-self again in the perfect, thoroughly liberated Artwork." But in the spoken play poetry calls in the aid of Music merely for interludes or the enhancement of some particular effect, such as a piece of dumb action. Dance treats her in the same way. In the Opera and Oratorio, Music turns the tables and usurps the first place. Thus all

loving, united effort to portray the truth is absent. The whole thing is on a selfish basis, and "only when the ruling religion of Egoism, which has split up the entire domain of Art into crippled, self-seeking art-tendencies and art-varieties, shall have been mercilessly dislodged and torn up root and branch from every moment of the life of man, can the *new religion* step forth of itself to life; the religion which includes within itself the conditions of the Artwork of the Future."

THE SHINING OF THE WAY.

BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

With little lilt of sorrow
And melodies of joy
That love and duty borrow
To make the heart's employ;
By gleam of smiles and laughter,
By glimpse of falling tears,
As youth is followed after
By age's over-years;
Through Summer heats of passion,
By Winter storms of hate,
The sons of men refashion
The fetherings of fate.

Time is an ancient castle,
Where Life is liege and lord,
And grants to every vassal
Unspeakable accord;
And Birth is Life's high gateway,
And Death is Life's wide door;
Who triumphs not shall straightway
Re-enter as before,
Till every thought engendered,
And every breath men draw,
And every act is rendered
In tribute to the Law.

Here stand the courts of trial
That men have called success;
The cells of self-denial,
The chambers of distress;
The halls of disappointment,
Where feeble hearts sink down,
Despairing Love's anointment,
The chrisn and the crown.
In every room a casement
Unshuttered to the day,
Admits, from tower to basement,
The shining of the Way.

Turn here thy cheek, O smitten,
Nor dread a second blow;
That which thyself hast written
Alone the judgments show.
The prodigal with Circe
Is midway to the goal,
And the first word of mercy
Commands the breach made whole.
Strict justice and no favor
Thy soul is seeking still;
Thy foeman shall not waver
As agent of thy Will.

The man that weaves his clothing
With knots and cords of sense
Shall wear with shame and loathing
The rags of his offense,
And he who weaves his raiment
Of silver and of gold
Shall sit and wait for payment
Where Love is bought and sold.
But he who weaves his vesture
Of lightning and of flame,
The earth obeys his gesture,
The heavens name his Name.

Majestically sitting
Upon its twain dim piers,
Time's archway spans the flitting
Of shadowy men and years,
They come and go and vanish,
And come and go again,
But deep nor high can banish
The power that dwells in men.
Night struggles for enthronement,
And Death upheaps his clods;
But Life proclaims atonement—
The souls of men are Gods!

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS.

THE BLOSSOMING AND THE FRUIT.

E. A. NERESHEIMER.

(Continued.)

S. R. L. M. A. Community.

A CENTRALIZING force which makes for harmony on a grand scale has been born to the world in the establishment of a community of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity through the instrumentality of the Leader of Universal Brotherhood.

Conservation of energy by Co-operation has long been a dream of Reformers, but the enthusiasm of initial efforts has never outlived the chaos which human ignorance, greed and passion aroused in such undertakings.

Humanity has had its divine teachers and Adept-Kings who gave the keynote at every period, whenever the position of the cycles favored their appearance, but the masses could never be raised to that point of realization where they would not quickly fall back into the bondage of sensation. A period is again at hand when the Ocean of energy may be directed into channels of mutual helpfulness, actual Brotherhood.

The City of Esotero is the outer-gate; itself, the world-model for future communities, is but the entrance to the Temple of Silence.

At the outer-threshold—when once enlisted as servitor, in fact—the neophyte may lay up treasures of spiritual force. Under the influence of a community whose existence is harmony, the energy-sapping restlessness of the mind shall give place to positiveness, equilibrium. By degrees also all superfluous attachment to cares of material life, worry, trouble, misery should fall away because of the accumulating strength

toward the life of the soul. Though still of the world and worldly, the consciousness must soon rise to the point of cognition as being part of an Entity which can contact the lowest outside but which connects, as vehicle and link, the transient with the immutable. Then develops the power to energize currents upon whose breath the real divine song of brotherly love—less discordant and broken—flows easily towards pining and wretched brethren all over the world. To join thus in conscious exercise of cosmic functions, makes of man a god in the twinkling of an eye. And, after removal of inhibitive veils of ignorance, it would seem as if truth might fall from heaven in lumps resolving all individual concerns and problems into their real diminutive proportions, but opening consciousness to vistas of larger life.

Some measure of realization of the high ideal of Universal Brotherhood must come to all who are connected with the S. R. L. M. A. Community. Once again, the powers of the soul may be quickened for service on a grand scale, but more: Nature's inexhaustible formative ability will have a chance to endow the exterior vehicle, the personality, with sublime beauty. Instead of the pinched faces, worn and decrepit bodies, we should see types beautiful as a poem, sweet and pure as a flower in summer morning.

I. B. L. CUBAN COLONY.

How quickly results follow an inception when the latter is actuated by none but the highest humanitarian motives, was evi-

denced to those helpers who attended the continued fifteen days' Congress at the International Brotherhood League Colony grounds.

The idea of this Colony being thrown into space by the Leader and Foundress, had a magical effect and precipitated itself actually in the permanent feature of a large and substantial building. Hands energized by Love were the mediators. Within the short space of time of two weeks the structure was under roof. More than thirty members of Universal Brotherhood strangely complementing each other in requisite skill vied for the privilege to bring the Leader's philosophy into action.

Behold now the monument to Brotherhood!

A fitting place this was for the continuance of the Congress. It was conducted without programme; in daytime under the sound of tool and hammer, and at night amid the fires that burned lustily within and without. It was then that vortexes of chaotic energy, transformed by the heart of the *Great One* into currents of unspeakable Love, were set free speeding across space like cooling zephyrs to wounded, weakened hearts of disconsolate mortals.

Unexpected talents suddenly developed at the touch and call of the Leader at every turn. The genius of spontaneous expression rose high. Timid Brethren responding to the Soul's own melody, gave forth a song of beauty in a profusion of new ideas.

The Teacher unrolled before our astonished eyes and minds a stream of wondrous truths.

The invocation: Truth, Light and Liberation, vibrated from that center of spiritual energy ensouled with the force of a united body of devotees, on and out, to all that lives.

The Cuban Colony of the I. B. L. is situated within sight of the S. R. L. M. A. The ideal auspices under which this initial but unique center of international consequence was founded, is a warrant for its

success in the future. It will be the model for other colonies of foreign nationalities soon to follow. One of the objects is to rear teachers, who, when competent, may return to their native countries to uplift their own. The land, being cultivated and irrigated, there is opportunity for diversified employment, according to inclination and capability. Practical American ways of business are insisted on in industrial and mechanical pursuits. The principal aim and object, however, is to inculcate a knowledge of conservation of energy under all conditions by the practice and application of Brotherhood.

Were it known to the world what an Utopia is awaiting it under a Universal Brotherhood Community, *and that alone*, the whole region of Southern California would not contain the applicants from all over the earth who would immediately rush in and throng this ultimate haven of peace. But the Leader has wisely provided tentative measures, guarded with iron hand at every step, so as to insure absolute success in the attempt of which all social institutions have hitherto failed. Three-fourths of the energy exercised by Humanity is now being wasted through isolated individual efforts and faulty ways of collective social systems.

It takes no great optimist to conceive of the triumphant march of this greatest of all movements and the ultimate spiritual regeneration of mankind through the gateway of Brotherhood.

During the entire Congress, from the very beginning, serene sanctity characterized the proceedings. The army of helpers surrounded the Leader with breathless attention, eager to do and to assist in establishing the foundations for this noble Pantheon. So high indeed ran the enthusiasm that some of the most accomplished, best men and women—some men of extensive affairs in business and profession—decided there and then to cast their lot now and forever with the Leader's forces.

The International Brotherhood League



THE FIRST COLONY HOUSE.



VIEW OF POINT LOMA, FROM THE COLONY.

The first colony house, an eight-room house with stable and ground, was occupied by the I. B. L. immediately after the Congress, for the purpose of starting a Cuban colony. The Leader and some forty of her workers spent some nine days there working hard at manual labor of various kinds in order to prepare the place for occupation. These photographs were taken during the progress of the activities.—From *The New Century*.

Cuban Colony, now a living fact, is the pioneer and the model for other international colonies which are soon to follow, widening out its influence gradually till all the nations of the Earth are in touch with the heart of the movement. One and all will learn by degrees to centralize and conserve energy for the good of all, and how to apply the knowledge in their native lands. Link after link is thus forged, till Universal Brotherhood encompasses the whole human race.

Taken in conjunction with the truth that the cycle of descent into materiality is closing, it is easy to conceive that a change for the better is imminent. The incentive to

dwelling in sensation and personal promotion will rapidly diminish and a disposition towards a nobler life will characterize individuals more from day to day. Brotherhood is a natural result of progressive evolution. Gods, yes, men becoming gods, will again sway the currents of thought and action. The hearts of men and women will again become enrapt in loving service towards all that is below. Earth may be a heaven, sapphire-studded and diamond-strewn; all Humanity partaking abundantly of the bounteous treasures of munificent nature's stores; without hatred, envy, strife; drinking exuberance from the fountain of eternal youth.

EXTRACTS FROM "LES FRAGMENTS DE NOVALIS."

TRANSLATED BY K. M. L.

Light is the symbol of the real empire in oneself. The day is the consciousness of the planet, while the sun, as a god, is a personal and an eternal activity, when the planets one after the other close their eyes for a short or long time and during a cold sleep and rest prepare themselves for a new life and a new contemplation. It is the same with religion. Is the life of the planets another thing than the cult of the sun? Therefore also we find the religion of the universe in ourselves.

* * *

It is rather strange that Greek mythology has been so independent of religion. It seems as if artistic education in Greece was born from religion. . . . To them art was divine; and the artistic and human was religion. It was the artistic sense that created religion. Divinity manifested itself through art.

* * *

One must seek God in men. It is in human happenings, in human thoughts and sensations that the spirit of the heavens manifests itself most clearly.

* * *

One who has tried to find God in one place, finishes by finding him everywhere.

* * *

Humanity, the eternal, is omnipresent, because it knows neither time nor space. We are, we live, we think in God, because we are the personification of God. Can you say God is here or is there? God is all and is everywhere.

IMMORTALITY.

I. BY LUCIEN B. COPELAND.

From a materialistic standpoint, as well as all others, it seems strange that the question of immortality should require any defence. Rather would it appear that the possibility of annihilation should demand the stronger evidences of proof. It is indeed curious, to say the least, that the scientific mind could ever conceive of the possibility that what has once had existence could become non-existent; or, conversely, that what has no existence could by any possibility come into existence. Yet the latter view is undoubtedly held by many, notwithstanding the self-evident axiom that "out of nothing nothing comes."

To the child the growth of a plant might seem the product of spontaneous generation and that from a tiny seed the perfected tree was a definite something coming from nowhere. So, too, its final disappearance, either through the orderly processes of nature or through quick combustion, might perchance be deemed evidence that the very constituent materials had ceased to exist. But closer study reveals that the elements which go to make up the plant were before its growth, and are after its disintegration. It is, in brief, a fact that science never noted an act of creation, and it has yet to discover an instance of annihilation. The several parts of the universe, as thus far discovered, are constant and invariable in quantity and character.

While this premise may be readily admitted, yet is it urged that continuity of matter is no argument for immortality of soul, or whatever may be the term employed to designate man, the carrying of analogy to such an extent being evidently deemed inadmissible. And the objection is apparently sustained by the contention that soul is simply an essence, as it were,

or material, like carbon, oxygen and other known elements in nature, which persevere as matter, but retain individuality for only a limited period.

If, however, through the operation of some unknown and mysterious law, this hypothetical substance, called "soul" for convenience, is capable of crystallizing a portion of itself, as it were, into a separate entity, and on such a nucleus building up a physical body, it is certainly remarkable that this fundamental material should pose as an exception to the invariable rule of change. The materials of which the physical body is composed are said to be completely renewed every seven years approximately; yet the real entity, that which is capable of saying "I am," remains ever the same. It is always the same identical "I" from the cradle to the grave, nor is there ever a sense of newness or of age. For it time does not exist, and whatever may be life's fortunes, there ever perseveres an unchanging, unvarying "I am-ness."

If, then, the full three score years and ten and even longer reveal no variation in the "I," why would one venture to prescribe limitations for its duration?

Centuries upon centuries have passed during which man has ever tried to follow the Delphic injunction, and it is probable that this phase of human history will be many times repeated without the attainment of full self-knowledge. "Know thyself!" is the self-imposed task of every one, and though the following of the command results in vast fabrics of theories and beliefs, yet is our real knowledge confined almost exclusively to simple self-consciousness. *I know that I am.* What I may be is a matter of conjecture.

But this one great, incontrovertible fact

of "I am-ness" is the real master-key of immortality. Certain consciousness of existence is the distinguishing and unvarying characteristic of that which poses as an entity. The smallest insect manifests this characteristic in its effort at self-preservation. Man does no more in his loftiest endeavors. The possibility of self-cognition is apparent in the very rocks as they strive to proclaim individuality in their crystalline structure. The entire universe enunciates the self-same fact in its orderly oneness. Each individuality seems to have its own center of consciousness, and the outlines of its personality perchance indicate the radius of its activity. The tiny blood corpuscle, which ever hastens to do its part toward repairing a physical injury, undoubtedly cognizes "I am-ness" within very narrow limitations; but the human ego vibrates with self-consciousness throughout the length and breadth of what the blood corpuscle must stand as its universe.

What then must follow that act in nature

which is so poetically described as the "merging of the dew-drop in the shining sea"? The chief, unvarying characteristic of this conveniently termed "soul substance" must persevere—there is no reason for thinking otherwise; therefore must it still say "I"; therefore must the only change be a broader activity; therefore, again, must there be an ever closer approximation toward at-one-ment with the Absolute and the due accomplishment of the purpose of creation; complete self-consciousness of all that is.

To *prove* immortality of the human ego to others than self is probably an impossibility. But so long as that unknown something called "instinct" continues to strike the keynote of perseverance, added encouragement will ever be found by the soul which is struggling for liberation; the sovereignty of the immortal "I" will continue to demand its due allegiance; and the full mastery of self with the complete understanding of its eternal duration can but be the orderly sequel.

II. BY EDWIN H. CLARK.

There is probably nothing, which has been termed a question of deeper general interest and of more frequent recurrence than the subject of immortality. Judging from a superficial standpoint, the postulate may be aptly and radically reversed, for the amount of attention demanded of a man in the present time, necessary for business or social success, would seem to engross his mind so fully and completely that a question of the future (?) as so many term it, is postponed until a time "when it can be properly taken up, discussed, and disposed of." But there is not a living person, who, at some time has not halted and does not halt, abruptly, and endeavor to pierce with his mind's eye, the question, "What then?"

In the present incomplete state of development, out of which the human race

is struggling to arise, a tangible comparison, by means of which to judge the characteristics of anything in question is a prime necessity, and while we can form no standard by means of which to judge the matter of immortality, at least as regards the "state" which the word erroneously implies, we can profitably compare the meaning of its conception, or perception, held by the Theosophist with that of the average orthodox person.

To the latter, immortality "begins" at the moment of birth, and the question of how he will spend his eternity hangs upon a vicarious atonement which he is taught was a necessity arising from his state of original sin. While the church honestly upholds and teaches that the life of Jesus Christ was spent to instill into the minds of men the desirability for a life of truth.

purity and usefulness, it also emphatically holds that repentance at the eleventh hour, together with a belief in Christ, will secure an eternity of bliss, rendered possible by Christ's death upon the cross. The church is to be honored for its continual urging to repent now, ere it is too late, but the question of the after-death condition arising from a failure to "accept and believe" is disposed of so unsatisfactorily that the positive assurance upon one point may be questioned, even doubted, by the equally impositive stand or opinion upon the other and equally important point.

Thus, to the churchman, the greatest stress is laid upon his individual state, condition and environment during an interminable period following his life upon earth.

The Theosophist must find a basis for ethical teachings and a postulate upon which to stand secure. With him, immortality is a part of God's immortality, his life a part of God's life and his ultimate end a complete reunion with that Life, of which he is a necessary part.

No sane person can for a moment question the fact that the Laws of Nature must apply universally and no reasonable person can honestly admit that there could be established any precedent by means of which this law could be set aside in favor of any thing or person without an indescribable chaos as an immediate and inevitable result.

So with the knowledge that his life is a part of God's life, and that the great Law is with him in his every moment of exist-

ence, the Theosophist, bearing in his heart an ever increasing desire for the universal perfection or salvation of humanity, faces the question of the now and the hereafter in full confidence that the universal law of cause and effect will in time render his ideals living realities.

With him, life is a means for growth and in the truth of Reincarnation he sees alone the means of attaining the ultimate end of all mankind—Divinity, through incessant and unselfish efforts for the uplifting of the whole world.

Does he seek personal salvation?

He knows that such a thing as the bliss of heaven can not exist while there is one fragment of the whole which lacks perfection and with the force of his whole nature, inspired by an inborn knowledge that he is immortal, Divine in essence, he makes his stand for Rest upon condition that it will never be possible until there is complete salvation.

Upon his life are the words:

"Never will I accept private individual salvation; never will I enter into final peace alone; but forever and always will I strive for the universal salvation of every creature throughout the world."

His immortality is with him every instant, waking or sleeping, his consciousness is ever reaching upward towards the Divine Consciousness, and with his mind constantly riveted to the Divine Purpose, his immortality, with all which the word implies, gives to his life of the present an object which can not be attained in any other manner.

III. BY PENTAUR.

Every one accepts without question or argument the fact of his own identity. It is the central fact of life, the evidence that we have lived, the promise that we shall live. It is the thread on which all acts, thoughts and feelings are strung, whereby

we know they are ours, and that *we are*. Apparently, however, this sense of identity has its gaps, so far as our ordinary experience goes. We go to sleep at night, we awake in the morning, and, save for an occasional dream, oftentimes fantastic, the

night has been a blank, yet identity has been preserved. How? Can consciousness o'erleap gaps of unconsciousness? We have no memory of our own birth, we cannot carry back our consciousness to any beginning. We still live on this earth; we cannot carry our consciousness forward to any end. Yet hourly children are born; hourly men, women and children die. Did we begin to be when we issued from the womb; do we cease to exist when we pass through the gates of death? We are face to face with the mysteries of birth, sleep and death, and the greatest of all mysteries—Life. How marvelous is the bud's unfolding, the springing up through the earth of tender shoots, the blossoming, the formation of fruit and seed. How marvelous the unfolding of the mind and powers of the child, its gradual conquest of eye and ear and hand and the power of speech. But the plant dies, the flower fades, the child grows old, gradually the eyes grow dim, the hands feeble, the mind loses vigor, memory fails—death comes.

Ever in Nature we find decay succeeding growth, life (!) giving place to death (!). But, looking a little further, we find—ah! glorious discovery!—new life springing from death, new growth from decay.

Yes, we find this, and we know there is something in us that stands above all change. There is something in each of us which is our highest, noblest selves, which transcends space and time, which can face death calm and unmoved, which has the will to be even willing to die, thereby showing its power over death—there is this in each which is of the nature of Life, which knows not death, which is immortal. We may not always be able to identify ourselves with this highest Self, or this highest aspect of ourselves, but each one of us has at some time in his life felt the thrill of that high consciousness of the Self when it knows its oneness with Life, when failure is impossible, when for one instant the Self becomes heroic, glorious, triumphant.

No argument, no return from the dead, can prove immortality; by the realization of it alone can man know immortality, and he will then know it has naught to do with time, naught to do with death, no terms can describe it, no units can measure it—it is Life itself.

But though every one has at least some one moment of such realization, yet the ordinary lives of most of us are far from it, and by comparison are poor indeed. Hence the question is not one of the immortality of the soul, of which each one is assured in the deeps of his heart, but how to make our ordinary lives partake of immortality, how lift them up that they shall be illumined by the radiance of Life and filled with its joy.

How can we do this? Does not the soul speak to each and charge each as the divine Beatrice charged Dante: "See me, thy prophetess, thy good Egeria, thy Fate; and, young as thou art—free, and, in all else, fortunate—remember the path I trace for thee, and the great gifts that I do charge thee to make immortal!"

We have this divine command laid upon each of us, that all the gifts and divine powers of the Soul shall be mirrored in our lives; that these gifts and powers which belong to the Soul shall become ours in realization; that we shall make them immortal. Our heritage is divinity itself—nothing short of that will satisfy the soul. Immortality includes all this—means all this.

In each life every desire towards the Good, the Beautiful, the True, every thought of love and compassion, every unselfish act, becomes a living golden thread out of which the soul weaves its garment of Immortality.

In the lives of each are some moments that live—not in the self-satisfaction or self-gratulation of the mind, but in the supreme content and joy of the heart—moments when the heart goes out in sympathy to another, moments of self-forgetfulness, of fortitude, self-restraint and self-conquest.

These are the "heart throbs" by which alone Life can be known, the notes that go to swell the harmonies of Eternity. Every heart responds to these "heart throbs," and what we call the little things, the little opportunities, lie in every one's path. But in very truth they are not little, but are a part of the great gifts which we are "charged to make immortal."

It is not an immortality of rest that the

soul desires, but an immortality of Life, strong, noble, active; an immortality, not of an hereafter, but now, to-day, on this earth; an immortality of joy, of love and service of others; an immortality of ever-widening powers. This is the immortality of the Soul; this is our immortality just so far as we realize we are the Soul; it is not far off; it is ours now if we will.

SONG OF PRUDENCE.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

(Selected.)

Manhattan's streets I saunter'd pondering,
On Time, Space, Reality—on such as
these, and abreast with them Prudence.

The last explanation always remains to be
made about prudence.

Little and large alike drop quietly aside
from the prudence that suits immor-
tality.

The soul is of itself,
All verges to it, all has reference to what
ensues,

All that a person does, says, thinks, is of
consequence,

Not a move can a man or woman make,
that affects him or her in a day, month,
any part of the direct lifetime, or the
hour of death,

But the same affects him or her onward
afterward through the indirect lifetime.

* * * * *

All that was ever manfully begun, whether
it succeeded or no,

All suggestions of the divine mind of man
or the divinity of his mouth, or the
shaping of his great hands,

All that is well thought or said this day on
any part of the globe, or on any of
the wandering stars, or on any of the
fix'd stars, by those there as we are
here,

All that is henceforth to be thought or
done by you whoever you are, or by
any one,

These inure, have inured, shall inure, to the
identities from which they sprang, or
shall spring.

Did you guess anything lived only its mor-
ment?

The world does not so exist, no parts pal-
pable or impalpable so exist,

No consummation exists without being
from some long previous consumma-
tion, and that from some other,
Without the farthest conceivable one com-
ing a bit nearer the beginning than
any.

Whatever satisfies souls is true;
Prudence entirely satisfies the craving and
glut of souls,

Itself only finally satisfies the soul,
The soul has that measureless pride which
revolts from every lesson but its own.

Now I breathe the word of the prudence
that walks abreast with time, space,
reality,

That answers the pride which refuses every
lesson but its own.

What is prudence is indivisible,
Declines to separate one part of life from
every part,

Divides not the righteous from the un-
righteous or the living from the dead,
Matches every thought or act by its cor-
relative,

Knows no possible forgiveness or deputed
atonement,

Knows that the young man who compos-
edly peril'd his life and lost it has done
exceedingly well for himself without
doubt,

That he who never peril'd his life, but re-
tains it to old age in riches and ease,
has probably achiev'd nothing for
himself worth mentioning,

Knows that only that person has really
learn'd who has learn'd to prefer re-
sults,

Who favors body and soul the same,
Who perceives the indirect assuredly fol-
lowing the direct,

Who in his spirit in any emergency what-
ever neither hurries nor avoids death.

THE SACREDNESS OF SCIENCE

BY HENRY T. EDGE.

Many great names are tarnished by the misuse to which they are subjected, and blamed for the fault of the petty spirit of the age. Science is one of these, for, though Science herself is a Goddess, yet the commercial and drudging spirit of this age has so degraded her fair name as to make it of little respect in our mouths.

Early in the century our modern science was regarded in a romantic and soaring spirit; it was to be the herald of a brighter day, the revealer of beneficent mysteries, the upraiser of humanity. The imagination of the public was fired; the researchers were devotees, who sacrificed money and position at the shrine. Now science has degenerated, partly into a kitchen recipe book for commerce and manufacture, partly into a laborious and soul-stifling curriculum for students of the professions, and again into the pedantry of dry statistics and formulæ.

In this decline and fall of ideals we recognize the familiar touch of the clammy hand of the money power, the hum-drum and commonplace of life, the hurry and bustle and sensualism of civilization. This same clammy grasp has throttled Art, as music, painting, poetry, or drama; it has petrified religion; it decays all it touches. We are restoring the Drama, both in its music and its production; we are re-awakening the spark of true religion beneath the crumbling cinders. Shall we not also, in the coming century, witness the beginning of the liberation of Science—Divine Radiance—from the halter of those dark powers that have sought to harness her to their own mill? Shall we not, my brothers, see our Goddess wedded, as of yore, to godlike enthusiasm, so that Love and Light may be one, and may warm and il-

luminare humanity as the glorious sun expands the heart of the rose?

It is not the mere drudgery of scientific work that is deplored, for labor is noble; but the commercial spirit at the back of it. To study Nature, even in her humblest workings, is a joy; but not when done to earn marks, or get a first-class, or secure a good post. It is the atmosphere of cram and competition that sours and disenchant's our scientific work. This sordid spirit also acts more subtly by bringing into high places the meaner but coarser natures, who turn science into pedantry and scholasticism, and ousting the geniuses whose brilliancy is unacceptable because "unorthodox." The professors of modern science, like the ministers of modern religion, do not often strike us as shining examples of the genus Man. When introduced to a great professor we do not expect to behold a man of great stature, noble mien and fine, luminous eyes. On the contrary we see an ordinary mortal, no wiser nor better than ourselves: his pursuit of science has not added a single cubit to his mental or moral stature; lucky for him if it has not made him wrinkled and neurotic. The pursuit of modern science does not make great demands on our will-power, our moral strength, or our broadness of sympathies. Too often the merest drudge will succeed, a mere pigmy of a man, physically, mentally and morally. Needless to say, an institution with such men at its head cannot produce any very grand results. It may send a man with a knife to cut open a live dog in search of balm for the healing of human bodies, or it may enable, as we read in to-day's paper, the news of a race to be sent through the air by wireless telegraphy.

Yes, modern science is ugly, it is petty, it is sordid; it can be more cruel than hell. It is ready to lend itself to the meanest and wickedest uses. It is not science at all; it is low cunning. But I love Science, and deep in my heart lies her true shrine, at which I still worship, while my hands trifle with vain tasks.

The Science of Right Living is what we all pine for to-day. No mere rules of moral and physical hygiene for the individual; so many ounces of food a day, open windows and flannel next the skin; nor directions for making me better than my neighbors. But a Science that can show us how to dwell in harmony with one another, and how to balance together the conflicting temperaments of many people. In short it must be a Social Science. But what sort of a Social Science? Not one that assumes that every man is governed entirely by selfish desires, and that draws up rules by which these desires may be caged up or gratified without mutual conflict. We do not want an industrial army of human machines, eating and working and playing and sleeping in monotonous routine. We have heard of many social Utopias of this kind, and their fault lies in regarding man as merely an intellectual animal, or a being that reaps the produce of the soil and eats it; instead of regarding mankind as a great Soul, having higher aims than to fulfill the bodily functions. Hence, in these Utopias, men are *made to* help each other and *prevented from* injuring each other. We want a society in which men will *want* to help each other, and will *hate* to injure each other. In fact, we need a Science of the law of Human Sympathy, a Science which shall study the great force of Love and show us how to bring it into successful operation. That would be something like a Science.

Man does not know the mysteries of his own nature. He does not know how to work his own engine, nor how to live happily. He must be taught. Medicine pro-

fesses to look after his body, though even in that, if we are to judge by results, it does not succeed. Religions quarrel over his "soul." But how is he to learn how to control his mind, purify his passions, escape from the bondage of his senses? Science ought to do this.

We must restore the lost Sacred Science, the science that teaches man the mysteries of human nature, and how to live happily and well. This Sacred Science has been lost by us in the Iron Age, and, in place of it, we have a multitude of little sciences (or rather "ignorances"), such as theology, physics and politics. Each of these little sciences is crippled by its separation from the others, for Science is really one. Religion is without form, vague and unpractical. Physical science is materialistic and unaspiring. True Religion and true Science are one, for they are but different names for the Sacred Wisdom.

If there is any doubt about the need for a purer and nobler Science, the doubter need only judge the tree by its fruits. Let him go to a town given over to chemical works or iron foundries; let him contrast the palace hotel with the doss-house; or let him visit a vivisection laboratory. Then let him read Dr. Wilder's articles on ancient Egypt, or any other description of an enlightened and beautiful age.

Like our other failures, Science fails through not being grounded on Brotherhood; and, therefore, it is ugly and painful, as are all other institutions which ignore or contradict the cry of the human heart. Hence it ministers to selfishness, vice and money-greed, and is not found on the side of the humble and meek. The coming Science will be founded on Brotherhood, and it will teach all men to live beautiful lives, and to attune their hearts to the great Heart of humanity. It is the thrill of human sympathy in the heart that opens the eye of wisdom and ends all blind groping and speculation. Scientific researchers who neglect the training of their souls and minds, and the purifying of their hearts

and lives, are like astronomers with broken telescopes, or blind men studying the colors of the rainbow. To gain true wisdom it is necessary to thoroughly cleanse and strengthen every fibre and faculty in our nature, or we shall see at best but distorted images and delusions. This is why that knowledge which is hidden from the cultured and cautious is revealed to the inno-

cent and pure-hearted; the cultured and cautious cannot get at it. Let us, therefore, cease trying to burgle Nature's secrets with our clumsy and dirty tools, and try to so live as to *earn* a little true Wisdom, so that we may fulfill our little duty humbly and contentedly, and make ourselves a source of restful peace to our neighbors.

THE INDWELLING GOD.

BY ZORYAN.

How silently, how uncognizably has dawned upon the world the idea of the Indwelling Divinity in mankind! Only after the morning is fairly on, we notice the fact, as do awakening sleepers. The matutinal purple glow seems to lay its soft touch upon the lofty summits of human thought. The souls are stirring and try to be responsive. Even in their outer manifestations the signs are not lacking. The idea begins to crop out very often in modern poetry which, in short, terse sentences, flashes out the inner light of the rebellious soul as an answer to the outer so long-suffered gloom, whether of science or of theology. In some modern philosophical essays one notices some appreciable warmth, when discussing the underlying divine principle. It is no more a cold pantheism of speculation, some scheme needed to connect matter and force, or matter and consciousness. It is not now a perception, distinct from objects in such a sense as to place it in one row with them; it is not even something to be perceived, yet all seem to know that it causes those objects to grow brighter, that it opens widely spectators' eyes, and in a new light of responsibility, of greater importance of the whole scheme of things, more calm, more trust, more hope, more love. It is observed also in the new trend of thought

in various religious bodies, their parliaments, their interchanges, where the Fatherhood of God seems to break through all distinctions, and over all tottering props and aids, and to strive to manifest its hidden radiance in its true denomination, which is the Brotherhood of Man, and thus finishing its birth-throes of ages, become visible at last.

New vibrations are awaking in humanity, above which the Holy Grail itself seems floating on the waves of light. No wonder that the nations are growing tired of their pride, their rights of rule and dominating conquest, and talk about the universal peace. And their talk is louder than the crowing of the black birds of night, which in the new shimmer of the morn throw off their masks and pretenses and sail under the purple rim of the clouds, under the edge dividing the twilight from the darkness, where they really belong. The light is as much exasperating to them as it is cheering for those in whom the great Oversoul labors for compassion. All this appears to be outside of the visible theosophical movement. It sprang simultaneously with it. The omen is portentous. But the connection is vital, beyond words, beyond dogmas, beyond societies. Can we surmise how many men and women help the cause with silent thoughts and pure, un-

selfish, calm, and helpful lives? They are indeed transmitters of all blessing, the crystals softly filtering Divine radiance upon the tender morning flowers of mankind, upon the half-conscious children of the race, upon these promising and yet so neglected orphans, these buds, covered with rust and mud, and yet containing within potentialities untold of wondrous blossom-beauty and of rare perfume, of exquisite form and color. These are our future friends and lovers, joy of the cycles yet to be, now, alas, unrecognizing of the hidden helping hand in their feverish sickness, suspecting even words of love and cheer, as though of a hypnotic serpent's hiss, taking the shaft of light in a cloud-rift for a Jehovic thunderbolt leaping from the sky, frightened by the treachery of their false leaders of the past, wolves in sheepskins, whether dogmatic soulless, or materialistic wooden, ruled by their long row of earthly kings, so often a parody on those White Divine, and a semblance lingering so long in the faithful memory of the people, trusting, hoping, waiting—waiting for ages for the deliverance to come.

And now it comes, the fiery Pentecost, the promised Comforter, seen and unseen, felt and unfelt, flashing from one pure life unto another, spanning the continents and seas, making the world glad with its fraternal message, spreading its dovelike wings, where a little while ago wings of monsters darkened the air! Who cleared the lower cloudy strata of the atmosphere? Whose breeze swept by the monstrous floating things, the mental dark-born fancies, that obscured the skies? Who knows? except that the light is here, except that the clouds are riven, and the eternal upper strata burn with the rainbow flashes of the dovelike wings. What joy must it be to the Great Helpers to blow upon the scattering clouds! What pleasure to notice many of that dear orphan crowd join them in their efforts! They do so with their thought, and the darkness collapses, as does a mist before the light of day, as does

a dream before the breath of waking, as does anger before a smile of cheer, as does pain before a ray of love. Oh! even if it be the world-anger and the world-pain, which seem to be forever fast immured in the eternity of darkness: oh! even this must pass away before the breezes blowing and the light breaking forth from the divinely illuminated hearts.

So much work done already, and yet how silently the Light has come upon the world; how stealthily it crept, as though a thief at night; how nameless it remained through all this time, working without assumption, only for the sake of truth and for the sake of liberty of the soul, and for the sake of love and universal brotherhood! How widely it spread, touching minds with crystallinity of the eternal air, striking hearts with the golden ring of sound, which makes the whole world glad, coming itself to dwell in us, dropping to us from its high skies, as though some falling star, searching for its lost companion and friend.

No! no! no one now will be able to take it away from humanity and monopolize it only for this person or that, none will be able to whisper that it is in this or that secluded place. Everything else, when the divine morn arrives, may properly reside in a secluded place, but not that which at its coming flashes from east to west, not that which illuminates the skies and ensouls the tribes of time with the vibration of the eternal timeless breath, not that which turns the globe upon its cycle-swaying axis, where years return to years to meditate together of that great circle which has no years to count, not that which makes a drop live in the ocean, the ocean in every drop* Everything else may be separate and chaotic in the night, but when this wave of light arrives, even stones themselves vibrate with a thrill of joy, even shadows cannot escape it, but must choose to search their own underlying essence, even dreams cannot be hidden from it, but must portray, whether they know it or not,

* Voice of the Silence.

its one aeonian form in their many forms.

This first break of dawn we can regard, if we so choose, as the first initiation, or, rather, *that* which makes any initiation possible—the finding of God in man and nature—the first, and yet the highest, knowledge to descend later into details, that it might reascend back, having finished its work for the salvation of the lower nature. And by the cyclic laws, it is evidently not secret now, though the details may be. It is alone the maker of civilizations, the supporter of the true light and glory of all nations, the mystic painter of the skies, the holy fragrance of the bloom of life, the crystal space and atmosphere for the soul to breathe and grow and spread and find her anchors and her diamond points, and it is the sunlight of the heart and the rhythmic song of cycles, whose harmony devours time itself.

For it is harmony that makes the swings of thought return forever into the measure of one Master-key of tone, and that gathers the cycles into one melody in which each tone is holding and supporting another; so the present preserves the past and awakes the future, all resting fast in the mystic Mother and Container of the ideal cyclic sound, in that causal God-like shadow of the One Duration. It is harmony that obliterates the selves, so that the one great Self of divine compassion might live and work. And it is harmony that will eventually absorb all time and space in its vibration and lift humanity even into Nirvanic heights.

In this light the world is not only a divine temple, but it is more, for it is an organism of an Indwelling God, the very blood and flesh of the mystic Christ himself, who dwells as much in the whole of it as in the tiniest human atom. Before

such truth all doubts must vanish. To explain its workings is as difficult for one as to explain, for instance, how we can move our hand at will; but O wonder! this analogy, instead of multiplying difficulties, securely and properly waves them aside and helps to proceed onward. How foolish would it be for us to refuse to move our hand, because we cannot prove how it is done! How unwise would it be to decline to lift our thoughts and aspirations, the limbs of our own soul! what suicidal nescience would it be to argue ourselves away because our intellect is weak, and cowardly our heart! Would it not be better to *dare* and to emerge from gloom, whether we can explain how it is done or not?

And it was done before dark ages came: it was achieved by happier races than we are now, under diviner skies, and more translucent, warm, caressing air, teaming with shapes angelic, tender with flowery softness of repose. Those times will return again if we persist. Again the souls will pierce, like the Egyptian pillars, through the seven secret, now hieroglyphic planes, to emerge lotus-like into the sunny realm of spirit. Again the gods will descend on earth and make men divine, as were the ancient heroes of Greece, who were akin to them and felt their whispers in the laurel groves and heard the thunder of their wheeling chariots upon the copper roofs of temples. And again the Changeless, the Secondless of the ancient land will beckon to men from beyond the ever-waving veil of Maya* as speaks a mother to her child by shaking to it an intervening star-studded drapery, as if to say: "Be not afraid, I am yet here!"

*Illusion.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

BY EDWARD C. FARNSWORTH.

While conveying to the mind conceptions of things diametrically opposite, the words Riches and Poverty represent conditions universally regarded as either desirable or to be guarded against. It is my purpose to inquire briefly into real conditions, those not covered by popular usage of these words. In this investigation, the searching light which Theosophy throws upon the dark problems of life, will undoubtedly prove valuable, while the correct standards of this philosophy will enable us to measure accurately any claim that can be made and, in short, to definitely determine who are the truly rich and poor.

It may be well, at the outset, to examine the real nature of possession, and it therefore becomes necessary to repeat the great fundamental teaching of Theosophy, one we should endeavor to make our own, if we are to arrive at real and satisfactory conclusions. Theosophy teaches that every atom in the manifested Universe is passing through countless experiences, thus constantly enlarging the area of its knowledge, until it finally shall become capable of realizing the ultimate truth, that it is one with the great indivisible whole.

The inner spiritual man is such an evolving atom and his mind, as yet comprehending only a part of the great whole—and that most imperfectly—separates it into many smaller parts corresponding to his vacillating thought, his inability to keep his mind in a condition of stability. Possession consequently, may be of two kinds, illusionary and real. The first is due to the idea of divisibility and separateness; the other is the realization of the unity of being.

The discontent often following successful effort to make certain prizes our own,

for instance material wealth, is the inner spiritual protest felt in the temporary calm following such effort. If we can interpret aright what the spirit is endeavoring to show us, we shall surely pause before entangling ourselves still more in the subtle web our strivings have woven around us. Here, now, is an opportunity to learn a priceless lesson, for there is no permanent peace nor happiness in our endeavors to appropriate any part of the unified whole. That whole is an ever-living protest. We but pit our insignificant, selfish personalities against its entirety. The miser, in the very illusion of possession, sacrificing every comfort and need to desire for wealth, loses all in death, perhaps precipitated by an unwillingness to buy the essentials of life. We consider such conduct to be the greatest folly, forgetting that he merely accentuates a tendency common to all men.

The desire for possession manifests in even the lowest forms of existence. The earth absorbs moisture from surcharged overhanging clouds; the flower drinks in morning sunlight and the refreshing dews of eve; the tree rooting itself firmly in the ground, draws therefrom materials indispensable to its growth; the tiniest insect breathes the surrounding air; Leviathan sporting on the waters that saw his birth; the lion roaming the vast African forest; the tiger stealthily treading the debris of the jungle growth: all receive their meat in due season. Desire for possession is therefore fundamental and necessary; the main-spring of action in nature's vast yet most delicate machinery.

Some animals and the most evolved of the insect family have foresight to accumulate food for future use, but, in man de-

sire to possess becomes more fully developed with the growth of mind, the ability to reason from cause to effect and consequent looking forward to results, for instance, the thousand and one places and preferments material wealth puts within the grasp of its possessor. Nevertheless, the desire for ownership is of divine origin, without it the soul could never come into its birthright, would never be urged on from experience to experience, finally to realize that, as it belongs to the indivisible whole, so the indivisible whole likewise belongs to it.

It is inevitable that entities, in whom mind exists but as a potential germ, will fail to see whither they are tending and the pitfalls besetting the way. Savage beasts prowling through desert wastes or infesting the fastnesses of tropic climes, exist but to kill and devour. The scarcely less savage aborigines of Australia and Africa use reason's aid to better accomplish the same thing. Civilized man, while not killing outright, is often the epitome of self-gratification, bringing his more developed mentality to bear in maturing plans which shall best advance himself at the expense of others. He is consequently doomed to final disappointment, to eating the bitter kernel lying at the heart of the fruit of selfish striving. Could man be satisfied with anything less than the inestimable riches of infinity, then would the purposes of Divine Wisdom come to naught. How shall he best and quickest come into his true birthright? This is the all-important question, yet answered for him many times, for the guardians of humanity, knowing the true method, have sent their messengers to every time and people.

If we look for the central ideas such teachers have clothed in outward forms adapted to their respective times, we shall find in all an identical lesson, for these Sages have eschewed material possession and much that man holds dear, showing by precept and practice that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." To give

freely of material comforts with true sympathy, is to come into rapport with much otherwise on the outside and foreign to us, is to grow steadily into a feeling of oneness with all that breathes, a sense of inseparability from the great whole and consequent possession. On the other hand, he who hugs to himself his perhaps hard-earned wealth, whether mental or material, in so doing necessarily separates it mentally from the great whole. He thus creates a wall—real to himself at least—between what he calls his own and what he—while inwardly consumed by envy—considers the property of others; for the drama of life is really enacted in the mind. The deep, underlying basic reality is clothed by mind with whatever vesture corresponds to the present mental condition of the observer, his ability to cognize more or less perfectly ultimate truth.

It becomes apparent, therefore, that the teachings of Theosophy completely reverse popular standards in regard to Riches and Poverty, for they show that many of the seeming rich may be more striking examples of real poverty than the humblest of the so-called poor. A realization of this caused many of the greatest sons of Earth to consider the possession of riches something vastly inferior to service of mankind. We ought, however, to beware of bigotry for the danger lies not in mere riches, but in the sense of separation such possession is apt to engender; while, on the other hand, riches may be the means—through their wise and generous distribution and consequent amelioration of conditions—of bringing to their dispenser the fruit of real possession. One of the most deplorable results of material and even mental riches, is the feeling of superiority, of haughty aloofness they often produce. Thus is created a stumbling-block which will greatly retard, if not actually prevent progress toward the attainment of true spiritual riches. Such is often the condition of the pampered inheritor of material wealth.

He who has never mingled in the battle of life, understands nothing of, can not feel for, its hardships and miseries. He has not seen a companion of tent, of meal and campfire, less favored than himself, fall at his side in the onward rush, nor with him while standing as though deep-rooted in the soil, has he met the tempestuous shock of contending armies. Never has he seen him grow weary and drop by the way and turning, hurriedly, administered material aid and words of sympathy e'er he, himself, at the call of an even greater duty, regained his place in the ranks. He has never seen a soldier friend, wounded and fever-wasted, stretched on some hospital cot, nor can he know with him the loneliness of the deserted battleground as he lies facing the over-hanging blue immensity, whereto he now—apparently bereft of human sympathy—turns his thought and eye and lo! one by one, as if

touched by the mighty hand of a mysterious being, the doors of heaven open and through their fair portals, streams a tender, golden light, on whose beams he soon shall mount to peace and reward for duty bravely done.

If there be anything in the foregoing conclusions, it is evident that true riches come to the unselfish servant of humanity and to him alone. He is the great magician and alchemist, the unveiler of truth, the dispeller of illusion. Apparently transforming common clay into the purest metal, he in fact reveals the real nature of things. No skillfully devised mechanism of iron and steel, no builded brick nor stone, no armed watchman guards his treasures, no corrupting moth and rust can deteriorate their value, for they rest in keeping of the great law that holds the Universe to its eternal foundations.

TWO INCIDENTS AT THE CONGRESS.

It was one of the evenings when the delegates had gathered in the halls and parlors of the hotel and formed into groups of various kinds. An old worker, faithful and true, but who had been ill and showed that her strength had not fully returned, stood a few steps up the staircase looking on. Suddenly the Leader was observed to withdraw from the throng around her and move quietly towards the staircase. She took the faithful one's face between her hands and kissed her, putting an arm around her and patting her cheek lovingly. It was over in a moment, but the look of heart satisfaction that came over the weary face showed that a touch had been given there the effect of which would not soon wear away.

The picture may be seen in last issue of the outer portal of the S. R. L. M. A., built of the stone sent by Lodges from all over the world and lovingly arranged thus by Brother Neill. Some idea of the significance and rich meaning of every act done at Point Loma may be gleaned from the following: One of the foreign delegates, very daintily clad, was observed to wend her way along a path which led outside the portal where the ground was firm, not deeply dusty as between the pillars, when suddenly she stopped, retraced her steps and passed through the portal that no step in the symbolic progress should be missed.

SPECTATOR.

THE SOKRATIC CLUB.

BY SOLON.

(Continued).

At our last meeting the conversation turned upon the place of reason in scientific investigation. Dr. Roberts as usual was inclined to be argumentative, and when I arrived, I saw at once that Mr. Knowlton had been treading rather heavily on the Doctor's toes and encroaching on some of his pet theories. The two had evidently reached the club quite early and were deep in conversation in a corner of the room, entirely oblivious of anyone else. How long this would have lasted, I cannot say, but when the Professor came in, several other members having also arrived, he suggested that the conversation should be for the benefit of all present, especially as according to the club's programme, the evening had been set apart for general discussion. Dr. Roberts was a great student of science and, as I have previously said, was inclined towards a materialistic view of life; though at the same time he was most kind-hearted and sympathetic, as a rule he was much averse to showing the softer side of his nature and preferred to have people think of him a devotee of exact science and a believer only in cold hard facts.

On the other hand, Mr. Knowlton, though also a deep student, was of a more intuitive nature, and held the view that knowledge came from within rather than from without, and that the deeper knowledge could not be reached by argument and even transcended the power of reason.

The Professor.—"Doctor, it isn't fair that you and Mr. Knowlton should monopolize each other and keep all that interesting conversation to yourselves. What is it about? You surely ought to let us all participate in the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul.' So practice a little self-

nial and come out of your corner and join the rest of us."

Dr. Roberts.—"I am sure we shall both be glad to accept your invitation and join the rest of our friends, Professor, though whether you would be interested in our topic of conversation remains to be seen; but for my part I would rather join in a discussion that will interest all."

Mrs. Wilding.—"No, no, Doctor, we want to know what you were talking about. You were both so engrossed and oblivious of all else that our curiosity is aroused, so please continue."

Dr. Roberts.—"Well, the subject was no new one, and though I cannot vouch for our conversation as a feast of reason and a flow of soul, yet perhaps in one sense that phrase exactly describes it. Certainly I was espousing the cause of reason and Mr. Knowlton that of soul."

Miss Holdey.—"So both together you ought to provide a royal banquet, if you could only agree."

Dr. Roberts.—"That is sometimes a difficult matter. You see we are trying to travel along different roads, and although we each have the same end in view—the attainment of truth, yet we haven't yet come to the point where the roads meet. I am not willing to accept any statement unless I have thought it well over and examined all the arguments for and against it. Mr. Knowlton takes the position that this appeal to the reason often causes one to miss seeing the truth and clouds the understanding."

Mr. Knowlton.—"It is not that I would belittle the reason, but that I claim it is not supreme. There are some people who, even when they know a statement to be true with the inherent beauty of truth, will

argue and argue, and reason *pro* and *con*, until lost in a labyrinth of words. Then sometimes they wake up to the fact that the statement has become so distorted in its meaning that the beauty has faded from it and its life gone, and that instead of a living truth they are face to face with nothing more than a cold, dead formula."

Dr. Roberts.—"But without this process a statement, though apparently true, would remain of no more value than mere fancy or belief—it would not be knowledge."

The Professor.—"Doctor, would it not be more correct to consider knowledge as the result of experience and realization, rather than of reason and argument?"

Dr. Roberts.—"It is no doubt true that experience and realization, where obtainable, are steps in the acquirement of knowledge, but I maintain also that it is necessary to be able to grasp it with the reasoning powers for it to be really knowledge, and many a fancied experience or apparent reality will not stand the test of such reason."

Mr. Knowlton.—"The question comes to this, then: What is the right place of the reason in one's life and nature? Let me give a very simple illustration of the acquirement of knowledge through experience, namely, of the nature of fire through being burnt. The burnt child has acquired a knowledge which needs no argument and no reason. And the scientific man who discourses learnedly about combustion and the chemical changes produced thereby must still bow before the little child's realization of the nature of fire. Argument and reason and the results of analysis and scientific investigation may widen the area of this knowledge, but the germ of it is in the actual experience."

Dr. Roberts.—"All this is really in support of my position. Let us go a step further and take other experiences of the nature of fire and its effects in other directions on other bodies, until finally we have the scientific theories of heat and its correlations—light, sound, electricity, etc., all of

which attest to the supremacy of the mind."

Mr. Knowlton.—"Until, Doctor, —"

Dr. Roberts.—"Until what? What do you mean? The statement is indisputable."

Mr. Knowlton.—"Until some new experience arises, or some new fact is discovered and all old theories are swept aside and new ones have to be constructed to take their place. In fact, the reason is a bad guide but very good as a rear guard."

Dr. Roberts.—"No, I do not agree with you. I admit that scientific theories have had to be changed again and again, but that is simply an evidence of growth and development of the reasoning faculty in us and of our power to use it, but it still shows that faculty as the highest man possesses. Look at the instances in Chemistry and Astronomy where the reason has actually gone ahead of and anticipated discovery."

The Professor.—"For once, Doctor, I would go further than you, and say that those instances which you refer to and which are looked upon by the world as triumphs of modern science are marvelous only in that they are so very, very rare, and show the weakness and backwardness of science rather than its strength and advancement."

Dr. Roberts.—"But, consider, Professor, the vast strides by which it has advanced during this century and the magnificent generalizations it has made of the conservation of energy, the indestructibility of matter, the laws governing the movements of the heavenly bodies, and greater than all the theory of evolution and the law of the survival of the fittest. Go back a few hundred years, and what knowledge of science had man? Save for a few rudiments of science taught in Alexandria and the elements of medical and mathematical and astronomical science that have come down to us from the Moors —"

The Professor.—"Go on, Doctor; don't stop there. Why not go back to Egypt and Chaldæa with their marvelous knowledge of astronomy; to Egypt and Greece with their Canons of Proportion in Architecture

and Sculpture. Why not mention the engineering and mechanical skill of the ancient Egyptians, or the lost arts—one or two instances of which remain—but how many more are lost, modern science does not know. Can your scientist to-day make hard copper with a cutting edge like steel or malleable glass, or color glass with all the colors of the rainbow? True, modern science has achieved great results; I would not detract from its work, but its achievements have been as those of childhood, and to-day are tinged with all the errors due to the very partial outlook and inexperience of childhood. To estimate the true value of modern science and the mental and spiritual development of man to-day, it is not enough to go back a few hundred years, to see our ancestors in Europe emerging from barbarism and compare our attainments with theirs. No, to understand the place where we stand to-day, we must go back to Greece in her glory of art and literature; to Chaldæa and India, to ancient Egypt, (that land of mystery and science), and farther back still to pre-historic America from whence even ancient Egypt derived her wisdom, and evidences of which Madam Purple has declared will at no long distant day be discovered."

Dr. Roberts.—"But beyond the existence of a few monuments and the three or four evidences of lost arts, what proofs have you of the power and grandeur of the ancients?"

The Professor.—"Your scientists claim that if you will give them a bone of any animal they will construct the whole animal for you. How comes it, then, that from the stupendous monuments of Egypt your Egyptologists have failed to measure the glory of its civilization. Some have tried, but all, even the boldest, have been too timid, and have been hampered either by the old chronological ideas based on Biblical records, or more particularly by the pride of the people of this nineteenth century in the magnitude of their own achievements. But consider a moment, should our civiliza-

tion decline, what monuments would exist to tell its story, even two hundred years hence, to speak of no longer period? Are the Sphinx, the Pyramids, and the Zodiacs of Dendera mere rare efflorescences of a barbaric people? No emergence from barbarism can be found in Egypt. Are they not the enduring monuments of a giant civilization that could only exist as the outcome of giant thought, sublime science, noble—yes, divine, origin? They are but a few words out of this chapter of the life of humanity, yet they proclaim man's divinity, man's right to knowledge, yea, more, his possession of knowledge.

"Let me direct your attention to one more evidence of the civilizations of the past. I know you are a great admirer of Plato. Well, is it not strange that he, one of the sublimest figures in history, should lend his countenance to a mere fable, such as the existence and destruction of Atlantis, and solemnly state these as facts. We rely on and follow his philosophy, but declare that Atlantis story a mere fable! It is no fable, my friend, and Plato knew what he was talking about. And, moreover, the science of the old Greeks that is so patronizingly spoken of by our modern *savants*, contains hints to the secrets of nature that are undreamed of and that yet await rediscovery.

"If you would know the true value of modern science, study ancient history, go back into the prehistoric times, seek again to enter into the portals to the Temples of the Mysteries in Greece and Egypt, know above all that true science, now as then, is taught only to those who are duly and truly prepared, worthy and well qualified, and that it is not for the profane but for those who after due purification gain admittance into the sanctuary of their own souls.

"How much more might be said! Some day perhaps, nay, certainly, we shall recover the old wisdom, when we have learned to use all our powers, not for self, but in the service of humanity, and that reminds me, Doctor, I would like some day to

take up more fully the part that reason plays in the acquirement of knowledge, but must leave it for another time."

Dr. Roberts.—"I will remind you of it, Professor; but you see I began the evening by monopolizing Mr. Knowlton, and now have monopolized you, so I think the ladies

ought to have a chance to contribute their share to the conversation."

The ladies did not agree in this view, and begged the Professor and Dr. Roberts to continue, but failing in their request, the remainder of the evening was devoted to music and lighter topics.

A PILGRIM AND A STRANGER.

BY MARY ALICE HARRIMAN.

I'm a pilgrim and a stranger passing over;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a while.

The pilgrim opened his eyes widely as he came into the Place. The light seemed intolerable, and with a faint cry he closed them, caring nothing for those about him. The murmur of voices speaking a strange language, the chill of a cooler atmosphere and the fatigue of a long journey, which even now he could but dimly remember, caused him to wish he had not come to this Place to gain the experience he sought.

Presently he fell asleep, and for a long time he alternately slept and waked, sometimes looking at those who waited on him and contrasting them with others he had known elsewhere. The One who had bourne him thither, weary with pain and suffering from her burden, had gently kissed him, then passed over the invisible bounds of the Place, grieving to leave him alone, where none could fulfill her part. Becoming accustomed to the ways of his new acquaintances, he brightened somewhat, thinking perhaps he could in time learn to like them. His eyes often had a puzzled, far-away look, as of vague dissatisfaction with existing conditions, but it was never voiced; for, as he began to understand what was said and in return made attempts to answer, his former life slipped from his memory.

For a long time he saw no one whom

he had known before, and he was lonely and sad, for the new associates often jeered and smiled covertly at his futile efforts to speak a, to him, foreign tongue. But one day, before he could be trusted to wander in the busy streets where no one had time to listen to his halting speech, he was wandering disconsolately in a rose-scented garden, when a beautiful golden-haired being came running to him and spoke, not the language he heard daily, but one he had well-nigh forgotten. Joyously they conversed, and his heart beat high with pleasure at meeting one from the old home. Many happy hours they passed together, but one day she did not come to meet him. When he asked where she was, he was told, weepingly, that she had gone "Where there was no more night."

Sorely he puzzled over the mystery, longing to join her, but as time passed his remembrance of her became dim and vague; she was as a vision, a part of his former life.

It seemed years before he could converse with any connected thought. While living in other Places he had learned customs and speech without the interminable instruction and practice here necessary, and his eager, insistent nature felt hidebound by his environments. Many times he wept in solitude at his slowness of comprehension

and inability to express the loneliness which he felt so keenly.

His companions laughed and mocked, calling him "odd," so he retired more and more within himself, and, feeling sure they had lived in other Places than this, he wondered why they should be so critical at his imperfections. Surely they had to be taught when first they came to this Place; they must have brought with them hopes, desires, ambitions—were they forgotten? Had they no ideal other than living for self, to oppress their fellows and to make MONEY?

Yet must he stay, his term of probation was not ended. He became known of men. Those who had shown attention at first were proud of his original personality, and even boasted: "We taught him our language, our ways! See what an apt scholar! He will be a great credit to us before he goes hence." They did not care to remember he was considered a burden when first he sought sustenance and aid in helpless weakness, and he never reminded them. His eyes would grow dark with anguish at recollection of the unnecessary pain once given his sensitive, tender nature by sharp reprimands and hasty words when he had not understood what was required, but his sufferings were never alluded to.

Time went by in unceasing measure. The Pilgrim had resided in the Place a long long time, and though he had made many friends, learned much, and become an accredited member of Society, he still felt a sadness and loneliness seemingly not shared by those around him.

These found championship and solace easily. Satisfied with themselves and with each other, they passed the time in eating, drinking, and making merry. He could not thus be satisfied. Still called "odd," he ever searched for one whose companionship and love he had known prior to this dreary round of existence, his eyes ever sought the eyes of others, hoping to find therein some token of recognition. His recollection of any other medium of ex-

pression other than that now habitually used had vanished. It was torture to think he might not be understood if he should find the long-sought friend.

If he should meet, could he accost her? Would she understand? The words used so fluently might sound strange and uncouth to the one whom his soul desired. He realized how inadequate spoken words would be to convey the meaning of the great waves which surged through his entire being as he dreamed of the completeness that love would effect in his nature. He pondered on all that such a companion would be to him, striving to hide his thoughts from the curious yet inconsistently indifferent throngs about him.

One day he met her. Soft, dark eyes gazed into his, and a curious yearning inquiry caused recognition on his part at once. She did not know him as readily. Contact with the people of the Place had caused each to mask their pure and fervent natures under the cloak of conventionality, and he feared to speak his heart's thoughts too abruptly, but gently led her in memory over the paths of the past while unrolling the curtain of the future.

Then at last she knew him, and remembered the dead, dear past. Oh, the joy of reunion! Their hearts again beat as one! Every endeavor, every purpose, every delight was shared in common, and the whole world seemed transformed.

New knowledge, new power to do good, wisdom, filled their lives. They cared for those who came to them helpless and afraid; remembering the care given him, they gave an hundred fold; remembering the hurts, the pain, the gibes and thrusts, they sought to mitigate the ignorant loneliness of the newcomers and make the lessons to be learned easier.

The years went swiftly by. Sometimes the thought came that one or the other must go in advance to the Place where they were to reside next in their passage through the Worlds, but they clung to each other, the Place, and those in their

care, dreading the long, dark journey alone. "If we could only go together," they said.

Others went away, came not back; those remaining mourned for a time, soon forgot the absent and formed new associations. They knew it could never be so with them.

One day she called him suddenly: "I am going, beloved. Be with me till the end."

Wildly he pleaded she might remain or that he, too, might go. But she slipped from his clinging arms, telling him to fol-

low soon.

Bitterly he wept. Wearily he grew old and older yet, waiting the shortening of the time he must stay in the Place to which he had come so long ago.

Then he went forth silently as he had come, telling no one where he was going. Gladly he left all behind, friends, habiliments, wealth; he passed into the darkness, seeking another Place where he might again find his companion who had gone before.

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

If we have a knowledge of Karma and Reincarnation in this life, shall we have or recognize such knowledge in our next life?

If we have a knowledge of Karma and Reincarnation in this life, shall we have or recognize such knowledge in our next life.

As the question is understood it means: "Do we carry with us from life to life such knowledge?" The second question comes up: "What is knowledge?" True knowledge is realization, that is, "feeling." What we know we feel. What we feel becomes a part of us—we live it. We must feel it and live it or it is not knowledge. If one has never seen a lemon, one may be told a dozen times about such a thing as a lemon without grasping more than a mere outline of its shape, color, etc. One will never know a lemon till one has both seen and tasted it. So it is with "Karma" for instance. One may read or hear of Karma forever, but until one has realized Karma—felt it, so to speak—one will know nothing of it. When, however, that realization has come—the experience, the knowledge—one then knows Karma for what it is—the law of cause and effect, the reaping of what has been sown; and, as the old college professor used to say, what is once known is never forgotten—neither in this life nor in any number of lives. On

the contrary that knowledge is being added to constantly. It is as if the soul had a set of pigeon holes in which to file away the different sorts and kinds of experience—A under A, B under B, etc. Sometimes we cannot at once find just the sort of knowledge we wish, but if we persist in our search we shall find it hidden, perhaps under a lot of other "papers," as it were, but just where we put it ourselves.

How else can we account for the peculiar evidences of a sense of right and wrong in children? Some children have such a keen sense of right and wrong. Where did they get it? Not in the six or eight years of life on this earth in this particular period of existence. Children are not given, as a rule, to weighing such matters. There can be but one answer to this question. We do, most certainly, recognize any true knowledge we have come to realize in this life, in the next and all nexts.

It is the recognition of all knowledge of this sort that in the first place makes it easy to grasp mentally new phases of truth as they are presented to us. The knowledge gained during the experience of one earth-life serves as a base or foundation for the knowledge of the next life to come. There is no other way to account for the aptitude

of certain persons for certain pursuits or professions—as is noticeable in musical prodigies, great artists and the like. Of what use would experience be if it did not make a really lasting impression on the real ever-living part of us? And such an impression once made never leaves us, but follows from life to life even though it may lie dormant for a while, till in the sum total of all our lives we have gained all knowledge through experience and are ready for the final examination. C. L. C.

Speaking generally, any real knowledge gained in any life is gained for all time. But in a subsequent incarnation such knowledge may not be available, but be entirely latent. It will not be lost wholly, but through a certain course of conduct the power to use such knowledge may for a time have become atrophied. It may also happen that in some cases such knowledge previously acquired may not for the time be available as knowledge, that is, so far as mental recognition is concerned. I think we, all of us, have had examples of this in our own lives. If a certain set of circumstances were related to us, and we were asked how we would act, we might be unable to judge what would be the right course to pursue; in other words, we would not have the mental power or knowledge to decide. But, if those events actually took place, and we found ourselves in those circumstances we might know on the instant how to act without any intermediate process of reasoning. All action proceeding from intuition is of such an order. The knowledge which we have gained from experience has been transferred to an interior plane, and has become a part of our own nature, and not something which we need any more to reason about. It has become really ours, though we may not be aware of its possession until the time comes to use it.

It must be that the soul goes on adding to its store of experience from life to life, and that the lesson learned in any one life

will not need to be learned again; otherwise, progress would be impossible. It is thus that we have built up our complex nature with all its powers, and though through a wrong course of action we may, for a time, apparently lose some of our powers, they are not really lost, but only dormant, and may be recovered with very much less labor than that which was needed to originally acquire them.

Herein lies the great hope for Humanity, for looking back to the early races of Humanity and the Golden Age, we can gain a dim realization of the higher powers of the soul which were then possessed by those races, but which through the ages have been gradually covered up and lost. But since we ourselves were part of those early races we know that those spiritual powers must still be ours, and will again be actually realized by us when we awake out of our long sleep of materiality. It is not that we have to develop new powers but regain the old and once more claim our birthright.

J. H. FUSSELL.

Why is it that the doctrine of "an eye for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth," though opposed by all the great teachers of the world, still prevails?

The great teachers of the world never instituted forms of religion, but taught the philosophy of life, and the laws universal which apply to man's whole being; but those who followed them, self-constituted priesthoods, putting themselves forward as mediators between man and Divinity, emphasized the idea of separateness, and while recognizing Karma, as in the expression "an eye for an eye," and "a tooth for a tooth," made a materialistic application of it, and men the agents of Karma.

The operation of human life is along the lines of personal selfish desire—that which seeks to obtain and retain for self, possessions of all kinds; it is based upon separateness, and naturally follows any expression of law which panders to it.

The remedy for this must lie in the promulgation and practice of the religious-

scientific-philosophy of the great teachers of the world—a recognition of the essential divinity and perfectibility of man—and the demonstration of Universal Brotherhood as a fact in nature.

ROBERT CROSBIE.

The first method which comes to my mind of replying to this question, is by making a counter query: "Why have not the entire religious systems whose leaders upheld the doctrines of Brotherly Love succeeded?" If we can reply to one question in an intelligent manner, the same reply will apply with equal force to the other.

I think the reason why humanity at large has not accepted the teachings of the various Messengers of Truth, is because it (humanity), as a whole, has not as yet been able to grasp the purport and intent of any doctrine which demands the sacrifice of "personal rights." The sense of separate individual lives and ownership of them, has been and still is, too great an obstacle for the ordinary man to overcome, and, standing upon what a man considers his rights, he feels that if he does not defend himself by retaliation, his honor as a man has been lessened.

But when we look at man as he is today in comparison with the man of a thousand or more years ago, we find that he is in reality a different being; that he is becoming more and more tolerant of the opinions and thoughts of others; less revengeful; more forgiving; and with these characteristics becoming more and more pronounced as time goes on, we can see in the future, and not a very distant future, a time when the general tendency of mankind will be toward a helpful attitude one towards another; toward a sense of oneness with all other men, which, when it is realized and made a part of his life, will render his present tendency towards "hitting back," an impossible thing.

The acquirement of this state must come through a process of growth or evolution; so, realizing that Nature, or God does not work hastily, that IT is governed by im-

mutable laws, we should not worry nor lament at the apparent slowness of growth, nor at the failure of the entire race to accept the doctrines of Brotherhood and Brotherly Love at a glance and before it shall have become possible.

EDWIN H. CLARK.

The doctrine of "an eye for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth" is a statement of the law of Nature known as Karma or the law of Cause and Effect. It is the same law that Newton expressed as regards action in the physical world, viz.: that for every action there is an equal and contrary reaction. It is the law of strict justice, of the exact payment of debts. I do not think it correct to say that this law was opposed by the great teachers of the world, but that they taught a higher law and a greater power than is to be found in Nature. This higher law is the law of Compassion, and this power is the power of the soul which in part belongs to Nature and in part is superior to Nature and is divine. I think, therefore, that this gives us the answer to the question and that the reason why the doctrine of exact equivalents is still held, is that men and women have not yet realized their true nature and their power in and over Nature. Until they assert their divine powers and claim their divine heritage they will continue to be under the law.

I think the first step towards freedom from the law must come through the recognition of the universality of law and in its inevitableness without our interference; and also in the recognition of Universal Brotherhood and the interdependence between all. When these are recognized and we begin to realize that it is our privilege, as has been taught by all the great Teachers of the world, to be dispensers of love, kindness and sympathy and to be content to leave to the law the payment of "an eye for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth" we shall have taken the first step towards rising above the law and realizing the soul's divinity.

VICTOR.

YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

DID IT PAY?

BY MARION FRISBEE.

The Saunders Military Academy, familiarly known as the S. M. A., was in a state of excitement.

The baseball game of the season was to be played on Thursday afternoon. The "Fairfield boys," a rival team, had challenged them, with the word that they were coming up to "wipe the S. M. A. off the earth."

Now, the S. M. A. had never known defeat, and filled with the alluring prospect of adding another "victory ball" to the imposing number already on view in the gymnasium, they had been vigorously drilling their men.

The game was but two days off. Bradford was pitcher, and his "winning ball" was missing. This was indeed cause for excitement!

Who could be such a mean chump as to take Bradford's ball when the whole school knew that he prized it as a "jim dandy" and "sure to win!"

"I say, fellows, who do you suppose did it" exclaimed Tom Baker.

"That new boy is a regular chump," said Harry Proctor.

"But he's stuck on Bradford all right, and wouldn't play him the trick," said Max Stanford.

"Well," said Lawrence Smith, "the Q. T. V. will find out what was done with that ball, as soon as Clarke returns, and it'll be a warm time, sure."

"How about those kids," said Clarence Coleman, speaking of the under class boys; "they may know something about it. Hi, there, Truthful Tommy, we'll give you a job. If you kids find Bradford's ball, we'll let you in for the best seats at the game."

Like a bomb fired into a peaceful crowd

was Tommy's news to the under class boys. They bustled around in wild excitement, and chattered like a flock of angry sparrows, for the Pitcher of Our Team was an idol for whom the small boys would cheerfully sacrifice their lives to gain even a word of recognition.

Several of the small boys had mysteriously lost their baseballs recently, and numerous other small articles had disappeared, but most important of all was Tom Baker's gold watch chain. Truthful Tommy was sure he saw it in Truesdale's possession.

"I'll bet anything that fellow Truesdale has Bradford's ball," said one of the small boys.

"I just know he has. He is the only fellow in the school who is mean enough," exclaimed another.

"After what Captain Landers said in chapel this morning about liars, I should think he'd own up," said a third small lad.

"He'll have to when the Q. T. V. get after him," said Truthful Tommy.

The Q. T. V. was the most secret of secret societies, for no one in the school had discovered what it stood for. But the Q. T. V. were regarded with awed reverence by the school, and even the faculty paid some respect to this august body, which was composed of the three cleverest upper class boys, who were in everything of any importance that was done in the school.

Just before the disturbance over the ball arose, Clarke, baseball manager and a Q. T. V., was called home on account of his mother's illness.

"If Clarke was only here," said the small lads, "he'd settle Truesdale mighty quick."

The manager of the team returned just

before the game was called on Thursday. In the hurry and rush he was given disjointed accounts of the disturbance, and then came the signal to "Play ball." It was a very close game, ten to eight, with victory for the Fairfield boys.

The S. M. A. bore the defeat manfully, for by general acclamation the crowd of sympathizers expressed the conviction that it was all on account of the lost "winning ball."

The feeling against Truesdale had grown so strong, he was regarded as good as expelled. The faculty of the S. M. A. were absolutely rigid on the subject of lying. Truesdale had flatly denied any knowledge of the ball, yet he was under conviction in regard to the watch chain, and one of the small boys' balls had been found in his possession; also, several other small articles, and the boys looked upon him as a liar.

The S. M. A. always closed for the long summer vacation, with exercises on July Fourth. Captain Landers had made a special feature of the Heroes of the Revolution, and a great deal had been said about truthfulness being the strongest quality of a Hero's character.

Small Tom had been selected to give a recitation on Truthfulness, and in his great anxiety to do justice to the occasion, he was heard in every spare moment diligently rehearsing, and so the boys had chaffingly dubbed him Truthful Tommy.

The Q. T. V. had been asked to meet Captain Landers that evening, and Clarke was waiting for his chums, with a troubled look on his face, when the voice of Truthful Tommy floated through the open window, curiously blending with Clarke's thoughts.

When you're wrong—the folly own—

"Of course it was careless for me to put the ball in my pocket, and then forget to give it to Brad. In fact, I was called away by that telegram, and never thought of it, in all the rush, until I got back, and then the

big row was on; but there wasn't any time to explain, anyway,

Always—speak the truth—

and then the ball had gone. It must have been stolen from my pocket on the boat. If I could only have produced it on my return, it would have been fine, but it was such a humiliating thing to happen,

Here's a victory to be won—

and it really didn't seem as though I was to blame; it was due to circumstances over which I had no control, but it isn't easy to explain such things,

Always—speak the truth—

and the fellows will never imagine I have anything to do with the affair.

He who speaks—with lying tongue—

"It will be hard to make everybody understand. That fellow Truesdale is a liar, anyhow; all the fellows know it.

Adds to wrong—a greater wrong—

"It will put me in such a false light, for I'll be misunderstood and blamed when I had no intention of causing trouble,

Then with courage—true and strong—

and it has raised such a big row, I don't see how I can make it perfectly clear and satisfactory.

Always—speak the truth—

"Anyway, Truesdale is bound to be expelled. It may be one of the workings of justice, for this row about the ball has made the faculty investigate the other things, and now it is proved that he is guilty.

Adds to wrong—a greater wrong—

"Yet, of course, he isn't really responsible for this thing, though he certainly is for the others.

When you're wrong—the folly own—

"But will it pay for me to get myself into being blamed for a thing that I really have a clear conscience about.

Here's a victory—to be won—

"How can I face the Captain, when he has always trusted me in the most responsible positions? It will look as if I was careless and not to be trusted, and yet it really wasn't my fault; I had no intention

Then with courage—true and strong—

of doing anything careless, and if that telegram hadn't come so suddenly—

Always—speak the truth—

"By George, here are the fellows! I say, fellows, I haven't had time to breathe or think since I came back. But I believe I'm to blame for the loss of the ball," and thereupon, to the astonished chums, Clarke told his story of the ball.

Of course his chums backed him up—that is the way of chums—and then they went to meet Captain Landers.

At the close of a long conversation, the Captain said, "now that Truesdale is cleared of this charge, it may turn the tide of dislike the boys feel into one of desire to help him to be true to himself. Suppose we give him a chance to learn from a Q. T. V. not to spare himself to the injury of another, but to always speak the truth."

SOFT UNFOLDING.

(Selected.)

Soft unfolding in the sun
Tender petals one by one—
Lovely secrets slow unsealed
Till the inmost heart's revealed—
Soft unfolding in the sun,
Tender petals one by one.

Thus they fill the garden place,
Full of fragrance, full of grace—
Roses red as summer even,

Roser red as summer even,
Soft unfolding in the sun,
Tender petals one by one.

Dear love, let the sun divine
On thy folded selfhood shine;
In thy little garden room
Open thus in fragrant bloom,
Soft unfolding in the sun,
Love's sweet graces, one by one.

A BOLD SQUIRREL.

BY L. E. K,

I sat down in Central Park one day, where the squirrels play. I had not been sitting long before a squirrel came and sat right in front of me. I had a small bag of peanuts, and I offered him one which he took and ran away with. He came back again in about two minutes to get more, then he brought Mrs. Squirrel and I fed both of them. I put the bag of nuts in my lap, as I wanted to read a paper I had in my hand, when what should Mr. Squirrel do but jump into my lap and try to run away with the bag of nuts. But he and the nuts fell over and scared the pair of them away.

BROTHERHOOD ACTIVITIES.

CRUSADE NOTES.

The Congress of the Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma was continued at the International Brotherhood League Colony until May 5. Before leaving an itinerary was arranged by which the Leader and party would visit the Lodges in California and the Northwest and many others on their journey across the continent to New York. With our Leader were E. A. Neresheimer, Chairman of the Cabinet of the U. B.; F. M. Pierce, Secretary General; H. T. Patterson, Superintendent of the International Brotherhood League; Iverson L. Harris, of Macon, Ga., Superintendent of the I. B. L. Colonies; Clark Thurston, of Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Richmond Green, of East-hampton, Mass.; W. T. Hanson, of Macon, Ga.; Mrs. Alice L. Cleather and Basil Crump, of London, England.

SAN DIEGO.

The first meeting was held in San Diego, in the Fisher Opera House, and was attended by a large and sympathetic audience. The San Diego *Union* gave an excellent report, from which the following extracts are taken:

The first speaker was Mr. E. Aug. Neresheimer, President of the Theosophical Society in America, whose remarks were business-like and to the point. The same, however, can be said of all the other addresses, for all the representatives of the Brotherhood who have appeared in public here and at Point Loma are endowed with unusual intellectuality, and their statements have been received with the closest attention. In the course of Mr. Neresheimer's address he said:

"There is a universal belief among all people that there is an underlying principle upon which we all exist, and a sympathy between all men. This principle, although inculcated in every religion—Mohammedan, Brahmin, Buddhist, and all the others—has not been practiced. There never has been such distress among mankind as at the present time. It was for the alleviation of this condition that the Brotherhood Organization was founded. We have a great army of people who are members of various sects of religion. Most of them are sound-headed business men who conduct the Organization on a business basis and different from any other organization having the salvation of mankind as a ground-work. No officer is paid a salary."

Mr. Iverson L. Harris said in part:

"The time has arrived in the history of the human race when something different must be done for the benefit of the human family. For that reason the recent Congress was held—it was held to present a living picture of what might be. It was something unique."

Mr. Basil Crump then spoke briefly, but none the less interestingly, upon the philosophy of life and its influence upon the young men and women of to-day. He referred to the custom "so long prevalent in England of keeping the young men and women strictly separate from each other in schools and society," "that men and women, to be helpful to each other, must not be educated separately. The moral standard, as well as the intellectual and spiritual, is raised by the association of the sexes in education." He spoke of the drama "as a potent factor in educating mankind—not the average drama of to-day, but as presented by the enlightened ancients, and as shown by a study of Wagner's methods. "In Greece the drama, dictated to the people, not the people to the drama.'"

Mr. W. L. Hanson, also of Macon, Ga., Secretary and Treasurer of the International Brotherhood League Colonies, said:

"The real essence of religion and philosophy is common sense. The eternal welfare of man is the basis of action. Man should do nothing mean or small, not because life is too short, but because life is so long. He should develop all sides of his being, and harmony will follow as a part of his every-day existence."

Mrs. E. C. Mayer, President of the Isis League of Music and Drama and Superintendent of the Lotus work, followed on the old adage, "Know thyself," saying:

"It has a simple sounding, but it suggests the most complex problem. How many of you would live your lives over again along the same paths, the same old weary way? And yet you are teaching your children to tread the same paths. In the Lotus work we are teaching the children the immortality of the soul, the power of thought, and of self-restraint, or the power of silence, to look within, and not without, for knowledge."

Mrs. Tingley, who was the last to speak, impressed the audience by her intellectuality and the deep sincerity of her words. She cleared up much of the mystery that has prevailed concerning the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, by remarking that the natural and sensible education of children is one of the mysteries to be solved in the School. From the very early years of the child up to the age of 12 or 15 the love of Nature is to be instilled in the receptive mind. Mrs. Tingley said that in all parts of the world parents were waiting for the establishment of the School, even Mohammedans, Buddhists and Brahmins having taken a deep interest in the institution.

LOS ANGELES AND PASADENA.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

The next place on the route was Los Angeles, where five meetings were held, all well attended and most successful. The new features introduced in the meetings aroused the greatest amount of interest not only among members but the public generally. After Los Angeles came Pasadena, which is close by the former place. It was here that greater enthusiasm was aroused than almost anywhere along the route, the members' meeting, at which many of the Los Angeles members were also present, being particularly forceful. Brother A. M. Smith, President of the Chicago Lodge U. B., writes as follows:

The importance of the meetings held at Los Angeles and at Pasadena seemed to me to rank with that of the entire Congress and to be a distinct onward step, not possible yet to take at the time of the Congress. Indeed the whole time from the opening of the Congress to that date seemed a succession almost daily of great and important events transpiring, which in themselves constituted great strides in the movement, each step so immense as to require all the inspiration of the past to interpret and even begin to comprehend its immensity and prepare for the next. You must have felt it and been taking these strides with us, even though not present. The onward march of the movement sweeping with wonderful and irresistible sweep and force was what impressed me, and the events so wonderful in themselves now transpiring indicating the challenge and the banner now thrown out to the world. Best regards. Ever yours,

ALPHEUS M. SMITH.

GREAT INTEREST IN SAN FRANCISCO.

In San Francisco five days were spent. It was at first intended to hold but one public meeting, but the rush was so great that others were immediately arranged for, and on the following evening an immense crowd was present and the interest was intense. The Leader emphasized the fact that the Universal Brotherhood and its departments, The Theosophical Society and International Brotherhood League, were not connected with any other societies. Excellent reports of the meetings were given in the papers, the following extracts of the report of the meeting, May 8, in the Metropolitan Temple, are from the *San Francisco Call*:

The principal subject was "The Philosophy of Life," which was listened to by a

large and appreciative audience. Mr. E. Aug. Neresheimer, President of the Cabinet, said:

"Universal Brotherhood is not spiritualism, occultism or, in fact, any of the 'isms.' It was organized for the people of the earth and taught the highest philosophy—the philosophy of life, which is in all books, in all religious Scriptures, but essentially in the human heart and soul. The proof of the strength of the soul lies in the fact that as people grow older the mind grows more self-assertive. Man is the apex of evolution. He is an intellectual being and not a jumble or a chaos. The philosophy of life came into existence by a natural realization of those self-evident truths."

He was followed by Mrs. Tingley, who said in the course of her remarks:

"Universal Brotherhood is the mighty force of the nineteenth century which moves and touches the minds of men and will carry it into the next century. One great thing that we teach is the 'heart doctrine,' which is all that can be really depended on. Humanity has taught too much of the letter and too little of the spirit of things. There are different doctrines, all claiming to be the keynote to the real life, but the 'heart doctrine' more nearly approaches the ideal. Wherever the heart rules spirituality is, for the heart is the seat of the soul.

"There are people who live in their mentality so much, and in their souls so little, that they are continually demanding proofs. The Universal Brotherhood is endeavoring to bring forward the proofs of what it believes in.

"My experience in prisons and slums is that it takes almost all eternity to change a man's life by reasoning with him, or seeking to convince him on a faith basis. The Brotherhood in its endeavor to uplift humanity tries to touch the man's heart and by appealing to something that moves the heart. This method has met with enormous success. Man should be taught to energize his body and soul with spiritual thoughts, for then bigotry, intolerance and the spirit of persecution will be a thing of the past and we will have a mighty humanity.

"Let the lives of the little ones be molded so that they will be better citizens than you or I. Let us cultivate a higher spirit of patriotism, a higher spirituality and a greater spirit of brotherly love."

Dr. Jerome A. Anderson said:

"We have become one-sided in our development. We of the West have cultivated the intellect at the expense of the heart. That is why the Universal Brotherhood lays so much stress on the 'heart doctrine.' A man may have all the sciences at his finger tips and yet be a moral monster. The child is not taught to develop its soul in the direction of helping his fellow creatures, as it should be. Gold, greed, power and selfishness are our main ideas which come not from the heart, but are intellect born. Let us learn to develop the heart-side of our nature.

The philosophy of life brings to the world a message of peace and love. The day will soon dawn when men will recognize one divinity, that humanity are all brothers.'

From San Francisco detachments of the Crusade party visited San José and Santa Cruz, all meeting again at Sacramento. From there on to Stockton, where on May 13 a public meeting was held. The U. B. Lodge No. 3, Stockton, has in consequence of this visit entered upon a new phase of existence under the most auspicious circumstances. New quarters were taken and the impossible accomplished.

VISIT TO THE NORTHWEST.

Portland, Oregon, was the next stopping place, where they were greeted by Brothers Wilber and Barton, and in Tacoma by Brothers Lund and Sheffield and other staunch and true Comrades. Some of these joined the party and went with them to Seattle, Victoria, B. C., and Vancouver. The field in this great Northwest is most promising, and the Leader says she was particularly impressed with the magnificent set of men, workers in this great Cause. In Tacoma an extra stay of two days over the

time previously arranged, was made. Here the Leader spoke especially on the Cuban question. The *Daily Ledger*, May 18, had the following account:

The Universal Brotherhood maintains a relief corps in Cuba, recognized by the government on the same standing as the Red Cross, having free transportation and the co-operation of the army. It differs from the Red Cross, however, in having no paid officers. All nurses or other workers in Cuba pay their own expenses. The money is all raised by subscription within the Brotherhood.

Mrs. Tingley at present is devoting much of her attention to the Cuban question. Her close contact with the people of Cuba, while working to release the suffering consequent upon the war, enables Mrs. Tingley to speak eloquently concerning the situation in the island.

Mrs. Tingley reports that, notwithstanding the great injuries and injustices through long years of oppressive misrule done to the Cubans, and the blight of ignorant superstitions fastened upon them in an evil, selfish interest, they possess fine qualities.

Their patriotism and gratitude for clothing, food, and for words of encouragement bestowed upon them by herself and her Comrades of the International Brotherhood League; their quick response to a human interest and kindness, showed them alive to influences of that nature, and their capacity of growth along such lines.

"Incidentally," says Mrs. Tingley, "this also suggests how their natures had hitherto practically been starved in such regard, as well as for other common necessities of civilized life. While qualities of this kind render the Cubans vitally sensitive to the forces of growth, the fact remains that having had their minds for so long fettered by superstition and warped by wrong and suffering, they are for the moment thereby hindered from fully realizing the true meaning of liberty, and grasping at once the opportunities opening to them.

"But it requires a delicate treatment, because of those among the Cubans who, insensate to patriotism, and inflamed with ambition, are endeavoring to craftily play even with the wrongs of Cuba and so to subtly enlist the fine qualities of its people, to the attainment of their own selfish ends."

Detachments of the party visited Olympia and Spokane and other neighboring Lodges, infusing new life into the work and carrying everywhere the inspiration received at the Congress, and continually added to at each successive place visited. Wherever the Leader went she infused new life and vigor into the work; everywhere the work is opening out and the members are beginning to realize more and more fully the "Universality" of the scope of the work, to which there is no limit whatever. The enthusiasm of our Leader and her never tiring energy inspire all, little by little we begin to understand the magnitude of her all-embracing work and to realize the privilege that is ours to share in the accomplishment of this work, to follow where she leads and to learn to become in the truest sense "servants of humanity."

The following editorial appeared in a Victoria, B. C., paper:

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

Victoria is honored to-day by the visit of a woman who has made a great name for herself in the world, Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and the Theosophical Society. One of the remarkable things about the Universal Brotherhood Association is that it has not an adverse critic. The aims of the association are so entirely beneficent that men of all creeds and of no creed can find in it nothing to assail. Of itself this fact is sufficiently notable, but it proves the truth of the saying that kindness, like music, is common to all lands, and is welcome to all peoples. This society is trying to bring about in a practical way the condition sung by the poet Burns:

"When man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

And they are getting on finely. Mrs. Tingley is in many respects a woman who rep-

resents the age in which she lives and she possesses in a remarkable degree the qualities of a leader and organizer. Victorians who take the opportunity of listening to her address this evening will no doubt be able to understand why it is that the Universal Brotherhood has made such astonishing progress throughout the world within the past five years.—*Editorial in a Victoria paper, May 22, 1899.*

Leaving the Pacific coast the next place visited was Salt Lake City. Here the members have done splendid work among the prisoners, and a visit was made by the Leader and party to the penitentiary. The following account from "One of the Party" is taken from *The New Century*, June 10:

HELP FOR PRISONERS.

On Tuesday morning, May 30, Katherine A. Tingley and her party visited the penitentiary, close to Salt Lake City, in pursuance of one of the objects of the International Brotherhood League, viz.—The helping of those in prison. The party included Mrs. Cleather, Miss Atkinson, Messrs. F. M. Pierce, W. T. Hanson, I. L. Harris, H. T. Patterson, B. Crump, and three local members, Mrs. Ferguson and Messrs. Turton and Roberts.

After the prelude to "Lohengrin" on the chapel organ, the Leader and Foundress of the League spoke in effect as follows: "We believe that every man is divine, and that you are no more condemned than any one else. There are many in the world to-day who would be better for the discipline you are undergoing. It may seem harsh to you at times, but if you are wise enough to use your opportunities here, avoiding in your thoughts all the gruesome and gloomy aspects of life, you will learn a great lesson. Many of you are in your present difficulties simply because you have not understood yourselves. I would give ten years of my life to have ten years here with you. As you have rules here, so I have to have them in my organization, not for those who keep them but for those who break them, and I have enormous sympathy with the officers of these institutions, because of the difficulties I have to deal with myself. But if you can take the right attitude with them you will command their respect. Don't think of your prison walls, but imagine you are in a hospital. All of you have beautiful thoughts at times, and I believe that you have the possibilities of heroes in you if only the right note is struck in your hearts. Remember that all that is unpleasant in you belongs to your lower nature—the only Devil we believe in. I suffer more than you do, in a sense, because I have to stand up before the world and endure attacks and misrepresentations, and I feel to-day that I would be glad to be in here for a time away from harsh and hard humanity. Before we can hope for better times we must eliminate creeds and dogmas, such as the idea of being born in sin. If you dwell all the time on this idea how are you ever going to rise out of your present conditions? Two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time, hence the lower thoughts should be kept out by the higher. Imagination is no fairy tale but a real power. Keep on imagining you are noble, and good, and straight, and you will rise above your past and your lower nature. Forget the past. I am sick and tired of the 'pity and compassion' attitude, and the long sermons on 'sin.' Stand up like brave boys and do your duty, and you will make men respect you and break down the fetters of the past. I have known men's lives changed in the twinkling of an eye by these ideas. Realize the power of your thoughts, which can affect the minds of others for good or evil. Some of the boys I helped at Montauk have gone home with these ideas in their hearts. Some of them were true heroes and are now spreading the teachings of Universal Brotherhood. Now, no doubt many of you spend some time in thinking of the boys who are out; but do you ever think of the Cubans, the soldiers, and others, who starved and suffered, who were persecuted in the name of religion, and have no homes. Many who are now tramping around the country would benefit by the discipline you are under.

Two years ago I spoke to a desperate character in Folsom prison for life. He was a train wrecker and had killed many people. He was a sad sight—one eye and one arm

gone, besides other injuries. Through his one eye I saw his soul and I told him of the splendid energy he had misused, and I reminded him of his affection for his mother and for animals. He realized the truth of what I said and now he is a completely changed man; he spreads these ideas among his comrades; and he now declares that he would not take his liberty if it were offered.

Mr. I. L. Harris said there were many in the world who were a hundred times more in prison than those present, who suffered a great deal more, and saw no way to free themselves from their cursed fetters.

Mr. F. M. Pierce said that the only difference between one man and another was the proportion of right and wrong that he did. We are all in life's school, and he had come to be thankful for the hard knocks he had received. How could we become good soldiers without discipline? We stand a little further along the road every day, until in time we can become a law unto ourselves and be joyous, happy men.

The meeting was necessarily brief and the men were most anxious to hear more. When the party went to the prison they were quite surprised to find an audience who were quite familiar with Theosophy owing to the work done by the local Lodge of Universal Brotherhood.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING IN DENVER.

Denver was next visited. *The Daily News* gives a very full report of the public meeting from which the following is taken:

It was a large and likewise an appreciative audience that greeted the visitors at Ayran Hall last evening. Every seat was occupied and those who were forced to content themselves with standing room found many others in a like predicament.

When Mrs. Tingley stepped toward the front of the platform she saw before her a sea of upturned faces that betokened a willingness to learn. The hall was profusely decorated with the national colors and the royal purple and gold of the order. The decorations, the arrangements—in fact, everything accorded with the spirit of the gathering. All was simplicity.

"Ever since my first visit to Denver," began the speaker in her deep, but clear and resonant voice, "this city and its people have had a warm place in my affections. It was the kindly spirit of that truly good man, Myron Reed, that made the most profound impression upon me," and here the audience, notwithstanding the fact that Theosophists are not given to making demonstrations, gave vent to a voluntary and prolonged burst of applause.

"He greeted me in a most friendly manner," she continued. "did all in his power to make my stay pleasant, and accorded me the use of the hall which was then occupied as the house of worship for his congregation. I accepted his kind invitation with the result that we were forced to turn away people who desired to hear the doctrines of Theosophy expounded. But he is with you no longer, and for that not one of you grieves more than I."

She spoke along the line that the importance of existence rests with a realization that there is such a thing as inspiration in human nature. To her mind America is a land of the gods, and its discoverer, Christopher Columbus, was an inspired man. He felt in his soul that great things were destined to emanate from the new world, and it was the divine inspiration which enabled him to overcome the obstacles in his way. Madame Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge also were inspired. They overcame insurmountable obstacles in the same indomitable manner that Columbus did.

"Let us cast aside creeds and dogmas," said the speaker, "and unite as brothers, each to improve the condition of the other, and all working for the common good of humanity. The great trouble with the human race is that its members do not value the imagination with which they are blessed. It is imagination reduced to fact that produces the germs of poetry and art which we so admire, and it is the mind properly utilized which will elevate us all to one plane of excellency."

Mrs. Tingley was preceded by H. T. Patterson, who presided at the meeting. He briefly outlined the principles of Theosophy. Iverson L. Harris followed her in the answering of questions submitted by members of the assemblage. The speeches were interspersed with Wagner selections on the piano and organ by Mrs. Alice Leighton Cleather and Basil Crump, of London. Appropriate stereopticon views were thrown upon a screen during the rendition of these musical numbers.

The party arrived over the Rio Grande yesterday morning and put up at the Brown Palace. During the day Mrs. Tingley was engaged constantly in answering correspondence, and refused to see visitors. Her capacity for work, Mr. Hanson said, was phenomenal. She outdid all the men in the party.

Among the visitors is a Cuban girl, about 22 years old, whom Mrs. Tingley brought with her from Santiago, Cuba, with the idea of teaching her the American spirit, giving her a chance to learn the language and training her for work in Cuba. This young woman is Miss Antonia Fabre, whose father starved to death during the war with Spain.—*The Daily News*, Denver, Colo., June 2.

OTHER LODGES TO BE VISITED.

After Denver, the Lodges of Universal Brotherhood in Colorado Springs, Colo.; Kansas City, Mo.; Omaha, Nebr.; Sioux City, Iowa, were visited and several other stops will be made on the way home to New York. I do not think we yet fully realize the possibilities of work that have resulted from the Congress. But one thing we all know, that is, that there is work for every one, and that it is the privilege of every man, woman and child to help. Our Leader has hewn out the Path, and has given us the example of boundless compassion, tireless energy and indomitable perseverance—it is our privilege and opportunity to follow her example and her guidance.

OBSERVER.

LETTERS FROM THE I. B. L. COLONY.

POINT LOMA, June 7, 1899.

I do not know that I have many new colony notes, but the work goes bravely on. Rome was not built in a day, and a colony like this, the first to be established on the true lines of Universal Brotherhood, the one that is to be the pattern for the world to model from, must necessarily be slowly and carefully formed. Something new appears every day. Where brambles grew there will some day be blossoms, and where stubble covered the field to the west of our house the place has been cleared and already vegetables are appearing as if by magic. Some put their heads above the soil forty-eight hours after the seed was sown, others took a little longer, but all are responding to the loving care of Brother Pettigrew. Brothers Stowe and Scott are still working on the new colony building, finishing it carefully and beautifully. We have held most interesting meetings there at 3:30 p. m. the last two Sundays—and while we have as yet only the wooden benches used at our outdoor dining tables, still each time we had not only some of the U. B. members from the hotel, but some strangers also. We had not intended to have any but members until we were in better shape, but there is a charm about the place that attracts, and how could it be otherwise?

Our lotus is growing finely in the fountain tank, and all the little polliwogs have outgrown their tails *a la Darwin*, and are now the most musical of frogs—singing the livelong night. I suppose it is to try and cheer us for the loss of the bird notes, for the day is full of music from the varied songsters who fill our hedges, bathe in our fountain and fly or hop fearlessly almost at our feet. They know that nothing will hurt them here. I wish I could make you comprehend the perfect peace that rests here, or picture to you the exquisite coloring of sky and sea, shore and bay. Seated on the veranda today there was a stillness all about as if a new-born world, a peace like the peace of the

time when the gods walked with men. I never knew nor felt anything like these wonderful hours here. Were I to attempt to paint the coloring with material pigments, the crude efforts would be mocked and scoffed at as impossible. As we look out we see on the opposite shore the town of San Diego, bathed in golden light. The long strip of land stretching out into a sand spit and leaving only an opening for the channel to the Pacific, is Coronado, and within this almost circular harbor the waters are deeply purple, shading off into pale green or gray tints. Beyond lies the ocean, bluer than the fairest sky you ever saw. The long and varied chain of mountains that seems almost to touch the ocean save for a strip of golden sand, is also purple, shading into lilac. On the waters of the bay hover many tiny white-sailed boats of the Portuguese fishing fleet, looking like spotless butterflies poised on this wonderful flower-like water, and over all a stillness and a peace that makes spoken words seem almost crimes against nature's sweet serenity.

It was an hour that brought our Leader home to the heart, and we felt that indeed this was a fitting place for the work of the Helpers of Humanity, and that their benediction was upon it.

ONE OF THE COMRADES.

A LETTER TO THE COMRADES FROM ONE OF THE CRUSADERS.

The Congress is seemingly over when a midnight council is held; a morning follows with much rushing, and tallyhos are in waiting before the door. The crowd appears, file up, and are off. Whither? We do not know, nor do we care that glorious day as we ride through the fragrant woods across the meadows, losing only for a moment here and there the glory of the Pacific or the gleam of the blue bay.

However, the ride has a purpose higher than our pleasure. It means business, but all the delight and the refreshment of the life-giving draughts of ozone are ours. At "Old Town" we stop for lunch, and roam about. It is the scene of Helen Hunt's story of "Ramona." We visit the "Old Mission" olive oil producer, and see the process and the olive orchards; very beautiful are the gray-blue trees and the walls of scarlet geraniums; lovely the roses climbing over the porches, the roofs and hedgerows; sweet the air rich with their perfume and the scent of the orange groves in bloom and fruitage—a scene of enchantment bewildering and inspiring to the senses.

Home again, through the gray twilight veiling the scene in its folds, ever deepening and darkening to the mystery of night. Home again to prepare to move off to the colony to-morrow, for the International Brotherhood League has purchased a fine tract and homestead within a mile of the S. R. L. M. A. A building is to be erected, and offers are made of service. One good member from Tacoma, builder and contractor, takes the lead; great service is done by members from Macon, Ga., and many others, designing and constructing. Forty or fifty people crowd into the cottage; we are inspired and energized by our Leader, until we find our power to adjust ourselves to the new demands and conditions. We soon accustom ourselves to four or five in a room, and when water gives out for a time—quite contentedly dust off our persons as if we were rare pieces of china. Some of us take care of the stoves and cook, others have the care of the tables, the service and dishes. Brooming and bedrooms have their votaries—all are busy and happy. Men at work on the building which grows so fast, others hoeing and raking—one becomes an undertaker, not for the dead, but for the debris. Oh! sweet it was when at the close of the day the rubicund cook and the daring undertaker gossiped and smiled at the kitchen door! But when the sounds of the saw and hammer were hushed, and put aside were the shovel and the hoe, when the moon shed her glamor over sea and shore, we gathered around the central fire; and as the flames mounted higher and higher, the wine that nature ever offers from her brimming cup was given to each, and all partook. Oh! then we sent circling vibrations of joy and

love and all felt the real touch of Brotherhood. We dedicated the new house, and had much frolic and fun—as well as spiritual uplifting beneath the new roof—for the hope of the children who will fill it soon.

One evening as we gathered in silence and sat together in mystic circle around the central fire, from the harmony and peace of it our uplifted thought caught the possibility of the glory of the first form body for a future hierarchy, and we realized in little its powers through unity and devotion.

When, suddenly, sounds as discordant as those of the Furies in the "Eumenides" jarred on the blessed peace. They seemed the cries of lost souls, the tones rasped as if envy, malice, revenge and desire were howling their vice and woe; nearer and nearer came the cries, while with unmoved harmony of peace attained, with concentrated will to bless "the people of the earth and all creatures," the silence was eloquent and palpitating with this heart message, and slowly these awful hell sounds died upon the ear. The cries were from the coyotes—drawn by the firelight. Some of us believe they expressed the intensity of the selfishness of the baffled dark forces.

Wonderful it is to see what can be done by man when realizing that he is a soul—he quickens his spiritual will. This service of love and compassion has planted at the colony a center of divine forces. There stands the home raised in one short week whose walls will shelter, protect, comfort and educate the desolate and forsaken children of men. Surely such a house shall stand, whose foundations are not only upon the level and the square, but joist and timber, each nail and lath, bears testimony to the great Heart-Doctrine brought once more to the children of earth by the ever-watchful, ever-compassionate sons of man, who know that through such darkness of desire, crime and indifference, they, too, were tenderly awakened by brothers who had passed before. "All are needed by each one! nothing is fair and good alone." From the knoll, the site of the new colony, stretches a glorious tract, softly rounded undulating low hills melting into each other, some cultivated with orange, lemon or olive trees, flanking their sides, drawing and transmitting this flood of sunshine into their growth and golden glory; others a playground for sunlight and shadows, alluring by their beauty and bounty; while the trampling surf sounds its *reveille* to man to return once more to nature, to leave behind his follies and his vices, his arrogance, his presumption, and find once more, the primal mind; to learn that "God hid the whole world in each heart." Blue as the sapphire, sweeps the bay; San Diego rises powerfully from the opposite shore, while sea-craft and white-winged boats, fishermen and boys lend their life and picturesqueness to the scene. It is strange and yet not strange to find this beautiful strip of land unoccupied. Surely some spell must have preserved it from the spell of its own enchantment. Well, whenever and however, there it lies, its bosom sacred to its forgotten past, its present the site of that temple of truth whose cornerstone was laid with sacred ceremonies on the return of the Crusaders from their pilgrimage around the world. Here will be revived those mysteries, the glory of the ancients, whose loss has either plunged humanity headlong into the dark sea of ignorance, or left it drifting like a boat unmoored, at the mercy of wind, wave or sunken rock.

We are again preparing to move. A grand meeting was held at the theatre in San Diego, and a most enthusiastic audience greeted the coming of the Leader and her party. The press reports of this meeting have already been sent forward and published in *The New Century*. The party of thirteen arrive in San Francisco and are met by the members of the Universal Brotherhood with great enthusiasm and all paid tribute with roses, so that the Leader was almost entirely covered with flowers, only her face could be seen peering out from the midst radiant with the joy of the promise in this loving expression to her, which holding up her hands, is preparing the way for the reception of her message to Humanity of "Truth, Light and Liberation." H. K. R. G.

**LETTER OF GREETINGS FROM THE MAORIS TO THE LEADER AND THE
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS AT POINT LOMA.**

AOTEAROA NIUTIRINI PEPUERE 18, 1899.

Hemiki Aroha

Kia Kataraina A. Tingarei, Letino.

Kaiwha kahaere mete Upoko Tuturu ote Huihuinga mote Whakakotahitanga orya Iwe ote Ao Katoa eki iaai hetuakana heteiva ryaiwiote to Katoa nate matura Kotahi tena Koe e Kui henui atu te Whakamoe miti omatou Kia Koe mete aroha Kia Koe Kiomatou Tu akana meomatou Teina ote Ao Kotoa ehui huiana ate 13 orya Ra o Aperira Kei Paina Rooma Keite Kuranni ote Whakaturanga hoon tanga ote mohio-tanga orya Pu. Tohunga Tino mohio omna tena Koutou Katoa Amaton Tuakana meoma ton Teina Kahui huinei ki Paina Rooma Amerika Kite Whakariterite its Aranga morya iwi mate ote Katoa henui te arohaatu omatou Kia Goutou meeomaton Whakamoe mitiatu Kiteronga Pai Kite Rongo nui otakoutu mahi nui mahi Kaha, mahi U au a. Kia whina ingaini ote Ao Katoa Kiariro i aratou te kepu nui ara te maramatanga nui mete marawatanga Pono mete Li Kanga mete Rangi marictanga A Ka Whakapuina uga Hihi Kinganoi etu ohu nei etu ohu nei.

Kote Tino Kupu tenei onga morehu Tangata oteiwi Maori. Teiwi Tutuoru o Aotearoa mete waiponnamu Kia Kaha tatou Katoa hei Roopu Kotahi.

Kia Whakaoro ingaiwi e nohoana iroto ite Pouritanga.

Kia whakakota hihia Ratou iraro ite Tikanga Kotahi.

Hei Tuakana heiteina Tatou Kia Kahara Tatou Kia Kaha tatou its Kahamau Roa Ake Ake Aketounatu Kia whai Honore totatou Kaha Ake Akenoa na T. P.

o Miranda Hauraki Akarna Niutirini.

(Translation.)

AOTEAROA, NEW ZEALAND, Feb. 18, 1899.

An Affectionate Greeting [literally, Sigh] to Katherine A. Tingley, the Real Leader and Permanent Head of the Gathering together for the Universal Brotherhood [literally, the causing to become one] of the whole of the Races of the World, also called the Elder Brotherhood and the Younger Brotherhood of the Races of the World, under one Parent.

Salutations to you, Dear Old Lady [Ekué is a term of Veneration and Love used only with elderly women of rank]:

Great, indeed, are the congratulations which proceed from us to you and our love to you and to our Elder and Younger Brothers of the whole World, assembled on the 13th day of April at Point Loma [Looma] at the Great School for the Revival of the Ancient Mysteries of the Priest Adepts who really Knew in former times. Salutations to you all. To you, our Elder Brothers and our Younger Brothers assembled there at Point Loma, America, to arrange for the Salvation of downcast Races of the whole Earth. Very great indeed is the love that proceeds forth from us to you, and very great is our rejoicing and congratulations at the good news, at the Great news of your great work, of your Strong work, of your Strenuous work to assist the Races of the whole Earth, that they may receive the word (or message) of the Great enlightenment, and the enlightenment of truth and justice and of liberation and of Solidarity of discouraged humanity. [Note it is difficult in English to convey the meaning in the intense force of the Maori words: *a ka whakapuina uga hihi* means that every race shall come together and cast all their burdens down in one heap to be shared or borne alike by all.] This is the Heartfelt Word (or message) of the remnant of the Maori Race. The Aboriginal Race of the North Island [mystically *Aoteroa* is the New Island or dawn of the New Day; Waipoumu, the water of the greenstone, is the South Island, type of the everlasting Past]. Let us all be Very Strong, one united body, to save all races sitting in Darkness:

to consolidate or unite them under the Bond of Justice, that we may act to each other all as Elder and Younger Brothers. Let us be exceedingly Strong. Let us be exceedingly Strong in everlasting Power for ever, and for ever more, that our efforts may become renowned for ever and for ever more.

From T—— P——, New Zealand, on behalf of Ngatipaoa tribe.

GREETING FROM THE LODGE AT AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, Feb. 18, 1899.

To Katherine A. Tingley, Leader of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, and all Comrades assembled at Point Loma, on April 13. A. F. U. 2:

Tena-Koe (Salutation to you)! *Tena Koutou Katao* (Salutation to you all)!

We your comrades in arms in New Zealand, desire to greet our trusted Leader and all Brothers assembled at the site of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity at Point Loma, and to remind you that, though we are absent in the flesh, yet we are present with you in spirit; and, although the great ocean separates us physically, yet our souls mingle with yours in rejoicing that you are assembled at such a sacred spot for so grand an object.

We desire to rejoice with you all at the wondrous progress that Cause of Brotherhood has made throughout the world under the able guidance of our devoted and trusted Leader, Katherine A. Tingley.

Almost every nation, kindred and tongue has heard the glad message of "Truth, Light and Liberation for discouraged Humanity," and the work of the last year has shown that by deeds and not by idle talk, the idea of Brotherhood has been impressed upon the nations of the earth; and the solidarity of the human race under the banner of Brotherhood is no idle dream of the future, but promises ere long to be the Hope and the Goal of mankind.

Solidarity, Comrades, must be our watchword! United as a solid cube, loyal to one Leader, we cannot fail, but can repel every attack and emerge unscathed after the contest to the shout of VICTORY. Yes, Victory, Comrades! to which our Leader is ever directing us. Victory is already ours if we stand firm—if, sinking all sense of self, we fearlessly defend the Cause of Brotherhood at all cost and preserve a reverent, loyal and diligent attitude to the commands of our Leader, Guide and Director of this greatest of movements.

That Victory means that the great orphan, Humanity, will be saved, and that the radiance of Brotherly Love shall touch every heart—illumine every home—and shed its light upon all discouraged children of the earth. In this, our hope and wish, we are all UNITED to become powerful for good.

(Signed)

FANNIE ST. CLAIR,
LOUISA PIPER,
SUSANNA EVITT,

JOHN ST. CLAIR,
ELIZABETH BEARD,
JOHN MORRISON,
JEANIE L. PARKINSON.

W. F. JUDSON,
JESSIE AMELIA MACNAUGHTON
P. M. DEWAR,

GREETINGS! GREETINGS TO YOU ALL!

To Officers and Members of the Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World:

COMRADES AND BROTHERS: The Pacific Coast Committee for Universal Brotherhood, representing the Organization upon the Western shores of the American Continent, send loving greetings to our Comrades of every Race. Here are gathered Delegates from many countries to the first Brotherhood Congress upon this sacred spot, under the guidance of our beloved Leader, Katherine A. Tingley.

The loyalty and devotion of fellow workers to our Elder Brothers and to Their teachings; the unswerving love and support given to Their Messengers in the past and

in the present have made possible this great event, and we join hearts with our Comrades everywhere in reaffirming our pledges to both work and Leader in the glorious cause of bringing Truth, Light and Liberation to discouraged Humanity.

Greetings! Greetings to you all!

FRANK I. BLODGETT.

H. A. GIBSON,

FRED G. PLUMMER.

MERCIE M. THIRDS,

AMOS J. JOHNSON,

ALLEN GRIFFITHS,

JEROME A. ANDERSON,

REPORT OF LOTUS HOME OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE (UNSECTARIAN). TO APRIL 1, 1899.

To tell what lies nearest and dearest to one's heart, by way of a report, is not easy nor simple; and to go into details of the work at Lotus Home, which seems to have become a part of my very being, will be a pleasure, though a mixed one, for the reason stated.

The Home was organized by our Leader, under the International Brotherhood League. Officers and Counsellors were elected on the 13th of August, 1898, and the following day it was dedicated to the work amongst homeless and destitute children.

The work is the outgrowth of the Wayfare (report of which has been given). The Managers of that Home had, for some time, felt that something should be done which would go to the root of things more than was possible at the Wayfare, which was only alleviation in most cases, for the incompetent were incompetent still, the shiftless were shiftless still, the heedless and improvident would be so still, after a longer or shorter stay there.

We found that the reason that so many women (often these were young and attractive) were continually out of employment and, as a natural consequence, out of money, and therefore obliged to avail themselves of the shelter at the Wayfare, was because they had never been trained to do any useful work, or to think of others and of themselves as a part of the great mass of Human beings indissolubly bound together in the one Great Life, and mutually dependent one upon the other.

At this time Mrs. R. V. Pierce, who has been president of the Board of Managers of the Wayfare since its inception, and the writer of this report, began writing to our Leader and asking her what she would suggest to have us do to make our work more helpful to suffering Humanity and of more permanent usefulness. We felt incompetent to cope with this great question, and having absolute faith and trust in our Leader, we were ready and willing to follow where she would lead in the larger field of opportunity.

It was owing to her wisdom and foresight that the plan of carrying out the second object of the International Brotherhood League was laid before the persons interested in the work in Buffalo.

In the meantime we began to look up a suitable house for the purposes of the larger work, visited many real estate offices, and scoured the surrounding country far and near for a shady and homelike place. For it was midsummer and very hot, the first thought was that it must be a well-shaded house. At last the house we now occupy was secured—not because of its shade trees, but because it is a handsome and roomy new house, and the rent far less than we anticipated it would be.

Lotus Home is situated in a very choice locality, and one well adapted to the work, being a quiet spot, surrounded by wide fields and farm lands, yet with two trolley lines of street cars going by the doors. It is on Delaware Avenue, one of the finest and best known avenues in the city of Buffalo, and on the direct road to Niagara Falls, numerous wheelmen pass in a constant stream daily, particularly Sundays and in the afternoons and evenings of week days.

The house is a three-storied brownstone mansion, with drawing and reception

rooms, wide reception hall, cozy office, large dining room with conservatory, kitchen and pantries on the first floor.

On the second floor are six fine, large chambers and bathroom. These are the K. A. T. Room, the House Mother's or Superintendent's Room, the W. Q. J. Nursery, the Blue Day Nursery, Rest Room and the Nurses' Room—all opening into a wide, light hall.

On the third floor are four more beautiful and airy chambers and a large attic. The cellar must not be omitted, for it is a very important part of the house, extending under the whole structure, and is as light and bright as the rest of the house, and large enough for laundry, fruit room, and more than room enough to contain the winter's coal, as well as giving plenty of room for all kinds of useful work needed to be done in and for the Home.

We think ourselves very fortunate in having a house that combines in itself all the sanitary, artistic and commodious arrangements in the interior, as well as being beautiful and giving an impression of strength and durability exteriorly.

The grounds, as yet, are innocent of all attempts at ornamentation, and only a fine lawn and young shade trees surround the house. Immediately next to it is another house, the exact counterpart of Lotus Home; the houses having been built by two brothers. These, with the stable in the rear for the use of both houses, occupy an entire square.

The house is not completely furnished as yet, but, in the short time we have been in possession of it, has acquired quite a homelike air, and enough furniture to relieve it from bareness.

In the Nurseries, each child has its own crib—a white iron one, with hair mattress; five of these have been donated by members of the Universal Brotherhood.

On the 12th of August, 1898, our beloved Leader, with Mrs. Mayer, Bros. Pierce, Patterson and Coryn, came to Buffalo and the Leader laid the plans of the work before the local workers and those interested in it. It was under the Leader's direction that it was organized, and the first permanent Home which she named "The Mother House," for carrying out the second object of the I. B. L., was made possible. The wisdom of that plan is rapidly becoming evident to all who observe the progress of the work. Already the eye of the Buffalo public is being directed towards it, and the Secretary was requested a short time ago, by the Conference of Charities of Buffalo, to "give a report of the very interesting work you are doing at Lotus Home" at the next meeting, which was in March.

This Conference of Charities is composed of Delegates from various charities of all denominations, and the most prominent philanthropists of the city gather at the meetings which are held quarterly, to bring before the members the different phases of the work they are engaged in. The report of Lotus Home received marked attention and was heartily applauded, and many questions as to the work were asked and answered at that meeting, one of the officers being asked if the Lotus Home would not extend an invitation to the Conference to hold its September meeting there.

Our faithful and trusted Comrade, Miss Elizabeth Whitney, who was in Buffalo while all the preliminary work was being done last summer and who aided in every possible way to forward the work, was at Lotus Home for the opening and remained there, helping ably in its organization for about six weeks; as is usual in any new undertaking, the first months are the most difficult ones, but Miss Whitney proved that she was equal to the task.

In October, Miss Morris (now our returned Crusader) came to assist in the work, and soon became a great help in the care of the rapidly increasing little flock.

In November, our dear Dr. Kean came from Hartford to take charge of the Home as its Superintendent and Matron, and she proved herself to be a friend indeed to the future workers for Humanity, and a more excellent helper cannot be found. Her promptness in rising to the occasion and successfully grappling with the situation in

times of difficulty and of meeting all emergencies, have tended to make the work very much easier for the Directors, than one would imagine it could be.

In February, Miss Ljung came from Boston to help in the work for about five weeks, during Miss Morris' absence in Cuba.

The first Baby made its appearance at Lotus Home in September—a plump, good-natured little Girl, whose good fortune it was to be born on the 13th day of July, and also to be the first Lotus Bud at the Home; perhaps that is why she has always been so sunny, for a happier and sunnier baby never lived, than our Grace.

Next came little Paul, frail and delicate, but determined to live, as though he feared that if he lost this body, he might not get back to Lotus Home next time; now he is sturdy and strong and seems to appreciate the loving care and patience which kept him in his little body, for he laughs and crows at the slightest provocation.

Wee, wee Edith came next, and to see her is to love her, for her eyes fairly beam with good will and happiness at the mere thought that she is at home THIS TIME.

Then came our Katherine, dignified and stately for so tiny a blossom, and all said, "that must be Katherine, see how she holds her head, just like some one else we know," and so Katherine she is. With calm and stately eye she measures every one she sees, and only smiles very sedately, when her dignity permits, or when she is not too closely watched.

Then came little Merry Christmas, Frances, and three-year-old Elizabeth, who is a real little helper, for one has only to say "Will you?" and she starts to go and do it.

Last, but not least, came our George, and many a fancy has been woven as to what he will be, for he looks like a soldier, and will strike for Brotherhood, there can be no doubt.

Many more could have been ours, had our means permitted of it, but our funds have rather limited us in carrying out what we might have done with more money at our disposal.

The possibilities of the work are so great and far-reaching that every effort is being made to build the foundations strong and true, and as far as possible to work along the lines laid down by our Leader.

There is an indescribable joy in working at Lotus Home—it seems to be a place set apart and in a world of its own, and there is a something in the atmosphere that says that "this is a real work," and all the cares and anxiety sink into insignificance at the thought of the privilege of helping in the great plan.

* * *

The men and women, whose training was begun in Lotus Home, will go out into the world a power for good, and in ages to come the world will call Her blessed, whose wisdom made this work possible and who guided and watched over the loyal and devoted efforts of the pioneer worker at LOTUS HOME.

THERESA YOUNGE STEVENS, Sec'y.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

S. R. L. M. A.

Members of the Universal Brotherhood who desire to gain further information in reference to *immediate* plans of the S. R. L. M. A., can, during the absence of Mr. F. M. Pierce (Special Representative of the S. R. L. M. A.), communicate with Mr. E. A. Neresheimer (Treasurer). Those who have subscribed at the Congress to the new plan, or intend to do so, should communicate with Mr. Neresheimer.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY, President.