

"A birthplace in the United States does not make a man a true American; but he is the genuine American who, wherever born, is loyal to American institutions."

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EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

V.—Kings After Kheops—End of the "Old Empire"—The Queen Nêitokris.

The history of the Fifth Dynasty is involved in much confusion. The kings are described by Manethô, as belonging to Elephantina at the farther extremity of Upper Egypt. Reginald Poole, however, positively asserts that they reigned at Memphis, and Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson conjectures from the fact that they are enumerated as Memphite kings, that the name of the Island had been erroneously substituted for that of some place in the Northern country. What evidence is now at hand tends to corroborate the judgment that the dynasty was Memphitic. We are indebted to the labors of Count de Rougé for much that is known.

The first king in the new line adopted the designation Osir-kaf or Oserkheris. He reigned twenty-eight years, but left little record. His pyramid bore the title of Ab-setu, the place of purity, and Num-hetep, the priest of the goddess Hathor held also the same office there; but which of the seventy pyramids was the monument of this king is unknown. It is truly a "desolate place."

Sahu-Râ or Sepheres succeeded. The peninsula of Sinai had fallen into the possession of the Arabian tribes, but he recovered it from them. The achievement was duly sculptured on the rock and an inscription designates him as "God who strikes all peoples and smites all countries with his arm." Records have been found in the tombs of Sakkara of persons who lived in his reign; and a block in the pyramid at Abusir bears his name traced in red. He was a builder of cities, and the "house of Sahu-Râ" is mentioned in an inscription on the wall of the temple at Esne. There was also a sanctuary dedicated to him at Memphis, still standing, while the Ptolemies ruled in Egypt, and its priests continued to perform their sacred offices. His pyramid has been found near Abusir on the margin of the Libyan desert and bears the title of "Kha-Bâ," or Sha-Bâ, "the risen soul."

The third king took the name of Nefer-ar-ka-râ or Nepherkheres. We have little account of his achievements, but the names of several of his officers are found in tombs

at Gizeh. One of them was that of his grandson Ur-khuru. Count de Rougé translated the inscriptions disclosing to us his importance. He was described by them as "the royal scribe of the palace, the learned man, the master of writing, who serves as a light to all the writing in the house as Pharaoh." In addition he was "master of writing for the petitions of the people, the one who serves as a light to all the writing which relates to the administration, chief of the provision-chamber and general of the forces composed of all the young men."

Another official of this reign was Pehenuka, who would now be regarded as a Secretary of State. He is styled in the inscriptions, "overseer of the treasure-houses, offerings and provision-chambers, chief of the works of Pharaoh, chief in the writings of his king, and councillor for every speech which the king utters."

Neferarkarâ reigned twenty years. His pyramid bore the significant designation of "Ba," the soul.

His successor, Râ-en-user or Rathours, adopted the practice of adding his personal name, "An," to the throne-name or official title on the royal shield. He was also obliged to dislodge the native inhabitants of the peninsula of Sinai. They had compelled his predecessors to suspend their mining operations, but he was resolute in his purpose to resume this work. His pyramid was styled "Mensetu," the permanent monument. His reign of forty-four years was a period of great prosperity to Egypt.

De Rougé has disclosed to us the memorials of the man of this reign who, like Sully, Cecil, Kaunitz and Bismarck made his royal master distinguished. The minister Ti was "without a pedigree," the son of the common people, but he made himself noble by his ability and loyal service. He was permitted to erect his tomb in the Necropolis at Memphis. It was vast in dimensions, richly ornamented by paintings, and inscribed with glowing accounts of his

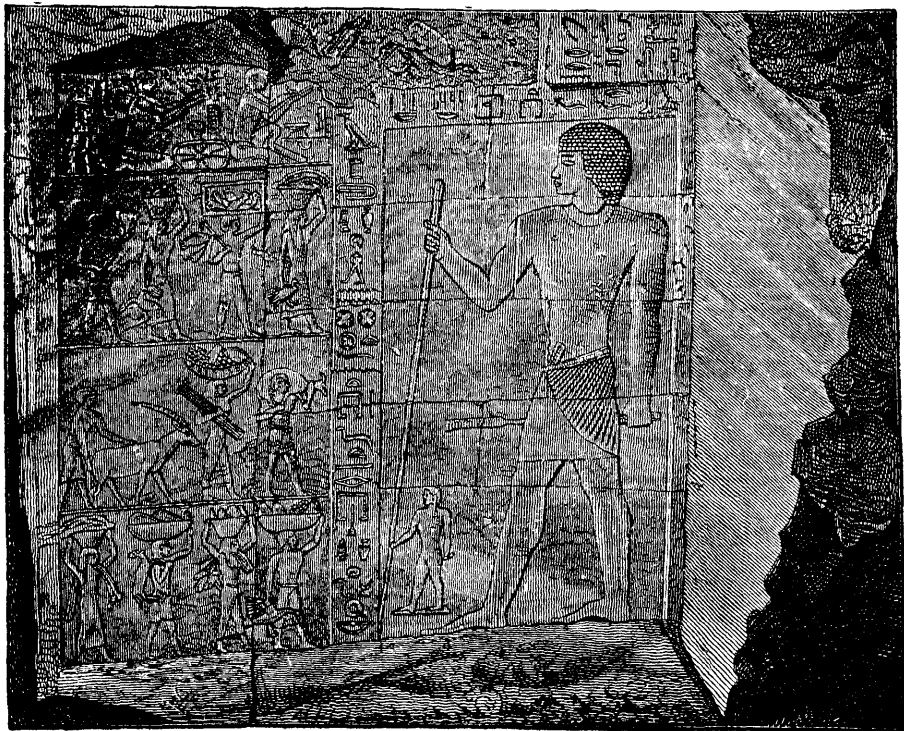
industry, fidelity and honors. The very chamber of death was made alive with his praises. Ti had served as scribe at all the royal abodes, prepared all the decrees of the king, superintended his writings and conducted the works for which the reign was distinguished. He was a priest at the principal temples and renowned for his piety. His wife, Nefer-hetep, the daughter of the king, was also honored and esteemed for her conjugal devotion and personal merits.

Men-kau-Hor or Menkherès, is named as the successor to King Râenuser. A slab unearthed at Memphis containing his portrait shows him to have been young, and to have had the characteristic full Egyptian features. He in his turn made war with the native tribes and continued the explorations of the Sinaitic Peninsula. His reign extended only eight years, and although he likewise built a pyramid its site is not known.

Tat-ka-Râ or Tarkherès, the next king, also surnamed Assa, was the most famous of all in the Fifth Dynasty. His long reign of forty-four years enabled him to carry out the projects of his predecessors and to excel them by his own achievements. His pyramid, bearing the designation of "Nefer," good or beautiful, would rightly describe his administration. Among the priests of this shrine we have the names of "holy men," like Seneferu-nefer, Râ-ka-pu and Kha-hetep; and the graves at Sakkara as well as Gizeh bore the names of other nobles who lived at the royal court and held offices of honor.

King Assa prosecuted the mining operations at Mt. Sinai with increased energy. He sent commissions thither in the fourth year of his reign to investigate the condition of the mines and to open new veins. It is recorded that the precious mafka was found imbedded in serpentine rock through directions upon a tablet of stone which the god Thôth himself had written.

But to our later times the most admirable memorial of his reign is the roll of manu-



ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF TI, WITH HIEROGLYPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF HIS LIFE AND HONORS.

script the "Oldest Scripture," which follows the erased writing in the *Priss Papyrus*. The writer was Ptah-hetep, the son of a former king. He styles himself, "Meri-neter," lover of the one God, a silent testimony that the Egyptian priests and learned men of that time recognized only one Supreme Divinity.

The following extracts have been translated:

TITLE.

This is the wisdom of Ptah-hetep the governor, in the time of King Assa: Long may he live!

THE FIRST APPEAL.

Be not ungrateful to thy Creator, for he has given thee life.

THE AUTHOR WAS OLD.

The two eyes are drawn small, the ears are stopped up, and what was strong is continually becoming weak. The mouth becomes silent, it speaks no clear word:

the memory is dulled, it cannot recall days of the past; the bones refuse their service. The good has changed to bad. Even the taste has long since gone.*

The nose is stopped without air.

In every way old age makes a man miserable.

PURPOSE OF THE WRITING.

This is written to teach the ignorant the principles of good words, for the good of those who listen, to shake the confidence of those who wish to infringe.

WISE PRECEPTS.

With the courage that knowledge gives, discourse with the ignorant as with the learned; if the barriers of art are not car-

*Samuel II., xix, 34, 35. "And Bar-zilgai said unto the king: 'I am this day fourscore years old; can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?'"

ried, no artist is yet endowed of all his perfections.

But words shine more than the emerald which the hand of the slave finds on the pebbles.

FILIAL OBEDIENCE INCULCATED.

The obedience of the docile son is a blessing; the obedient walks in his obedience.

He is ready to listen to all that can produce affection; it is the greatest of benefits.

The one who accepts the words of his father will grow old on account of it.

So obedience is of God; disobedience is hateful to God.

The heart is the master of man in obedience and disobedience, but man by obedience gives life to his heart.

EVILS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

The rebellious one who is not obedient will succeed in nothing; he conceives of ignorance as knowledge and of vices as virtue; he commits daily all sorts of crime, and lives as though he were dead.

What the wise know to be death is his daily life; he goes his own way laden with a heap of curses.

EXHORTATION TO FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

Let thy heart wash away the impurity of thy mouth.

Fulfil the word of thy master; good for a man is the discipline of his father, of him from whom he has sprung.

It is a great satisfaction to conform to his words, for a good son is the gift of God.

ADVICE TO A CHEERFUL Demeanor.

Let thy countenance shine joyfully as long as thou livest; did a man ever leave the coffin after having once entered it?

CAUTION AGAINST UPSTART ARROGANCE.

And if thou hast become great after thou hast been lowly, and if thou hast amassed riches after thou wast poor, so that thou hast become because of this the first in the community; and if the people take cognizance of thee on account of thy wealth and thou hast become a mighty lord; then

let not thy heart be lifted up because of thy riches, for the author of them is God.

Despise not thy neighbor who is as thou wast; but treat him as thy equal.

FINAL WORDS.

It is thus that I hold out for thee health of body and the favor of the king, and that you will pass through your years of life without falsehood.

I am become one of the aged men of the earth.

I have passed one hundred and ten years of life* by the gift of the king and the approbation of my superiors, fulfilling my duty to the king in the place of his favor.

After King Assa, the Royal Turin Papyrus enumerates three more monarchs in this dynasty. There is some discrepancy in regard to them, but we may very safely understand them to be Mer-en-Hor or Merkheres, Teta, Tet-karra or Tetkheres and Unas or Onnus. From the last of these, Egyptians were accustomed to take their point of departure.

The reign of Unas is computed at thirty-three years. Little is known of the events of that period. His tomb at Sak-kara is described as a gigantic structure in the form of a truncated pyramid. It was built of limestone and inlaid with hard stones, and was styled "Nefer-seter," the beautiful place. The Arabs of this region now call it, "Mastabat el Pharoun," the Masba of Pharaoh. Mariette-Bey opened it, and found on a stone near the entrance the single name, "Unas." There was a city in Middle Egypt with the same name, which may have been given it from him. His son-in-law Snath-en-hat, also had a magnificent tomb at Gizeh.

Thus much is historic; that the first series of kings in the "Old Empire" began with

*One hundred and ten years seem to have been esteemed by the Egyptians as the extreme limit of human life, and as an especial blessing of obedience. The story of Joseph in the Book of *Genesis* is in remarkable analogy to ancient Egyptian usages, as the last verse shows: "And Joseph died, being a hundred and ten years old; and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt."

Mena and ended with Unas. The Turin Roll shows us so much; "for it proves," says Brugsch-Bey, "that the house of Mena extended in the long line of kings of Memphis down to Unas, and that after him there arose a new race, a second line of Pharaohs."

Henceforth, we must look southward for monuments of the Empire. It is proper and even necessary to verify their record by the Royal Papyrus at Turin and the Tablet of Abydos.* Memphis was no more the only national metropolis. Middle and Southern Egypt were rising again to their former importance. A second and younger family came now to the throne. It has been classed as Memphitic; but some have conjectured that it came from Elephantina. The influences of the South were extending Northward, and the tutelary gods of Southern Egypt were now becoming better known in the northern provinces. Khufu had already naturalized Nut at Memphis, and now the title of "son of Râ" was permanently adopted.

The beginning of the Sixth Dynasty is a matter not quite free from question. Teta or Othoes is named by Manethô as the first monarch of the new line and to have reigned thirty years, when he was killed by his guards. Bunsen doubts this and considers the record to pertain to Akhthoes, whom Manethô has named as founder of the Ninth Dynasty. He conjectures that this king last named was "a tyrant usurper who, after the Fourth Dynasty, reigned over all Egypt from Herakleopolis contemporaneously with an Elephantinean (Fifth) supremacy in the South. The Chronicle of Manethô describes Akhthoes "as being worse than those who were before him; that he did evil to all in Egypt, was seized with madness and killed by a crocodile."

Tombs of officials at Sakkara preserve records of Teta's supremacy. The sepulcher of Ptah-Shepses contains inscriptions in which the occupant is described as prophet of the pyramids of King Unas and

King Teta. Another record in the tomb of Abeba sets him forth likewise as the friend or companion of King Teta, and enjoying the closest intimacy with that monarch. The pyramid of the king himself bore the title of "Tat-seter," the most stable of places, which seems both like a play upon his name and a challenge to his foes.

To add to the confusion about this matter, there was a King Teta in the Fifth Dynasty, and the Tablet of Abydos* names Us-ka-Râ as his successor. It appears also that a King Ati has been regarded by some writers as the actual founder of the Sixth Dynasty. It may be true that Teta, the usurper, did reign as has been described, and that Ati, who was perhaps the same as Us-ka-Râ, was at the same time king over Middle Egypt. That he did reign is confirmed by the fact that he erected a pyramid which bore the designation of "Bai" or souls. It may be then, that Teta, being regarded as having no lawful title to the throne, was killed as a usurper. "One thing only is certain," says Brugsch-Bey; "that a nobleman named Una passed directly from the service of King Ati to that of his successor, who bore the official name of Meri-Râ (the friend of Râ), and the family name of Pepi.†

It is not certain that the Sixth Dynasty replaced the Fifth in any regular form. There was conflict and evidently two, or

*The Tablet of Abydos was found in the Temple of Osiris by Mr. Bankes in 1818. It is now in the British Museum. It contains a record in hieroglyphics, in which the kings of Egypt are described with their several titles, their throne names and personal descriptions. After Memphis ceased to be the chief metropolis of Egypt, the cities of Thebes and Abydos came into importance, and the records in the temple of Odeiris at the latter city and at Karnak became of greater importance in helping to determine the reign of monarchs and their matters of the history of the archaic period.

†A monument found by Sir J. G. Wilkinson, represents this king with the crown of upper Egypt, as Meri-Râ, and again sitting back to back with that former figure, wearing the crown of Lower Egypt, as Pepi. This shows a distinct custom in the two countries.

perhaps more, kings sometimes reigning simultaneously. The titles and records exhibit so much confusion that investigators have been perplexed in their endeavors to fix correctly the dynasty to which several of the kings actually belonged.

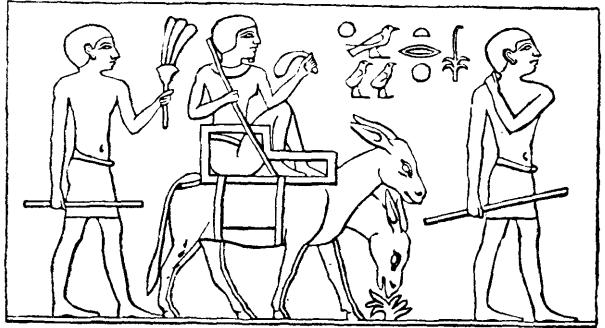
The reign of King Pepi, or Phiops as he is termed by Manethô, is curiously set forth in the Chronicle, first as lasting fifty-three years, and again as beginning in his sixth year and continuing till he had completed one hundred years. This discrepancy is due to the corrupt condition of the manuscript, or perhaps to some twofold method of computing time. It may be also that he came to the two crowns at two distant periods.

The history of the Sixth Dynasty is very largely that of a long career of war and conquest. The monarchs took less interest in the arts of peace. The sculptures were less carefully made, and the tombs exhibit less pains in excavation. There was a zeal for the expanding of dominion over wider territory, and religion became largely subordinate to personal ambition.

The long reign of Pepi afforded opportunity as well as occasion for numerous memorials. The cliffs of the Wadi Magara in the peninsula have preserved his record as of the Pharaohs who ruled before him. A bas-relief carved in the rock informs us that in the eighteenth year of his reign a commissioner named Ab-ton visited the mines to inspect the progress of the work. The king himself is also depicted in the tablet as the conqueror of the tribes that had built their dwelling in this valley of caves.* Another memorial, a

*The name Hor-eb, which was applied to the "Holy Mountain," is formed from Hor, a cave. Elijah, the prophet, is described as lodging in a cave at Horeb "the mount of God."

block of stone, was also found in the ruins of Tanis, or Zoan, in the Delta, which was carved with the names and titles of the King Pepi. This shows that this place was older than has been generally supposed.* Pepi also enlarged the Temple of Hathor at Dendera, which had been founded by Khufu. This is stated in an inscription on the wall of a secret chamber.† The rocks at Syene, the walls of the quar-



AN EGYPTIAN NOBLEMAN INSPECTING HIS FIELDS.

ries, and other places abound with similar records, showing that Pepi was really sovereign over all Egypt, and was diligent in these works executed in the hard stone, which were destined to transmit his memory to later ages.

An important record of the reign of

*Numbers xiii, 23. "Now Hebron was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt." It was probably a city of the Khetans or Hittites, who may have been cognate with the Hyk-sos of Egypt.

†This structure in the "City of Annu" held a very high rank in archaic Egypt, both as a religious and astronomic center. It was considered as the earthly house of Hathor, the Celestial Virgin-Mother of God. The name of the place, Dendera, or Tentyris, is derived accordingly by some Egyptologists from Ta-en-Hathor, "the abode of Hathor," and by others from Ta-em-tar-er, which Brugsch-Bey renders "place of the hippopotamus," and others, "place of the Circle." It was situated two degrees from the tropic of Cancer, where the sun is vertical at the summer solstice. Khufu, the royal builder and astronomer, selected it for a Temple of the Universe, and in the fullness of time his great successor, Pepi, as Seken Ur, or Grand Patriarch, completed his plan by this new structure. It was famous for its Zodiac, or rather planisphere, and was doubtless a place for Initiatory Rites, as it was also famous for pilgrimages.

King Pepi is contained in the Inscription of Una, a priest and officer, which was found at the ruins of San or Tanis by Mariette-Bey. This officer had been crown-bearer, while yet young, to King Teta, and rose to the dignity of superintendent to the Storehouse and Registrar of the Docks. Pepi, after his accession to the throne, advanced him to higher and confidential positions. "The king was pleased with me," the inscription says, "more than with any of his chiefs, of his family, of his servants." He received numerous appointments of the most confidential and responsible character; as "Chief of the Coffer," "Private Secretary," "Priest of the Place of the Royal Pyramid," "Salit or

t-Kar and Tatam." "His Holiness" placed Una in command, and the various Egyptian officials, priests and rulers, drilled them. Una then took the field.

"And the warriors came and destroyed the land of the Herusha:

And returned successfully home.

"And they took possession of the land of the Herusha:

And returned successfully home.

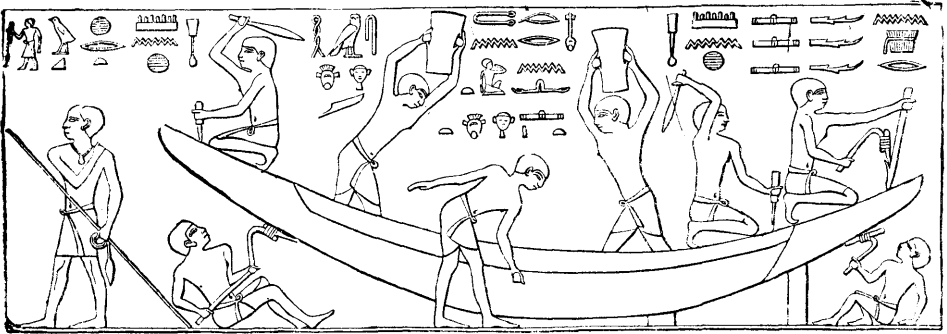
"And they destroyed the fortresses:

And returned successfully home.

"And they cut down the fig-trees and the vines:

And returned successfully home.

"And they set fire to the dwellings of the enemy:



SHIPBUILDING IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

Vizier," and "receiver of things in the royal boat for the great royal wife Aa-meta in private." He was also charged with the commission to quarry a "white stone sarcophagus" out of the limestone near Memphis, and to bring it by boat entire to the royal pyramid.

King Pepi became likewise engaged in war against the Amu and the Herusha, the tribes of Palestine, Eastern Egypt and Arabia. There was no military class and the Egyptian Fellahs were not a warlike race. He determined, therefore, to levy in addition to the native militia, an army of negroes. This is the first mention of the negroes that we have in history. Heretofore they had been apart as beings of another nature. "Numerous ten-thousands were recruited from Zam, Amam, Wawa-

And returned successfully home.

"And they killed their chief men by tens of thousands:

And returned successfully home.

"And the warriors brought back a great number of prisoners alive, and on that account they were praised beyond measure by the king.* And the king sent out Una five times to fight in the land of the Herusha, and to put down the rebellion with his warriors. And he acted so that the king was in every way content."

After this a war broke out at the north of the country of the Herusha, in the "Land of Khetam," and Una was dispatched by water, probably by the Nile and

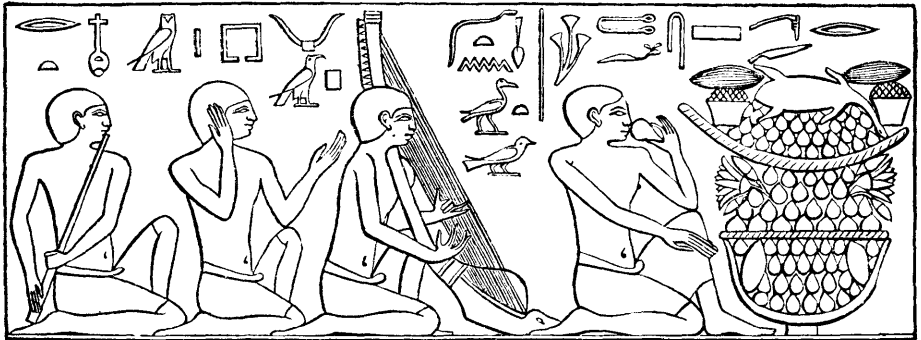
*This makes it evident that the war was largely for the procuring of slaves for the public works.

Mediterranean, or as Brugsch-Bey conjectures, by Lake Menzaleh. On his return in triumph he was exalted to the highest rank, second only to the king, and was also appointed governor of the South.

The eighteenth year of Pepi was also memorable for the occurring of the festival of Hib Set, the end of the old cycle and the beginning of another. This was a stated period of thirty years, which was reckoned according to a fixed rule of numbers so as to regulate the coincident points of the solar and lunar years. This was effected

of service to the one thus honored, and to placate his displeasure. The pyramid of King Pepi had the particular name of Men-nefer, the abode of the Good One, and the office of guardian, prophet and priest was filled by Pepi-na, who after the death of the king was appointed to the like duties at the pyramid of his son and successor.

Pepi had married a wife who was not of royal descent, but after her exaltation to the rank and honors of queen, she was named anew, Mer-Râ-ankh-nes. Her tomb was at Abydos and from its inscriptions



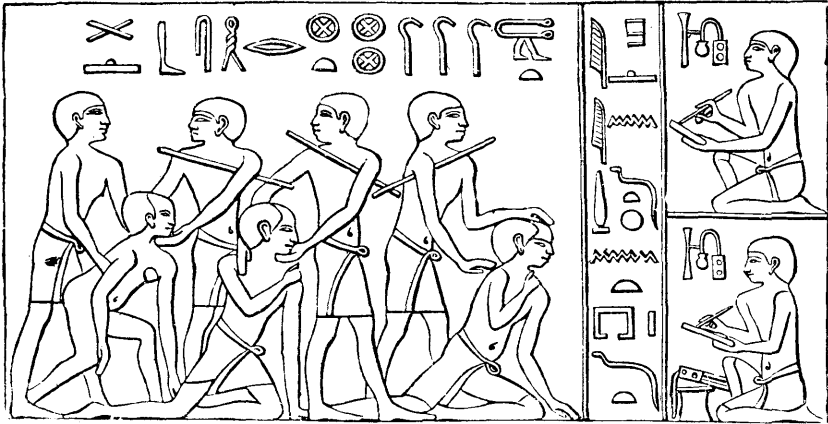
A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT AND FRUIT EATING.

by the intercalating of eleven synodic months in the years of the cycle. Mention of this cycle is found on the monuments.

Pepi was also a founder of cities, and the City of Pepi in Middle Egypt served to preserve his memory. The names of the principal nobles who constituted his court and supported his power, are found on monuments at Sakkara, Bersheh, Abydos, and elsewhere. One of these, Meri-Râ-ankh, is recorded in his tomb as Governor of Taroa, the district of quarries, and Commissioner of Public Works. Another, with similar functions, bore the name of Meri-Râ and Meri-Ptah-ankh, friend of Râ and also of the ever-living Demiurgos. Pepi-nakht was Governor of the City of Pyramids. This was emphatically the "holy place," and here sacrifices were offered to deceased kings, hymns were chanted, incense burned and other ceremonies performed which might be supposed to be

we learn that she was the mother of two sons, the princes Meri-en-Râ and Nefer-ka-Râ.

At the death of Pepi the older son, Meri-en-Râ, succeeded to the throne. He appears to have been a monarch of energy, and he lost no time in investigating the state of affairs. He made a voyage up the Nile to the Cataracts and took decided measures to sustain the royal authority in that region. Una was now promoted by the king to be governor of all the southern country. The inscription is a record of his services. The king began the erection of his pyramid, the "Kha-nefer," or beautiful altar, and Una was charged with the preparing of the necessary material. He took six transports, six other boats and a vessel of war to Abahat to prepare and bring away a sarcophagus and cover, and likewise a small pyramid and statue of the king. "Never had it happened," says the



THE OVERSEER'S RECKONING.

record, "that the inhabitants of Abahat or of Elephantina, had constructed a vessel for warriors in the time of the old kings who reigned before."

Hardly was this commission executed, when Una was hurried to the district in the vicinity in Hat-nub or Siut to bring away a large slab of alabaster. The energetic official procured this from the quarry and made it ready in seventeen days. But it was September, or Epiphi, and the water of the Nile was too low to float his rafts. These had been constructed a hundred feet by fifty in dimension, but they were now unserviceable, by reason of the shallow water. "His Holiness, the Divine Lord, then commanded to make four docks for three boats of burden and four transports in the small basin in Ua-uat." The negro chiefs of the region supplied the necessary timber, and all was ready by the time of the next inundation. Three large vessels and four towing boats had been constructed of acacia wood, and as the waters rose the rafts were loaded with the huge blocks of granite for the royal pyramid.

Chapels were also built at each of the four docks, at which to invoke the protecting spirits of the king. "All these things were done, as His Holiness, the Divine One, commanded," says Una. "I was the beloved of his father, the praised of his

mother, the chief, the delight of his brothers, the hyk or Governor of the South, the truly devoted to Osiris."

Little more has been disclosed in relation to the earlier monarchs of the Sixth Dynasty. Meri-en-Râ was succeeded by his brother, Nefer-ka-Râ. The new king sent a commission of twelve persons with the chancellor Hapi, in the second year of his reign, to examine the condition of the mines at Wadi-Magara. This, also, is recorded in an inscription at one of the caves. The names of several noblemen who held office under him are preserved in tombs in Middle Egypt. One of them was Beba of the City of Pepi. This king also built a pyramid to commemorate himself, bearing the significant appellation of "Menankh," the abode of the Living One.

Other names of kings have been preserved on the walls of Abydos and Sakara, "names without deeds, sound without substance, just like the inscriptions on the tombs of insignificant men unknown to fame." In the complete silence of the monuments, one name alone lives for our notice. The Papyrus of Turin has recorded the queen Nêit-akar, or Nitokris, as reigning before King Nefer-ka-Râ; but it is generally understood that she came at a later date. Manetho describes her as of a rosy complexion and the most courageous and

beautiful woman of the time; adding that she reigned twelve years and built the third pyramid.

When we recall the fact that the coffin of Men-ka-Râ was actually found in the pyramid, and taken away by General Vyse, that the lid is now in London, and that its inscriptions have been read and explained, we may be surprised that a writer like Manethô should seem to go wrong. Perring, however, has explained that the pyramid had been altered and enlarged in later times. It now appears that Queen Nitokris actually took possession of the structure and placed her sarcophagus in the chamber before that of the pious king. She also doubled the dimensions of the monument, and placed over it a costly ornamental casing of polished granite.

Herodotus has also preserved an account of the career of this princess, which has its colors of romance. It was read to him from a Papyrus-roll, he affirms. "They said that she had succeeded her brother. He had been King of Egypt, and was put to death by his subjects, who then placed her upon the throne. Bent on avenging his death, she devised a cunning scheme by which she destroyed a vast number of Egyptians. She constructed a large underground chamber and on pretense of inaugurating it, contrived the following project: Inviting to a banquet those of the

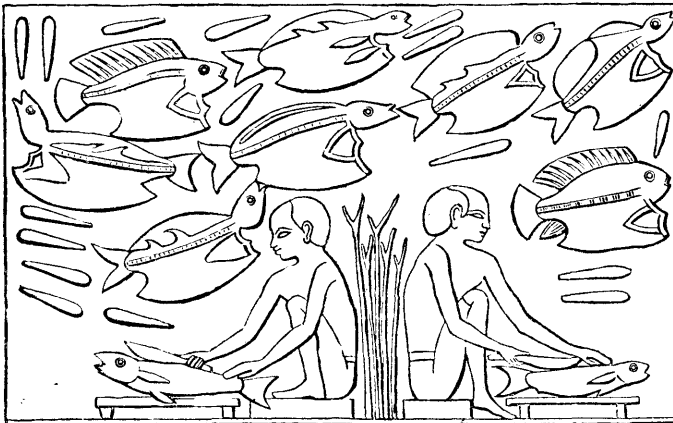
Egyptians whom she knew to have had the chief share in the murder of her brother, she suddenly, as they were feasting, let the river in upon them by means of a secret duct of large size. And this only did they tell me of her," he adds, "except that, when she had done this, she threw herself into an apartment full of ashes, that she might escape the vengeance to which she would have otherwise been exposed."

Other legends of this queen are still more fanciful. One resembles closely the story of Cinderella;* another represents her as still bewitching the Arab who ventures near her pyramid.

Fanciful as the story of the underground palace may be, it affords an illustration of the unhappy condition of Egypt. The throne was besieged by competitors; the people were reduced to abjectness, murder and intestine violence prevailed throughout the kingdom. The invaders had already come in from the East and taken possession of the more fertile regions of lower Egypt. With Nitokris ended the power of the Memphite Dynasty.

A chaos succeeded in which all Egypt was engulfed for long centuries.

*This is a story which really belonged to a second Nêitokris, the queen of Psametikh II., and tradition confounded it with the name of Rhodopé, a woman from Thrace, living at Naukratis.



PREPARING FISH FOR DRYING.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS.

BY F. T. S.

The most important task in which men can engage to-day is the promotion of human brotherhood. No one can deny that of all trusts it is most desirable. How weak the foundations of our entire civilization are without it—so weak that nothing permanent can be erected on them. Passing little shows, gaudy enough on the outside, occupy the attention and cause some commotion. But, as day by day slides over the rock where all days fall, all these trifling shows, all the little squabbles and crankeries fade into insignificance, and the great and serious work of elevating the human race goes steadily on. The foundations rise higher and higher, steadily and surely as the coral islands rise from the depths of the sea. Human selfishness will eventually become obsolete, and justice will prevail.

In the meantime it is well to consider what we can do to hasten the advent of that looked-for day. We get into the habit of calling some things big, and other things little, and by such artificial standards judge our efforts, and the efforts of others. But in the whole universe there is nothing big, and nothing little. Everything is equally wonderful, and has its value. Let us not therefore disregard the little things. Even the mysteries of the hail and snow give delight to the Lord. With infinity behind us, and infinity in front of us let our minds expand, and we shall find that we must have lived many lives to have a mind which contains so much. What an extraordinary number of emotions and characters, all unregulated, uncontrolled, by us! Let us gather our powers together and begin to work, bear-

ing in mind that however great our ideas may be, they can not bear fruit without the power to sacrifice ourselves.

If we have been too matter-of-fact to indulge in a day dream now and then, let us try to keep in mind that the dreams of to-day are the realities of to-morrow, and dream a little. Newton, when he casually hit on the great solution by watching the apple fall, was a day-dreamer. Archimedes, wrapt up in his problems, was a day-dreamer. Both dreamed to advantage. We could also dream well. And, by and by, in the performance of some action, men would realize the benefit and scope of our speculation.

In the midst of this materialistic, self-assertive, money-worshipping age, something valuable, beyond all price, can be obtained from a close association with the changing moods of Nature. By this means we may reach the divine levels, and be able to contemplate the calm shining of the stars with ecstasy. The old pagan did this, and the result is, that the tales told long ago have not lost their power to enchant, even by passing through the medium of another language. The march of civilization, and the efforts of hardy monks and untiring missionaries, have not shaken the thought and sentiment of that earlier age. Through the mist of old tradition it still shines forth calm and majestic. The old pagan indulged in reverie now and then, and that gave an exquisite beauty and subtlety to all his thought. That is something much needed to-day. As an illustration of that fine old spirit let me quote what Ossian said to St. Patrick. In a spirit of banter and contempt he says:

"All the qualities that you and your clerics say are according to the rule of the King of Stars, Finns Fenians had them all, and they must be now stoutly seated in God's Heaven."

And again:

"We, the Fenians, never used to tell untruth; a lie was never uttered by us; by truth and the strength of our hands we used to come safe out of every danger."

"There never sat Cleric in church, though melodiously ye may think they chant psalms, more true to his word than the Fenians."

Then look at the form of oath among the Shoshone Indians:

"The earth hears me. The sun hears me. Shall I lie?"

If the true test of a civilization is the kind of men it turns out, how do you think ours compares with that of the Ancients? Let us leave the sickly abstractions, and return to the "costless average, divine, original concrete." We need something that won't wear out, something genuine in the warp and weft of our life. We do not require to be convinced that the Soul is not satisfied with material achievement, however great. It needs what is addressed to the loftiest, to itself alone. Whitman says: "Fancy the ocean and the daylight, the mountain and the forest, putting their spirit in a judgment on our books." And the same may be said of all our work with equal force. Let us try, then, to imitate the ancients a little, and we shall not fall into the error of making a fixed line of demarcation between the material and spiritual world. The real world will begin to lie close around us, its influence potential for good in all that we do in promoting the great Brotherhood of Humanity.

The superstructure of the future must rest on a permanent foundation. What you and I are thinking now, the seeds we are sowing, will have a great deal to do with the civilization of the future, just as the pollen dust of the huge trees of long

ago formed the coal beds for our use today. The force which many expend railing at present conditions, and planning impossible reforms, can be utilized in preparing the way for the changes which every hour makes possible. Let us see to it that we are of the number of those souls who are forever building, while so many show their preference for ruins, and others wander forth seeking shelter beneath strange roofs.

Whitman's dream was to see America the Mother of material and spiritual things, in ceaseless succession through time. Our hopes are not less than this for you, America, land of freedom, home of liberty. Within your borders men of different nationalities meet, and by contact with one another learn to love God, and make possible the realization of a long dream. The telephone, the phonograph, the telegraph, the manifold powers of material progress—what are they, lacking that "tremendous force-infusion for purposes of spiritualization, and for absolute and primal manliness and womanliness?" But even in material things we are not fairly begun. Our incompleteness can not be adequately expressed. We use electricity, but do we know what it is? The globe we live on teems with power unlimited, and yet when we harness a little waterfall, we think it wonderful. Our newspapers are daily full of records of murder, robberies, starvations, accidents which carry men off in droves. We live, on the whole, very stupidly, and die ignorantly—and in the midst of it all (and this is the interesting part of it) we think we really are something, and have got somewhere.

Great possibilities lie in the thought that we really are something. Millenniums of evolution have undoubtedly produced human beings who stand in the same relation to us as we do to the baby in the cradle. They know all the things we have yet to learn about nature and her mysterious workings. After we have evolved a little further along the road of progress, and

made use of the wonderful powers we possess in latency to-day, we will more readily act on the hints they have dropped, here and there, for our guidance. But just as we wait on the babies so do they wait upon us. They are giving us time to grow up. Meantime it does no harm to stop once in a while and ponder over what it will be

like when the real civilization begins to dawn.

This little verse explains a lot:

So many gods, so many creeds,

So many paths that wind and wind;

While just the art of being kind

Is all the sad world needs.

BELI THE GREAT.*

BY C. M.

Dramatis Personae.

SARFFDDERWEN, the Archdruid.

BELI, a young Ovate.

DRUIDS, BARDS and OVATES (members of the three orders of Druids.

Scene.—*A glade in the forest, with gorsedd-circle of stones. . . Enter the Archdruid, followed in procession by Druids, robed in white, Bards, in blue, Ovates in green, through an avenue on the western side. To the east are mountains.*

DRUIDS—*Chanting Air, "Hob y deri dando," gems of Welsh melody.*

Come, ye bards and green-robed Ovates,

Where the fruit is falling

From the bending tree of Wisdom.

Come! the god is calling.

BARDS AND OVATES.

In the daylight, Lord of Splendor,

Where thine eye

Looks on us, we come to render,

Plenydd, King of Light, praise to thy divinity.

The Archdruid advances to, and mounts, the logan-stone, laying the sheathed gorsedd

sedd-sword at his feet. . . The Druids stand round in the inner circle, the Bards in the second, and the Ovates in the outer circle of stones.

ARCHDRUID.

Ye Bards and Druids! I have called you here

At Plenydd's bidding. Lo! I ask you not

If there is peace, for very well I know

The sacred peace hath left the troubled land

And strife is over all. The kings have risen

And leagued themselves against us, to withstand

The things that Hu and all the gods command,

And we may never lift an arm against them;

And Hu and Plenydd have been silent long.

There was a time—and I have seen that time,

But ye have never seen it—when to gorsedd

The gods would come, revealing holy things,

And from the flames that rose about these stones

And heaped and bathed us in their heavenly light

*Beli Mawr was a king of Britain in pre-Roman times. He was probably an incarnation of the Sun God who was worshipped under the name of Plenydd, that being his name in an incarnation ages before as one of the three primitive Bards of the Isle of Britain.

The holy fire was lit in every heart
 In Pyrdain's Island. But those days are
 gone,
 And all the fires have sunk. My eyes are
 dim,
 My ears hear nothing of the days to come,
 Nor any wisdom from the shining ones—
 Naught out from Gwynfyd voices calling
 me—
 And all the world is wrapped and wreathed
 in mist.
 The dusk is here. I think the Name of
 God
 Will sound no more in Lloegr* till the time
 Has come, that is to come, when night is
 gone.
 And here in Cymru, in the grove of Môn
 And from the hollow hills by silver Towy,
 Its echoes from the mountains will resound
 A little while, then sink and die away.
 And ages of black night shall slowly roll.
 Three nights ago I stood within the grove
 And cried to golden Plenydd, and I saw
 The Sun sink slowly in the western sky
 Behind the mountains, and the world was
 dark.
 But as I stood and chanted, lo! it seemed
 To rise again, and on the distant peak,
 The sun upon his bosom, stood the god
 And looked at me, and waved a shining
 hand
 In blessing o'er the sad and darkening
 land—
 Then slowly faded into molten gold.
 And a low swaying voice from where he
 stood
 Stole through the twilight calling me by
 name.
 Then there was silence, and the sun was
 gone,
 And bright and gleaming stars over the
 sky
 Shone out, and gleaming faery stars shone
 out
 Over the green dark hills and answered
 them,
 And some owl's croy came floating on the
 wind.

*Lloegr, afterwards became England.

Then once again the voice rang from the
 deep—
 "Sarffdderwen, bid the Druids and the
 Bards
 Come to the grove in Môn on the third
 day,
 When I shall show who cometh after thee."
 Now, therefore, call ye on the golden
 Plenydd,
 Perchance he will appear or shew his
 choice.

ALL—*Chanting with lifted arms.*

O master of the Shining Disc! Lord of the
 Eye of Day!
 O Plenydd! Plenydd! Plenydd! Plenydd!
 Plenydd!
 Fall now the veil that hides thee, scatter
 the mists that wreath
 Thee, O Shining One, from the sight of us
 who roam
 Here in the darkness! Plenydd, lest we
 should stray
 Shew us thy chosen one, our guide to thy
 golden home!

ARCHDRUID.

Saw ye a sign of the God, O white-robed
 Druids?

DRUIDS.

Nay, we saw nought.

ARCHDRUID.

And ye, oh Bards?

BARDS.

Nay, we saw nought.

1ST BARD—*Rushing forward.*

Away, come away to the mountain!

I know of a holy place,

Where bathed in a fiery fountain,

We may look the god in the face;

And calling him downward and down,

By the power of the world's own breath,

We may force from his hands the crown

Of the Lords of Life and of Death.

ALL THE BARDS.

Away, come away to the mountain!

We have waited and served too long.

And why should we serve, who are strong?

Too long we are told to obey!

It is time for us now to command!

We will smite down the kings of the land.
And the gods shall say not a nay,
To powers they cannot withstand!

BARDS AND HALF OF THE DRUIDS.

Away, come away to the mountain!

ARCHDRUID.

Back! ye sorcerers! stay!

DRUIDS AND BARDS.

Away! come away.

BELI—*rushing to the Logan Stone.*

I bid ye stay

Rebels! nor dare to blaspheme
The Gods, who of old were supreme
In Britain. Be silent and fear!
For I know not what power there is near!

DRUIDS AND BARDS.

Shall we stay for a wearer of green
And an old man weary with age?
Cease ye, nor dare to defy us!
Cease and provoke not our rage,
Or long that ye never had been!
Where is your god to deny us?

BELI, *aside.*

I will not cease to deny ye!
Though the power that was on me has
gone,
And the light that before me shone
Has ceased for a little to burn,
And I know not whither to turn
For strength any more to defy ye!

1ST BARD *rushing to the stone and seizing
the gorsedd sword.*

Peace! or I slay thee!

BELI.

I will not obey thee!

*1st Bard unsheathes the sword, but falls
dead while lifting it to strike. . . Beli picks
up the sword, and holds it aloft. . . Flames
spring up around him, and he is transfig-
ured into the God Plenydd, holding the
naked sword, now itself flaming. Druids
and Bards stand back in confusion, and the
Ovates advance and stand round the Logan
Stone.*

OVATES, *singing (Air "Of a noble race was
Siencyn," Welsh Melody).*

When the Light with the Dark in war was
blending

Till the sad Earth quaked to her founda-
tion,

From the Realm of Eternal Light descend-
ing,

He hath come, the Leader of the Nation.

He hath come to the earth again!

Ye have sunk in the night,

But the dawn is on ye bright—

Rise! ye Flames, in high elation!

*(Round and above the gorsedd stones
flames of pale blue, green and purple
rise.)*

ARCHDRUID.

Though the Druids of Britain sought to
slay thee,

And the rebel Bards can nought avail thee,
There are those in thy schools who shall
obey thee,

There are those who never more shall fail
thee.

And though I shall not see thy reign.

Ere I pass to attain

To the ending of all pain—

Plenydd, King of Light, I hail thee!

RICHARD WAGNER'S PROSE WORKS.*

BY BASIL CRUMP.

VOL. I.—WIELAND THE SMITH.

This dramatic sketch was drafted by Wagner in 1849-50. He wanted Liszt to complete the versification and compose the music, writing to Princess Wittgenstein: "I have more designs than I have the power to execute. It takes me back to a time to which I do not wish to be taken back. * * * Even the copying out cost me many a pang." This refers to his sufferings in Paris after the refusal of *Rienzi*. Liszt naturally shrank from such a task. The plot is a powerful one with a splendid moral. What a pity it is that minds so fertile cannot find others able enough to undertake the more mechanical portions of the work, such as copying and scoring, which consume such an enormous amount of time and energy! Wagner had to squander months and months of priceless time for want of able copyists; and even when he had trained professors like Seidl and Richter at his command, they found that he composed the music and prepared the rough draft faster than they could do the fair copy! Do we not know of such a teacher now with us—handling Art as one detail of a world-wide work—in whom the same faculty is evident? Is it any exaggeration to declare that, aided by half a dozen workers in every department, really talented and trained in their specialties and obeying their teacher implicitly, the thought of the whole world could be revolutionized in a few years? Surely not when we realize what one strong soul can accomplish single-handed and in the face of fiercest opposition. "Ideas rule the world," and better conditions follow bet-

ter thoughts as surely as the night the day. But to our story.*

On a forest-fringed seashore in Norway dwelt a wonder-smith called Wieland, who, "out of the very joy in his handiwork," was wont to fashion trinkets of gold and weapons of matchless merit. One day, while his brothers, Eigel and Helferich, watched admiringly his work, three swan-maids appeared flying westwards o'er the ocean. But lo! one faltered, sank, and plunged into the sea. Swiftly swam Wieland to her aid and brought her safe to land. Beneath her mighty swan wings he lights upon a cruel wound; he minds him of Helferich's healing herbs, and taking off her plumage he applies the balm. Recovering, she tells her story: "King Isang, in the Northland, was her mother's sire;

*The staff-rhyme alliteration referred to in the *Artwork of the Future* (July number) is conspicuous in this sketch. A Welsh student writes: "With great interest I discover from your article in U. B. that Wagner used *Stabreim* (we call it *Cynghanedd*), and it is the main feature of Welsh poetry. This feature and the matter of vowel rhyming (long vowels) contributes to making the poetry naturally full of tone, so that any person to whom poetry is not absolutely a dead letter will naturally and unavoidably fall into what we call the *hwyl* when reading it, *i. e.*, a kind of chanting or intoning. All these things are simply the custom of the country, and anyone who speaks Welsh can hear a bit of genuine tone-speech from any good Welsh preacher. Speaking without is hardly listened to, and no true Cambrian bard would be dreaming of reciting poetry any other how. Another peculiarity is illustrated in this verse from an old hymn:

"Cai fawl telyn nad yn gelyn
Cythraul melyn, caeth rol moelau
Yn du bwylllo, wan godwylllo
Er cur bwylllo, i'r cor byllau.

Here you observe that in the first and third lines vowel rhyming is used, while in the second and fourth we have the *Cynghanedd*."

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

for this mother, the Prince of the Light-elves burnt with love; in the form of a Swan he drew anigh her, and bore her off across the sea to his distant 'island-home.' Close knit by love, they dwelt there three full years; until the mother, seized with foolish doubting, hotly pressed her spouse to tell her of his birthplace—a question he had from the first forefended. Then swam the Elf-prince down the flood, in form of Swan once more; in reachless distance, saw the sorrowing mother her husband rising on his wings into the sea of clouds.* Three daughters had she borne him, Swanhilda and her sisters twain; and every year their swan-wings sprouted; and every year their mother stripped their pinions and buried them from sight, for fear lest her dear nestlings, too, might fly away. But now they got them tidings over sea, that good King Isang was fallen prey to Neiding, was done to death, and his lands despoiled from his heirs. Then flamed the mother's breast with rage and vengeance; she longed to punish Neiding, and loud bewailed that she had borne but daughters and no son; she therefore gave the maidens back their stored-up wing-apparel, and bade them northwards fly as fleet Valkyrie, to stir up vengeful strife against the Neiding. So had they stirred men's wrath, and with them striven against the thievish King; nor had they turned them homewards until Swanhilda met her wound."

Aglow with tender love, and wroth against the Neiding, Wieland swears ne'er to forsake her. So gives she him a royal Ring in which is set the Victor-stone. To the woman wearing it a man is drawn by Love's enchantment; for the man whose

finger it encircles, the victory is won in every combat. But Wieland, heedless and over-confident, hangs it on a thread of bast behind the door along with Swanhilda's snow-white wings. Sinks she now to slumber, while Wieland fares him forth, hither his brother Helferich to bring for perfect healing of his Swan-wife's wound.

Night is at hand as a ship glides to the shore, bearing Bathilda, daughter of Neiding, and her waiting-women. Creeping cautiously towards the hut she whispers: "My runes I've read aright; hither flew the wounded Shield-maid,* for well this shore is known for healing. For Wieland—Gram (Neiding's marshal) may entrap him; the weightiest work I alone. Win I the Ring of the Swan-maid, then mistress am I of the mightiest gem; my father shall thank me alone for his might."†

Speedily with magic arts of a material nature she forces the door of the hut, steals the Ring, and stealthily returns to the shore.

Fresh ships reach the strand, bearing Gram and his weaponed warriors. Hiding the ring, Bathilda tells them whither hastened Wieland. With secret joy she notes that Gram, erstwhile cold and sullen, is urged by the power of the Ring to swear his passionate devotion to her. She accepts his vow, and sails with her women for Neiding's land.

*A name of the Valkyries or "Choosers of the Slain." Their duties were to carry the souls of heroes slain in battle to Valhalla, where they rested until ready for another battle (or incarnation) in the earth world. The Valkyries also had the power of at once resuscitating the exhausted soul so that it could go on fighting without any interval of rest. We see here the Scandinavian belief in Rebirth and the power of the soul to renounce its rest between each incarnation in order to keep on working for humanity.

†The Ring, as in Wagner's great tetralogy, *The Ring of the Nibelung*, is a symbol of power. There are other points of resemblance to that drama, which Wagner had in fact begun to work upon in 1848. Wieland is a small portion of the vast amount of material in the great Nibelungen Epic which Wagner sifted, rearranged and morally ennobled, in order to form the fit expression for his lofty teachings.

*The close identity of this legend with that of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and also with the Greek legends of Eros and Psyche, and Zeus and Semele, should be noted. The swan is a sacred bird: it drew Lohengrin's boat; through the death of a swan both Buddha and Parsifal received their first lesson in compassion. Note also that Wieland is the rebirth of the Greek Daedalus, but his wings are of tougher material and do not fail him in flight.

Wieland, blindfolded and fettered, is soon brought back by Gram's retainers. Gram accuses him of using Neiding's gold, and tells him he must henceforth forge for him alone. The bandage is torn from his eyes, and he beholds his hut in flames. Oh, horror! Swanhilda is dead! Vengeance! He bursts his fetters, snatches a sword, and sets upon his enemies with fearful fury. Eigel and Helferich come to his aid, and together they beat them back into the ships. Burning for vengeance, Wieland will yet follow them. Having no boat, he springs upon a log and pushes forth to sea, calling upon his grandam Wachilde to guide him to his goal.

Arrived in Niaren-land under name of Goldbrand, he straightway forgets Swanhilda and vengeance under the spell of Bathilda's Ring. Swayed by it he offers Neiding myriad swords for battle against his own King Rothar. Neiding rejoices that he has found the equal of Wieland and accepts the boon. Meanwhile Bathilda is playing a crafty game. Gram, whom she loves, comes to her in disgrace for having failed to capture Wieland. She tells him to take heart, for she holds her father under the spell of the Ring. Then, in pursuance of her schemes, she persuades Gram to spy upon Goldbrand, rousing his jealousy by telling of the wonder-smith's passion for her.

Bathilda now tells her father she has got the Victor-Stone which will win him victory in the coming strife with King Rothar. She reveals the identity of Goldbrand: "Thee serves he not," she says, "for me, it is, he slaves. Now goest thou into battle and give I thee the Ring, I lose my magic power o'er Wieland; he wakes from out his blindness, and wreaks a fell revenge: the swords the which he forgeth, he turns their edge 'gainst us!"

But Neiding prizes Wieland's skill, and moreover he mistrusts Gram, whom Bathilda begs for husband as her guerdon. He decides to influence Gram against Wieland, whose sword will surely slay the

marshal. And so it happens. A single stroke of Wieland's sword brings Gram to ground. As Bathilda rushes forward in anguish to save her lover, the hero's weapon grazes her finger and injures the Ring. Neiding completes his cunning plan by cutting the sinews of poor Wieland's feet. "Weapons fair and armour shall he weld me. No artist limb shall come to harm: yet, so of him I make me sure, and so he flee not, hew me the sinews of his feet! Limp he a little, what hurts it? The smithy needs but hands and arms! These graciously I leave him!"

Thus Wieland, propped on crutches, is doomed to hammer at the Neiding's prison-forge. "He, the free artist-smith who, of very joy in his art, had forged the most wondrous of smithery, to arm and gladden withal those dear ones whom he dowered thus with fame and victory—here must he, spurned and spat upon, smite out the chains from his own body, and swords and trappings for the man who cast him into shame."

In the utmost depths of his despondency Bathilda visits him. She seeks what only Wieland's art can do—the mending of the damaged Ring. Yet she fears to let him handle it, for by that Ring she holds his love. So first she bids him swear his fealty to her and abandonment of vengeful schemes.

"Naught have I to venge," he cries, apart my laming; does that not lower me in thine eyes, then fair I am again to look on, and all my vengeance so foreswear I!" "Wieland, was thine oath sworn freely?" asks Bathilda, with fawning softness. "Upon this Ring I swear it!" he answers passionately, snatching it from her hand. But, lo! the magic touch of that Ring brings back the lost memory of Swanhilda. The mists of delusion melt away until the whole vile plot is clear before him. In terrible anger he turns on Bathilda, who, terrified, confesses how she basely stole the talisman. "My curse upon thee, thievish hell-wife!" he thunders, seizing her,

and closing fast the smithy door. "For stones and rings thou lam'st free men, and murderest their wives! My wife, and not myself, I now venge on thee! Die!" As he swings his hammer over her she cries in utmost terror: "Thy wife lives! * * * That night, upon my homeward journey, I gazed across the wooded shore and saw the swanlike sisters, as they dived into the forest depths; twain were they then; but three they mounted, over wood and sea to wing them westwards." Wieland drops his hammer; awful to behold is his despair. "Now ween I who I was, and what a free, blest man! Now wot I that the truest Wife is living, but wretched I may never reach her, never see her more!"

"Bathilda stands as though turned to stone; she feels the fearful reality of human misery, now laid before her. Profound sorrow pierces her soul. Wieland lies speechless on the ground." She bends anxiously beside him. He begins to stir. With the remembrance of Swanhilda the power of his soul is beginning to reassert itself, even in the darkest hour of his grief.

"Swanhilda! Swanhilda! Could I but lift myself from Earth, that only greets my foot with anguish, laid low in shameful impotence! As erst I swam across the billows, ah! could I now fly through the clouds! Strong are mine arms, to ply thy pinions, and fearsome is my need! Thy Wings! Thy wings! Had I thy wings, a warrior then would stoutly cleave the clouds, venging soar above his foemen!"

His eyes glow ever brighter as the soul's magic energy asserts itself. "In waxing inspiration he raises himself upon his crutches, to the full height of his stature." Awestruck, Bathilda cries, "A God it is that stands before me!" Wieland, with heaving breast, replies, "A Man! A Man in highest Need!" Then, with a terrible outburst: "'Tis Need! Need swayed her pinions, and fanned her inspiration round my brain! I've found it, what never man devised! Swanhilda! Truest Wife, to thee I'm nigh! I swing me up to thee!"

Bathilda, filled with lofty love for the godlike man she sees before her, is humbled and transformed. She begs for guidance in expiating her guilt. Wieland bids her become the faithful wife of good King Rothar, who erstwhile sought her hand. Obediently she takes her leave, the while he sets about his new-found task.

"He is bent on creating his highest masterpiece. The swordblades that he had forged so keen and sharp for Neiding, he now will beat them out to pliant, soaring pinions; they shall be joined together, for the arms, by bands of steel; in the neck, where the bands are to fit into each other, the Wonder-stone from Swanhilda's Ring shall form the clasp, the magic axis round which the pair of Wings shall stir."

Suddenly, as with waxing energy, he works, faintly hears he, through the smoke and fume, the voice of Swanhilda calling his name. "I hover nigh thee in the air above, to comfort thee in woe and want."

Transported, he answers: "In want am I; yet taught me Want to swing myself above my woe. * * * I forge me Wings, thou dearest Wife! On wings, I'll mount into the sky! Death and destruction dealt to the Neidings. I swing myself avenged to thee!"

"Wieland! Wieland! Mightiest man! Wooest thou me in the free wide heavens; ne'er will I flee thee away!"

Spurred to new exertions Wieland has finished his work, when Nieding and his retainers demand admittance. Wieland lets them in, then unperceived he locks the door and throws the key into the fire.

"Neiding is delighted at Wieland's arduous toil. * * * the wondrous force of the man astounds him. Any other would have died, mayhap, through what he suffered; but the force of will, with which Wieland fits himself to his evil plight, shows a high and noble race."

He has come to see about his swords. Rothar with mighty hosts is marching on his kingdom, and there is need of Wieland's weapons.

"Small use are swords, to him who vanquishes by Stones of Victory," cries Wieland, mockingly, "more need was mine of newer crutches; that nimbler still about thy business I'd hither flit and fro, than e'er I could upon these stumps of willow. Lo! from thy blades I've forged me crutches; they'll let me gladly lack my feet." So saying, he quickly dons his wings, and begins to fan the embers of his hearth, until great tongues of flame threaten Neiding and his courtiers. Alarmed, he rushes for the door, to find it locked. "Betrayed! we're trapped past helping! Seize ye the traitor, or e'er we stifle!" The place is now full of flame and smoke; as the men press forward to seize on Wieland he rises phoenix-like from the fire, while the stithy falls in ruins upon his enemies.

His brothers, Eigel and Helferich, now appear at the head of Rothar's host. Eigel ends Neiding's sufferings with a well-aimed arrow. "Rothar, advancing, is greeted by the Niars as their deliverer. Sundrenched, brilliant morn. In the background a forest. All gaze, in transport and amazement, up to Wieland. He has swung himself still higher; the dazzling steel of his wings shines like the sun in the morning splendor. Swanhilda hovers, on her broad-spread swan-wings, towards him from the wood. They meet, and fly into the distance."

Although the chief moral of this beautiful myth is quite obvious, yet a short analysis in detail will be helpful to many.

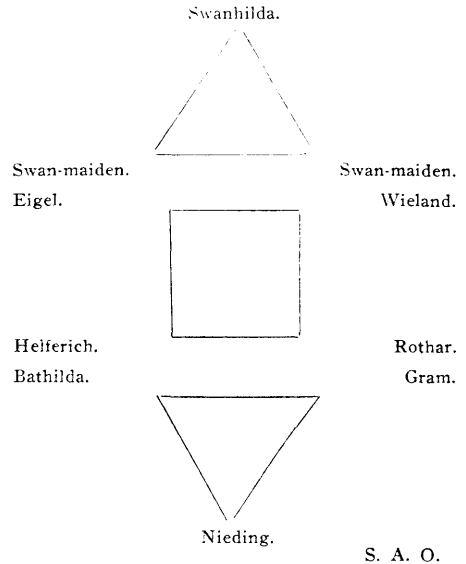
Wieland is, of course, the human soul, seeking for union with its higher nature by striving to "realize the nobility of its calling and its true position in life."*

The spirit of creative art is active in him. Working for very joy in his art his creations are unique in beauty and efficiency.

Swanhilda is the higher nature, the spirit of creative art who, of godly origin, is free to fly on sacred swan-wings the higher re-

gions of consciousness, and wage war against the lower nature.

Neiding, Gram and Bathilda are the trinity of lower forces. Wagner calls Neiding "Envy." Notice that they balance the higher trinity of the three Swan-maidens, Wieland making the seventh. Associated with him are his two brothers and King Rothar, the whole making the perfect number 10. Arranged in the following symbolical figure—familiar to Esoteric students—we have a picture of the triune man of Spirit, Soul and Body:



When *Swanhilda* becomes *Wieland's* wife, he has, by the sincerity of his work, drawn the full presence and help of his higher self into his life. It is the grander, more complete, incarnation of the soul. But this involves new tests of faith and trust. *Wieland* receives from the higher nature the gift of its magic powers—the Ring which binds him to it, and the Victor-Stone which gives him dominion over all the lower forces. Proud in the consciousness of his new-found strength, he scorns to wear the talisman, and hangs it up behind the door. At once the evil powers manifest themselves, burn his house, bind him, steal the Ring and turn its power against him, while *Swanhilda* has to return

*First object of Katherine Tingley's International Brotherhood League.

to the upper realms, and he loses consciousness of her. His pure, unselfish love for the higher is transformed into a blind delusive passion for the lower aspect, Bathilda.

In *Niaren-land* we find ourselves in the midst of all the intrigues, rottenness, plots, falsities and cruelties of the lower nature—that realm where Envy is king. Mark this: Here we have a fine picture of how the evil powers defeat their own ends, where the soul's motive is pure. Wieland is sincere in all; he keeps on working in the face of every obstacle. So Bathilda, in her schemes, first of all causes Gram to be slain, and then is forced to let Wieland handle the Ring, which had become damaged in the fight. Once more he rends the veil which has obscured the higher self, and such is its power that it transforms Bathilda's nature, and lifts her to the perception of higher forces.*

She is witness of the wonderful process by which, in the hour of his deepest despondency, the energy of Wieland's soul arises in its god-like power, and inspires him with the Master-secret of holy freedom. Well may she cry, "A God it is that stands before me!"

No sooner does Wieland begin to execute his masterpiece than he becomes conscious once more of the divine presence hovering over him. She tells him the meaning of his new resolve: "*Wooest thou me in the free, wide heavens, ne'er will I flee thee away!* He has found the secret of eternal union with his higher nature; he

*Compare the close of *Tannhauser*, of which Wagner says: "We hear the jubilant song of the redeemed *Venusberg* itself, its song changed into adoration of the Divine."

must rise to its pure, free, godlike realm on the pinions of his true endeavor, not seek to drag it down to his own level.

The final scene is magnificent in its impressive symbolism. Out of the very swords he was compelled to forge for his enemy, Wieland forges the wings which shall raise him out of all the conditions which have oppressed and fettered him. Their magic fulcrum is Swanhilda's king. As he soars aloft and abroad it is the very fire and framework of his prison-house which crush and consume his enemies. Bathilda alone is saved for future usefulness. Seemingly the worst of all, her heart was touched by Wieland's woe, and thus the first thrill of fellow-suffering opened to her the gateway of a noble life, beginning with Wieland's forgiveness and her union with good King Rothar.

Finally, let Wagner's own words round off the meaning of the story:

"From *Want*, from terrible all-powerful *Want*, the fettered artist learnt to mould what no man's mind had yet conceived. *Wieland found it; found how to forge him WINGS...*Wings to soar through Heaven's distance to the blessed island of his Wife!

"He did it; he fulfilled the task *that utmost Want had set within him*. Borne on the work of his own *Art* (his own ideals), he flew aloft * * * he swung himself in blissful, daring flight athwart the winds, to where he found the loved one of his youth.

"*O, sole and glorious Folk!..This is it that thou thyself hast sung. Thou art thyself this Wieland! Weld thou thy wings, and soar on high!*"

BROTHERHOOD—A FACT IN NATURE.

BY BEN MADIGHAN.

The conception of the whole of Nature as a great Unity, born from some almighty fatherhood, or eternal origin of things, is a very old one. The word Nature implies being born, or birth. From very ancient times people were accustomed to think of Nature as we see it, as the body of a great being after whose form or model we are all developed. In this view all the forces and powers, the currents of the sea, and the winds of the air, the streams of the earth, and all the subtle qualities and conditions of life in the world, correspond with the different forces and currents in our bodies. They are all subject to one central direction, just as our bodies obey one central consciousness. It requires a little thinking to realize how very small we are in comparison with the Universe around us, but when we do, it is not difficult to see that every tiny cell in the body, animated with a spark of intelligence, and having the power of selection, motion, and reproduction, is situated in our bodies, just as those bodies are situated in the universe itself. We can see that as there is something holding our bodies together so must there be something holding the body of the earth in its own shape. This force which binds the cell-lives of the body together, and which holds us together in the world, and makes the earth a unit in its life, like the power that holds all the workers in a factory together and makes them a single institution with a common life or interest, is what we are trying to get people to recognize as Brotherhood. It is a fact, because it is independent of any opinion upon the matter, and is part of the plan of life, if indeed it is not life itself. Even if we rebel against the fact, our action cannot be separated from the result of the

united action of all our fellow-men. The worker in the factory who is idle, or spoils his work by carelessness reduces the output of the whole factory by just so much. The factory loses to that extent, suffers in credit and profit, and is less able to deal justly with its workers, or afford them opportunities of further promotion. This law is a fact in the greater factory of Nature.

The existence of this binding force can not be discovered by the physical senses alone, and therefore some knowledge of what is called metaphysics is of assistance in perceiving it. Our senses tell us that there are certain laws that affect in the same way all similar substances. By this means we are able to foretell the effect of certain actions. At a certain point, however, which is being further and further removed with the development of the resources of learned men and the advance of science, we are stopped from farther search by the limitations of our senses. So frequently has the reasoning of scientific men been demonstrated to be true by subsequent discoveries, that the greater part of what is accepted as knowledge in the world to-day, though incapable of proof by any appeal to the senses, and lying far beyond the furthest border of physical research, is regarded as beyond doubt or question. The knowledge gained by our senses, depends on theories which cannot always be proven. For instance, we do not know certainly that the rays of light always pass in straight lines, yet all our astronomical knowledge is based on that belief.

As fish in the ocean, and birds in the air, it is supposed that the globe and other planets and stars swim in a great flood of what is called ether, filling all space, and which we cannot touch, taste, see, nor

smell. As the air penetrates the porous objects we are familiar with, and as the air itself is penetrated by moisture, and as water is the material from which nearly the whole of the body is built up, so we are told that this ether penetrates all other substances, and enters into their composition. It is supposed by many that just as the fish of the sea could have no idea of the creatures that dwell in the air or on the land, so there may be creatures in the ether quite unknown to us. This is, however, only a speculation so far as most people are concerned, and it is only the grave assurance of a large number of people in all ages that renders it worthy of attention. So much is being learned continually about the constitution and changes of matter that it is not considered at all improbable by many that this quality of matter, the ether, may yet come under our direct observation. It is believed that we are dealing with the forces belonging to it in controlling electric, magnetic and other subtle forces. It is also looked upon as the material medium in which thought-force operates, and sound is declared by some to be an effect produced in it and transmitted by it to our hearing. If we go no further than this, it will be seen that we have in the ether something which binds us all together, even in thought. Our bodies, interpenetrated by this rare stuff, thin and airy as the world of our dreams, are affected by every thought, action, habit and utterance of our fellows; and as smoke pollutes the atmosphere, or sewage the water, to the detriment of those who have to use them, so our vices and follies soil the pure ether on which we depend for our corporate life.

Historical observers have noted the recurrence of seasons of development and increased activity in human life, and the fact that we all come under common influences so far as our nationality and surroundings permit, is not without significance to those who believe the whole world to be directed by one authority. Progress being the keynote of all life, the apparently chance

effects on the race produced by the impact of local or temporary conditions, would be, to such a view, really intentional. It may seem fantastic to some to suppose that the adoption of clothing for the body, and dwelling in houses, and the cooking of food, should have any special effect upon human evolution; but even such influences as the almost universal alcohol and tobacco habits, and that of tea and coffee-drinking, nations varying in their devotion to these, have a due and precise effect upon evolution. The use of glass in our windows, by which certain chemical qualities of light are shut off from those who dwell inside, changes the condition of life, and consequently of growth to that extent. The great cosmic and astronomic changes that result from the passage of the sun into new regions of space, are not more certain, though they may be more evident than the minor ones dependent upon new ideas of food, clothing, house-building, and travel. Nor can we suppose that new ideas are introduced solely by chance, and that the means by which women are achieving such prominence in our social order, for instance, and the impulse which has led them to attempt it, are not from a common source. The discovery of electrical applications, the general use of the telephone and the bicycle, the telegraph, railways and steamships, the newspaper and the public school have all had a share in changing the relations of the sexes in the business and social world, and in the effect upon the physical bodies which all these changes are producing we can hardly fail to perceive new factors in evolution. The prolonged insulation of every bicycle rider as he or she glides along upon a rubber-tired wheel must have a potent effect upon the body.

The contemplation of all these forces and influences brings one into the habit of looking upon life as one great system and we ourselves a part of it. He who in China begets a diseased condition of existence, makes my life in Canada the more pre-

carious. He who in Abyssinia raises a nobler, purer vision in his heart of what life might be, has thrilled all the ether, and America is the more civilized as she feels it.

As our physical bodies are the organs by which we know of the conditions of life around us, we must look for modifications in the body if we desire a fuller knowledge of these conditions. That such modifications are possible there is a good deal of testimony, and it remains with each one to decide for himself whether they are desirable. As the process by which bodies are born out of the ether is evidently capable of repetition, and as we can not conceive of any beginning or end to the chain of causes and consequences which still continue in operation after eternities in which

they might have terminated, the resolve to reach the very heart of things, and know for oneself how the perfect life may be attained, must soon be made. All who have had any success in that Path tell us that they who seek no personal victory are the victorious ones: they who make themselves the servants of the Unity become masters of Nature: those who are most ready to die are nearest to a greater birth; those who listen to no voice but the heart-voice of Nature whispering in their own hearts, hear most of her secrets; those who, with the sun, look on just and unjust alike, and like the seas, are insusceptible to praise or blame; those, finding in Nature their only parent, are self-centered as the sons of the Only Begotten.

BROTHERHOOD—THE LAW OF BEING.

BY PENTAUR.

It has ever been the aim of true scientific research not so much to discover new phenomena and to record facts, as to demonstrate the relation between facts, and discover the laws and principles governing the phenomena, according to and in agreement with which they appear, change or cease. Thus the mind of man is not satisfied with knowing that the apple falls to the ground, that the earth circles around the sun, that heat applied to water will produce steam which can be made to drive an engine, or that in the realm of life everywhere the weaker give way before the stronger and that species grow and develop. The mind searches further; at last it enunciates the law of gravitation, the laws of motion, the law of the conservation of energy and the indestructibility of matter, the law of the survival of the fittest and natural selection. We pass from the realm of external nature as known to us through phenomena perceived by the

senses and enter the domain of philosophy, that inner realm of Nature where the mind of man contacts the universal mind.

We live in a relative world, we cannot conceive of absoluteness, to say we do so involves a contradiction in terms; yet we contact absoluteness and so, too, does everything else in the universe. We and all else in the Cosmos partake of the nature of "the same and the other" as Plato says.

It has been the aim of modern science to demonstrate the existence of primordial matter and the latest developments in chemistry, physics, astronomy and biology have all proceeded from this as an hypothesis and have also tended to further establish it as a fact.

The laws of Nature all demonstrate that "sameness" underlies "otherness." That which forces itself most upon the attention is the "otherness," the diversity, and hence the apparent separateness existing throughout Nature. But we make a mistake

when we confound diversity with separateness. Diversity is a *sine qua non* of manifestation—without it Nature does not exist; but separateness is only fantasy, a figment of the imagination due to our reliance on the senses as guides and our depending on them for final corroboration of reality. Reliance on the senses and the life of the senses may be proper for the animals, yet even they have another higher faculty which guides and controls the senses, restrains them and makes them subservient to the wise purposes of Nature, so that they do not overstep their bounds and become degraded as in man. As servants they are means by which he gains experience of the outer world; as masters, or as a court of final appeal, they lead him into the realm of illusion and error.

Diversity exists throughout Nature. But the parts though diverse are related as are the instruments in an orchestra and each in its own place helps to swell the great harmony. They are diverse as the hand is diverse from the foot, yet there is no separation between them.

The mere statement that this is a relative world implies an underlying unity, a fundamental identity. The very fact of its being possible to perceive the "otherness" that exists between ourselves and the objects of external Nature or between any two objects, implies and depends on an inner identity or "sameness." Were there not this identity the diversity could not be perceived, no relation or similarity between any two objects could be perceived, they could not be brought together in the mind or in any other way, they could not exist in the same universe.

This identity then is the primal fact, in which all other facts, all actions, processes, phenomena, laws, are related, and out of which arise the diversity and relativity which characterize the universe, all parts of which interact and interdepend. The consideration of this brings us therefore to the contemplation of the primal law of being, of which all other laws are aspects or

partial expressions and according to and in agreement with which are all the facts and phenomena of being, and even Being itself in the sense of existence or manifested being. This primal law we may express by the words: Relativity, Interdependence, Love, Brotherhood: each having its peculiar light and meaning, but all containing the same basic root-idea.

That relativity and interdependence do characterize the universe is very generally recognized, for as shown all science is founded upon these and indeed all life in greater or less degree involves them. But from a superficial view, many will deny that love and brotherhood rule all life; that for example man's inhumanity to man, the struggle for existence, and the law of the survival of the fittest, are not in accord with either of these.

But even recognizing man's inhumanity and the struggle for existence, do not these subserve Brotherhood, are they not, while seemingly opposed to it, included in a wider love than that of man, and still under the great Law of Being? We have been frightened too long by the phantoms of pain and sorrow, seeking ever to evade them and striving for temporary joys as the end and aim of existence. Yet do we prize highly the refined gold, the brilliant flashing of the diamond and the iridescent colors of the opal; and, too, we honor the noble-hearted, the wise, the compassionate, and long for the peace and the power which belong only to such. How came the gold to be so pure and bright, whence came the brilliance of the diamond and whence came the flaming iridescence of the opal; how came these hearts to be so noble, wise and compassionate? Through the struggle for existence in which only the fittest survive, through the fierce heat of fire that alone purifies and purges away the dross, through suffering and sorrow—the outcome, truly, in part of man's inhumanity to man, but far more of man's own heedlessness and folly, his passions and desires. Out of the pain and suffer-

ing comes eventually not only the recognition of this law of Brotherhood but conscious action in accordance with it and the loving service of all that lives.

Who are the fittest? Shall we narrow our view to but one condition or one partial aspect of life? If we can answer for the weaker, for those who give place to the stronger, who apparently do not survive, we obtain a key to the solution of the whole problem. The weaker suffer, are crowded to the wall, are apparently exterminated, the outer form perishes, but still there is that which survives—the soul, that fittest part of us, survives. The law of the survival of the fittest does not alone apply in the life of the physical realm but in the deepest recesses of man's nature and on all the planes of Being, and as that which is fittest in each of us shall not only have survived but shall gradually become dominant over the lower nature, shall we then realize our power to work with Nature and recognize that what in great Nature appeared but the law of interaction and relativity is really the law of Love and Brotherhood, and that it is our privilege to announce the law and bring every

thought, word and deed into conformity with it.

The mind and reason alone will never bring us to an understanding of the purposes or even the methods of Nature. To attain a realization of these, the mind must become the servant of the man himself, the soul, who is more than mind and that alone which will take man further is to act, and to fulfil the realization that his Nature is one with Divine Nature. Her powers of which his had heretofore seemed but a reflection must in very truth become his in actuality, and her purposes become his purposes.

Thus Brotherhood will no longer be only the underlying, adjusting, compelling law, working unperceived and in apparently devious ways, but will become in man everywhere recognized, everywhere exemplified and made actual, everywhere consciously followed, and the gateway to a higher development of powers beyond all present conception, of which we can only say they are Divine.

"Help Nature and work on with her, and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance."

BROTHERHOOD—A LIVING POWER IN THE LIFE OF HUMANITY.

BY C. L. CARPENTER.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

Brotherhood is the condition of universal kinship. What then is this "one touch" of which the wise poet wrote? In demonstrating the realness of Brotherhood in our lives, we shall find this wonderful touch of kinship. Another poet equally wise has said:

"Yet underneath Socrates clearly see, and underneath Christ, the Divine, I see."

It is this universal divinity that is the

touchstone, this divinity in all men that is the common ground on which all men meet.

What is it that makes a boy fight for his dog? What is it that makes a dog leap into a stream to save a child? What is it that fairly dashes a man into a flaming building to save his fellow? What is it that makes our Father Damians, our fever nurses, our hero surgeons on the firing line? These last might admit that they loved humanity. But why love humanity?

There is a saying that blood is thicker than water. Verily, we love humanity because the divine essence which is in us is a thicker "blood" than the water of our selfish lives—and therein lies the greatness and power of true Brotherhood. It is this divine force which *will* prevail. We have been battling against it for ages. We have made wars and famines in our greed for power and wealth as nations. We have made poverty and vice in our lusts of trade. We have broken hearts and retarded souls in our desires of the flesh. But to-day the hand of this law of nature, this law of Brotherhood, is on the shoulder of every man and woman. Yet with only this touch, this call to awake to the divinity in each of us: "Waken, O my children, and try to think; try to realize who you are, who your brothers and sisters are," the great mother has spoken to us. She has cried out to us to cease our strife, to cease our warring, to have an end to our selfish greed. And already one who listens may hear the answers echoing throughout the world, like the sentry posts of a camp calling out along the lines in the night.

Mother Nature has pointed the way, she is showing herself to us, showing us that the real, true, natural life is harmony, and each individual expression of the "All Life" is one note in that harmony. It falls then to each one of us to strike our "note" and see if it does harmonize. If not we must then tune ourselves up to the proper pitch.

Brotherhood is, after all, a very plain, practical state, its condition is a very simple one. At the present time, during the present life, we are making our home on this old earth. Now just as one should try to make one's personal home as pleasant as possible, so should one try to do one's share toward making this earth-home a pleasant place to dwell in. Brotherhood begins within each one of us right on the inside and just where we are. No man has the right to so live that he shatters his health and so becomes petulant and sour. If by any means he has gotten himself into

such a condition he is bound to overcome and rise above that condition of health as far as he can and so clear himself of his petulance. This idea should be carried up into the mental and moral planes of life. We must clear our minds of all dark thoughts, bigotry, intolerance and selfishness that clog and make them sluggish and unresponsive. We must open the windows of our soul and let in the sunshine and the air of truth. We must accept the rains and storms of pain and sorrow even as do the flowers, and learn to realize that growth comes thereby as well as from the sunshine. We must learn that the "fundamental" of Brotherhood—giving and sharing—is the only "business" that pays a hundred per cent. alike to borrower and lender. Thus we may become active brothers as we walk our daily rounds and thus we come to see the Brotherhood of all things.

Brotherhood means more than an organization—it is not a solidarity in a narrow sense, it is not a trades' union. It is a condition, a state of being, and a state of being must be realized and felt, not by the senses but by that inner power, the real man, which knows and feels, which is that divine central thought, that divine life within us, from which we radiate and to which we draw all our Brotherhood.

Brotherhood is not a dead level for mankind—not in the least. There are elder and younger brothers in the great universal family just as there are in our little personal families, and the younger members need teaching and helping. They need the schools of the heart and soul and mind and body. Neither is there any man so wise but that there may be a wiser, and the wiser a man becomes the more truly simple and humble he becomes, the more ready to teach and be taught, and the more ready to serve and help.

There is another thing that Brotherhood is not. It is not sentimentalism. He who deals in sentimental ideas of and for his fellows is not as yet a true brother. In fact, Brotherhood is ultra-practical and be-

gins with our treatment of our brothers, the dog and horse; our brothers, the man on the street and the man who labors daily in the burning sun or biting cold; with our sisters, the unfortunate and fallen, whose way, God knows, is hard and stony, and whose cup is full of bitterness; with our friends and associates, with those who would be our enemies, and it ends—where? There shall be no end. It will be ever-growing, on and on—a state

perpetual with but one throb, one heartbeat in the universe, but one song of life—Universal Brotherhood.

An ocean of so vast a reach,

That stars are pebbles on its beach.

Each soul shall know and be known by its fellow-souls as the mother-soul shall lay her hand in benediction on all her children and give them that one touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin.

QUETZALCOATL.

BY MILDRED SWANNELL.

Since the earliest times of which we have any historical knowledge, the emblem of the serpent has always been used as a symbol of occult knowledge and wisdom.

Every country has had its great teacher, its Christ. In every religion and scripture we find traces of the worship of the Serpent or Dragon. Thus in Egypt it was the especial symbol of Thot and Hermes. In India we have the Nagās or Serpent Worshipers. In Mexico, the Nargals. It is revered by the Pā of China, by the Voodoos of Jamaica, in Jan-Cambodia and Africa, while to come to the records Druids over in England, we find them saying: "I am a Druid, I am a Serpent." It is a symbol everywhere meaning wisdom. The various names in different countries signify "the being who excels in excellence," or "He who sees and watches." (Greek.)

These beings to whom has been given the name "Dragons" of wisdom, were the first teachers of mankind. As humanity arose from the darkness of the lower kingdoms they revealed the knowledge of its true nature. In the course of time they ruled as Divine Kings—this was the time of the golden age, when justice and wis-

dom were realities, not mere names—it was the time of peace on earth.

Later on they re-appeared as sages and instructors, and finally sacrificed themselves to be re-born under various circumstances, for the good of mankind, and for its salvation, at critical periods. Thus every nation had and still has its Serpent-Teacher, its Watcher, its Christ, so that in no part of the world is man left long in darkness and ignorance. For when such circumstances occur, some great teacher is sent forth to re-kindle in men's hearts the ancient religion of wisdom, to bring health and enlightenment.

Let us for a little while direct our attention to Mexico, for there Quetzalcoatl, one of those world teachers, lived and worked in the ages gone by. His teachings had far-reaching effects and their light shone out with intense brightness into one of the blackest periods of American history.

In the Popol-Vuh we read:

"This is the recital of how everything was without life, calm and silent, all was quiet and motionless; void was the immensity of the heavens; the face of the earth did not manifest itself yet; only the

tranquil sea was and the space of the heavens. All was immobility and silence in the night.

"Only the Creator, the Maker, the Dominator, the Serpent covered with feathers, they who engender, they who create, were on the waters as an ever-increasing light; they are surrounded by green and blue."

In another manuscript we find that "rays of light gathered themselves together on the water about the feathered serpents and the rays were green and blue."

Thus the name of the feathered serpent, Quetzalcoatl, was applied in the first place to the creative force of the Universe, also to those who appeared in the course of time, bringing with them from the waters of the Unknown, the light of knowledge and spiritual wisdom. These various ways of applying the name Quetzalcoatl gave rise to much confusion and error, since the term was later applied almost solely to the Initiate Votan, who became the Quetzalcoatl of history, though probably he was but the last of a long race of teachers. Like all the other saviours of the world, Quetzalcoatl is said to have been born of a virgin. At his birth were many signs and wonders, the earth put forth flowers and fruit of its own accord, as though to greet the new teacher. Many things were foretold of him, among others, that he would become the spiritual ruler of the world.

We hear of him later, penetrating the country of Anahuac, with a large band of followers. He established his capital at Tulla, which became the northern focus of civilization. Under his sceptre men lived in great happiness and enjoyed abundance of everything. He taught the people agriculture, the use of metals, the art of cutting stone, the means of fixing the calendar; also, it is said to him is due the invention of hieroglyphs and picture writing, which arranged after a certain method, reproduced the history on skins and parchment. The alphabet of the Egyptians is almost identical with that of these ancient

Mexicans, only that the latter is more rich in symbols expressing shades of meaning, which would be natural to the mother language if, as there seems some reason to believe, the Egyptian civilization, was derived from the Mexican. According to some writers we are told that all the country with its flocks and mines, belonged to the King and that on the marriage of two people, sufficient land was given them, for their maintenance which was added to on the arrival of children. No one might own the flocks which roamed over the country side, but once a year the animals were shorn, and the wool given out equally to the people. The mines also belonged to the King, and their products were through him distributed equally—hence no one could be richer in material goods than the others—all shared alike as members of one great family; if people were sick or old, the others did their work before touching their own. Besides bringing about these good social conditions, Quetzalcoatl taught his people a more spiritualized religion, in which the only sacrifices were the fruits and flowers of the season, and the consecration of self to the highest good.

But this reign of peace at Tulla was destined to be brought to a close, for Quetzalcoatl had an enemy in Tezcatlipoca, a magician, cunning and clever enough to get the better of the gentle Quetzalcoatl on many occasions. This magician succeeded by his enchantments in destroying the rule of peace and forced Quetzalcoatl to become a wanderer. He then pursued him to Cholula, afterwards the sacred city of the Toltecs, where Quetzalcoatl reigned for twenty years, bringing to this city, as to Tula, prosperity and greater spirituality. Cholula became the sacred city of Anahuac, the Mecca, the Jerusalem, the Rome of the Indians. The sanctity of the place brought pilgrims from the furthest corners of Mayax, as the country was then called, to hear the words of Quetzalcoatl. Finally, as the story runs, Tezcatlipoca forced him to quit the country altogether, and he em-

barked for the East, at a place not far from where Vera Cruz now stands, near to the very spot where Cortez afterwards disembarked. Before his departure he bade his followers keep fast his teachings, and promised them that he would in the distant future return to reign over them once more, and their country should again become a centre of light to the nations.

This expectation of Quetzalcoatl's return furnishes a kind of parallel to the Messianic hope, or more closely to the early Christian expectation of the second coming of Christ, for when he returned, it would be to punish the oppressors and the tyrants, and to bring justice to the people. And that is why, later on the Aztecs, after their occupation of the country, dreaded his return, and why they had not dared to prescribe his cultus, but on the contrary recognized it, and carried it on. And if you would know the real secret of the success of Cortez in his wild enterprise—for after all, the Mexican sovereign could easily have crushed him and his handful of men—you will find it in the fact that Montezuma, whose conscience was oppressed with more crimes than one, had a very lively dread of Quetzalcoatl's return, and when he was informed that at the very point where the dreaded god had embarked to disappear in the unknown East, strange and terrible beings had landed, Montezuma could not doubt that it was Quetzalcoatl returning and accordingly sent to make peace with Cortez.

Besides Quetzalcoatl, Votan is worshipped under many names. "Hurabran," "the breeze," "Lord of the four winds," and the most popular account of him is written under this last name.

He is lord of the winds and of that wind in particular that brings over the parched lands of Mexico the fertilizing showers, and this is why Tezcatlipoca, god of the cold, dry season, is his enemy. It is towards the end of the dry season that the fertilizing showers begin to fall on the Eastern shore.

The flying serpent then, the agent of transmission by which the solar and lunar influences are diffused, bringing life and abundance, is a benevolent deity spreading prosperity wherever he goes. But he does not always breathe over the land. Tezcatlipoca appears. The lofty plateaux of Tulla, and Cholula, are the first victims of his devastating force. Quetzalcoatl withdraws ever further and further to the East, and at last disappears in the great ocean; but will return again and will conquer Tezcatlipoca compelling him to water the earth.

This story is found also in other countries. In India it runs thus:

Indra, god of the wind, is continually at war with Vritra. In the Vedas, Vritra is referred to as the Demon of Drought, the terrible hot wind, Indra is shown to be constantly at war with him and with the help of his thunder and lightning, Indra compels him to pour down rain on the earth, and then destroys him.

In the "Secret Doctrine" we are told these "wars" refer partly to those terrible struggles in store for the candidate for Adeptship—struggles between himself and his human passions, when the enlightened Inner Man has either to slay them or fail. In the former case he became the dragon-slayer, as having happily overcome all temptations, and a serpent himself, having cast off his old skins, and being born in a new body; becoming an adept, a son of Wisdom.

The account of the teachings of Quetzalcoatl were written by his priesthood, which in spite of opposition from many of the Aztecs, continued its silent work. The chief priests of the Mexican gods had authority, as a rule over state matters, but the chief priest of Quetzalcoatl had no nominal authority except over his own fraternity. He was called "Huiyattoo," the "Great Sentinel" or "Watcher"—his real power was above the Kings.

No person who was of unclean thoughts and acts could be with him and live; from him healing currents flowed, and he was

able to direct both temporal, and spiritual currents. The members of this fraternity were divided into three classes, of which I shall speak later, and had to submit to the strictest observances, but in compensation the people paid them almost divine honors, whilst their power and influence were boundless. During the time of the Aztec civilization, when every town was polluted with the awful abuse of human sacrifice, and every god was a Moloch calling out for more and more blood, until no man's life was secure from receiving the summons of the god; the influence of the Brotherhood of Quetzalcoatl alone kept alive the hope of the people, and prevented them from forgetting their immortality and destiny. Leaving their retreats and temples, in their white robes, they moved about among the people, helping and cheering, a silent protest against the crimes of the black-robed priests of the Aztecs.

During the reign of Quetzalcoatl, the palaces and temples of Mitla and Palenque were built, and it was at the latter place that the Great Mysteries were performed. The temples are mostly built on pyramids consisting of five or seven steps, rivaling those of Egypt in size and grandeur. The entrance to the chief temple was formed by a great serpent's mouth, open and showing its fangs, so that the Spaniards thought it represented the gate of hell. In this temple has been found an altar with this inscription, "To the Unknown God, the Cause of Causes." From these pyramids are passages leading down for great distances underground, just as do those in Egypt, and Quetzalcoatl in narrating one of his expeditions, describes a subterranean passage, which ran on underground and terminated at the root of the heavens. He adds that this passage was a snake's hole, and that he was admitted to it because he was himself a "Son of the Snakes."

This is very suggestive, for his description of the snake's hole, is that of the Egyptian crypt. There were numerous catacombs in Egypt and Chaldea, some of

them of very vast extent. The most renowned of these are the subterranean crypts of Thebes and Memphis. The former beginning on the west side of the Nile extended to the Libyan desert, and were known as the Serpent's holes. It was there that were performed the sacred mysteries, the "Unavoidable Cycle," the unavoidable doom imposed upon every soul at bodily death, when it had been judged in the Amentian regions.

The mysteries among the Mexicans were performed in temples whose ground plan was an oblong square—this represented the Universe. Both the Egyptian and Mexican letters M signified the earth or universe, and were pictured as an oblong. The roofs were always triangular, symbolical of the triune God, the Ruling Spirit of the Universe. This kind of arch is also found in the ancient tombs of Chaldea, in the Great Pyramid of Egypt, in Greece and many other countries. The triangular arches appear as land marks of one and the same doctrine, practiced in remote times in India, Egypt, Greece, Chaldea, and Central America.

The building was divided into three parts, having no apparent connection with each other. The central was the largest and opened into the Sanctuary or Holy of Holies, built in the shape of a cross, with a double set of arms.

The mysteries were of two kinds—the greater and lesser, divided into many degrees. The candidate for initiation must be pure, his character without blemish; he was commanded to study such things as tended to purify the mind. It was exceedingly difficult to attain the right of initiation into the Greater Mysteries.

Very little definite knowledge of the old Mexican religion can be gained, for the Spaniards on their landing, took care to destroy as many of the religious documents, and monuments, as possible. Some, however, escaped, and from them we learn, that Quetzalcoatl taught of one Supreme God "La" so far above human thought that it

was useless even to attempt to symbolize it. With this Absolute Deity was connected the sign of the cross, held so sacred, that it was rarely used, except as the ground plan, upon which to construct, the Holy of Holies, and also in the cross of Palenque. The Egyptians too revered a superior Deity "Ra" so far from their other gods, that they did not know how to worship it. Both "Ra" in the Egyptian, and "La" in the Mexican languages, mean the same thing, "that which has existed forever, the eternal truth." As in Egypt we find the Supreme Being standing at the head of a Trinity composed of itself, so also in Mexico. There we are told, "all that exists is the work of Izahol"—who by his will caused the universe to spring into existence, and whose names are: "Bitol, the Maker," "Alom, the Engenderer," and "Qaholom," he who gives being. Here again we see the same truth, taught under different names in the widely severed countries of America, Asia, and Egypt, one more proof that if only we can get below the surface and outward differences, there we shall find the same Truth, overlaid it may be by speculations, theories and doubts, but waiting until the time when man shall weary of his own imaginings, and shall be willing to become once more a learner at the feet of the wise—who have striven ever to follow the wisdom of Nature.

The Mexican and Egyptian representations of the Creation, are almost identical, one of the best picturings is said to be sculptured over the doorway of a temple ascribed to Quetzalcoatl. A luminous egg emitting rays is seen floating on the water where it had been deposited by the Supreme Intelligence. In this egg is seated the Creator, his body painted blue, his loins surrounded by a girdle; he holds a sceptre in his left hand, his head is adorned with a plume of feathers, he is surrounded by a Serpent, the symbol of the Universe. They represented the creative and intelligent power, as a man seated, alluding to his

immutable essence, the upper part naked because it was said the Universe in its upper portion, the skies, is seen most revealed; clothed from the waist below, because the terrestrial things are most hidden from view. He holds a sceptre in his left hand because the heart is on that side, and the heart is the seat of the understanding that regulates all actions of men.

In Egypt the Creative power, "Kneph," is similarly pictured as a man of blue color, with the girdle and sceptre, he also has a plume of feathers, and the serpent is near. Emblematically he was figured under the form of a serpent. Most of the stories told us in the Bible are found under a slightly different coloring, among the records of Mexican teachings—such for instance, as the story of the flood, and it is worth noting that in all countries where the name Maya occurs, we find similar accounts of Deluges, from all of which, certain holy people—the Noahs of the countries, escaped. In their story of the Deluge, the Mexicans referred to the terrible destruction of the continent of Atlantis. The Egyptians also preserved records of the same catastrophe, and laughed at the Greek philosophers, when they spoke of an Universal Deluge, for how could it have been universal and have destroyed the whole human race, when they themselves remained to tell the tale. Again the story of Cain and Abel is found retold under the personalities of Coh and Aac. In India in a poem known as the Ramayana, Cain becomes Maya, and Abel, Bali; while in Egypt it is the story of Osiris slain through the jealousy of his brother, Set. From all antiquity and by all nations, the tree and serpent worship have been most closely connected, so that in a country like Mexico, where the symbol of the serpent was more widely spread than has yet been discovered in any other country, we shall naturally expect to see it figured. We read "the ancient Mexicans were taught to hold certain trees in reverence, for they were the symbols of eternal life," and "they believed

in the immortality of the soul that would be rewarded or punished, in the life beyond for its deeds while in the body; each soul was supposed to mete out its own fate." Among other rewards was rest under the shade of the evergreen ceiba tree, which is found even to this day planted in the sacred spots of Yucatan and Central America.

The Cross is another sacred symbol revered by all nations ages before the establishment of Christianity. Among the earliest types known on the Eastern Continent is the "Crux Ansata." It was the "symbol of all symbols," among the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, and the Chaldeans, being the emblem of the life to come. It was placed on the breast of the deceased. It is also seen adorning the breasts of statues and statuettes in Palenque, Copan and other localities of Central America. In Mayax it was the symbol of rejuvenescence and freedom from suffering, and was placed on the breast of the Initiate after his new birth. It was their most sacred sign and was connected with the element, water and rain. It was also connected with the Southern cross which appears in the heavens at the end of the dry season, when death from want of water seems to threaten all creation. It is a messenger of good tidings, announcing that the longed-for rain will descend from on high, and with it joy and happiness, new life to all creatures. It was a symbol of the creative power, that is eternally renovating and revivifying all

things on the earth—thus as a symbol of the life to come and immortality. The cross found on statues is called the Tau, and Tau is a Maya word (*t* = here, *a* = water, *u* = month). "This is the month for water, for the resurrection of nature for the life to come."

* * * * *

These are a few of the ideas which have seemed to gather round the name of Quetzalcoatl. They are but additional landmarks emphasizing the fact that at the back of all religions we come across familiar pictures and symbols pointing out plainly that there is but one religion. Many teachers have come at different times; they have taught the fundamental truths, that all Life is one Life—that the spirit of man is immortal; an emanation from the One Life, and will in the future return to its source—and that each one manages his own affairs; is his own absolute law-giver. All these Great Ones have had to endure reproach slander, misrepresentation, forgetfulness; all have worked steadily, earnestly, without desire of reward, they have given what they possessed of moral, spiritual, mental and vital strength for the uplifting of humanity.

The day will come, when awakened from their sleep, people will honor and cherish the memory of those Great Souls who worked for them in the past, and will do all in their power to help on the work of those who are now among us working and fighting for the Liberation of Man.

"Life is built up by the sacrifice of the individual to the whole. Each cell in the living body must sacrifice itself to the perfection of the whole; when it is otherwise, disease and death enforce the lesson."

"An evil deed kills not instantly, as does a sword, but it follows the evil-doer into his next and still next rebirth."

Gems from the East.

LESSONS IN PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.

BY F. M. PIERCE.

Close and constant contact with the world's great teachers and history-builders exerts a centrifugal force on small and narrow minds, who in flying off at tangents with speed proportionate to their weight, screech to the reluctant air their puny criticisms in the shape of doubts, suspicions and calumnies, and put before the laughing world their own bombastic, aping plans of "how it should be done."

Leaving these self-discovered great ones to immolate themselves upon the sturdy spear of public ridicule and shame, let us turn to the few, who discovering their own deficiencies and latent possibilities, through the contrasting contact, and study of the ways and methods of their leaders, become efficient helpers and workers in the cause they have espoused.

To me an occultist is one who, having intimate knowledge of, and perfect insight into, men and things, coupled with moral courage, is able to direct, control and master every circumstance, condition and thing that presents itself—Nature's forces not being exempt from the category.

The members of the Universal Brotherhood who were so fortunate as to participate in the recent Congress at Point Loma, Cal., cannot but recall, and will continue to bring up from their sub-conscious memory, numerous magnificent examples of practical occultism. Most of these were so simply and unostentatiously performed as to escape the immediate recognition of the most observing and best trained budding warriors.

The Congress itself, in conception and execution, was an unprecedented exhibition of occultism. Who can discover a practical business man sufficiently courageous and far-sighted as to have taken

the responsibility under the circumstances of assembling many hundreds of people from all parts of the world, at a remote point on our west coast, and when there assembled to build in two days a complete, unique and perfect open-air Greek temple theater out of a few loads of lumber and two trunks filled with stage scenery—a fact which confounded an experienced theatrical stage builder and manager, who pronounced it an example of "making bricks without straw or clay," and declared the architect to be a "perfect fountain and irrigator of thought."

Simultaneously with the theater building the same soul-actuated body and brain personally instructed and trained sixty performers, including those taking the leading parts down to the dancing furies and standing figures; making many costumes, directing all rehearsals, and staging the Greek drama "Eumenides" in complete and perfect Greek form and style, without precedent. The entire presentation was so perfect in every detail that a theatrical manager with wide metropolitan experience in criticising said: "The drama as presented would have been a marvel if all metropolitan facilities had been at hand—the performers were neither amateurs nor professionals—they were artists."

Once when the tired chorus were dragging listlessly through their parts I saw a figure robed like them suddenly enter from behind, unseen by them, and join in their choric movements. They were quickly electrified, and outdid themselves during the remaining part of that performance. It was the same personal occult force which permeated, inspired and controlled the actors and the entire presentation.

The drama, however, was but a minor

part of the colossal work of the Congress. Working till 2 and 3 o'clock each night, programmes for the following day were prepared: meetings and lectures; subjects and speakers selected; press articles, notices and advertisements written and sent to San Diego and San Francisco; the *New Century* and the "Universal Brotherhood" Magazine prepared; correcting the mistakes of indiscreet and over-zealous and self-loving workers; guarding against threatened personal violence emanating from a source the reader can imagine; careful and authoritative speaking in public several times each day; straightening tangled threads for others; formulating and putting into operation plans for roads, grounds and buildings, and a unique city with its methods and management, a simple, far-reaching original plan executed, and operating the same day; property purchased, buildings erected, roads built, and a colony started—all of these things, and scores more, going on simultaneously, while, as a sort of spice and restful change, either the minds or the bodies of hundreds of odd members were night and day knocking at the door, or interrupting a race against time to the grounds to give a lecture, or to a snatch-and-run meal, just to get a word in about some lodge, but never—of course not—relating to any personal matter. All these matters down to the smallest detail had the one person's exhaustive settlement.

Think of it! Did not the adjusting and harmonious disposition of these numerous and important—most of them vital, complex duties, all permeated by a perfect swarm of minutiae, personal and otherwise—require any amount and quality of knowledge, wisdom, insight, discernment, discretion, patience, tolerance, unselfishness, tact, manifold Christ-like compassion and power far beyond the capacity of any brain-mind to plan and execute working through the subtle maze of human minds, with justice to the Cause, and equity, satisfaction and love to all?

That it was done is known by all who attended the Congress. Such work demands the occultism of the soul, served by a giant, willing mind and body, complete self-abnegation. A self-seeking personality simply could not do the work, and would under the strain and shock and the persecution received be killed in six months.

On one occasion we were coming from the grounds about twilight, in cheerful mood at the unusual prospect of being in time for dinner. While entering the hotel we were quietly but promptly called to "horse," and hurriedly followed the Leader down and into the highway. Turning suddenly about at the public entrance gate to the school and drama grounds we waited. Soon up the road came a long-haired, peculiar-looking man, fantastically dressed, who, acting "under directions," so he said, and an "evil influence," as he soon admitted, proposed to enter the grounds, and when the play was well in progress to drop "from a point in space" and pose as one of the "I am directed" stars of the seventh magnitude, in an attempt to cause a gurt stampede in case there should be any "susceptibles" left, and at the same time to give subject matter for a "breeze" among his cult and the sensational papers in case he was ejected. He was stopped, relieved from his thralldom, put in the right track, and trudged back to his defeated projectors with tears of gratitude in his eyes and a guarding talisman in his heart. We returned to our room dinnerless, content to have exchanged our "mess of pottage" for a lesson in practical occultism.

The mole is not an important factor in the life of the world, unless it attempts to run its drifts under the foundations of a great edifice; then it becomes dangerous, and seeing the exposed end of the hole, the master builder rattles a few of the excavators' thrown-out pebbles down the hole and closes it. The blind digger turned upward by the stones, soon reaches

the upper world where, missing the cold and clammy touch of mother earth, it madly rushes, biting, scratching, then steals away to hide again in its familiar darkness, there to ruminate awhile in moleish glee at the huge swath it cut when in the open, then lie in its dark hole, content, perhaps, to sleep, then come again to live above the ground an evolved little mouse or bigger rodent.

After diligent search we find our great Universal Brotherhood edifice nearly cleared from cellar to garret by the ever-watchful builder, who, by close attention to the smallest duty, is able to protect the work.

The fifteen or twenty prominent—ahem!—workers who went to the colony brimful, as they declared, of quenchless desire and purpose to do practical work, have probably forgotten—but I think not—the innocent, comfortable-looking little “web of selfishness” and “pretense eradication” which they stepped into when the Leader said: “Every one look after their own hand-baggage, and do as you please.” So all feeling real good and at home immediately became interested and diligent in showing their true natures. Five or six at once began to hunt, place, and make-up cots, and prepare supper for all; a few more found easy, clean jobs in planning for the future, reviewing the grand scenery, or in loving, brotherly chat, and gleeful mirth passed the time until supper was ready. In doing this they made themselves more useful and convenient than the great majority, who, steadfast in their determination to do their usual practical work, took a firm grip of their own hand luggage, and crowded the halls, stairs and rooms, anxiously inquiring of the few workers, who were trying to push their way through with the cots and bedding, “where are our cots, where shall I sleep,” and in recipient, honoring, confidential, half-tone command to

their working superiors, suggested the placing of their beds near an airy window, where there was the best view. Such are found grouped among the true helpers, and often pass undiscerning inspection, as being the best working tools humanity furnishes to the occultist to save it with.

The beautiful lesson was not lost, however, for all soon learned that “by their works shall ye know them,” and that fact, and the necessity for using discernment, has since been so thoroughly injected into the minds of members throughout the country that a theoretically practical worker will hereafter find our organization roads hard walking.

The last and most surprising, and yet perfectly natural lesson, was given at Niagara Falls—the greatest continental releasing point of nature’s giant energy—an ancient meeting place of the “brothers.” Nervously exhausted and unstrung by months of killing work at Montauk, in Cuba, Point Loma and on the recent lecturing tour, this occultist found in the ceaseless roar of the Falls a certain powerful disintegrating tone-force, under the action of which her nervous system was being rapidly affected. Proof against her physician’s earnest urging to seek a quieter place, she stood her ground against—to her—this mighty killing nature-force, until she found its key or power, and then she mastered it—as is her business to—and she regained her strength at once.

What do these proof lessons promise for the future of the work? Its central dynamo and motive-power hooked to this gigantic storage place of nature’s earth, air, and water combination, a basic force, in its ruggedness better suited to the titanic work ahead than Point Loma’s more refined and higher tension-energy. One thing is certain: We have an occultist who masters whatever she meets by the power of unselfish love and its use for the good of humanity.

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

"Why are men so low and ignorant if they have existed 18,000,000 years?"

All men are souls—points of consciousness—sparks from the Spirit-Father or Oversoul, identical in essence (and therefore brothers), each evolving to greater capacities as evidenced by races, all of which are still so inadequate and imperfect. The Soul has been slowly perfecting its instrument all this time, and must continue till perfect harmony of expression is attained.

In order to contact this plane of gross or molecular matter, an instrument adapted from such matter became necessary, and after ages has been evolved the human cell body the man of dust, with its varying capacities as evidenced by races, all of which are still so inadequate and imperfect. The Soul has been slowly perfecting its instrument all this time, and must continue till perfect harmony of expression is attained.

Previous advancement of the man, or soul, requires and has developed that instrument to which he is entitled, and we would therefore not expect to find a Wagner, Shakespeare or Herbert Spencer in a Patagonian body.

The sun itself shines dimly through smoked glass.

Such bodies are not sensitized or attuned for the exceeding rapidity of impact which advanced souls produce—the brain cannot respond in fact.

The principle is well illustrated by the physical fact demonstrated in Marconi's "wireless" telegraph. The receiving instrument must be attuned to the transmitter or results are imperfect or nil.

The great need of humanity to-day is receiving instruments constructed out of more sensitive material—less tainted by non-spiritualized diseased heredity—and until such are forthcoming, until the laws of parentage are realized in their fulness, how can Great Souls incarnate, or humanity express more than it does? W. E. T.

It is stated in the "Secret Doctrine," by H. P. Blavatsky, that humanity has existed in its present form for 18,000,000 years. Such a period of time is altogether inconceivable as a mere number of years, but there are many things that enable us to appreciate in part the enormous period of time that man must have existed to have attained to that stage of development in which he now is. Before this long cycle of physical existence, as we now understand it, began 18,000,000 years ago, man had a very different kind of body, and had no direct contact with the objective physical world. Out of the materials of this world he has fashioned for himself the wonderful complex body he now has. Possessing the potentiality of all sense perception he has fashioned for himself organs through which that sense perception has become actual and real and through which he might relate himself to all the phenomena of external nature. Consider for a moment what this means, the potentiality of sight, sight on inner planes, but no physical organ of sight, no physical eye; similarly with the senses of hearing, smelling, tasting; only a dim sense of contact or touch by which the soul or inner man related himself to external nature. Think what it means to fashion an eye, a living eye responsive to light and shade, to color and form and distance. If a few more or many more ciphers were added to the 18,000,000 I do not think we should have cause to wonder. But the question is not directly as to man's powers but as to the use he has made of them and thus in the opinion of the questioner meriting the description of "low and ignorant." I think Nature has an answer to every question the mind may put. How comes it

that the tree which once was so green and beautiful with fresh foliage and then so fair with blossom and fruit is now in winter bare, dark and forbidding? How comes it that the man so beautiful in his strength and in the vigor of his mind and sweetness of disposition is now stretched on a bed of sickness, weak, petulant and complaining?

Nature has her seasons not alone for the trees and for earth, but for humanity. The human race passes through its springtime summer, autumn, winter. The bright leaves and blossoms give place to fruit and then grow withered and sere; they fall, leaving only the bare trunk and boughs through which the storms of winter rage and howl. Man in his little life, against his own better judgment follows his desires and the false allurements of the senses and so brings upon himself sickness, disease and death. It may be that the periodical inclemency of Nature and her storms and cataclysms are the outcome of man's own thoughts and desires; but even so, having brought them about, he is now subject to them until he shall remove their cause by changing his thoughts and desires. But out of the darkness of winter comes again the spring; up from the bed of sickness and the trials of sorrow arises the man renewed, purified, refined, softened; forth from the realm of death springs the new life with the innocence of childhood leading to the promise of a better manhood. Such are the rises and falls in Nature, and the cycles of life, the birth, growth, decay and death of nations and again the birth of new nations.

Shall we judge of the progress of man's little life by the weakness and decay of old age or by the boisterousness and thought-

lessness of exuberant youth? Both of these are present in the humanity of to-day. It is a transition period between the cycles: the weakness and decay, the greed and selfishness, the ignorance and vice, are approaching their death and are giving place to a new birth of hope and joy and promise. The thoughtlessness and the exuberant energy and boisterousness of youth are giving place to the responsibilities of manhood and a knowledge of the philosophy of life and a realization of the Brotherhood of Humanity.

It is true that there are low and ignorant men in the world—but so too there are high-minded, noble and wise men. I do not think that humanity as a whole is low and ignorant. It has been passing through a period of darkness and sickness and has become discouraged, but its heart is awaking, it is throwing off its lethargy, it is again asserting its divinity and the darkness is fast fleeing before the dawn of a new day.

Nature works very slowly but always surely.

To the soul, time is not as we count time. How should we count time, when we sometimes live whole years in a moment?

The soul knows its own purposes and though it build and unbuild through untold ages it works ever to the same end, until at last it shall have built for itself a perfect instrument through which it may act and express itself on all the planes of Nature. Then men will recognize themselves as comrades and will know the soul of humanity to be their soul, and its life their life.

J. H. FUSSELL.

YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

THE LITTLE PASHA.

Adapted from the French by H. de N.

Once in Cairo, in Egypt, there lived a little boy. He was the son of the Pasha and was 8 years old. He was a very pretty little boy but was very spoiled, for his father was very rich and let him have everything he wished, but he had never played with other boys. A great many servants waited on him at all times, and whenever he wanted anything they would immediately get it for him or do anything he told them. In this way he became a terrible little despot, though he did not think so himself, but thought it the most natural thing in the world.

He was very fond of riding and used to ride on horses and ponies and donkeys and goats, and sometimes on the fine camels which his father had. But because he had always had what he wanted he was never satisfied and always wanted something else.

One day he was looking out of one of the windows in his father's palace and saw coming up the road a big rough-looking dromedary, used only for carrying heavy loads. It was very different from his father's riding camels, on the back of which a beautiful little house used to be put for him to ride in, but when he saw the dromedary he wanted to ride on his back, for he had never ridden on such a big animal before. The dromedary used to carry loads of stone and heavy burdens from the steamer docks to the city and was very muddy and dirty. He was led by a little boy about the same age as the little Pasha. But this little boy was very different from the little Pasha who always had servants to wait on him and would not do things for himself. This little boy was a hard

worker and used to earn money to take care of his old mother, getting up at sunrise and working till sunset.

The Pasha's little son used to be called the little Pasha because he always ordered everybody about and when his servants would not do what he wanted, he used to beat them. As soon as he saw the dromedary with the little driver he called to his servants to bring them into the garden in front of the palace. The little Pasha said: "I have tried all sorts of animals for riding and now I want to try this ugly old camel and ride on his back." So he was put on the arched back of the muddy old camel and then he said to the little driver: "Now, make your camel run as fast as he can." The little driver did his best to make the old camel go fast but he was only used to go slowly with his heavy loads and had never had to run, and the little driver was always kind to him and never used a whip. But the little Pasha got a whip and whipped the camel very hard and cruelly and then he began to go faster than he had ever gone in his life. Still it was not fast enough for the spoiled child and he got very angry and told his servants to take him down from the camel's back and then began to beat the little driver, to teach him, he said, how to drive a camel. Then he sent him away, but while both the little driver and the camel were going away as fast as they could, both trying to make themselves as small as possible so as not to again attract the attention of the little Pasha, this naughty little boy was still in a very bad temper and wanted to throw something after them. He had nothing except his purse filled with gold coins



"THE RAINBOW PLAY."
Given by the children of the Lotus Group at Westery, R. I., under the direction of Mrs. Carpenter.

and his beautiful little whip, all studded with precious stones. He threw these after the little driver, and the purse hit him and hurt him badly and made the tears run down his cheeks. But the little driver picked up the purse and the whip and took them home.

After that the little Pasha, not knowing what to do went back into the garden and lay down under the shade of a big tree at the edge of a fountain where he could look down into the water and see the reflection of his face, and very soon though he thought he was still awake he fell fast asleep, and this is what he dreamed.

He saw coming down from the sky a big dark creature which looked at first like a great bird because it had wings and was flying, but when it came near and alighted on the ground the wings disappeared. The creature came towards him, bowing and greeting him in a most ceremonious manner and as the little Pasha looked more closely he found this strange creature was not a bird but a buffalo of a dark brown color. The buffalo came up to him and began to speak. The little boy was not at all frightened or even astonished because you see he was dreaming, and very wonderful things happen in dreams and they seem quite natural. And then the little Pasha was so proud that he liked to have everybody bow to him, even a buffalo. So he said to the buffalo: "What do you wish to say to me, you ugly buffalo." And the buffalo, in the most respectful tone, trying to make his gruff voice as smooth and sweet as possible, replied: "I have been watching you for a long time, my little Pasha, and I have seen how fond you are of riding on all sorts of animals, fine horses and well-kept donkeys and even your father's fine riding camels, and just now I saw you riding on an old, ugly, coarse dromedary. Then I thought that perhaps I, too, might dare to ask to have the honor of carrying you on my back."

The little Pasha was so amused that he

laughed for a long time before he could answer. It seemed the most ridiculous thing in the world for a buffalo to ask him to ride on his back. However, the buffalo was so courteous and pleaded his cause so well that the little Pasha felt very flattered and so he consented just for the fun of it to take just one turn round the garden.

The buffalo knelt down like a camel for the little boy to get on his back, but he was no sooner mounted than a pair of big dark wings stretched out on each side of his back and he began to fly, taking the frightened boy with him up into the sky.

The queerest part of his dream now came but it was all so real that the little Pasha thought he was wide awake and that it really happened. The buffalo took him to three places. In the first he saw a little boy of the same age as himself but not living in a palace as he did, and he saw him beating another little boy to force him to do what he wanted. Then the buffalo took him where he again saw a boy of the same age as himself but living in a poor mud hut, the son of a fellah or Egyptian peasant. This boy was very lazy and would not work, though all the other boys were very busy, and the little Pasha heard the boy's mother scolding him and saying: "Oh, it is that naughty little Pasha again, that lazy, good-for-nothing little Pasha." Then the boy turned round and the little Pasha saw his face. He was so startled for it was his own face and the little fellah boy was himself.

The third place the buffalo took him to was in the streets of Cairo and the little Pasha saw a boy riding on a beautiful white horse, and saw a poor old man sitting by the side of the road begging. The boy on the horse was very angry at seeing the old man and threw a gold coin in his face, hurting him very much; then all at once he heard the people on every side call out: "Oh! there is the little Pasha again, that naughty, spoiled child, so proud and selfish and bad-tempered and cruel that he makes

his horse run over the children and knock them down and throws money in the face of the old man." He looked at the boy on the white horse and saw it was himself and that all the people were calling out after him and it seemed as though all their voices were pushing and pushing him towards the great river—then the boy with his white horse disappeared and he was on the back of the buffalo and both were pushed into the river.

Just at this moment he woke up with a loud scream; he had rolled into the fountain while he was asleep and dreaming, and now he was crying out and splashing in the water trying to get out again. The water was very shallow so he was able to get out, but he was all wet and very uncomfortable and miserable. But he was most uncomfortable in his mind for he had made a terrible discovery about himself and what the people thought about him, that nobody loved him but called him "the little Pasha" only in contempt. He had never known what he really was before and it made him think very seriously. Heretofore he used to be proud to hear himself called "the little Pasha," but now that he found nobody loved him, but that the people called him that because he was so proud and cruel and bad-tempered, he hated to hear the name.

But he was not altogether bad and so he

began to try; at first it was very hard, and he was still often very bad-tempered and cross, but one day when he was out riding he saw a little boy who was a cripple and one of whose crutches had caught in a hole in the ground and broken. The little cripple fell down and could not get up again, so the little Pasha jumped off his pony and told his black servant, who was riding with him, to pick up the little cripple and hold him on the pony and take him home. The little cripple was at first frightened at the little Pasha, because he knew how cruel he used to be, but when the little Pasha himself helped to lift him and said he felt so sorry he was hurt and promised him a new crutch, he smiled at him and thanked him.

This made the little Pasha feel quite happy. He had never felt like that before, but I think he had found the first secret of being happy and that is to help somebody else and make somebody else happy. It was a great discovery, but he found it was so nice to talk to another boy and to help him that the little Pasha and the little cripple became very good friends and the people began to say: "Why! the little Pasha is not nearly so naughty or cruel, but really has a heart," and they began to say kind things about him and that helped him very much; but what helped him most of all was his friendship for the poor little cripple.

BROTHERHOOD ACTIVITIES.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

The portrait given above is of one of the oldest members of the Society, Mrs. Whipple, and her little granddaughter, of Colorado Springs, Colorado, whom our Leader met when visiting that city on her way to Denver. Mrs. Whipple's daughter was present at the public meeting of the Universal Brotherhood, and called to see the Leader, and told her how much her mother wished to see her, but was not able to leave the house. So on her way to the train the Leader started earlier so as to call to see the old lady, who said how great a pleasure and honor it was to welcome her in her home; she had always believed in the great Cause, and felt she would never be deserted nor overlooked.



The old lady is a true warrior and a noble example of devotion and loyalty to Truth. Once when one of the most active persecutors of our work was about to locate in the city, and sought to gain her co-operation, she would not admit her even inside the gate, but waved her away, and said she would not even listen to the calumnies which she was seeking to spread. She contributed very largely to the publication of H. P. B.'s great work, "The Secret Doctrine," and throughout has helped forward the work for Universal Brotherhood. She is now the President of a Lodge of the Universal Brotherhood

which, though not large in numbers, has that quality which comes from steadfastness and devotion and makes the work a living power.

AMICUS.

WITH THE LOTUS CHILDREN IN AUSTRALIA.

U. B. LODGE NO. 1, AUSTRALIA.

SYDNEY, JUNE 15, 1899.

DEAR COMRADE—Mr. Willans, who attended the U. B. Congress at Point Loma, arrived home safely on the 10th after a splendid passage. Needless to say, all of us were delighted to see him home again, and we have kept him busy ever since telling us about the work in America, and about you all. When I told him some of the details in connection with the Lotus work here, he suggested that you would be interested if I wrote you an account of it, and so I am going to act on the suggestion and give you a description.

It was up-hill work at first. Our first scholars were of such different ages that it was difficult to teach them together, especially as they were simply human quicksilver in

regard to concentrated attention, and I perfectly new to the work, not having had anything to do with children for years. I thought I must win their affection, somehow, as a basis, for the lines are to work through love. You know they are only babies really, so I thought I would set to work and teach them about Unity, and the One Life in all, by means of pictures. I made some cardboard purple hearts with golden centers, some five-pointed yellow stars, some stones and lotus flowers, some earth, air, fire and water fairies—all of cardboard. A lady member who can paint, painted some flowers and animals. The backs of all the pictures were white with a tiny gold star in the center.

I gave each child a series, from heart to child (the child represented humanity, and was a beautiful little winged boy with a halo round his head, and one star on his forehead, and another on his heart). The star representing the pilgrim-soul, journeyed through all the kingdoms, earth-spirits, stones, plants and animals up to man. Then we would reverse the cards and see the pilgrim in the white light of Unity. This was the first attempt, and the children were very fond of the cards.

Sunday after Sunday other children came, so that now we have quite a good class, and they are all such nice children. Some are really poor, and those I know most about at present, and it is of them that I intend talking to you about. It is quite pathetic to see how they love coming to the group and how they struggle against their disabilities to come at all costs. Last Sunday the mother of one of the children told her she could not come, because she had only a pair of boots so large that they would have to be tied on with string. This her mother would not allow her to do, so she stuffed the spaces up with the paper, and then walked over a mile to the rooms. They live quite, if not more, than a mile away, and walk to and fro. May is a dear, funny little child with fair hair and brown eyes—such a pretty little mite, with a dear little pipe of a voice like a little bird. An ant crawled over her hand the other day. She killed it, and then said: "His proper place was walking on the ground; if he walks on me what can I do but kill him?" Her sister said: "If you do kill him, he'll come alive again." So she drew her eyebrows together and said: "If he does, and then comes alive again—what do we do? We must come alive again, too; when we die we must come back again, don't we?" Mary Ellen also told me: "I could not come on Sunday because I had no boots. I wanted mother to let me walk down with one boot on and one boot off, but she wouldn't." So, you see, the interest is genuine. The mothers come down with them on Sunday, and one member holds a Mothers' Meeting, while Mrs. Tuck and I have the Lotus Group.

At the Bazaar we held last December the children of the three groups gave a combined play which we called the "Rainbow Play," a description of which I sent you. On April 13 of this year, before we knew the date of the Congress, we had decided to keep it as children's day in honor of W. Q. J.'s birthday, and arranged that each group should give a separate play, to see the outcome of the work. The children became very interested and worked hard to learn their little songs (it is just wonderful how they love their songs and take them home and sing them all day long in their playtime and to their parents). I did not attempt a leaflet, as so many of the children are young, and had never attempted to act any little play before. I just strung a few of the songs together and added a few short speeches and called it "Springtime."

Now, what was strange to me was this: I thought I should like to express symbolically some idea of the times we are now living in, and so carry out as well as I could the ideas of the Leader, and finally evolved the following plan: We dressed the children in the little colored frocks that belong to the group, and put huge ruffles of colored crinkled paper around their necks, transforming them into flowers (they did look so nice with their wee faces smiling at you). They were grouped together on low seats, and as the music started rose and sang "Spring Flowers;" then sat down again and the wee-est ones rose and sang "Buds;" then the blossoms sang "In Time of Storm." Two boys—Peter and Leonard—(and this is what to me is curious) we made Heralds

of Spring, one with a trumpet, the other carrying a banner with "Truth, Light and Liberation" upon it. Peter advanced, blew his trumpet, and said: "This is the springtime of humanity." Leonard, planting his banner well to the front, said: "List ye to what the Buds have to say;" and the Buds said: "Heartlight is sunlight." Then the trumpet blast, etc., was repeated and Blossom cried: "Life is Joy, O! Life is Joy." It was repeated the third time, and all together exclaimed: "Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," and the curtain dropped.

Wasn't it strange that the children of this baby nation should blow trumpets and plant the banner of "Truth, Light and Liberation" well to the front on the first day of the Congress, and do their little part to herald the dawn of the glad new age, when we had no idea of what would be done at the Congress? At least, I thought it was a good omen.

We are all going to repeat our plays on Saturday week to welcome Mr. Willans home and earn some money for the Lotus Mothers' Cuban Children's work. They have no money of their own, so they are going to try ever so hard to do their play well and charge admission—Sunshine money—to help other people. I have added another little piece to the little play. After all together say "Helping and Sharing," etc., the Heralds will blow another blast and say "Hail to the New Century!" "Hail to the Lotus Mother!" and the "New Century" will appear and say: "I am the spirit of the new century. I am the messenger and forerunner of the new order of ages. Through me all men will learn to live as brothers under the wise guidance of our dear Lotus Mother." Then all will sing "Fountain of Wisdom and Light."

We are learning the mineral leaflet now, and as there were four wee children too many, I have introduced a little verse for them. They are coal fairies, and sit on the dust heap and sing:

We sit at the heart of the coal, and wait
 For our brothers to help us to open the gate,
 That we may come out in the fair sunlight
 To build our flower houses so sweet and bright.

Mr. Smith has written us such a pretty little tune for it, and also two others, which I am sending you. I am delighted to see verse number two of "Sunbeams." The children like the song and tune so much. The following lines they also sing to the tune:

Little notes of music, little rays of light,
 Living here in bodies make the whole world bright,
 Little hearts to love with, little hands to help,
 Little minds to think with—about the shining Self.

All the Mothers and many of the Fathers take a great interest in what their children learn at the Lotus Groups, and I tuck the *New Century*, two or three together, and they take them home and read them from cover to cover, and the children ask for their stories out of them. Little May goes about singing "Spots' Brotherhood Song," and is always asking for it to be read to her. Now I think you know the "ins and outs" of the work here as well as I can describe it—at least the part with which I am chiefly concerned. Miss Dob's Group still works on. Most of the children are older there and have studied most of the leaflets. Mrs. Minchen is working with their Group, too, and I think will work it up. Mr. Minchen intends fixing us up a platform for the plays; at present we have none in the room. The plays are our method of bringing joy into the lives of the children. I find they don't see many pretty things at home, poor mites. They interest "grown-ups" in the work, and through them many have become interested for the first time. What a wonderful Leader we have! Daily belief and trust in her methods becomes stronger. All one wants to do, it seems to me, is to strive one's hardest to see what she means, and not to cavil at it. When we try help comes. For instance, we were to give the play, and could not do so where we did before, and all the material to form a platform and stage from was a bare floor space, four old green curtains, and a blank wall of gray wall paper and one small screen. That in the morn-

ing. At night a promise of platform and screen, a gay flowered drop curtain and a good crop of ideas for all sorts of glories—and so it is always.

When the news of the Cuban work came it touched me so that I “fished” up one of the old Brotherhood pence boxes, nailed the *New Century* with the Cuban picture on the wall of the depot, and put the box in a bracket underneath, and every spare penny and half-penny I have I shine up with soap thinking Brotherhood thoughts, and of the Leader’s work the while, and drop them in with a dedication to her work. On the 13th of the month I take them out and hand them into the I. B. L. Secretary for Cuban work. He changes the coins into silver ones and circulates the copper through the town; not many shillings have been gathered yet, but the force that seems round where that box stands has astonished me. I mentioned the matter to Mr. Willans, and he said he thought it would interest the Comrades in America, so I tell you. With love and all good wishes for the work, sincerely,

EMILY J. WILLANS.

LETTER FROM HOLLAND.

Holland has been touched by the force of the Congress. Many of our brothers told us that during meetings which took place at the time of the Congress, they were conscious of such a direct, actual contact with Point Loma, that they could not doubt its reality. Since our return here, *all* meetings dedicated to our reports of the marvellous Point Loma work have been successes; great impression has been made and we are constantly asked to speak again about it. The interest among the greatest number of our members is still growing. Brother Jasink was requested to visit our several lodges, and all were struck by what he had to tell of the Congress, and the way he told it. Here, too, the fire from that new old Home has lit the torches. On the 9th of July we had our annual convention, as usual, in the woods; it was very good indeed. All those members who were able to come, gathered there, from Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Zaandam, Utrecht, Haarlem, Leiden, The Hague, etc. The weather was fine; so that after a very simple Brotherhood meal, having walked to a quiet shadowy place, we all sat down on the grass in a circle, the group of children which were with us as representatives of our Lotus Circles, remaining of their own account in the center, and forming the point in the circle. We had an excellent and happy meeting. After the sounding of “Truth, Light and Liberation,” some very good speeches followed, and we concluded with singing “Night’s Hoary Children,” the final chorus of the “Eumenides.” After that, we all walked in the woods, talking and planning work, making closer and closer the ties of Harmony between the workers; it was a *day of strength* over which, in word and in thought, the influence and memory of the Point Loma Congress kept hovering all the while.

HERMANCE P. DE NEUFVILLE.

WORK AMONG TEACHERS.

PASADENA, CAL., July 16, 1899.

MR. E. AUG. NERESHEIMER,

DEAR COMRADE—The 2,000 copies of the “Handbook of the Universal Brotherhood, its Departments, Methods and Scope,” were duly received by the Los Angeles Lodge. I was elected a committee of one, “with power to add to my number,” to distribute them to the teachers attending the convention of the N. E. A. We secured space free on the end of the Santa Fé counter where they were advertising San Diego, and put up a small sign: “Universal Brotherhood, International Brotherhood League, School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, Isis Conservatory of Music, Point Loma, Cal.” Here we deposited our precious booklets with a member on guard, and from here 1,600 copies were distributed. The object of this method of distribution was to put it on the same plane of dignity with all the official business of the association. Another advantage—it gave an opportunity for those who were interested to take copies; those

who were not passed by. The member on guard extended copies to those who did not see the sign, with the remark, "Are you interested in anything of this kind?" The answer determined the gift or the withdrawal of the book. All were given time to see what it was. Each book went to one who had deliberately elected to take it. The rejections were a very small per cent.

Several interesting incidents occurred. Monday afternoon a tired couple from a Western country school left their luggage at the door. The gentleman went to secure their hotel assignment. An expression on the woman's face drew the distributor from his place to her. "Yes, I am interested in Brotherhood," she said, and turned the pages. As she began to realize what she had her face beamed with enthusiasm and she said, "yes, *very much* interested." In conversation she said that five years ago in an isolated position she had thought she would go crazy from an unsatisfied desire to get knowledge of this movement, and though since reconciled, she had sought in vain for books, literature and addresses given in this pamphlet. The U. B. book was her dearest prize, well worth the journey.

Many in accepting the book remarked, "Yes, that is what the world needs;" "Brotherhood, that's right;" "That's what I believe in;" "Yes, I'll *read that*," etc. The teachers were a highly intelligent body with an amount of joy at arriving in California that was quite Theosophical.

Four hundred of the books were distributed at the Kindergarten, Music and General Meetings. Miss Ozmun, Mrs. Neil and Mrs. Griswold did guard duty and distributed, while Mr. Hanks also helped. This work has been a joy to those of us privileged to assist in it, and has done great good.

Faithfully and fraternally yours,

ABBOTT CLARK.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CRUSADE.

The last place mentioned in the report of the Crusade given in our August issue was Youngstown. Toledo was visited before Youngstown by the Leader and party, but has not been reported—then to Niagara Falls for a short rest which, however, meant new work along other lines, and then home to New York, arriving Tuesday, July 25. It has been impossible to give more than a few of the newspaper reports, and many interesting incidents must be left untold, though not unrecorded, for the events are engraved in the hearts of the members and the seed everywhere sown is already springing up with the promise of harvest. The following is the report of the meeting held in

TOLEDO, OHIO.

KATHERINE TINGLEY ON UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

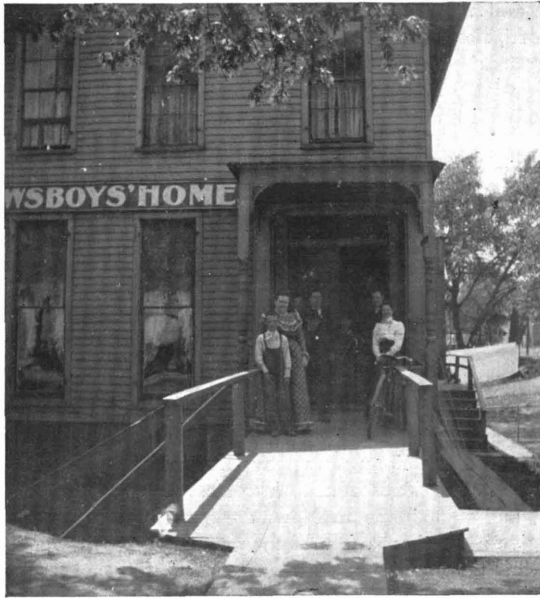
Katherine Tingley, who had been unable to appear at the Universal Brotherhood meeting Wednesday night, made her appearance last night, evidently none the worse for her slight illness. She addressed and interested a large crowd, and sent most of them home thinking. Some claim that Katherine Tingley does not become oratorical in her addresses; but she does. True, she does not resort to the use of wild gesticulations, nor does her voice rise to grand climaxes. But she has a simple directness of style, a clear, comprehensive and incisive tone of meaning, that combine to make the most telling oratory.

She dwelt on the philosophy of Brotherhood, which, she said, contains the balm for the great suffering of to-day, to which she added the statement that false ideas, false ambitions, selfishness and unbrotherly spirit are the causes of unhappiness and dissatisfaction. She said that if mothers would spend half the time drawing out their children

that they do in dressing and petting them, the coming generation would be more able to sustain the burden of responsibility that will be thrust upon them. She then contrasted the work that she and her followers are doing—the actual humanitarian work, as it is called—with the work of some other societies which, she claims, finds its limits in words, not actions.

The evening was made pleasant by duets rendered by Basil Crump and Mrs. Alice L. Cleather on the piano and organ. Questions handed in at the close of Katherine Tingley's address were answered by members of her Cabinet. An invitation to call upon her at the Boody House is extended to whomsoever may be interested.—*Toledo Bee*.

Mrs. Cleather writes to *The New Century* that: "Although a strenuous attempt has been made to tear down the work, the only visible result appeared to be our two



THE NEWSBOYS' HOME, TOLEDO, OHIO.

well-attended public meetings, at which the best people in the town were seen, in spite of the lateness of the season. Truly, a little opposition only brings out the innate force and strength of the movement and proves the more surely its irresistible power. It has been shown to be so all along the line, and always does our Leader utilize the evil forces which oppose this movement and turn all to ultimate good. Of course the Newsboys' Home was visited by the Mother and the packed room full of boys were cheered and encouraged by her loving and helpful talk. A charming outdoor treat was given to the littles ones of Toledo, who in the name of the I. B. L., were publicly invited out to one of the parks and given a good meal and some interesting talk from the Leader and her party, including Señorita Fabra and little Ricardo—who now speaks English charmingly.—*The New Century*.

The Newsboy's Home in Toledo is a great center of Brotherhood. Here boys, large and small, newsboys and bootblacks, hold their weekly meetings and work for Brotherhood. The hundreds who gather there are learning the lessons of right living. Their bright faces and cheery voices show plainly that they are finding joy in helping and sharing. Bless them!—Bless them! the helpers of the race.—*The New Century*.

KATHERINE TINGLEY TALKED—PROGRAMME OF MUSIC AND BROTHERHOOD LISTENED TO LAST NIGHT—THE MEETING WELL ATTENDED.

An intelligent audience gathered at the National Union Auditorium last evening to hear Katherine Tingley and the other speakers for Universal Brotherhood, and considering the time of year it was a remarkably large gathering.

Mr. H. T. Patterson opened the meeting by explaining the nature and objects of the Society and announcing the programme for the evening.

The prelude to the principal address of the evening by Katherine Tingley consisted of piano and organ duets by Mrs. Alice Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump, and the throwing of sentences and quotations from the three Leaders of the Movement by stereopticon upon a screen. These propositions and statements related to law, morality and Brotherhood, and made a deep impression. Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump played a number of selections at intervals during the evening, interpreting the grand and rarely beautiful phrases of the great Wagner with exquisite bairity and taste. In addition to the paragraphs concerning Brotherhood, which were exhibited on the screen, there were also shown ideal pictures of Sir Galahad and other heroes of the operas. The selections were from Lohengrin, Parsifal and the Niebelunglied.

Katherine Tingley spoke first. She did not depend upon oratory for her effect, but spoke plainly and simply, in a manner calculated to hold her audience. She began her address by calling attention to the general cheerful aspect with which one is confronted in studying the faces of the people generally. Continuing, she declared that to take a broader, deeper view, to observe the great mass of people, to visit our jails, crowded thoroughfares and asylums, was to realize that humanity is falling away from its heritage, that it is in a great degree ignorant of its innate divine nature and possibilities. This, she said, can be largely attributed to the limitations of the human mind. Our ancestors pursued the wrong tactics, and we blindly follow in their tracks. Man is dual in nature, he has a spiritual and a lower quality.

The philosophy of Brotherhood, teaching selflessness, contains the balm for the pain and suffering of to-day. False ideas, false ambitions, inharmonious methods of living, selfishness and unbrotherly spirit are accountable for unhappiness and dissatisfaction.

There are too many negatively good people, she asserted, who live exclusive, egotistical lives, who propound fine theories and live for themselves alone. In their good works they are spasmodic and ill-judged.

To teach the babes, the little children, their divine nature, to impress this fact upon them in the years of their early youth, is to lay the cornerstone of a healthful, happy manhood and womanhood. If mothers would spend one-half as much time in drawing out and developing the fine inner nature of their children that they do in dressing, petting and indulging them, the new generation of men and women would be worthy of the responsibilities which are now theirs in this age, and would be able to satisfactorily carry them.

She spoke further of the work of Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge. . . . She then proceeded to explain the various humanitarian works of the Universal Brotherhood, such as the rescue of fallen women, of inebriates and street waifs, the work which was carried on among the sick soldiers at Montauk Point, and in Cuba among the starving people and sick there.

At the close of the address questions which had been handed in were capably answered by Mrs. Alice Cleather, Mr. Basil Crump, Judge E. O. Rourke and Mr. F. M. Pierce, who made quite a lengthy and interesting address.

Interested persons were given an invitation to call upon Katherine Tingley and other members of her Cabinet at the Boody House to-day.—*Toledo Commercial*.

A very interesting feature of the Crusade has been the use of a stereopticon by means of which were thrown upon the screen quotations from the writing of H. P. B., W. Q. Judge and Katherine A. Tingley. They aroused much interest and made a deep impression. Four of the quotations used are as follows :

THE ONE ETERNAL LAW.

There is one Eternal Law in Nature, one that always tends to adjust differences, and to produce final harmony. It is owing to this Law of spiritual development super-

seding the physical and purely intellectual, that mankind will become freed from its false Gods, and find itself finally Self-redeemed.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

* * *

Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the Age.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

* * *

Experience we must have, and if we accept it at our own hands we are wise. That is, while striving to do our whole duty to the world and ourselves, we will not live the past over again by vain and hurtful regrets, nor condemn any man, whatever his deeds, since we cannot know their true cause. We are not the Law, and it is a species of that hypocrisy so deeply condemned by It for us to condemn any man.

WILLIAM Q. JUDE.

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Many teachings of great value to the world cannot be taught to the masses—not because they are secret, but because they would not be understood. Where one would understand, many would not. To bring back the old wisdom, to make known again the old truths, new methods must be adopted; this will partly be done through the revival of some of the ancient dramas, and partly by the study of history. How many students seek for a knowledge of Occultism and do not know the history of their own country!

I cannot tell you what secrets await to be revealed to those who study along these new lines. Even the greatest historians of ancient and modern times have had their limitations and also have had to adapt their writings to the comprehension of the times in which they lived. But with the new light that is dawning, with the awakening of the knowledge of man's divinity, the day is not far distant when the glory of the past shall again become known and the glory of the future be assured.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

WELCOME HOME.

On July 25 we welcomed the Leader and her band of Crusaders back again in New York. It was indeed a welcome that each and all of us gave to her. Who can tell the future of the work? What we have already seen as the results of the efforts, and in spite of opposition of those who sought to hinder and destroy, during the past two years has been great; so great that two years ago it would have been almost beyond belief. To-day the promise is even greater, and our opportunity of sharing in the work and of upholding the hands of our Leader is greater also. Shall we not accept this opportunity? Comrades, we should belie our own natures and powers did we not accept it. We do accept it, we have seen the light and henceforth will follow it.

J. H. FUSSELL.

NEW YORK.

On July 25 the Leader and party arrived. It is difficult to describe how refreshing the presence of the Leader is after an absence of several months. Every member of the staff seemed to be exhilarated, and the effect was something like that produced by the sudden appearance of the sun after a cloudy day. There is life, force and vitality in her presence which is remarkable in its effect.

One by one the members of the staff went to greet the Leader, all expressing their joy at seeing her again. Then the words of greeting from her to each, and the inquiries about the work each one had in charge; the giving of new orders, bringing about fresh impetus in every direction; accounts of the interesting developments on the Crusade, just concluded; little incidents which only the eye of the Leader can observe, told in an inimitable way, as all who have heard can fully testify. Is it any wonder that around this heart, and emanating from it, is to be found the fiery energy which is the

secret of success? Of what value would the labor of each be, if it was not wisely directed and made universal in its application by the one who wisely watches the work from all points? A glance at the growing activity of the movement tells its own eloquent story, and no wonder its success is a block to the self-seeking and unprogressive and to those who would like to use our Organization to further their political schemes. It is a fact that the Universal Brotherhood Organization, springing directly from the parent T. S., is doing great constructive work all the world over, and daily increasing in power and influence. The secret is easily found; there is a guiding heart and head, and the soul of compassion is breathed into everything.

In the evening—on the day of arrival—the Aryan T. S. held its usual weekly meeting, and after a warm friendly greeting from President Neresheimer to the Leader, and the Crusaders, the meeting was turned over to them. All spoke in turn. The hall was well filled with members, notwithstanding the approach of the "dog days," and a good number of the public were also present. The meeting was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Leader's trip has been very beneficial. The Lodges visited have been invigorated and helped as was possible in no other way. Great public interest has been aroused. The philosophy has been presented in a clear, common sense, intelligent way to large audiences who have by that means got a clearer grasp of Theosophy than ever before. Many testified to this, and expressed their surprise that Theosophy was so beautiful and so true. They had been associating it with the fantastic and uncanny. The mission of H. P. B. and W. Q. J. was given a new meaning and its real purpose revealed.

As a result many new applications for membership were received, so that on the Leader's return hundreds of new diplomas had to be made out and receive the official acceptance and signature. It was quite interesting to see the pile of diplomas being got ready, and sent off with all despatch. Applications continue to come in rapidly, and the signs of new life increase. When the Fall activity of the Lodges is entered upon, the results will begin to appear even more fully than now, although for this season the record is phenomenal.

The meetings on Sunday and Tuesday evenings at the Headquarters continue in full swing. A new programme has been prepared and the interest on the part of the public does not abate in the least. Questions and answers form an interesting part of the meetings, and are a great help in enabling all members to speak, even a few words from their hearts, which never fail to have effect on the public, convincing of sincerity, and the fact that an endeavor is being made to make Theosophy a living power in the daily life.

A work of infinite promise is that of the Boys' Clubs recently started at Hudson street and at Aryan Hall. The suggestion embodied in the recent circular sent out by the Leader was at once acted upon, and the result has been beyond anything deemed possible. It will be before long one of the most important developments of the work. The young readily respond to the training, physical, mental and moral, which they receive, and in this lies the hope of the future. They will not have to undo, through years, what has been such a retarding influence on the "grown-ups" of to-day. Full accounts have appeared in *The New Century*, so that it is unnecessary to go into fuller details here.

The Leader and party are expected to attend the Swedish Congress which will be held before long, and which promises to be a great one. Those who know the loyalty and devotion of the Swedish members can best appreciate what this visit means to them at this important time, and they will not fail to utilize it in every way to the best advantage. It will give a great impetus to the movement in Sweden, which during the past few months, even, has been showing quite remarkable activity. Our best wishes to the Swedish Congress and our Swedish Comrades.

Following the Swedish Congress will come the "big event" in England. A great Congress is to be held at Brighton, and although it will naturally lack the influences

which make Point Loma unique, it will be in many respects as great a gathering as the Congress at Point Loma, and in some respects greater. Our English brethren know how to make preparations for such occasions, and they will see to it also that the opportunity is profited by to the fullest extent. Good luck to the English Congress, and success to the work in England! Much opposition there has died a natural death, and the way is practically clear for a sweep of Brotherhood. We know the Leader will use all the advantages of the occasion.

The movement keeps on growing in all lands where its influence has been felt, and who can tell, with any accuracy, what prosperity lies before the work? If the members are loyal and devoted the banner of the U. B. will float o'er every land within a few years. Hurrah for the cause! At its progress the great ones smile. Let us never weary in aiding it forward, for every moment of gloom gives an opportunity to its ever-watchful enemies. Excelsior!

I noticed lately that the Leader was quoted as having made a speech in one town from which she happened to be more than a thousand miles away. Extracts were also made from other speeches, and letters, which were selected in order to misrepresent her, all done by a few people whom she would not bolster up in prominent positions, and who, anxious to get a following, seek to blind the public. The absence of the editors from the city gives me larger liberty to point out these facts, and let truth-loving people know what our Organization has to contend with.

It is NON-POLITICAL and UNSECTARIAN.

D. N. DUNLOP.

A COURSE OF LECTURES IN TORONTO.

Last night Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe gave his second lecture on the Bhagavad Gita at Brotherhood Lodge No. 49, Forum Hall. There was an increased attendance, and the interest in these intensely suggestive lessons from ancient scriptures deepens. The lectures are free and are continued every Wednesday evening.—*The Toronto World*.

CAUTION TO MEMBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

We have received reliable information that persons are approaching members, and others, offering "Universal Brotherhood" bonds for sale. Neither the Universal Brotherhood nor the International Brotherhood League issue bonds or stock, and members and the public are warned against any persons making the above or *any financial presentations*, and are urgently requested to acquire full information regarding such persons and forward it to me. If honest, well-meaning people would use discernment, refuse to be deceived, and act as a moral police, deceivers and hypocrites would be compelled to become honest or cease their evil actions. Secretaries of Lodges are requested to cut this out and pin up in prominent place.

FRANK M. PIERCE,
Secretary General U. B.,
144 Madison Avenue, New York.

DO NOT FORGET THIS.

The Secretaries of the U. B. and the E. S. are pleased to acknowledge the influx of stamps in response to the following notice. We are glad to see even this sign of helpfulness:

If every letter sent by members to Headquarters, 144 Madison Avenue, New York, contained one stamp or more, many hundred dollars would be saved to use in other needed work. Do not stick the stamps to letters, SEND THEM LOOSE.

Comrades! do not forget this.

EDITORS.

NOTICE TO READERS.

Reports of "The Sokratic Club" will be resumed in January. This is done to give space to manuscript already in hand.

EDITORS.