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TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

Let me be great enough to see the truth on every side.—VICTOR HUGO

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The “Metaphysical Movement”

by H. T. Edge



IN the American monthly *Review of Reviews* for March is an article on “The Metaphysical Movement.” This name denotes that modern school of speculation which includes writers on the power of thought, the supremacy of the will, Nature’s finer forces, metaphysical healing, character-building, and the like. The author, Paul Tyner, sketches the history, personnel, and bibliography of the movement, and discusses its import and bearings. It indicates, he says, an intense desire to render real and practical the truths of religion, to enable man to rule his own forces, and to replace vague mysticism by workable science. Mr. Tyner takes an optimistic view of the situation and sums up by saying:

Its spirit, its purpose, its ideals, and, it is hoped, its later methods, are frankly humanitarian in the highest sense of the word. . . . Its spirit is cheerful, optimistic, positive, and constructive. . . . It inculcates a brave, high endeavor forever making for progress, yet would advance steadily, serenely, and without friction, lubricating the ways and increasing the energy used in the doing of the work of the world. To the Quietism of Mo-

linos and the Quakers it joins the enterprise, the daring, and the strenuousness of the modern spirit, balancing the one with the other, and avoiding the extremes of either. It thus stands for power in peace and strength in serenity, assuring that equilibrium in the individual and collective life which is essential to healthy progress and permanent happiness.

The author thinks that this movement, sporadic and disorganized in its beginnings, is now taking definite shape, and he points to congresses that have been held among various representatives of this trend of thought. He believes that it will incur the danger of being run into various narrow sectarian grooves, but that it will survive the danger and maintain its breadth without losing its coherence.

That the "Metaphysical Movement" represents a fresh and vigorous budding of human mental and moral enterprise must be admitted. We can see it in the desire to be freed from the bondage of intellectual bigotry and superstition; the recognition of Mind as the essential reality of life, in place of the abstractions of materialistic science; the determination to rise from the abject posture of fear and supplication fostered by false teachings of the past, and take one's destiny in one's own hands. The extreme sensitiveness of our nervous age has brought many to that point of suffering at which pain works its own cure and a supreme effort is made to exterminate the root of affliction and let moral poise replace morbid susceptibility. To recognize the will as supreme over the faculties, and serenity as superior to the pressure of circumstances, is to assert man's power and dignity, and in many cases has doubtless saved people from the abyss which engulfs those who utterly abandon self-control.

We recognize and admit all the good of the movement; but it is for this very reason that we must turn to consider the dangers that menace it and the obstacles that it must surmount if it is to become a blessing to the human race.

So far all cults, whether religious, scientific, artistic, or economic, have succumbed to the ravages of the canker-worm that gnaws the heart of modern civilization. Pecuniary greed, luxury, selfish individualism, superficiality, and vulgarity have corrupted all originally chaste and aspiring pursuits of high ideals. The Religion of the age no longer leads the van of progress; Science ministers to destruction, luxury, and wealth, and lends color to a pessimistic and all-denying philosophy of life; while Art is unable to create anything great and noble, but must either portray the gross details of a sordid life or try to imitate the creations of a past ideality.

Full many a noble cause has this age witnessed the ruin of, as it slowly decayed under the influence of the disintegrating forces in modern life.

We ask then in all seriousness whether the "Metaphysical Movement" has any qualities upon which it can rely to save it from a like fate. Already our author, optimistic as he is, is not without signs of misgiving. "Its spirit, its purpose, its ideals, and, it is hoped, its later methods, are frankly humanitarian, etc."

How, for instance, can the cult safely either include or exclude the more extreme of the faith-healers from its ranks? If they are to be excluded, then an invidious and disputable line must be drawn between one class of mental scientists and another, and the catholicity and consistency of the movement is lost. But if they are included, then the movement will have its name and ideals dragged in the mud by a host of neurotic cranks and wild dreamers, and will become responsible for even worse classes which there will be no valid reason for excluding. What, for instance, of the advertising "colleges of occultism" which teach how to control other people and gain success in business and love? Are these part of the "Metaphysical Movement"?

The answer will of course be an indignant No; but we affirm that such undesirable confusion will most certainly result, unless very strong defensive forces are put into operation. To launch an Institution in such a society as modern civilized life, rampart and sword are needed. No man can safely display his treasure in the crowds of our modern cities. All good forces are grabbed up by the destructive agencies and by them turned into channels of abuse. Where neither money nor love, art nor science, religion nor philosophy, can stand against the tide of monopolization, vulgarity and luxury, how shall the ideals of the "Metaphysical Movement"?

The Universal Brotherhood Organization, recognizing these facts, has adopted a policy adapted to the exigencies of the occasion—a strong defensive policy. Under its constitution no one is allowed to exploit or purvey the noble ideals and wise teachings which it cultivates, or with impunity to drag its fair name in the mud. It admires and encourages tolerance and freedom, but is by no means ready to admit impostors, thieves and declared enemies into its intimate associations. It is carefully organized and protected, so that no one can claim membership unless he can give guarantees not to abuse his privileges or defame the work of the Organization. Such a body can stand firm and, under its wise Leadership, maintain its integrity against disintegrating and debasing influences, so as to remain a power for good in the world. But can we say the same of a loose and heterogeneous "movement," without definite organization or coherence; that practices tolerance and complaisance towards all people in a world where there are so many who will certainly abuse it; whose rules will admit secret but implacable enemies to its ranks? However pure and disinterested the leaders of this movement may be, they cannot safely estimate the characters of other people by their own. The world contains, besides many indifferent and neutral people, people who are organized into active and deliberate agencies for evil; people whose one aim is to destroy every movement that promises to release the human mind from bigotry and enslavement. Those people, disguised in sheep's clothing, will insinuate themselves into the movement for its destruction.

But it is not organized and purposeful attack alone that the "Metaphysical Movement" has to fear. For, added to this, will be the continual and speedy degradation wrought by individual exploiters and self-seekers who will turn its privileges into means of sordid gain or personal ambition. And we might also add to the category of dangers the well-meaning but unbalanced cranks who discredit every cause to which they attach themselves.

It is the demon of selfishness, so rampant in our civilization, that in its Protean forms destroys so many good causes; and it will seize upon and devour the best products of human thought and enterprise, however new and lofty, unless its eradication is made a primary object. In combating this demon of individualism, The Universal Brotherhood is striking at the root of the age's malady; and, in refusing to launch forth too vigorously on the stream of transcendental thought, it recognizes that those waters cannot be safely stemmed by the race till the race has learned to swim securely in the shallows. First must be founded the nucleus of a new humanity, with bodies not corrupted by foul inherited vice and disease, and characters not trained up in self-seeking. To this nucleus, when firmly founded, may then be safely intrusted the keys of a higher learning; but to scatter such knowledge abroad upon such a world as ours is now, is to invite for humanity a worse fate than it has yet incurred.

For these reasons, while recognizing the enlightened spirit that prompts the "Metaphysical Movement," we do not regard its prospects with so facile an optimism as others might be inclined to do.

Queen Elizabeth---Another View

by a Student



AS the general is often lost to view in the smoke and dust of the skirmish, so the Leader in the bloodless battles of thought and feeling is often obscured by the smoke and disturbance about him. The Leader may always be known by the sign of unmerited calumny, a sign which is doubly certain if the Leader be a woman.

But time is a great sifter, and four centuries have been none too long to sift the husks of slander from the grains of truth, in the case of Queen Elizabeth of England. Our school histories painted her as something of a monster, a little of a hypocrite, an adept in intrigue, a woman who possessed a brain but conspicuously

lacked a heart. And it is refreshing to discover that modern research has turned the searchlight upon the calumnies which made "life miserable" to Elizabeth—to quote her own words.

Modern historians support their opinions of her as a noble, true-hearted woman by unimpeachable facts. One of such rests upon documents which prove beyond question that Elizabeth never signed the death-warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots. For six weeks Davison held it, awaiting her signature, yet nothing could persuade Elizabeth to sign it, and it is now an established opinion that the death-warrant which was sent to Fotheringay was a forgery.

Naturally affectionate, open-hearted and generous, Elizabeth was early doomed to conditions that made her girlhood lonely and unhappy. Motherless and fatherless during her young womanhood, she was left to the tender mercies of a court that was filled with intrigue. Virtually a prisoner in the Tower at Woodstock, denied even the companionship of her half-brother, the young king, of whom she was very fond, she took refuge in her beloved books. Under Sir Roger Ascham she laid the foundation of that magnificent learning which drew to her court in later years such men as Sidney, Drake, Frobisher, Hooker, Raleigh, Bacon, Spencer and Shakespeare.

But hers was not mere head-learning. The warm-hearted girl became the compassionate Queen. Not once did she stoop to petty revenge for any of the countless insults that had been heaped upon her as a princess. Her exquisite sense of humor carried her over many situations that would otherwise have been embarrassing. "Whenever I have a prisoner who must needs be safely kept," she naively remarked to Sir Henry Bedingfeld, her jailer at Woodstock, "I shall send him to you."

The assassin dogged her footsteps for thirty years. Time and again plots against her life were discovered. Yet bravery was her second nature. Though taking reasonable and sensible precautions, she never gave way, for an instant, to anything like fear. Lord Bacon wrote of her on one occasion:

She appeared in public as usual, remembering her deliverance and forgetting her danger.

No queen has been more distinguished for statesmanship. To quote Lord Bacon again:

Her peaceful reign did not proceed from any disposition of the times, but from her own prudent and discreet conduct. This peaceable disposition of hers, joined with success, I reckon one of her chiefest praises.

And few queens, if time has sifted aright, have had a larger share of those sweet qualities which will endear the woman to the nation's heart when the queen shall have been forgotten. She loved pets, particularly dogs and birds. But most of all, her heart went out to children. During the loneliest years of her

sad girlhood, when she was imprisoned in the Tower, she was permitted to take a walk daily in the enclosure. No others were there; no faces, even, at the windows, for all were forbidden to look out during the time Princess Elizabeth spent in the little garden. But the children—those belonging to servants and prison officials—found her and she found them. How much their little gifts of flowers and their innocent love may have done to hold her back from hardness and despair during those days, we shall never know. But the fact is that in later years, when burdened by the intrigues of her own courtiers, and disheartened by the calumnies that were circulated in every court in Europe about her, she often turned to the companionship of little children as a blessed relief. Hers was the mother heart, and during her whole reign nothing was more characteristic than her constant tenderness toward the children of the court.

Is it not possible that we are face to face today with the same subtle hypocrisy that, cloaked then, as it is cloaked now, made Elizabeth's court a place of intrigue and herself the target for slander? History repeats itself. No age has been without the great, compassionate Soul, the mother heart that yearns to save men from themselves. Shall we never learn to recognize these great Souls while they remain among us? Shall we never learn this lesson until it is too late? How many years have passed since Jesus said with an aching heart:

How often would I have gathered my children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings but ye would not.

The world was hungry then for mother love, but failed to recognize the need that Jesus came to supply. Today humanity still hungers. We have been orphaned, and at last we are beginning to realize it. And in that realization lies a great hope—the hope that today humanity will recognize and go forth to meet the great compassionate Heart that has come to claim its own.

The Lady of Light

written for "Lucifer" by Gerald Massey



STAR of the Day and the Night!
Star of the Dark that is dying;
Star of the Dawn that is nighing.
Lucifer, Lady of Light!

Still with the purest in white,
 Still art thou Queen of the Seven;
 Thou hast not fallen from Heaven
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

How large in thy lustre, how bright
 The beauty of promise thou wearest!
 The message of Morning thou bearest,
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

Aid us in putting to flight
 The shadows that darken about us,
 Illumine within, as without, us
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

Shine through the thick of our fight;
 Open the eyes of the sleeping;
 Dry up the tears of the weeping.
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

Purge with thy pureness our sight,
 Thou light of the lost ones who love us,
 Thou lamp of the Leader above us,
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

Shine with transfiguring might,
 Till earth shall reflect back as human
 Thy likeness, Celestial Woman,
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

With the flame of thy radiance smite
 The clouds that are veiling the vision
 Of Woman's millennial mission,
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

Shine in the Depth and the Height,
 And show us the treasures olden,
 Of wisdom, the hidden, the golden,
 Lucifer, Lady of Light.

In September, 1887, the magazine *Lucifer* was established in London, by H. P. Blavatsky. The name naturally aroused much comment, and of it she writes, in the first number:

The sole object of the magazine is expressed in the line from the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians on its title page. It is to bring light to "The hidden things of darkness," to show in their true aspect and their original real meaning things and names, men and their doings and customs; it is, finally, to fight prejudice, hypocrisy and shams in every nation, in every class of society, and in every department of life. The task is a laborious one, but it is neither impracticable nor useless, if even as an experiment.

Thus, for an attempt of such nature, no better title could ever be found than the one chosen. "Lucifer" is the pale morning-star, the precursor of the full blaze of the noon-day sun—the "Eosphorus" of the Greeks. It shines timidly at dawn to gather forces and dazzle the eye after sunset as its own brother "Hesperos"—the radiant evening star, or the planet Venus. No fitter symbol exists for the proposed work—that of throwing a ray of truth on everything hidden by the darkness of prejudice, by social or religious misconceptions; especially by that idiotic routine in life which, once that a certain action, a thing, a name, has been branded by slanderous inventions, however unjust, makes *respectable* people, so-called, turn away shiveringly, refusing even to look at it from any other aspect than the one sanctioned by public opinion. Such an endeavor then, to force the weak-hearted to look truth straight in the face, is helped most efficaciously by a title belonging to the category of branded names.

Gerald Massey, in his poem, "The Lady of Light," which was published in the second issue of the magazine and is here reprinted, has a poet's appreciation of H. P. B.'s choice of this name.

A New Study of Our Growth and Possibilities

by Sidney G. P. Coryn



Written by request of KATHERINE TINGLEY

THOSE who are familiar with the process of a land survey will recall the preliminary operation of establishing a base line, and the minute care which must be exercised to make that line absolutely straight and true. The base line is formed of a series of measured distances of which the determinations are marked by posts, and before each post is driven, the absolute accuracy of its position is determined by mental application to instruments so precise in their construction as to indicate the slightest deviation. The smallest divergence from accuracy in the base line would involve laborious and costly rectification in all subsequent operations and calculations, and if this were neglected the final result would be total failure and loss.

The analogy here suggested is sufficiently close to need no special indication. It is proposed to turn for a moment upon our tracks and to glance back at the long line of white posts which mark our advance and upon which an increasing sunlight is flickering. The first of these posts was driven by H. P. B. in 1875; from her we received the precise course of our direction, and also her strenuous injunction to keep the line true and unbroken. The backward glance shows in an instant that the line is not true. Here and there we see a post which has been placed to the right or to the left and which, being used in its turn as a starting point, has so far deflected the course that only the strenuous energy of Leader or Teacher has rectified the error and restored the direction, and then only at a cost in labor and time which the world and which our work can ill afford. At this moment when once again a rectification has been made, it will be profitable to examine with some attention the points of our earlier divergences that we may understand something of the dangers into which we have wandered and from which we have now been well nigh extricated. We do this, not from a sentimental impulse to re-live the past, nor to slay the slain, but only that we may become so saturated with the spirit of a loyal and of an observant discrimination that there shall in the future be no repetition of errors of which the results have been so costly, so stultifying and so destructive, and which have been attended with so much pain to those who have delayed their own progress in seeking to delay our work.

H. P. B.'S DIFFICULTIES AND LIMITATIONS

H. P. B.'s mission was to found an organization different to any other in the world. From the ordinary standpoint of humanity she had none of the equipment necessary to such a task. She was largely ignorant of the language with which she had to work. She had an unconventionality of manner which repelled instead of attracted, some of those whom we are accustomed to consider as leaders of thought and of society. She showed nothing of the platform power and the platform eloquence which we usually consider as an essential feature of a successful public work. It is evident that those from whom she came considered none of these things to be necessary or even valuable to *her* particular mission. This alone should have shown us that there are other and higher standards than our own; this alone should have been an education and a guide for life; this alone should have been a measure by which to gauge the Theosophic stature of those who came immediately after her and of all others who claimed our confidence and our trust. But we lost this lesson as we lost so much else. With a wrong-headedness which we are beginning now to recognize, we at once accorded prominence to our comrades in exact proportion to their possession of all those lesser capacities which H. P. B. did not consider it worth her while to exercise. A polished eloquence became for us the certain index of the higher spirituality; a charm of manner which often passes as the disguise of a subtle flattery we interpreted as the birth-mark of a Leader; a literary lucidity and a power to produce books of which two-thirds were a transcript of the writings of H. P. B., we translated into proof of the soul-knowledge toward which we ventured to aspire. To all these acquired capabilities we bowed down and we worshiped them, but we made no obeisance before that one quality which H. P. B. possessed and by which alone she was exalted in wisdom and in strength, the quality of absolute self-abnegation, the power of a strong compassion and of a pure devotion.

H. P. B. placed within the ground the gold of her own nature as the seed of our success, and because that gold was unalloyed we had the opportunity to reap a harvest unspoiled by the tares of superstition and of creed. Looking back over the pathway of our progress we may well be amazed at the rapidity with which we departed from the standard which she herself had supplied, at our readiness to substitute every other standard for that one which alone was the measure of the Universal Law. And this we did, not only in the high places of our common work; we pursued the same pathway of folly in the lodges, from the chief to the most obscure. We set up calves for our worship in the wilderness and we were bewildered when they were ground into powder before the Law. All these things we began to do even while H. P. B. was still with us, and at the sight of them she spoke of her Society as a Frankenstein's Monster which she

had created and which would seek to crush her and her work in its monstrous and animal embrace. A swiftly moving time was to show how true was her foreboding, how great was the heritage of pain which she offered to her successor, a heritage which he knowingly and gladly accepted, seeing in it the opportunity of a further service to humanity. There was at least one who had not bended the knee to Baal nor kissed him. There was at least one who had made beautiful the path of drudgery and who was now to make radiant the road of pain.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

H. P. B. had given us our course and even in her sight we had departed from it. Hardly was her successor's hand upon the lever than the air was darkened with the homeward flight of the birds of folly which we had sent upon the wing. Once more we looked into the face of a Leader and we did not know him.

Full recognition was to come later, but not until nearly a third of our number had fallen headlong over the precipice toward which, up to a certain point, we had all of us made a common advance. Almost with one accord we presented to W. Q. Judge the ideals which we ourselves had formed and to which we demanded his adhesion. We showed him our interpretation of Theosophy and we expected him to accept it. We produced our moral foot rules and sought to show him wherein his dimensions fell short of our requirements. Are we to suppose that he was unaware of the disease which was destroying the vitality of his Society? His whole story now shows how well he knew it, even from the very moment when he took control. But like the skilled physician he had to wait until the moment had come for the right application of the remedy. He knew that the remedy would produce the convulsion that must ever follow an attempt to drive forth from the system a poison so destructive and so widely diffused, but if death were to be avoided, the convulsion must be faced. In the meantime he sought to nourish the healthy tissue, to strengthen and fortify the weak, to discourage and to isolate the diseased. He knew that every branch of work was saturated with the poison of false ideals, and that those of selflessness and of devotion were in danger of being submerged; that eloquence and learning and a self-seeking suavity were extinguishing the light of unobtrusive devotion. But he knew also that there were now some who were awake and vigilant, and many, many others who would shudder in their dreams and arouse themselves in time, and for the sake of these he prepared himself once more to raise the rally note, once more to cry unto the darkness, "choose now whom ye will serve."

LESSONS FROM PAST DANGERS

This is not a history of the Theosophical Society, but merely a glance at past dangers that we may guard against their lurking re-appearance. That their pos-

sibility remains is known to every one who is acquainted with the lodge life of our Organization and who has therefore seen the subtle influence which is still wielded by an eloquent voice or by a more than ordinarily extended education in the intellectual aspect of Theosophic theories and teachings and by the persistent assumption, "I am mightier than thou." These dangerous possibilities remain, although their growth and development is hampered and restrained by a wise Leadership which is in itself partly the outcome of the lessons which we have learned. The fire through which W. Q. Judge had to pass was in no way a part of an orderly advance. If we did not ourselves kindle the flames, we allowed them to be kindled by others, who would never have had their destructive opportunity had we remained manfully faithful to our early ideals, had we been determined to aggressively defend those ideals and to nip in the bud the growths of disintegration. It was upon our meaningless adulation that W. Q. Judge's enemies climbed into a prominence which their own merit would have absolutely denied to them. It was from the position with which we exalted them that they directed their attack. Upon this, it is hardly possible to lay too much stress so long as any one of us can still be beguiled by external appearances which have no internal realities of selflessness and devotion to support them. If we have already learned, if we are now willing to learn, the lessons which spring from this sordid page of our history, the persecution of W. Q. Judge has not been in vain. He would himself have welcomed a tenfold measure of his pain that such an end might be secured. He was that kind of man.

STANDING ALONE IN A CRISIS

When the moment arrived, the remedy was applied and what we called a crisis supervened. The Society was split into two camps and there was a vast array of arguments and of abuse. There was also a vast amount of movement as members took sides with one party or with the other. But this is what really happened—W. Q. Judge forcefully reminded us of the ideals to which we were pledged and from which we had wandered. Those of us in whom such ideals were not already dead, responded to that reminder and we attached ourselves, not to W. Q. Judge, but to the ideals to which we were already sworn, of which he had now reminded us, and of which he himself was the personification. There was no need at any time even to examine the silly charges of which he was the victim unless it be for his future justification to the world. Nor was there any need to ascertain the opinions of prominent members.

No matter who they were they ought not to be prominent and their lives showed that their opinions were worthless to others. When it is a question of obtaining a clear view of an ideal eloquence and intellectual education alone without moral motive are dead. They have no more to do with the case than has

the color of the eyes or the hair. They are not factors and ought to be disregarded. There was no single member who could not within himself have found the solution to that problem by a momentary reference to the ideal to which he owed the allegiance of his soul. The decision of the great bulk of members was in support of justice and of truth, but there are two questions which ought to press upon the mind of every one of us and which each one must answer for himself, because none other can do it for him.

The first question is, to what extent did we personally help in building up the false condition from which this disease originated? The answer to this will depend upon the extent to which we applied. The second question is, to what extent was our action the result of an unbiased intuition, or *did it depend in any way whatever upon the action, the influence or the example of others?* Unless our action had such origin and source as would have enabled us to face complete and instant isolation with unconcern and with indifference, the recurring cycles of initiation will yet bring us face to face with our acts of omission until we have learned to look within for the guiding light and to be eternally blind to the deluding sparks of the personality and of its influence. Even now at this moment, we can foresee the result of the trials yet to come by a glance at our lodge life and at our lodge relations. If we are still deluded by the eloquence and by the intellect which find expression in the relatively small life of the lodge, what hope have we of exercising a clear vision in affairs more momentous and more emergent? The unswerving devotion of which we sometimes speak resolves itself into an adherence to the opinion of some other comrade, and for such as this, neither the Work nor the Leader have any use whatever. Both Leader and Work have already waited sufficiently long for those men who can be a law unto themselves and an army unto themselves, who will be so wrapped around by the compelling force of their ideals that the example, the support and the approval of others, will be as nothing in their eyes. Who now in the silence of his heart will volunteer for a place within those ranks?

A STANDARD OF THEOSOPHIC STATURE

We have seen, and we have to some extent recognized, the false standards of measurements which we have more or less persistently applied to our comrades. We have also seen the disasters into which we have been led. Unto some minds will come the uneasy conviction that those false standards are still in use among us, and that further disasters have been prevented rather by the vigilance of a Leader than by the intention and discrimination of those who are led. Here and there yet survives the worship of a hero which should be the worship of an ideal, and all too often the hero has feet of clay. Such an one there was whose name is known wherever Theosophists are gathered together. He had energy, intellect

and charm of manner. His appearance was welcomed and his counsel was listened to and followed. When his papers were recalled it was evident that they had scarcely been read. In their company were found other papers from extraneous sources, and these were devoted to the acquisition of personal power. It was equally evident that these had been studied exhaustively. But there were still other contents, even less reputable—a pack of playing cards, a bottle of morphia a syringe for its hypodermic administration and a bottle of invisible ink! That man had been fed upon admiration and adulation. Of this a restricted diet would have forced him back upon the realities of his own nature. His latent manhood might have asserted itself; he might have been saved. Even those who suspected that the glittering metal was not gold had not sufficient real brotherhood or courage to help that man, by withdrawing the adulation which made him prominent. They would have supposed such an action to be one of unbrotherliness. It would in stead have been one of the truest fraternity, the fraternity which rescues and redeems.

Our standard of Theosophic stature is all too often a reflex of ourselves. The man who covets personal power for himself, pays court to the personal powers which he sees in others. Himself lacking the inspiration of a high ideal, he fails to perceive the absence of that high ideal in others. Herein lies no incitement to the undue criticism of others, nor to harshness. If there be on our part a devotion to ideals, there will then be neither desire nor opportunity to examine into the conduct of our comrades unless, and until, that conduct conflicts with those ideals which demand of us a quick and forceful protection of our common work. There is no such safeguard as a high ideal and no such unerring guide. It protects us from indifference on the one hand and from harsh judgment upon the other. It stands as a pillar of light constantly before us, offering itself as a standard whereby all thoughts and deeds are to be measured. It is the ladder which leads from earth to heaven and upon that ladder the angels of the soul descend with the light of their abode.

THEOSOPHY—THE GOSPEL OF GIVING

If we look back to the days of our first connection with this work we shall too often find that the very basis of our start was a false basis. The platform may not yet have given way beneath our feet, but it will give way unless we examine it more closely than we have done. When first Theosophy came into our lives did we not rise up to meet it as something that it was good for us to have—good for *us* to have. It solved the problems of *our* lives, it made *our* pathway clear, upon *us* it shed its light. I believe in the heart of the Leader there is for this no thought of blame. We were children and we thought as children and we acted as children while the soul is not yet come into its future kingdom. But

now we are men and we will put away childish things. We will go back for a moment—and some moments are also eternities—and we will readjust our starting point. There was a tree planted eastward in Eden, and the leaves of that tree are for the healing of the nations. If unto us it has been given to stand beneath those healing branches, let it be that we may quickly distribute their balm unto others, holding back nothing for ourselves. We can retain nothing but what we have given away. Starting thus from a false basis we have given a false direction to our work. We have applied false standards to ourselves and to our comrades. But once a certain point is reached there is no longer room for self-deception. We can neither bewilder nor deceive the soul from which come all true ideals. The development of our Organization is the external mark of a development within ourselves—a development of opportunity *and of responsibility*. The soul has come so near to us that no longer any plea of ignorance can avail. The soul voice of persuasion that was once so gentle as to be almost unheard, will assume the stern note of reproof and condemnation before it fades away into ages of silence, into the long cycles of pain.

OUR VISITORS

Comrades from the lodges throughout the world visit us constantly at the Point, and it is a joy to the Leader and to her workers to come into momentary contact with those who occupy so large a place in her affection. These visitors usually assume instantly the position to which they have a right, that of members of an united family group, of which the self-interests of each are merged and lost in the well-being of all. But sometimes comes one whose every look and word and gesture is a pitiful picture of his own self-love and of the clash of ambitions which is reflected from his lodge. He comes as one who is conscious of his exceeding merit and who is determined to secure its due and instant recognition. If he casually meets those who also are thinking of paying us a visit, he may report, and truly, that in his opinion our atmosphere is uncongenial. It is—to vanity and self-appreciation. We are simple, busy people, without desire that others shall pat us on the back and without leisure to offer this tribute unto them. Even though our visitor be the President of a lodge he equally shares his highest possibility with the youngest and the humblest of his members—the performance of his duty. Neither can do more than this, and their lodge is indeed fortunate if they do so much. The thirst for recognition is the very negation of duty. The eye of the soul does not estimate the number of the talents, but it does estimate the devotion with which they are used, and so it may happen that the obscure and silent member upon the back seat is walking in the unveiled glory, while the President on the platform is eloquently advertising his own sur-

passing brilliance which only he can see. These things are true, and we all of us know that they are true.

A NEW WAY TO RESIGN

The formation of The Universal Brotherhood was the last strain upon the Theosophic chain and some few links were broken. The gaps were instantly filled and an incalculable increase in solidity was the result.

Let me tell you here one noticeable fact. It has been remarked by those who have charge of our books that every such broken link is at once replaced by one of a stronger type. It has been so all through our history, and it seems as though the Law were working in this way to make good the defections of those who must cease work because their self-love no longer permits them to labor for the interests of others.

Of those members who have left us there was hardly one who did so under true colors. A frank avowal of disability to accept a new constitution and new conditions, and a consequent loss of interest in our work, would have been comprehensible. But in nearly every case some side issue was selected.

The "Leader's methods" were criticised and condemned, and those who took leave of her and of her work did so from the height of a moral platform which was a wonderful testimony to their imaginary moral gymnastics. Had they realized how visible were their mistakes they would have been abashed into silence. But wounded vanity and wounded self-love and egotism are slow, indeed, to heal, and unless the cure come from the brain (self-application of the remedy) they will smart and fester in secret until at last the *excuse* and the opportunity arrive, and then, with a flourish of moral trumpets, we are told that the Leader's methods are no longer approved by "Me." The old phraseology recurs with tiresome iteration, as though each one who uses it were hypnotized by the accumulated influence of those who went before. If the future hold in store for us yet further instances of cowardice on the part of those we tried to think were noble and true, how much our pain would be tempered by the avowal that interest in the work was lost, or that the forces of vanity were still too strong to be resisted. The empty chair of such an one would be kept in its place and its former occupant would surely return.

Many of those who could not do their duty to the principles which were demanded of them have hid themselves away in the prison-house of their lower personalities and have even professed a loud and lofty resolve to restore the work to the lines laid down by H. P. B. They have lifted up their voices and invoked the memory of H. P. B. to witness the decadence of these later days but, like the Witch of Endor, they would have reason to rue the success of their invoca-

tion. Where now are they who sought to lay upon their shoulders the mantle of H. P. B.? Have they been crushed by its weight, that their voices are silent in the land? Where are the mighty works which they promised us? In point of fact, where are they themselves?

And there were others who stayed with us only so long as they were able to produce literary wares which had a pecuniary value on the market. It would be surprising to our members to know to what extent this was the case and how our Organization was exploited for personal profit and used as a kind of literary Stock Exchange by those who produced interesting books which were mainly borrowed from the writings of H. P. B., and who by such means obtained the credit for some special wisdom and knowledge. Not until the Leader signified her disapproval of their methods of personal aggrandizement did they discover that *her methods* were no longer commendable to them and, as usual, the self-blown trumpet of an injured virtue heralded their departure.

MOVEMENT AND GROWTH

It is well for us if we have realized that there is no growth without movement and no movement without friction. The ocean of Theosophy is eternally living, and eternal life is also eternal change and motion. Quiescence is stagnation and the prophet of death. Where now should we be had the Leader continued at Madison Avenue and walked as sedately along the old paths as our critics of deportment, and those who did not wish to substitute labor for theory, would have had her? The question answers itself. We should still be at Madison Avenue, murmuring Sanskrit nonsense in our sleep and dreaming dreams of the days when the world would come and listen to us. The Leader left Madison Avenue because the work outlined for that center was finished, the chapter was ended, the page was turned. The work done there made all future changes possible.

The world is listening now, and looking too. Humanity asks a passport from those who claim its ear. It asks, not what you have preached or written, but what have you done, in what way have you proved by deeds the sincerity of your words? Such questions the Leader has answered, and will answer more abundantly still in the future. She has built up an enduring monument which is appealing to the physical sight and to the moral sympathy of thousands. She has produced a vehicle through which the message of Theosophy is now resounding through the world. She has gathered from many lands the children of many races, and they will stand in our places as one by one we leave them vacant, and they will carry records too many for us to wield. Day by day come visitors from every country in the world, to see and to be touched, by the memories of our work they carry away. They go back to their homes and there the lodge

must continue what was begun at the Point, and for this a larger discrimination, a purer devotion, an intensified selflessness is demanded day by day. The Point and the lodges are a unity, together initiating, co-operating, completing. Nothing can break that unity so long as a high ideal sets at defiance the forces of self, of which the blood is vanity and dominance and pride of intellect. And the lodges have responded and are responding, even though here and there the self-examination of our members may still reveal a trace of the old poison of the past, although here and there may be sleepless nights spent in preparing elaborate explanations of a personal position which may seem to be assailed. Katherine Tingley says: "The manner of our advance has certainly been changed and it is our sustaining hope that it will be changed again and again so long as the changing needs of humanity demand it."

A great Teacher once invoked a special blessing upon those who had not seen and who yet believed. From the European countries comes a force of loyalty and devotion, a strong chain of service, which is doing more for the well-being of humanity than we can see or know. Within the past few days the Leader has said that in spite of difficulties and of dangers the English comrades are sending out more power from every lodge than was once generated by the whole English organization. In Sweden where W. Q. Judge was personally unknown, and where the Leader's visits have been only two in number, the members show by their steadfastness and also by their success that they have learned the secret of victory, and that they are writing a record which will never fade away. This they are doing in spite of obstacles, public and domestic, which have but quickened their activities and intensified their loyalty. No less wonderful is the devotion of Holland, where also peculiar difficulties have been overcome and dangers have been turned into triumphs, as dangers always are when they are faced with courage and resolve. In Germany a bright spark is kept aglow, and the Leader names with admiration and affection the few who so well defend that far-off fortress.

Comrades, whenever come the tidings of defection let that be a message demanding renewed pledges and increased determination, that there may be no break, even for a moment, in our line of work.

Clouds cannot bar the pathway of the Sun, nor for a single moment hold it from its zenith.

The Burden of the World Is Fear

by a Student



AMONG all the prophets of ancient Israel none stands before us with more of trust in the great Law, with less of fear, than Ezekiel. He told his people the truth, in spite of persecution, and tradition has it that he met a martyr's death at their hands on that account.

He was absolutely fearless. Yet, after seeing the vision of the "Fiery Wheels," the "Avengers," he fell prostrate at the awfulness, the fearfulness of the spectacle. These are the words, so say the scribes, which Jehovah spake unto him, "Son of man, stand upon thy feet and I will speak unto thee!"

Jehovah's messenger must stand erect and fearless. As a teacher of the Law, Ezekiel must put aside even the very shadow of fear.

Ezekiel was in captivity, with thousands of his fellows. His heart was torn by their sufferings and he longed to free them. Yet he saw that the real burden upon them was that which only they themselves could remove. No one could do it for them. They were prisoners to an alien nation, to be sure, but their real captivity was that of fear. The people were unacquainted with their own natures. They had but a vague knowledge of their divinity, if indeed they might be said to have any knowledge of it at all. They were in the grasp of a priesthood which kept them in subjection through fear.

Those who should have been their teachers, and who hypocritically pretended to be, so kept the people in ignorance and fear apace.

Ezekiel saw that this fear lay upon them like an ugly weight. He plead with them to throw it off. He brought them the true philosophy of life. He told them of their mistakes—which you will admit it takes a brave soul to do. But the people lacked courage. They were afraid to look up. They were afraid to throw off the psychological influence of the priests of their day, as he begged them to do.

They were afraid to face their own sins; their own *weaknesses*. They longed to be free, yet though they may have realized that freedom could be had on only one condition, the absolute casting away of fear, they had not the courage. The result was, Israel refused to listen to him and the nation went down.

Age after age, we see that the real burden of humanity has been fear. Men have been enslaved, tortured, humiliated, imprisoned, yet all these conditions have been results, and not causes.

These conditions would not have been had not men first fallen under the dominion of fear.

Losing sight of their own divinity, forgetting the Great Law, they have lost the power to protect themselves, and at times, even the disposition to do it, from sheer moral cowardice and mental fear.

The result is that confusion and discord have increased since the days when Ezekiel called his people to account in that old land by the River Chebar, until matters reached a climax during the Dark Ages.

Out of its pain Humanity has cried for help, and age after age the great Teachers of the world have come to answer this heart cry—for “more light.” Yet after all it has not been more light the people have needed so much as more courage. And these Great Souls have tried to lift fear from the minds of men by the true philosophy of life, which they have always brought. For they realized that it was fear which was keeping humanity dead to its possibilities, fear which was keeping them chained to old customs, wrong ideas. Fear which kept them from realizing that they were souls, divine souls, free, strong, just!

“I came not to bring peace,” said Jesus, “I came to bring a sword.” Men were cowards then, as too many have been in all ages, willing to let others fight for them, and Jesus came to put the warrior weapon into their hands, and the warrior spirit into their hearts.

To make spiritual warriors of men and women is the object of the great Teachers of the present, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

They call upon men to kill out fear, to become true spiritual warriors, to throw aside their fear of the world’s opinion, to stand in the sunlight of life and realize their divinity and to claim the heritage of the courageous soul.

Physical science has recently made many remarkable discoveries, among them the action upon the tissues and fluids of the human body by the emotion known as fear. It has been discovered that fear actually creates poisons which paralyze and kill. If this be true on the physical plane, where matter is so dense and, in a sense, intractable, how much more must this be true on the finer planes of the mental and the spiritual.

But few of us are accustomed to watching our own inner changes; if we were we should realize that there is nothing which so poisons and paralyzes all that is best in us as fear. It is the demon’s master-stroke. When this weapon can be successfully used, when the human mind can once be stricken with fear, then the Forces of Darkness have won their victory, and it is not pleasant to reflect that, in such event, *they win with our help*. Yet such is the case.

In permitting fear to enter our minds we play into the hands of the enemies of the human race. We are fearful because we are ignorant, and our ignorance is

no light thing; in the face of present opportunities and present dangers—*it is an absolute crime.*

One thing only has power to remove ignorance, and that is a true philosophy of life. Knowing this, can we not better understand the antagonism that the Teachers of Truth have always aroused in the minds of those false teachers who rule by fear? The Teacher of Truth has always been persecuted by them, and always will be until the burden of fear has been lifted from the minds of men. When that day comes the occupation of those who rule humanity by fear will be gone.

How may fear be eliminated? By a knowledge of our own natures and by an absolute unwavering trust in the Great Law. “Know thyself” has in all ages been the injunction of the Teachers of the Law. Theosophy, in giving men a knowledge of themselves, a knowledge of the duality of their own natures, gives them the power to eliminate fear, and thus rise into absolute Godhood.

We have too long forgotten that we are souls, divine souls, and that the kingly prerogatives of all free souls are ours, when we can claim them. But the lower nature persuades us to compromise, to parley; perchance it drags us into *open conflict* with the soul, into open indulgence of our appetites, our greed, our jealousies and our fears.

Katherine Tingley teaches what all great Teachers have taught (although never before so plainly), that man is dual by nature; that within his breast are two natures, one the angel, the other the demon, “each seeking for mastery, each seeking to absorb or destroy the other. One or the other must ultimately gain the victory, and one or the other is strengthened by every act and every thought of our lives.” This is a serious matter, is it not?

Now this lower nature of ours is very subtle and exceedingly crafty. It is determined to rule; if it cannot succeed in deluding and blinding the soul in one way it will try another. It plays upon our ambition, our vanity, our love of the world’s applause, and when disappointment teaches us that hypocrisy does not pay, then it tries means subtler still. We determine to have no more of the things that the world rates so high. We seek greater knowledge of the world’s processes and ways, we sit at the feet of the Great Law, we look into our own nature, and note its follies and its weakness. We see the God within ourselves, sealed like a Christos in the tomb of our own making. We see our divine possibilities, we see before us the Path, and over its windings brooding an eternal peace; its distant mountains shining with the sunlight of truth. We resolve to follow this path—and then this crafty elemental self of ours, its formerly-used weapons broken, forges a new one, and names it fear.

Fear sweeps in upon us—and unless we are both wise and strong, it paralyzes and poisons. It is the “Dweller on the Threshold.” We cannot pass the thresh-

old of the divine until we have fought this demon of fear and conquered it. We are afraid to take a step forward when all looks dark, and we fear because we do not trust the Great Law. When Mephistopheles began his work of leading Faust upon the wrong path, he first of all robbed him of his trust in God, his belief in the soul, his faith in humanity. That was his first great victory over Faust, and it opened the door of his mind to fear, which then stepped in and took possession of Faust. In yielding to fear, he yielded to the arch-enemy.

Are we afraid of the opinions of others, afraid of what the world will say, if we should dare to step out of the slavery of its fashions and follies? Then we do not trust the merciful law, which insures that bread cast upon the waters shall, after many days, return; which insures that we shall reap the harvest we have sown. Let such a soul cast aside his fear of losing the esteem of his friends, knowing that all that he loses will again be restored when he becomes able to stand without it, yea, restored ten-fold. Job, you remember, regained all his wealth and prestige when he became able to do without these.

That humanity is today shut out from its diviner possibilities, through the influences of what Katherine Tingley calls the lower psychology, is evident enough to those who watch this vast world panorama of men and affairs, and the greatest factor in its deadly influence is fear. Men are afraid of each other. Suspicion is rife. Is it too much to say that if fear could be eliminated half our difficulties would disappear, and the other half we should easily solve? I think not. And even some of those who are, in the highest sense, humanity's warriors, allow themselves to be defeated in battle after battle through fear. They hesitate to enter a contest in which their own forces appear to be outnumbered by those of the enemy. I say appear to be, for if one is right, such is only a deceptive appearance, depend upon it.

Let the warrior throw away his fear and resolve, never, never, to surrender if he is right, and if he will not surrender, he cannot *be* defeated! By that act of courage, by the resolute casting aside of all fear he has allied himself to the forces of light, the divine advance guard of humanity. But *fear* must be thrown aside. Defeat is impossible if one will only stand, and stand fearlessly. The strength of the whole army of Light is at one's command when fear is overthrown and right action established. All humanity, particularly the women of the world, are shut out of their divine rights by fear. Oh, if the women of the world knew the message that their sisters in Loma-land have for them, how many of their fears would be dispelled, how much of joy would come into their lives; how ideal could they make their home life; how much of the real joy of life could they bring into the lives of their children.

Many women are absolutely psychologized into chronic fear of false ideals, false education, false ideas of duty. Let them recognize that it is fear which is

dwarfing them and shrinking their lives, and then let them resolutely throw it off, like the hideous weight that it is, and rise into a richer life, and a deeper sense of responsibility to their homes, their children and to humanity. Wisely has the ancient sage written: "The more one dares the more he shall obtain, the more he fears the more that light shall pale, and that alone can guide."

"The Age of Reason"

The Age of Reason was written by Thomas Paine while he was in the prison of the Luxembourg, daily expecting to be sent to the guillotine, and of this work he wrote in a letter to Samuel Adams:

MY friends were falling as fast as the guillotine could cut their heads off and as I expected every day the same fate, I resolved to begin my work. I appeared to myself to be on my death-bed, and I had no time to lose. This accounts for my writing at the time I did, and so nicely did the time and intention meet, that I had not finished the first part of the work more than six hours before I was arrested and taken to prison. The people of France were running headlong into atheism, and I had the work translated in their own language to stop them in that career, and fix them to the first article of every man's creed who has any creed at all—I believe in God.

I well remember, when about seven or eight years of age, hearing a sermon read by a relation of mine, who was a great devotee of the Church, upon the subject of what is called *redemption by the death of the Son of God*. After the sermon was ended I went into the garden, and as I was going down the garden steps (for I perfectly remember the spot), I revolted at the recollection of what I had heard, and thought to myself that it was making God Almighty act like a passionate man, that killed his son when he could not revenge himself in any other way; and, as I was sure a man would be hanged that would do such a thing, I could not see for what purpose they preached such sermons. This was not one of this kind of thoughts that had anything in it of childish levity; it was to me a serious reflection, arising from the idea I had that God was too good to do such an action, and also too almighty to be under any necessity of doing it. I believe in the same manner at this moment; and I moreover believe that any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true religion.

THOMAS PAINE

On Shams

by a Student



THE worst enemy to truth is the sham. For first it attracts to itself all the devotion which should rightly belong to the truth; and secondly, when unmasked, it disgusts men with the truth also. All great movements suffer much from shams, which, aping the truth, lure away men's devotion; and then, being shown up, lead men to mistrust the real truths which the shams counterfeited.

In a materialistic age H. P. Blavatsky came and strove to enlarge and elevate men's thoughts with her revelations of the deeper mysteries of Man and of Nature. Then came a host of pretenders who trumpeted abroad their bogus "occultism," and have eventually discredited the whole field of ideas included under the words "occult," "magic," and the like.

But true occultism still remains, though the fraudulent imitations be discredited. Though every word and phrase, once used to convey exalted ideas, may have been misused until it stinks in the nostrils, the ideas still remain.

A library might be written on the philosophy and history of shams. We might begin at the top and discuss how, all through history, men have been led away from the great Path of Human Progress by sham plans of salvation. Nay, to go still deeper, is not the master-sham that "Great Heresy," spoken of in *The Voice of the Silence*, by which men are led to worship the personal "I" instead of the universal "I"? We could discuss sham leaders, sham science, sham social ideas, sham virtues and sentiments; sham manners in customs, in dress and diet. But here we must confine ourselves to a few general remarks.

Shams will not stand the test of time nor the crucible of trial. The old symbol of the purifying of gold, with its analogy of the fire of affliction, will apply here. In chemistry there is a bogus metal called "ammonium," which exactly imitates other metals in all respects—until we come to isolate and purify it, when it vanishes in a bloated froth of gases.

So do the spurious arts and sciences and salvations vanish when times of stress put them to the test. So do false sentiments and arm-chair virtues melt away when the fire of affliction—no, the sunlight of real life—warms them.

When H. P. Blavatsky sowed the wheat of Universal Brotherhood, the enemy went in the night and sowed tares; and when the mixed crop appeared there were some laborers who made the mistake of pulling up wheat and tares too. Disgusted with the shams, they turned away from the truth also. But the dis-

criminating laborers waited until the wheat and tares had grown up together, and then rooted up the tares and harvested the true grain.

And now in the world we see Time the harvester busy with his sickle, clearing out all that is worthless; and the great alchemist Change melting all the ore that civilization has amassed. It is a bad time for the shams and for such as rely on them; but those who have gold and wheat can afford to lose the dross and the tares.

Watch the process everywhere, in politics, in society, in religion, in yourself; and use discrimination, that you may not reel when your crutches decay.

Angel or Nemesis

by Allen Griffiths



TWO things influence men most, hope and fear—hope of reward and good fortune; fear of punishment and bad fortune. One is an Angel, the other a Nemesis. Both come to man, both are his own and for the unawakened, there is no power of control over either.

Character is all that man brings with him into this world, and is all that he takes away. Character is by some said to be a gift from God; by others, an inheritance from parents and ancestors. According to either view character is forced upon him, and so he finds himself in present associations, conditions and environment, good or ill, and for which he is not responsible. He thus comes to earth and its experiences an entire stranger, and for that reason unfitted to solve its problems or overcome its obstacles. As to his own origin and affairs, chance, favoritism and injustice appear to him to rule absolutely. He discovers himself the creature of he knows not what. Reason and the hope within him rebel at what he feels are false teachings, but he lacks the power of knowledge to break their spell. Paralyzing fear like a haunting specter constantly attends him, so that he is destined to sad experiences which oftentimes embitter him and make his life a detriment instead of an aid to his fellows; and alas, too often he goes out of life with the light of hope all but extinguished. All this arises from a false conception of himself, of his origin, of life and its purpose, of his true destiny and of the mighty power within him which, if aroused, would make him kingly.

There has existed in all ages a mass of knowledge proclaimed by the Helpers of Humanity, and known in this time as Theosophy, which, now as ever, affirms

the true man to be an immortal Soul, Brother to all that lives! eternal as to past and future, infinite in possibility, and in essence forever one with that Supreme of the Universes from which all proceeds, to which all must return.

Man as a soul, has lived many previous lives and will live many future lives on this same earth. As each ensouled atom of Cosmos owes the fact of its location and relation to all other atoms to its own stage of development, so with man. In view of his stage of evolution, there is no other place for him but this earth where he and his fellows will remain until, in the process of time under guidance of immutable law, the whole race shall evolve to higher planes. Karma, the un-deviating law of Cause and Effect, to which he relates himself by his thought and action, brings him to his own place and gives him his own:—"Our acts our angels are, for good or ill."

To the Theosophist, death is no longer a total mystery. Death is a sleep and a rest, after which follows rebirth and resumption of activity: "our lives are rounded by a little sleep." It is an universal law that activity and inactivity succeed each other in unvarying order, and the soul of man is not an exception to that law. Earth-lives are periods of the soul's experiences; the interims between are periods of rest when the soul garners and assimilates the wisdom born of those experiences. Each succeeding earth-life marks a relative advance or retrogression, and man returns with the aspirations, hopes, impulses, ambitions, faults and follies of his past. These are his Angel or his Nemesis. Each comes to his own. In this light, man is not a stranger to earth. It is his old home. He finds himself amidst familiar associates, in well-known scenes and environment—aye, and face to face with old-time friends and foes. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that" (not something else) "shall he also reap."

Instantly upon man's realization of the law of Karma and proportionate to his adjustment to it, the death knell of the Nemesis of Fear is struck, and the Angel of an enlightened Courage is born. He now can understand the meaning of the Higher Law, recognize its Justice, and accept its action as his truest, most powerful friend. In the altered attitude, misfortune and punishment, as avenging Nemesis, pass immediately from his catalogue of experiences. The Christ-spirit, long sleeping within him, struggles for birth. Henceforth, he will accept all experiences as the tuition of the Gods, the wise guidance of the Good Law, and as the only course to his divine destiny.

Thus enlightened, rebellion ceases, peace reigns in heart and mind, harmony prevails in the body, and joy and happiness are his—all by right of conquest over the lower, personal nature. Forces which hitherto expended themselves as selfish ambition, anger, fear, envy, vanity and the spirit of retaliation, producing spiritual blindness, mental confusion and bodily disease, will flow with accentuated power upon the higher planes of his being. All the lower nature will gradually

perish, and with the new birth will also appear the new heaven and the new earth. The heavy and ever increasing burden of personal grievances will have fallen off, and with the resolve to accept all in patience and trust as the behest of the Higher Law which flows from his chastened and now compassionate heart, Nemesis forever departs and the Angel of Love, of Peace and of the Power to Help, will come to abide with him.

Bible Notes

by Students



I

Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake.
—Luke vi, 22.

The “Son of Man” is no child of the bond-woman—*flesh*, but verily of the free-woman—*Spirit*, the child of man’s own deeds, and the fruit of his own spiritual labor.—H. P. Blavatsky

JESUS usually spoke of himself as the “Son of Man,” and he said that the Son of Man came to seek and save that which was lost, that he came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, thus showing the Son of Man to be one dedicated to the service and salvation of humanity. Other passages show not only the compassion but the power and wisdom of the “Son of Man.” Thus we see that this term applies to a soul that through much experience and suffering has come to live in harmony with the Divine Nature, and out of its great Compassion sacrifices itself for humanity’s sake. The “Son of Man” identified himself with humanity, for he said, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.” So that which is done for the Son of Man’s sake is also done for humanity’s sake. The forces of darkness that would keep humanity in ignorance and in bondage to the lower nature always oppose whoever would bring to it Truth, Light and Liberation. In this opposition they use as instruments any whose ignorance and selfishness permit them to be so used. Those who are wedded to material things and the pleasures of the senses instinctively oppose a course that leads away from

these things and hate and cast out whoever takes such a course. They feel that a higher order of life is a reproach to them, and they do not want to be disturbed or made uncomfortable in their own way of living.

So those who with faithfulness follow the promptings of their higher nature, and serve with devotion and loyalty humanity's highest interests under the leadership of one of humanity's Regenerators, may expect to be hated and reproached and cast out as evil by the majority who take a different course. But in this they are blessed, because they have allied themselves with the highest, with whatever tends to uplift and bless the world, and have emancipated themselves from that which drags down and destroys. And they are more than blessed, because, having done this, others will be the better able to follow in their steps. B. W.

I I

Ask and ye shall receive—seek and ye shall find—knock and it shall be opened to you.
—*Luke xi, 9-13*

The whole attitude of aspiring spiritual man is included in these verses—man believing in his unity with the Universal Being, dimly conscious that his own mind may expand to embrace the universe, and thus rising *positively* from one step to another, knowing that the power to advance is his, if he but push on to the realization of his highest self. It is the *positiveness* and *daring* of his attitude that help most quickly his growth.

We know of many good people who help much by good lives, but lack the spark that gives *positive* life to their work—they are the *Galahads* who fall short, while fearless pure-hearted *Percivals* push on into the kingdom of conscious godhood. “The more one *dares*, the more he shall *obtain*,” says a sacred book. Also “The path that leadeth on, is lighted by one fire—the light of *daring* burning in the heart.”

It is one thing to *pray* ardently—another—to *accept* the answer to prayer, when it comes. Perhaps the conditions of our life that puzzle us the most, are *direct* answers to keen aspirations and impersonal meditations of the past. It is for those who study the Higher Law, to find in everything an answer to a past prayer, or the result of a past deed and thus progress from moment to moment.

M. M. T.

I I I

In chapter viii of St. Luke's Gospel, Christ is represented as journeying with his disciples through cities and villages preaching glad tidings of the Kingdom of

God. And when the people had gathered together to hear him, he spoke in a parable:

A sower went out to sow his seed. . . . Some fell by the way-side and the fowls of the air devoured it.

Some fell upon a rock ; and it withered away because it lacked moisture. And some fell among thorns ; and the thorns sprang up with it, and choked it.

And other fell on good ground, sprang up, and bore fruit an hundred fold.

This parable of the Sower has, deep-seated within it, great truths and teachings of all the Wise Ones of Earth. And just in proportion to Humanity's needs are these seeds of wisdom sown.

Some fall by the way-side, for a time into hearts not yet attuned to receive them. Hardened by the customs of the world, by selfishness and the life of the senses there is no soil in which the seed can take root. It must wait until the heart is softened by sorrow and affliction under the merciful action of the Higher Law.

Some fell upon a rock; and it withered away for lack of moisture. Sometimes these seeds of wisdom become lodged in the intellect, and for a time they are nourished there, and do seem to be bringing forth good fruit, but as they try to strike down deeper and take firmer hold, the barren stony soil of self is reached and for lack of love and sacrifice to moisten them, they wither away.

Some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up with it and choked it. The seeds of wisdom sometimes become imbedded in the personality and so long as our consciousness is centered in the five senses, the conflict of opposing forces goes on, and in the struggle for mastery, these dark forces stealthily, yet surely prevail, if we allow the senses to rule the lower, instead of serving the Higher Nature. The mind becomes disturbed and the reflection of the inner knowledge becomes distorted.

And other fell on good ground; and bore fruit an hundred fold. And so this lesson comes to us in the last verse of the parable, that when the great World-Teachers come amongst us sowing seeds of wisdom, for our reaping, we may see to it that the soil in our own hearts is cleared of all selfish motives, that the seed may take root, and yield an hundred fold for the service of humanity.

H. D. P.

A STATESMAN who is ignorant of the way in which events have originated, and who cannot tell from what circumstances they have arisen, may be compared to a physician who fails to make himself acquainted with the causes of those diseases which he is called in to cure. They are both equally useless and worthless.—POLYBIUS

The Future Education

by a Student



THE subject of Education is one of vital importance to every member of the human family. For upon the way this education is conducted, of what it consists, and upon what basis it rests, depends the future of humanity, depends whether humanity shall go on up to heights as yet undreamed of or sink down to depths possibly heretofore untouched.

It is owing to the truth, the light and the knowledge brought to humanity in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century by the three great teachers of that century that we are enabled to speak with assurance of what this future education will be. Nay, not only of what it will be but of what it is already this day beginning to be. For there are children today that are being trained along the lines that I shall attempt briefly to outline.

There are many children being educated along these new lines at Point Loma. Among them are children placed here by their parents, some of them people of wealth and means. There are also many destitute, homeless children who have been adopted by this Universal Brotherhood of ours and are being trained along these lines from their earliest infancy under the direct guidance of our Leader and Teacher, Katherine Tingley. And there are children in Lotus Groups all over the world who are also beginning to get some of this training.

The keynote of this future education was struck twenty-five years ago and is still sounding in louder and clearer tones. Many of the teachers and educators of today have in a measure sensed this keynote, and have because of it shaped their training of children far differently from what they would have done had this message of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood never been proclaimed. Therefore education today is nearer the future education than it was twenty-five years ago. There is much greater effort at character-building, there is far more study of the child and far less of the competitive spirit in education now than then. And there are educators today who are giving more attention to character-building than to head-learning; to whom what a child *is* is of much more importance than what a child *knows*; whose every effort is planned to develop self-reliance and to make the child think and reason for himself. In so far as they are working for these ends, they are the pioneers of this future education. But even the successful of them have not been entirely successful because they have failed to sense the dominant tone in this keynote.

For first and foremost, and most important of all, underlying and permeating all other institutions, the child in this future education will be educated to know

that he is a soul, an eternal soul, living again and again in bodies of temporary duration. He will be taught to know that the soul must always be the master and the body the servant. But because it is the servant he will not look upon his body as some vile, ignoble thing to be looked down upon or ignored. No, far, very far from this. He will be trained to look upon his body as his instrument, whereby he contacts and gains experience in the outer world, a wonderful, powerful, complex, yet delicate instrument that must be trained to respond to every impulse of the soul, even as the perfect musical instrument responds in divinest harmonies to the touch of the master musician.

One great means to be used in this future education will be music itself. Music, as we well know, has been called the language of the soul, and it is this language rightly spoken which will help to awaken the soul from its long sleep of the ages and enable it to step out of its chrysalis into its true position in the sunlight and joy of life.

In this future education there will be many things that today are considered important, essential, and as even the fundamental basis of education itself that will then be considered non-important, non-essential, and even perhaps detrimental. And many other things that today are not considered as very important, that are looked upon as side issues, as fads perhaps, will then be known to be important. For anything that will increase the suppleness of the body, that will make it more quickly, more intelligently and even more gracefully responsive to the commands of the soul, will be important. For it is only through these bodies that we learn our lessons of material life, that we attain our experience and growth, and the souls, the gods, incarnating in these bodies, took it upon themselves to raise these instruments to their own level.

In this future education the student will never be pitted against his fellow-students. He will never look upon them as rivals to be surpassed, or as obstacles in his road to success, obstacles which must be removed at any cost. But he will recognize his fellow-students as fellow-souls, in no wise differing in essence from himself, traveling the same road, learning the same lessons to arrive at the same goal altogether or not at all.

Then such questions as are so often asked today about rank and merits and per cents., etc., will no longer be asked, and the incentives so often held out today as stimuli to greater effort will also be unknown. Rather will be asked such simple questions as these: Have you done your best? Have you improved every moment and every opportunity to accomplish the task set before you? And above all, have you given of your light and your strength to help a weaker student? Then if the answer be yes, even if the result be apparent failure, there will be no blame attached to it. For then blame will be attached only to non-effort or to the non-giving of help, for then every one will be ex-

pected and will expect to do his best, and every one will be expected and will expect to give all the help within his power to all with whom he comes in contact, even at the cost of great personal sacrifice.

And to the student in this future education, there will be given one rule which will govern all his relations to all his fellow beings. This rule can be formulated in many different ways. Here are some of them: Only as you give help can you receive help. Only as you remove the obstacles in the path of a fellow being, will you be enabled to remove the obstacles from your own path. Only as you open the doors that bar another's progress, will you acquire the strength, the courage, the wisdom and the will to open the doors that bar your own progress. Only as you let your light shine will that light increase in brilliancy or will you be able even to keep it from total extinction.

Inaction in a deed of mercy is action in a deadly sin.

Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry of pain, as the lotus bears its heart to drink in the morning sun.

Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye.

So must the soul of him who in the stream would enter thrill in response to every sigh and thought of all that lives and breathes.

An old rule you say. Yes! a very old rule! But are we today guiding our lives according to this rule? As a race, no! But there are individuals here and there who are beginning to realize the necessity of conforming their lives to it. And this future education will make this rule operative in the lives of all humanity, for it will teach that the life into which humanity will step when this great period of evolution is ended, will be utterly impossible to one who has not acquired that quality which is the fruit of this rule made operative in daily life. It will teach that life then will be as utterly impossible to him who has not acquired this divine quality of "compassion with all that lives and breathes" as life would be here today in a body that has not the power to breathe.

So the teachers in this future education will spare no pains, no effort to make the student realize the necessity of conforming his every thought, word and deed to this rule. And then man's inhumanity to man will cease, and will become a thing of the past, of history perchance. I can almost imagine myself living in that day, studying perhaps with a band of students, the manners, the customs and the beliefs of our ancestors. And I can imagine the incredulity, possibly, with which it will be read that our ancestors, not longer ago than the Nineteenth century, or even the early part of the Twentieth century, really believed that they could climb by pulling another down; that they could gain by causing loss to a comrade; that they could advance more rapidly by piling obstacles in the path of a fellow

being. And I can imagine how plainly, how very plainly, it will be seen then that the one who thought he was climbing by pulling another down was not only not climbing, but was in reality sinking so much lower that it took him perhaps more than one life of pain and sorrow and effort to regain the ground lost by such acts; and that the one who thought he was gaining by causing loss to another was in reality fashioning and hanging about his neck a millstone which made all further progress impossible, until through pain and sorrow and great effort he got rid of it again; and that the one who thought he was advancing more rapidly by piling obstacles in the path of another was in reality piling the obstacles a thousand times higher in his own path than ever he could in another's path—obstacles which he himself had to remove also with great pain and sorrow and effort, perhaps long after the memory of having himself put them there had escaped his outer consciousness.

And I can also imagine that the cause of all this will be plainly seen then to have been ignorance, caused by the wrong education, which in its turn was caused by the loss of the knowledge of soul which had given birth to that "great dire heresy of separateness" which will then be seen to have been the primal cause of all this inharmony. And then the awful insanity of the age, man's unbrotherliness, will be cured and man will be sane.

Then too will come to the knowledge and realization of man another truth, a truth that has been lost to mankind for so many countless ages, that I doubt if you look through all the histories ever written from the present time down to that of the remotest antiquity that you will find a trace of it. There may be hints of it in the myths, the song and the poetry of the world; but if there are, they have been so closely veiled that no one has recognized them, at least not until the keynote of this law was again struck. This truth is, *Life is Joy*.

We have always believed that life might be joyous under certain conditions. But we also have believed that if those conditions disappear and are substituted by the opposite conditions, that the joy too would disappear and that in its place would come grief and pain, and sorrow and despair, and darkness, and sometimes even death. But when through this future education the realization of this fact of life comes to humanity *such things will not be*. For then with every breath that is drawn will be drawn in the great, boundless, all-permeating joy of life. And then conditions will not have the paralyzing effect they have now for they will sink to their proper place. They will be looked upon as means of growth or as the tests whereby will be brought to the surface, whether or not this indispensable quality of compassion is being acquired.

It is not necessary to wait for some future day to begin this realization. It is possible today even amid the awful turmoil and inharmony of outer conditions to begin to feel that life is joy, for the keynote *has* been struck and is sounding

loud and clear. If we would, if only for a few moments each day, still the ceaseless clatter of the mind, think of ourselves as souls, and sink our consciousness to the center of our being we could hear there the wondrous "Song of Life." And then if we would send this out to suffering humanity, it would come back to us as the realization of this joy of life. There is no other way; and this education will demonstrate this. It will train all humanity even as it is today training some of the children; some of whom will already tell you that you must open the door and let Joy Fairies fly out to those who need them so badly if you yourself want to know that Life is Joy.

Now, perhaps you will think that this is only the day dream of an enthusiast. But it is nevertheless a reality. And if you live, say, fifty years longer, you will begin to see the proof of this. You will see that the today future education will then be the present accepted education and you will begin to realize some of the wonderful, glorious benefits arising therefrom. And this is made possible by the fact that this education is already begun at the Raja Yoga School. Now, of what is this fruit? Is it the fruit of the Nineteenth century civilization, think you? Or of the present education system? I think not! For "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

Of what then is it the outgrowth? I will tell you. It is the outgrowth of lives of such work, such heroism, such devotion and such self-sacrifice that methinks the stories of these lives must go resounding down through the ages for all time to come. It is the outgrowth of the lives of the three teachers of whom I have already spoken, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and our present Teacher and Helper. Yes, it is due to these hero-minds, who have worked and do work incessantly, that this new education has become possible and has already begun in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma.

CALUMNY is a monstrous vice ; for, where parties indulge in it, there are always two that are actively engaged in doing wrong, and one who is subject to injury. The calumniator inflicts wrong by slandering the absent; he who gives credit to the calumny, before he has investigated the truth, is equally implicated. The person traduced is doubly injured—first by him who propagates, and secondly, by him who credits, the calumny.—HERODOTUS

IF we were all eager to resist the man who inflicts injury, and were ready to bring aid, regarding any injury done as done to ourselves, and if we were prepared to assist each other, there would be less injury done by the bad; for when these men found that they were watched and properly punished, they would either become few in number or would disappear altogether.—MENANDER

Law and Order Rule

by T. W. Willans



IN life, Law and Order rule, for no matter how determined is the defiance of law or how prolonged is the opposition to Divine Will, the controlling hand is over all and prevails when it wills to do so. To understand the working of the Law of Life it has to be studied in a living way; facts are no use to us unless they become a part of our nature; for this study is not a dead study of words, but a living study of deeds.

The Law works for the Perfection of man, and with him of all creatures and worlds. A perfect man is the embodiment of love and truth; so his whole life is eternally devoted to Universal Brotherhood which, when fully understood, will achieve the Perfection of Mankind.

To be on the side of Law and Order, is to be on the side that will prevail, and to be with the Law as an active worker and co-partner it is necessary to study its methods of working.

The process by which man becomes perfect is by *self-evolution*, hence he learns by his *own deeds*, for all thought is expressed in acts sooner or later, unless rejected, and counteracted by thought of an opposite nature.

So the mind is really the great battlefield, on which the victories and defeats of self-evolution are decided. For if a man dwells in thought on an idea, and desires, that is, likes or dislikes it, when opportunity occurs he will do it; and the opportunity will occur sooner or later, for he has set the law in positive motion by his thought and desire; the only preventative being other thoughts and desires in an opposite direction. So at these moments of opportunity, which occur all day long, all depends on our decision which we will give life to and make a part of our nature, with tendencies for or against self-evolution.

As nearly all people have constant alternations of good and bad thoughts and desires, their self-evolution, or self-destruction is very slow; for one counteracts the other, and if you subtract the good from the bad there is only a fraction of profit or loss one way or the other. So in a general way it takes hundreds of incarnations, that is lives in physical bodies, to make any decided progress or regression either in self-evolution or self-destruction.

But when we consciously take up the duty of always trying to decide for the Right, and work intelligently with the Law, which works for Perfection, then a steady effort of a few years will show real progress and in this is the demonstration of its truth. Now all good and bad acts and thoughts, however great or small, can be summed up into two principal divisions, one for the Right and one

for the Wrong; and these two great divisions of the Light and the Dark, the Sunlight and the Shadow, are *Selfishness* and *Unselfishness*. So we see the motive of our thought and act is of the greatest importance, in fact is the determining factor whether in the Book of Life our account is entered on the Right or the Wrong side of our ledger.

For we may appear to do right for selfish motives and we may appear to do wrong for unselfish motives. I say *appear* only, for it is the motive that really makes them bad, that is, for or against the work of Universal Brotherhood.

A practical illustration will make this clearer: Say a surgeon takes a knife and cuts a brother's body, his motive being to extract a malignant growth and so save the body from destruction; and this may seem a bad act, to be cutting a man's body with a sharp knife, if you did not know what his motive was, but it is really a good act, though painful to the body. On the other hand, an assassin may use the same knife and cut the same body in the same place, but his motive is to destroy the body. So it is a bad act because it is done from an unbrotherly motive. If we take this lesson to heart it alone should make us refrain from condemning others for any act they may do when we do not know the motive.

When we condemn others wrongly the Law turns our condemnation upon ourselves, and we have to go through the same experience to teach us the truth. Therefore, the wise Teacher, Jesus, said, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

Where Law and Order rule demonstration of the truth is possible; hence it is within the power of man to know and prove that he is an immortal soul. As law is that which is laid, set or fixed, and as law rules in the spiritual world, that world of soul is established on certain eternal principles which, when known and made use of as the bases or foundations of our thought and action, will become the ruling factor in our lives and demonstrate to us our divinity. Just as a blind faith and unreasoned belief will lead one to trust in that which is false, so will true faith and reasonable belief on the eternal principles of spiritual life lead one to the knowledge of the truth. So blind belief or vainly imagining one is saved by the sacrifice of another is worse than folly, it is positively vicious: for what more degrading idea is possible than to seek to gain good at the expense and suffering of others, and what is as bad; it is *positively untrue*. For the whole principle and hope of man's salvation lies in *self-evolution* and self-effort, unselfish devotion to the welfare of others, not by *himself*, but with *others*.

It is true many Saviors have sacrificed themselves and their sublime devotion to the cause of Universal Brotherhood to help their fellow men, but it is *not true* that we can profit by this sacrifice unless we ourselves carry on *their* work: working on the same principles, on the same plan and with the same unselfish devotion for the good of all, the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.

Nature Notes

by H. W. W.



HOW to put into words the wonder, the mystery, the beauty of nature, whether in the vast, majestic sweep of sky or sea, of rugged mountain top, or sweeping lowland! The tiny grains we tread beneath our feet, the apparently trifling wayside incidents and objects, all are pregnant with such wonderful beauty, such indescribable harmony, as to defy portrayal. A spray of leaves, a few stones, a weed, a straggling piece of sea-weed; there is nothing the eye can rest upon but which is full of grace, of harmony, of dramatic meaning, so matchless as to defy representation by human art. There is but one word which can be found to fit the case, and that is "perfect."

Endless are the lessons to be learned by studying Nature in the small details as much as in the sweeping grandeur of her moods and storms. It was but recently, while strolling on the shore at Point Loma, that my attention was attracted by a piece of sea weed—kelpie—thrown by the sea upon the sand; its broad flat leaves and long trailing stems arranged in such exquisite and harmonious lines as to make one silent with a feeling akin to reverence and awe at the touch of the Great Master. So graceful, so poetic, so full of history and meaning, so utterly perfect in every way, there was one broad, surging sweep of a great wave carrying a long piece of weed along its crest, with a dip, dip, dip of its sparkling clear-cut crest of emerald and violet, now rising high and clear into the sunlight, again sinking down out of sight into the trough of deep, mysterious green, ever rapidly nearing the shore until its rearing summit cannot longer balance on its crystal walls now lifted aloft curved in momentary equipoise.

A splash, a bound, a roaring burst and rushing avalanche of leaping foam, leaving a great fan-shaped pattern of lace work in its widening wake, a quick rush up the sandy beach, a chaos of stones, of shells, sea weed, and sand, with sunshine playing over all; a churning, seething mass of diverse elements in one wild confusion, yet grand with the force and guidance of the law, as with a long, sweeping rush and surf upon the smooth sand, the broad sheet of snowy foam displays a thousand harmonies of form and color, each pebble giving forth a note and many notes of varying tone. The curving sheet of snowy foam swings high at last upon the sand, as with a long sigh and soft caress it models all its diverse elements, and with one masterly stroke arranges all that chaotic confusion of heterogeneous admixture of sand and pebbles, sea weed and shells, into a perfect harmony of line, composition and color. Then, as if not content with the broad conception it must needs put just a last touch of exquisite finish, and the retreat-

ing wave, having strewn its material in a broad, grand composition, now delicately arranges the minutest parts in perfect order.

In one such picture which I saw, a long, trailing piece of kelpie, with leaves and stem complete, was spread upon the sand with such masterly swing and feeling, lightly shaded here and there by a veil of sand softening the definition of the form, blending it with ripples of the sand—sign and seal of perfect force and matchless form drawn by a master stroke of a master hand, perfected in the twinkling of an eye. The whole picture designed, executed, finished in the period of a single ocean wave—a model for artists of all ages; full of meaning and mystery!

Thus continually does Nature's Builder paint pictures and sculpture forms of beauty with an ease and precision absolute and matchless and yet almost entirely unheeded by man, who knows so little of the world in which he lives. Building with such infinite care and destroying again with the same infinite carelessness; ever weaving new intricacies of form, of color and music; its tides rising and falling, ebbing and flowing, coming and going, ever and endlessly changing and changing. Nature enacts again and again her mysteries—each a chapter in the evolution of the soul. Ever the finger of God writes on the walls of time the great Story of Life—the Song of the Ages.

After-Rain

by HELEN HAY—(Selected)

THE country road at lonely close of day
 Has rest awhile from the long stress of rain;
 Dripping and bowed the green walls of the lane
 Reflect no glistening sight; no colors gay
 Has dying summer left; the sky is gray,
 As though the weeping had not eased the pain;
 The autumn is not yet, and all in vain
 Seems summer's life—a blossom cast away!

The air is hushed, save in the emerald shade,
 The rain still drops, and stirs each fretting leaf
 To soft insistence of its little grief;
 The hopeless calm all through of life denies;
 But hark! and now through silence unafraid
 A robin ripples to the chilly skies.

WHEN we do not find peace within ourselves, it is vain to seek for it elsewhere.

—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

The Steady Performance of Duty



During his recent flying visit to Point Loma, Mr. Clark Thurston, the well-known member of Katherine Tingley's advisory Cabinet, who is so highly respected and beloved by all the members of The Universal Brotherhood Organization throughout the world, gave several addresses to the students. The following is a portion of one:

BY looking back and taking note of the prominent features of our history, we can appreciate the fact that every opposition, every attack, has been in reality a stepping forward and has given us the opportunity of gaining strength. Those who have guided the work have thrown us back upon ourselves, have made us feel the opposition keenly in order that we may the better realize the greatness of the Movement. We know what strength we have gained in the past from the writings of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and how we treasure them; but today we have already a new text-book in the scattered reports of the sayings of Katherine Tingley, our present Teacher. These, when collected and formed into one whole, will make a book for daily reference which will be found of inestimable value. This will be a great addition to the teachings of H. P. B. and W. Q. J., for I have learned from my own experience, that these records form, *when studied together*, an absolute solvent to most of the difficulties and perplexities that we can encounter. They will help us to grow—and we know that to cease growing is to wither and die.

We learn from the lessons given to us by Katherine Tingley that in every word and action we do, however small, there is valuable teaching. The greatest strength and wisdom will be the result of careful attention to each duty, and the grandest thing we stand possessed of today is the unique opportunity to do even little things faithfully for the work under the guidance of our Leader. Steady performance of duty is a mighty power, mightier in its consequences than mere reasoning or the cultivation of the mind alone. We are the richer each time we fulfill a duty rightly and loyally. Every simple suggestion of the Leader is giving us an opportunity for action. Her simplest words have often the deepest meaning.

A most wonderful thing to me is that we have at last found the Sacred Spot of land, and that the relationship we have so longed for—have thought impossible—is here. We have read so much of this relationship between Teacher and pupils, but now our hearts *feel* the touch, *even when afar*.

We cannot be downcast, we cannot lose our trust, for we have gained the knowledge that there is no other way than service—actual, personal service for humanity. That is the open door to all the Powers of the Soul. Then opposi-

tion in our own natures, or outside, will act like the wind that helps the eagle to float. It will give us the chance to rise higher.

To prove this true relationship between us and the Pioneers of humanity, egotism must fall away, and in that falling a greater Ego-ism will step in. The very fact that we are in the Theosophical movement shows that we each have possibilities of service. It is very beautiful to be here at Point Loma, very fascinating, but it is more beautiful, more fascinating to be ready and willing to do service in this work *irrespective of time or place*.

Devote thyself zealously as a Roman and a man of energy to thy every duty with scrupulous and unfeigned dignity, with love of humanity, independence and a strict adherence to justice and withdraw thyself from all other thoughts. Thou wilt give thyself relief if thou doest every act of this life as if it were the last.—MARCUS ANTONINUS

Mirror of the Movement

News from Loma-land

**Purchase
of the
Fisher Opera House
by
Katherine Tingley**

The records of the Movement have just been enriched by one of the most important events in its history, and one the significance of which can hardly be overestimated for the future success of our dramatic and musical work, which is of such importance for the progress of mankind to a higher level. This work is the avenue for Theosophy to reach a vast department of life which it would otherwise be impossible to touch.

The striking event referred to is the purchase of the Fisher Opera House, San Diego, by the Leader, which was publicly announced on March 8th.

The Theater is in many respects the most complete of any in the State and is equipped with every modern appliance for scenic effects, is lighted by its own electric plant and has a most unusual number of large and lofty dressing rooms and property rooms—an absolute necessity in view of the large number of characters who will appear in the forthcoming dramas. In front of the stage the accommodations are extremely perfect. The Auditorium is of great size and is capable of holding nearly two thousand persons. It is approached by a spacious and artistic vestibule flanked by cloak rooms, offices, etc., and wide and handsome staircases lead from it to the first and second balconies. The whole interior is decorated in

a most artistic manner in buff and gold. The citizens of San Diego say no expense was spared by Mr. Fisher to make the fittings and decorations as perfect and beautiful as possible. In the erection of this splendid building he not only showed great public spirit, but his good taste is evident in every portion. The general scheme and many of the details show the influence of some of the best features of the antique carvings from the ruins left by the great ancient races of men once inhabiting Mexico and Central America. The very pleasing and instructive effect of the whole is therefore in keeping with the associations of this locality and our artistic comrades consider the proscenium will make an excellent setting for the educative presentations which will be brought out by the students and by artists from all parts of the world.

Besides the splendid accommodations provided by the theater itself its location is the best in the city. It is situated close to the largest hotel in San Diego, and extends the whole width of the block between Fourth and Fifth streets, the two principal thoroughfares, in each of which it has large and imposing entrances. The main front is to the west, directly facing Loma-land.

Besides the extensive accommodation within the theater itself, there are twenty-eight large and convenient rooms connected with it, which Katherine Tingley intends to utilize for art studios and for members of the legal profession as well as for the permanent home of the Isis Conservatory of Music and other rapidly developing activities of the Organization in San Diego. This part of the building is four stories in height, the lower portion being composed of several well-appointed stores with broad windows facing the business streets.

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**Great
Opportunity for
Dramatic
Talent**

When a few years ago the Leader presented the "Eumenides" in New York City, and in Buffalo and at the great Universal Brotherhood Congress at Point Loma, the performances of which received such splendid testimonials from qualified judges, about the time the Leader advised the members to train themselves and some

of the Lotus children in the fundamentals of dramatic art, that splendid promise of the present day was not dreamed of, but now it can be seen that the Leader's plans were more far-reaching than was imagined. The simpler work in dramatic presentation that has been done, has prepared a number of the workers and has brought out in many directions quite unexpected talent, which now will find an outlet into a wider field than seemed possible when the Leader introduced the Dramatic work into the Lodges throughout the world. She says she knew, when choosing Loma-land as the great Center of the Work, that San Diego was destined to be the gateway between Point Loma and the rest of the world, and though, of course, the great open air representations in the Amphitheater at the Point will express exclusively and most perfectly the teachings of Theosophy, being given under such absolutely ideal conditions with every natural advantage, still there are many points about the construction and location of the Opera House at San Diego that render it eminently fitted for the purpose of appealing to the higher instincts of the resident and visiting public of Southern California.

The members and others who know Katherine Tingley's amazing versatility, will best understand that the class of entertainment to be given at the Opera House will vary constantly in its nature, for every department of life must be touched, or the true work for hu-

manity would be incomplete. She proposes to create a demand for a higher drama than has hitherto been seen—a more ennobling form—from the contact with which both actors and audience will derive real profit and moral benefit. This will build an atmosphere not only of love for the great classical dramatists but for every shade of thought which can beautify and purify life.

In spite of the great efforts of Katherine Tingley which, if they would only permit them, would be a help even to the enemies of progress, there are a few such who enjoy to circulate absurd rumors about her plans. The following extract from the San Diego *Union* of March 11th, treats of this:

"It was a day for denials for the reports of radical changes at the Opera House were denied by Mrs. Tingley, who, when asked regarding the same, said:

"The statements made in regard to my plans to change the Fisher Opera House in a radical manner, either as to construction and arrangement of the building, or as to the general character of entertainments given at the play-house, are quite unfounded. Indeed, I consider that they originated from an unfriendly source. They are evidently concocted for the purpose of misleading the public.

"At the Fisher Opera House next Sunday evening I shall definitely explain my plan in connection with my future work at the theater. My statements will in almost every particular be flat contradictions to the rumors which seem to be industriously circulated in San Diego.

"I have no intention of depriving the San Diego people of their favorite theater. I propose to hold it intact. There is ample room for the Musical Conservatory I am to establish, without disturbing the beautiful auditorium, which I so much admire.

"If another Opera House is built in San Diego it will not discourage me in my determined purpose of preserving this theater and adding to its luster by the presentation of the world's best artists. I consider the promulgators of these false rumors as the enemies to San Diego and her best interests."

"In response to questions regarding the management of the Opera House, Mrs. Tingley said that there would not be very marked changes in regard to the attractions booked at the play-house. The general run of entertainments will find accommodations there. It might be that in the course of a year's time there would be one or two which would be booked by other managers and owners of play-houses of the State, which could not find room in the Opera House under her management, but there would not be such a notable change that there need be much comment on the subject. The change would, she expected, be for the better and for the upbuilding and education of San Diego.

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**High-class
Entertainments
at Low Prices**

"In the main, she said that it would be her purpose to give to the people of San Diego as many low-priced, but high-classed entertainments as possible. She would want the entertainments to come within the reach of the mass of the people, and she had no intention of forcing on the people as their only entertainments something which was entirely beyond them. There were attractions being played now at the theaters which she

would not herself care to see or listen to, but there were people who did, and it could not be expected that all the people could be educated in their desires as to plays in any short time.

"In closing the conversation Mrs. Tingley asked that the people be disabused of the idea that there were to be a lot of very radical changes in the Opera House."

* * *

**More Workers
Will Be
Needed**

Her students and the members of The Universal Brotherhood know by experience what a marvelous faculty the Leader has displayed of vivifying all the departments of life with a new spirit, and making every human activity she touches bear its part in the elevation of mankind to a higher state of brotherhood. Here is a golden opportunity for us to show by practical work that we truly realize our responsibility as our brothers' keepers, for without doubt there will before long be a tax laid on the Organization for qualified members to assist here in the great developments in music and drama, which are now so close at hand and which will be most potent means of helping humanity to realize that noble living is indeed joy. The Leader says if we do our full duty to our neighbors, San Diego will be in a few years the Mecca for thinkers and leaders of mankind from all parts, seeking light on the perplexing problems of the age.

The following statement, issued from Point Loma, has been published in the newspapers:

"It is Mrs. Tingley's intention to make the Opera House a center for Theosophical work. The name will of course be changed, and other changes will ensue to the end that it may be made an art and music center which will be of immense benefit to the city of San Diego, and ultimately to the entire coast.

"Mrs. Tingley, as is well known, believes that music and the drama are most important means of higher education and it is needless to say that hereafter none but dramas of the highest order will be encouraged or allowed to be given in the theater. Besides this, it will be largely used for the presentation of her own musical entertainments and dramas, given by her students and by the children of the Raja Yoga School, under her supervision. Those who know of the character of the dramatic representations given by her students well understand Mrs. Tingley's aim.

"A conservatory of music will at once be established and under the plan already outlined by Mrs. Tingley, it may be possible for even the poorest child in San Diego to have a musical education on the highest lines.

* * *

**San Diego
to be a
World-Center of
Music and Art**

"The following statement was made by Mr. E. A. Neresheimer in answer to queries :

"Part of Katherine Tingley's plans with regard to making the city of San Diego a world-center of art and music, has been foreshadowed in her publications, THE NEW CENTURY, and UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH. Music being the greatest moral and spiritual agent, she insists that it is a necessity in the home. Her intention therefore is to establish free classes of choral singing, in unison and part-songs, so that music can be performed and applied in the home without any musical instrument other than the natural human voice. It is the experience of the teachers under her direction that the natural voices of children born

here at San Diego have a wonderful sonorous quality and brilliancy which no doubt is owing to the favorable conditions of the climate. This favorable sign, combined with the unique and simple methods of training which she has introduced will so arouse the enthusiasm of participants after they have reached some little development, that the art will propagate speedily and universally among the community and surroundings. Once that a fair start is made showing the great success that can be attained, it will naturally lead to a desire for greater and greater perfection, and it is in the home-life where it will find the most widespread application.

* * *

Students' Enthusiasm for Musical Culture “‘‘Music culture is a sine qua non among the students at Point Loma, who are so delighted with the methods of their teacher that a time limit has to be set so as to keep the budding enthusiasm within bounds and wholesome limits. At Point Loma, while singing is

the predominating branch of music culture, there is also other work done which is indispensable in a thorough musical education. The fundamental rules of counterpoint and harmony and the mastery of all modern orchestral instruments are incumbent upon the students as a body. The result is that the higher class of chamber music and full orchestra work are among the accomplishments there.

“‘‘Some of the students had never thought of such a thing as cultivating music in their life, some of them have been content, like so many people, in neglecting the art while saying that they have no talent for music.

“‘‘According to Katherine Tingley, that is an unwarrantable assertion and equal to barring oneself out from the enjoyment and realization of the sublimest vehicles of aesthetic culture.

“‘‘The Isis Conservatory of Music which was established last year on B street with a full corps of high-class teachers who adhere strictly to Katherine Tingley’s method, will be extended for the more artistic development of young and old, those who wish to realize the beauties of life which spring from the accomplishment of music as a high art.’’

Looking back a few years at our hopes and fears, the splendid progress the work has achieved through the exertions of the Leader seems quite incredible. For one person who heard of Theosophy as a strange intellectual study in the earlier days a thousand know of it now as it really is—a great heart-force breathing compassion and help to all classes of mankind. Through the right presentation of the drama all can be touched in their deepest nature.

The satisfaction of the citizens of San Diego at the acquisition of the Opera House by Katherine Tingley has been great, for they feel that so much will be done for the advancement of the city and State through the work to be done within it by her.

On Sunday, March 16, the Leader spoke for the first time at the Opera House since her recent severe accident. Her address was on the future Musical and Dramatic work at this Center, and was given to an enormous audience, which filled every corner of the building. Standing room was impossible to get fifteen minutes after the doors were opened. A citizen of San Diego who is not connected in any way with our work took the pains to count the number of persons who could not gain admission owing to want of space. He is a careful observer and used to such work and reports that not less than two thousand persons were unable to get within the Theater and so failed to hear the Leader’s voice on this memorable occasion for the citizens of San Diego.

The following heading from the *San Diego Union* will be found of interest:

KATHERINE TINGLEY OUTLINES HER POLICIES

Will be Her Purpose to Encourage Higher Drama and Music

She Would Make of San Diego a Second Athens, Seat of Learning and Art of the World — An Immense Audience

In the next issue of this magazine the full report of the Leader's speech will be published.

* * *

**Development of
San Diego**

San Diego is coming to be regarded by members everywhere as a world center of Humane activities. This was not dreamed of, save by the very few, five years ago. About that time the Crusaders,

who had carried this message of Brotherhood around the world, stopped at San Diego on their return home, and on Point Loma, the Corner-stone of the Great Temple was dedicated by Katherine Tingley. Even two years ago, when she came to Point Loma to live and when the various departments of her work here entered into a period of expansion and great activity, few realized that the center of affairs even then included San Diego. Something like a year ago, at a time of immense opportunity (for times of siege and pressure are always that, as Theosophists well know), arrangements were made to hold weekly public meetings, in the great Fisher Opera House. It was not long before the heart-life commenced to express itself in San Diego and the people more fully realized their opportunity to build a nobler city, a purer community of people, in short, the chance to make San Diego a great educational center on the highest lines. Soon a handsome residence on B Street became the San Diego branch of the Isis Conservatory of Music, the headquarters of which are still at Point Loma.

Within the fortnight Katherine Tingley having purchased the Fisher Opera House, this will now be made a great educational center along the lines of higher Art, Music, and the Drama. Hundreds have expressed their appreciation of this, realizing what this will mean to the city, particularly to the life of the young people here. Those who can read the "signs of the times" need no prophet. For to members everywhere, San Diego bears the same relation today that 144 Madison Avenue bore in the old days. The Aryan Society which W. Q. Judge established and which held the fortress in New York for so many years, is now established in Point Loma, all the loyal old workers are here, and it today conducts the weekly meetings held in the Opera House in San Diego. Where a dozen were reached in the old days, now hundreds, nay thousands, are reached and touched by this philosophy of life, convinced of its value by the evidences shown of practical humanitarian work.

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**Katherine Tingley's
Work
Appreciated**

While there have been a few in San Diego, as in every city, who were not broad-minded enough to "live and let live," while by these The Universal Brotherhood Movement and particularly the Leader, have been misrepresented and persecuted, the great mass are friendly and loyal. That is but natural. They love San Diego. They are loyal citizens to their city, and this loyalty makes them very quick to appreciate the efforts of all who would

help them make it a better place to live in. They are grateful for what Katherine Tingley has done and has inspired them to do along higher lines, and this gratitude they express in many ways. The crowded houses at The Universal Brotherhood meetings, numbers being often turned away for want of room, are only one evidence. And the Leader is grateful as well, grateful to those who, in spite of discouragement and business disappointments, have succeeded in building a city so well fitted for a great work. That San Diego has within it the possibility of becoming a modern Athens, no well-intentioned citizen discredits. That there is every probability that this, and far more, will come to be, even within a very few years, is already apparent. What such a center will mean to the world we need but to read history intelligently to understand. And that San Diego has already taken its first steps toward becoming a world center of all that is purest and noblest and wisest in human life and philosophy, those who can look behind effects to causes, clearly perceive.

It is a significant fact that those who are most interested in benefiting the city along practical, common sense lines, are the very ones who are most friendly to the humanitarian work being done on Point Loma. They may or may not be members of The Universal Brotherhood. As students well know, the sign of the true soul is not to be found in any external thing, but is something that pertains to the character, the real inner life. And that many of the best citizens in San Diego to day are true workers for the betterment of humanity is plain enough. They are doing splendid practical work. For nothing in the world is so fertile of practical results as a true philosophy of life. San Diego is today cleaning its streets, paving them, improving the system of lighting, etc., planning for the enlargement of the splendid harbor work, a great new railroad and what not, with more energy and vim than was ever shown before.

* * *

**A Type
of the
True Citizen**

Prominent among these practical, energetic citizens is Mr. D. C. Reed, twice Mayor of the city. He is an authority on the city's real estate, is one of the older citizens and a practical business man. Those who have heard him speak upon the city's problems know that at heart he is a thinker and a philosopher. Perhaps that is why he appreciates the practical side of affairs so well and is so successful in all he undertakes, for nothing in the world is so practical as a true philosophy. At present he is interested in paving the streets. The Ship Subsidy bill which has just been passed by the Senate, and which will make San Diego Bay the greatest shipping port on the Pacific Coast, claimed Mr. Reed's hearty support. He is one of the most active promoters of the new transcontinental railroad, which will soon be built with San Diego as the west-coast terminus. Mr. Reed stands as a type of the true citizen. For the true citizen is as much concerned—nay, more—in the dollar the city spends as he is in the dollar he himself earns. And the true citizen is always willing to put aside his merely personal likes and dislikes, his private interests and dis-interests for the greater good of the community.

Mr. Reed's family life is almost ideal, and men so just and honorable as Mr. Reed are not too common in this age. Mrs. Reed has been an invalid for many years, but has recently taken a new lease of life and health. Their three daughters are deeply interested in the Lotus work now being carried on in San Diego.

In addition to all the good-will that is expressed toward our work for Universal Brotherhood by the citizens of San Diego, contributions of good-will and friendliness continue to come in from the outside. Only recently Mr. Reed received a letter from his old friend, Mr. A. B. Hotchkiss, the attorney for the Southern Pacific. Mr. Hotchkiss is an old San Diego citizen, at one time Prosecuting Attorney. He is at present in Los Angeles and is publisher of *Public Economy*. He writes, in part:

“MY DEAR D. C. :

“I have your favor of the 16th, and read same with keen interest; . . . when Reed puts on his war-paint, the whole tribe pick up the line of march and go to work to rustle, and then the outside world bring in their shekels, and there you are! cash in hand!! and the attention of railroad builders is at once turned to the necessity of getting in there. The Senate has passed the Ship Subsidy bill, and San Diego harbor is and will be the only place for years to meet the boom in shipping lines south of San Francisco. The new survey made by your local folk is the latch-string—the open door. Now I have been reading that ennobling organ of purity and unselfishness, *The New Century*, edited by your public-spirited citizen, Katherine Tingley. It breathes the spirit of a higher, sweeter and loftier life, a beneficent life, tending to the general elevation of the masses. Mrs. Tingley ought to be a source of inspiration to your people; her investment (the purchase of the Fisher Opera House) shows faith in the destiny of San Diego. . . Reed, I am with you and will pull ‘stroke oar’ in the good old San Diego boat, with you and Carlson on the other oars, and we will again sing songs of sweetest triumph and joy as of yore to the music of the twenties.”

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***The Aryan Meetings
in the
Aryan Temple***

These services are continued on Sundays with regularity, and are a source of inspiration to all who are able to be present. The guests at the Homestead have the privilege of attending these morning services and always express how much they profit by and enjoy them.

This work in the Aryan Temple is a great encouragement to the old members of the Aryan Society who never dreamed of such success coming in their lifetimes. It is a great comfort to all the old students who have fought through so many obstacles to think of this Center having been established so firmly at last.

The Leader feels deeply the devotion of the faithful members throughout the world as they remain true to the work, and she can accentuate the force of their love and brotherhood. At the intervals between the addresses or when the fifty voices of the Loma-land choir have ceased to ring out over the hills, the subdued murmur of the waves, as they strike the rocks on the beach far below, falls upon the ear with a wonderful effect, helping to harmonize the whole meeting. On several occasions at these services, which have a peculiarly inspiring quality of their own, the Leader has given some of her most valuable addresses. The one of which the following is a brief report, was Katherine Tingley’s address on Sunday, March 9th:

“In taking up briefly the subject of Spiritual Knowledge and how to gain it, one finds oneself thinking many ways before one can know the platform on which to stand—the firm

basis to work from. For we all know that in the past numerous plans have been outlined by many of the great reformers of the ages—and millions and millions of books have been written, each declaring the one special way of finding spiritual knowledge.

"False teachers have made glowing pictures in the mind that they might hypnotize the brain-mind and so attempt to work out their selfish schemes.

"To me it seems that the outreaching of the human life, the moving away from the central source of one's inner life and from one's duties close at hand, has, literally, wrecked thousands of human lives, and prevented spiritual growth, and prevented men from finding the real key that opens the door to the knowledge of Life. Here I am reminded of an old saying, that for the honor of one's country one must venture all, and I think that if we can rightly interpret that thought, and can then hold to our Theosophical principles and ideas which stand out so simple and so strong and full, in contrast with the many other ways in which Theosophy has been presented, we shall then be able to dare to venture to move confidently along the path of life, earnest, conscientious, fearless workers for the glory of the Higher Law and for the benefit of human kind.

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**To Sow
the Seed of
Noble Service**

"For if we will stop for only a moment and move more closely in touch with our inner life, our aspirations, our hopes, we shall really find the inexpressible inspiration of the Soul that is constantly urging us in the right direction. And it is the recognition of this inner urge, it is the being willing to work with it, to realize how beneficent and helpful is this compassionate Companion, and how readily we can, by following its mighty call in simplicity and in trust, sow the seed of noble service; it is in doing that, in surrendering ourselves daringly and unselfishly and fully, we commence this sowing understandingly. Then we commence to gain the knowledge that is necessary for further steps, and I think it is because we have been trained so long on lines of false education that our blood is teeming with its poison. It is in the very atmosphere of our breathing life. It is all around us, and our brain-minds are so absolutely saturated with the false education of the age that we imagine it is difficult to take up our simple possibilities, grand as they are, and to feel that we can actually have the spiritual knowledge that shall reveal all things—all the secrets of life.

"Under the pressure of this urge and the consciousness of this power, the Law is revealed to oneself and the closed memories of the past are opened to us. Also we shall not only look backward into the past but forward into the mighty future, and when this moment comes in all its joyous fullness it will require all our will—ALL our will—to hold ourselves in and not reveal too soon the secrets of our discovery! Great indeed, and glorious and beneficent is the picture of the future for poor Humanity. It is only our unrest and the unrest of the age that turns our eyes away from the light within. It is by endeavoring to do the great things rather than the small things that we fail to find and follow the Law—that we fail to realize that our hearts are pulsating every moment in harmony with the finer forces of Nature, which are at our command, and with the inexpressible and unseen vibrations of Life.

"To be attuned to these things, to know the Law in thought and feeling, to feel its inspiration in every act is to have Spiritual Knowledge."

"Verily all those things which are sad and discouraging, all conditions of human life will be changed in the twinkling of an eye, and the great soul-urge of Divine Law will be heard—a musical tone, a Spiritual tone—in human life, if we will but heed."

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New Arrivals

We have lately had the pleasure of welcoming to Loma-land, Brothers Clark Thurston, Philo B. Tingley, and W. S. Wing of Denver.

Mr. Thurston's visit was not long, but he derived much benefit from his rest in the splendid air of Loma-land. The comrades look forward to the time when he will be able to spend the greater portion of his time with them at this Center. On a previous page will be found some valuable remarks which he made while here.

The comrades were very glad to greet Mr. Tingley, who is making his second visit within the year in order to be able to work with and assist the Leader for a few months with some of her pressing business. Mr. Tingley's large interests and constant engagements as an inventor, do not yet permit him to settle in California, though he is greatly attached to the country and is an ardent member of The Universal Brotherhood. Standing as the husband of Katherine Tingley, the Leader of the Organization, he holds a very special position in the work, being qualified to help effectually in ways no other member is able to do. Although he has not been a member of the Organization very long his enthusiasm is great and he is now laying plans so as to be able to help the Leader in the building of the Great Temple on the S. R. L. M. A. grounds, which she is anxious to proceed with as soon as possible. Before long one of his most remarkable inventions, which has just been perfected, will be in active working order here, and will undoubtedly be a great surprise to the whole world of inventors. Our comrade derives much pleasure from being able to contribute his share to the great humanitarian work of The Universal Brotherhood, in the same spirit of voluntary giving that is the rule among the members everywhere. Mr. Tingley's musical abilities also permit him to render many valuable services to the work, as he is intensely interested in the development of the Musical Department.

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Great Development of Silk Culture Industries

With the advance of the season extensive planting out of the young mulberry trees that have been raised in our nurseries is taking place, and thousands of cuttings of many different varieties are being prepared for the next year. A fine display, which has been in preparation for some time, and which includes every process in silk production from the egg to the needle, is now ready for exhibition and will be housed in its new and elegant building in a week or two.

The exhibition is quite unique, being arranged by some of the most artistic students in the Silk Department, and consists largely of articles of utility and of ornament, suitable for souvenirs, which make pretty but inexpensive presents. Some of the principal articles on sale display the whole process of silk culture in a small compass, and make a very interesting study for those who wish to understand the subject, and an instructive and beautiful object lesson for children, who are always fascinated by the pretty cocoons, the bright colors, etc.

The home of the silk-culture is a beautiful structure, specially designed, and enclosed for the most part in glass. It is sixty feet in length, and has a graceful sweeping roof. It is

situated on the Homestead grounds in a convenient place for our guests to see the actual working of the Industry. The Theosophical Publishing Company and the Woman's Exchange and Mart will occupy a part of the same building for the present. Some of the Cuban girls from the Raja Yoga School, who have great natural delicacy of hand, are being trained in the beautiful process of silk-weaving. When the right time comes this industry will be introduced into Cuba. It is an excellent occupation for the large number who are unfit for heavy or hard work. In the Silk house a small number of live silk-worms will be seen in the different stages of development, and the reeling of the silk thread, etc., will also be shown to our visitors.

Brother E. August Neresheimer, our old and tried comrade, has worked indefatigably for the success of this Industry, and his business capacity has been invaluable in bringing it on so well in its healthy growth.

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Progress in Music Besides this work and the duties enjoined by his position as President of the Aryan Society, Mr. Neresheimer has found most congenial occupation in bringing along some of the rapidly increasing number of pupils in instrumental and vocal music, etc. The progress made by these young people under our accomplished comrade's tuition is very marked, and the purity of tone, light and shade, and sweetness of voice displayed by the Raja Yoga boys and girls is remarkable.

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Reception to Miss Bergman On March 18th Miss Bergman was the recipient of a little token of respect and affection given by the Loma-land Choir, upon her departure for her annual visit to Sweden. This souvenir took the form of a handsome album of photographic views of Loma-land, and was presented at a reception held in the Aryan Temple. The choir sang "Students' March," after which Mr. Patterson spoke. Miss Bergman was then presented with a greeting "From the Loma-land Legion to the Comrades in Sweden," to which she responded in a few earnest words, promising to return as early as possible. The Leader in bidding Miss Bergman farewell said, "She is a tender tie between us and Sweden. In taking our love back to her countrymen, she will form another link with that noble people, and will again perhaps come in touch with the good King Oscar, for whom we have such great respect. I hope Miss Bergman will sometime bring back with her a strong body of Warriors from her own country to work for humanity at this Center."

Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, on behalf of the choir, in a few words of deep feeling, thanked Miss Bergman for her valuable teaching, and presented her with the album. Miss Bergman replied and the proceedings closed with song.

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Cuban Exhibition The Art and Industrial Departments are busy preparing to send a quantity of work to the Cuban Exhibition at Santiago. These beautiful exhibits are executed by the Cuban students and pupils of the Raja Yoga School, and will undoubtedly prove of the greatest interest in Cuba, as they will show the excellent progress the Cubans have made even in the short time they have been studying here. There is great enthusiasm among them to make a fitting display, which shall

do credit to Loma-land and their devoted teachers. The enthusiasm of the Leader in planning this contribution is another evidence of her love for Cuba. There is a possibility that she will be able to visit that country for a short time during the time the exhibition is open.

Just as this number of *THE PATH* is going to press news comes in of increasing activity among the American workers; applications for a number of Lodge charters from widely separated places having just been received by the Leader. Probably the work was never so unified and strong as at the present moment. The members throughout the world have learned that under the leadership of Katherine Tingley the Movement is destined to take its rightful place in the eyes of the world and to command respect and admiration.

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**Mr. Fussell's
Lecturing Tour**

The Leader promised that as the students advanced in their training they should be sent out to help the members and the lodges and to meet the public, thus assisting to build up and strengthen the lodges and make them more important factors for usefulness in the greater coming work. Our esteemed comrade and devoted worker, Mr. J. H. Fussell, has lately been despatched by Katherine Tingley on a lecturing tour in which he will visit lodges throughout America, and later on he will go to Europe. After so many years' labor at the Center of the work this tour will be a pleasant change for him, and those who know how splendidly he has always worked during those years and the admirable way he stood by William Q. Judge, at a critical period in our history, will easily understand that the Leader considers him eminently fitted to give much help to members and lodges.

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**Aryan Press
Publications**

The members will be glad to hear that the increase in the circulation of *THE PATH* and *THE NEW CENTURY* is well maintained; not only do the members continue to support these periodicals, but outside the ranks the increase is strongly marked. Now that the Aryan Press is in full working order the publication of *The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine* will be finished very soon. The Leader has been greatly disappointed that this work has been so long delayed, but though every effort has been made, it has been impossible to hasten the matter, owing to the rearrangements of the Aryan Press.

* * *

**The New
Loma-land Orchestra**

A most astonishing surprise awaited the students in the Temple immediately after the reception to Miss Bergman on March 18. It was nothing less than a splendid instrumental concert given by the Loma-land Orchestra! For some months mysterious sounds, more or less musical, have been heard issuing from various rooms in and around the Homestead, but nothing definite was known of their meaning until at last the secret was out, and at this evening concert the splendid result of the indefatigable work of the accomplished professors of the Isis Conservatory of Music was heard for the first time. The effect was surprising and exhilarating. It was not necessary to excuse the quality of the performance by thinking of the short time the performers had been at work, for the purity of tone, the skillful execution of difficult passages, the artistic "light and shade," would have done credit to many an old established body of instrumentalists. The program included several duets, quartets,

a solo for violin, and full orchestral pieces. The enthusiasm of the students, who were astonished to hear such good playing, was great and the purple dome of the Temple rang with cheers when the performers and their conductor were called out to receive their due reward of congratulation. From this excellent start it is easy to guess that the Loma-land Orchestra will be one of the finest in the country in no long time. Mr. D. C. Reed, ex-Mayor of San Diego, and his wife, both warm friends to the work of The Universal Brotherhood, were present at this recital and were greatly delighted and surprised at the results achieved by the musical students in so short a time. Mr. and Mrs. Reed occasionally favor us with a visit and always receive a hearty welcome from the students.

Mrs. Spalding, the directress of the Isis Conservatory, spoke in glowing terms of the performance and said she had heard many New York professional orchestras that could not do as well after being established for years! Mrs. Spalding's enthusiasm for the children's work makes her particularly delighted by the success of the instrumentalists, because several of the younger performers are from the Raja Yoga School.

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**Anniversary of
Feb. 23, 1899**

On Feb. 23 a special meeting was held in the Aryan Temple in honor of the formation of The Universal Brotherhood, and now great preparations are being made to celebrate April 13, W. Q. Judge's birthday, in a particularly impressive manner. On this occasion the central space in the great hall of the Rotunda will be dedicated to the office work of the different departments of the Organization. Twenty-eight handsome desks, designed and beautifully carved with symbolic decoration by R. W. Machell, are being placed under the great dome for the use of the comrades in charge of the various departments.

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**Children Delight
in Their New Garden**

A new feature of interest is a large garden that is being laid out for the children to cultivate. The little nature students, who will have borders of rare flowers around their vegetable gardens, are highly enthusiastic about this useful and pleasant work. Till now they have had a small piece of garden ground on the east side of the school, but this was not large enough to give occupation for the large number now in the school.

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Steamboat Line

Arrangements are in a forward state for the establishment of a new line of steamboats from San Diego to Point Loma, which will enable our visitors to get here more quickly and remain later in the day than is generally possible at present.

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**Serious Accident
to the Leader**

On February 25th, the Leader met with an accident that narrowly escaped being fatal. As she was coming down the main staircase of the Rotunda a light was suddenly turned off in the lower corridor and she missed her footing, being thrown with great violence down the steps. By great good fortune she was caught before striking her head on the floor at the bottom of the steps, but even as it was her condition was very serious and only by the

most constant attention on the part of her physicians has she been saved from spinal meningitis. The Leader would not allow the members to be notified at the time.

OBSERVER

Lodge reports from many quarters of the world have accumulated during the month and are ready for publication, but the number of pages at the disposal of the editor in this issue being already overcrowded, it has been found necessary to delay their publication until next month.

Before the Harvest Ripens

by E. R. SILL — (*Selected*)

CLEAR water on smooth rock
Could give no foothold for a single flower,
Or slenderest shaft of grain;
The stone must crumble under storm and rain—
The forests crash beneath the whirlwind's power—
And broken boughs from many a tempest shock,
And fallen leaves of many a wintry hour,
Must mingle in the mould,
Before the harvest whitens on the plain,
Bearing an hundredfold.
Patience, O weary heart!
Let all the sparkling hours depart,
And all thy hopes be withered with the frost,
And every effort tempest-tost—
So, when all life's green leaves
Are fallen and moulded underneath the sod,
Thou shalt go not too lightly to thy God,
But heavy with full sheaves.

It is more necessary to study men than books.

No END of people wish to be pious; but nobody wishes to be humble.

— LA ROCHEFOUCAULD



Tony and The Fairy Dwarf

From the German

Translated by Herbert Arnold



IN a valley between two high mountains, there once stood a lonely mill. The stream which turned the great wheel was so rapid and strong that its current never ceased all the year round. Even in the very hottest summer weather, when all other mills in the neighborhood had to stop for want of water, or in the middle of the severe winter, when other mill streams were frozen, this same mill could go on, always working, and never idle for a day except Sundays. For this reason people brought their grain to it for grinding, from far and near, even from the distant city on the farthest side of the lake which received the waters of the stream.

It came to pass that the old miller grew weary of the labor of the lonely mill. So having saved money, he determined to sell the mill and go away. After having agreed with a purchaser, and received payment, he delivered the key of the mill to him, saying, "Friend, you have acted fairly, and I must give you a bit of good advice into the bargain. You may be visited sometimes by strange dwarfs, who will ask favors of you. Follow my counsel, and oblige them with what they want. You will find this profitable to you." Then the old miller wished him good bye, and went his way.

The new miller took possession of the place, with his wife, and only child named Tony. As he was active, industrious, and clever at his business, as well as thrifty, he materially prospered.

Half a year passed away without his hearing or seeing anything of the little people whom the old miller had mentioned at parting; but one morning, as he was standing outside the mill, a little woman about two feet high, appeared so suddenly before him that he started in surprise. In a low, clear voice, she said: "Good morning, neighbor. I came to ask you to open your sluice-gates at noon so that your mill may stop for half an hour. We have had our large wash and shall empty our tubs, which will cause a flood that might injure your mill. Farewell! and pray attend to my friendly warning." She nodded her head, and disappeared as quickly as she had come.

The miller did not know what to think. He had lately been in the upper valley to cut firewood for the winter season, and had seen no trace of inhabitants in the silent, gloomy forest. "Besides," he considered, "wherever they are, and if they have had ever so great a wash, what need to stop my mill? No, no! it will not do, careful neighbor: there is a great deal of meal to be ground today, and we must lose no time." He therefore went to his work, and forgot the warning.

At dinner, however, as he was sitting with his wife and son, one of the men came in hastily, crying, "Master! master! has not the little fairy maid given you notice, as she always did to my old master? She and her companions are having their large wash, and have been emptying their water tubs. Hark! how the stream roars and rages, and the wheel turns as if driven by a tempest."

The alarmed miller looked out of the window. His face became red with anger, and he said, "What did I know about the little witch, and her abominable washing-day? Spiteful, mischievous dwarf!"

In an hour or two, the stream resumed its ordinary aspect, and fell to its former level; but the wheel and works of the mill were damaged, and the miller's pocket suffered from the expense of repairs, and from the hindrance to the workings. He lost many, many half-hours of labor also.

After some time, the mill went on clacking and grinding corn as well as ever, when one day the miller stood looking at his meadow, thinking to himself, "The grass looks very well, and the weather is fine; this field must be mown to-morrow."

As he thus stood and thought, he saw two large bubbles rise out of the wet ditch that bounded the meadow, and these then came floating over the long grass towards him; and bursting asunder, two airy figures, like young girls, appeared, so transparent that the miller fancied he could see the grass through them as they floated over it. A gentle voice said, "Good day miller! we beg thou wilt allow us to dance this evening upon this meadow."

Though much astonished, the miller quickly replied in a cross tone, "What! dance upon my field, and tread down my grass!"

The voice answered, "We will not do thy grass any harm: we and our friends dance so lightly, that we shall hardly touch the tips of thy long grass."

The miller replied sharply, "Why then ask me? If you do not trample my grass, you may dance all the year round for me."

"Thanks," replied the airy maiden, "we only beg for thy own good, that thou wilt not mow thy grass until after a shower of rain has wetted it after our dance. Remember this." They then disappeared.

"Foolish people!" grumbled the miller: "did one ever hear such nonsense? Must I put off my hay-making till it rains? We may not have such fine dry weather again this summer. I will send my men to cut it down tomorrow." He went back to the mill, and gave his orders, but said not a word to anybody about what he had seen and heard.

When Tony, the miller's son, was going to bed that evening, he looked out of the window, and then cried to his father, "There is a strange little man with a lantern in the field. How fast he runs! What a jump! Now there's another! Father, do come, and see what a number."

The miller and his wife both went to the window, and saw the meadow full of pale lights dancing about, sometimes forming a wide circle, now dispersing in all directions, then mingling together; and the latter said, "These can be nothing but Jack-o-lanterns, or Wandering Willies." After looking a while, they all went to bed.

Next day, the men obeyed the master's orders, and mowed the grass. The weather was so fine, that the hay was made in a few days, and brought safely into the barn.

No sooner, however, had the cattle begun to eat of the hay, than they were all seized with mortal sickness. In a few weeks the stalls were empty; and even the sheep and pigs, which had been turned out to graze in the meadow, shared the same fate. Then the miller bought more cows, and fed them with the same hay; but they also died. He flew into a great passion, accused his servants of neglect, and was so ill-humored that his wife and son dared not speak to him. He set out for the city to find the old miller, and to complain of his losses. The good old man told him that he must have forgotten the warning he gave him at parting, and have disengaged, or been unfriendly towards, his little neighbors, and advised him to burn his hay, and to beware of showing ill-nature in future.

The miller went home, and burned his hay. Then he borrowed money to buy more cattle, which all thrived, and were profitable; but the miller felt very unhappy on account of his losses and because he was in debt.

He worked harder and rose earlier; and bade his wife be more careful in the kitchen. He fed his workmen on worse food; and to no poor man who ventured to knock at his gate did he open his hand in charity.

One day, a very little man dressed in brown, with a skin of the same color, holding a small bag in his hand, knocked at the door of the mill, and begged a little fine meal. The miller looked black, and bade him begone.

"I ask for very little: see, my bag is so small, that it will not hold more than a handful or two."

More angry, as the brown man continued his entreaty, the miller replied: "I will not give you a morsel." "Do have pity!" still implored the brown man: "I must have meal, and I must have it as a gift, or else I would pay for it a thousand fold."

The hard-hearted miller became furious; and, notwithstanding the little man's humble begging and praying, he loosed the great dog, and set him to drive away the troublesome beggar.

As the little man was passing the tall garden hedge, Tony slipped out at the back door, and crept softly to the hedge, saying: "Wait a minute, and give me your bag." The little man gave him the bag through the hedge, and Tony ran to the store-room, where stood several sacks; out of one of these he filled the bag with the finest meal that could be ground in his father's mill; then hastened to the hedge, and gave it to the little man, who received it with joy and thanked Tony heartily for his kindness, adding, "If you are in great distress, and want help, come to the Oak-spring."

He nodded his head, and ran with great speed until he disappeared into the dark forest on the mountain side.

Poor little fellow! thought Tony. "He must surely live on the mountains, and can get no meal, and has therefore come to father's mill. Perhaps he has a hungry little boy at home, for whom he wants to make some porridge. It was very wrong of me to go and take father's meal out of the store-room without his knowledge, yet the little man's need was so great, and he begged so earnestly, that it would have been a greater fault not to have taken pity on him. I will go to my mother, and beg her to give me less for my breakfast and supper, until the meal is replaced."

So he went to his mother, and told her of his action, and she freely forgave him, because he came directly to own his fault, and because he wished the loss to fall upon himself, and not upon his father.

Summer was nearly over, and there were violent storms of wind and rain. At last a water-spout burst in the upper valley, which caused such a sudden and terrible flood, that the miller and his family had only just time to save their lives by flight, and had to leave all behind, even the poor cattle in the stalls, to the fury of the raging torrent. While the resistless flood was at its hight, and sweeping away all before it, a flash of lightning struck the mill, and set it on fire, so that what one element spared was destroyed by another. From the hill where he and

his family had taken refuge, the poor miller beheld how all his substance became a prey to the consuming fire and the overwhelming flood. In the morning he had been possessed of house and land: in the evening all had disappeared.

When the waters had gone down, and the fire was put out, the miller contrived a wretched hovel in the only corner left standing of the mill; and here he and his family lived in the utmost poverty. Once the miller's only care was to gain riches: now his spirit was so crushed, that he wandered about complaining of his ill luck. By and by his wife drooped, and became very ill, which completed the misfortunes of the miller.

Tony was grieved for his parents' misery, but chiefly for the illness of his poor mother, who was now quite unable to leave her wretched bed of moss and leaves. Two goats had escaped the general destruction; these Tony took care of and drove out to feed on the mountains every day. One day they took the same hill-path as the brown man had done when he left the mill; and presently came to a large oak tree under whose roots Tony saw a cave which appeared to have been hollowed out by a spring. He sat down on a bank of moss beneath the tree, and allowed his goats to browse and skip about at their pleasure. "Oh!" he said, "if father was only more cheerful, and mother quite well, all would be right. Though we have no mill, I should be quite content on dry bread and goat's milk; and when I am older I will work honestly, and give what money I can earn to my father and mother."

With these ideas in his mind, he fell asleep. Soon after, he heard his name called. Opening his eyes, he saw the back of the cave opened into a passage, at whose entrance stood the little brown man, who kindly said, "Art thou come at last? Thou shouldst have come before; enter without fear, dear child, and thou wilt not repent. I will show thee my house and garden which will please thee, I am sure."

Tony then followed the little brown man, and after going on a long time, they came to a passage lined with smooth stone. The light grew stronger, and they next entered an alley, of which the walls were formed of large iron plates. Passing through this they reached another, composed of bright sheets of copper, which led to a large hall with roof and pillars of burnished silver. From this hall a pair of folding doors gave access to a splendid room with walls, roof, and floor, of solid gold, and windows of crystal. The next room was covered with red rubies, having windows formed of large diamonds. The dwarf showed Tony several other halls, each adorned with a different kind of precious stone, sapphires, topaz, emerald, amethyst, and beryl. Last of all, they came to a vestibule with a dome, and pillars of the brightest polished steel.

"My little brothers will rejoice to see you," said the brown man; come into the garden."

There they went, and Tony was more delighted with it than with all he had seen before. It was enclosed by a fence of gold and silver wire, curiously wrought. There were many beds of beautiful flowers in full blossom, such as Tony had never seen before, and trees loaded with fruits, equally unknown to him. Instead of gravel or sand, the walks were formed of round pebbles of granite, marble, agate, and jasper.

In one of the walks, a great number of little brown men were playing. They piled up heaps of pebbles, jumped over them, and laughed heartily if one did not spring over or tumbled down. When Tony came near, they cried out: "Welcome, Tony!"—ran to meet him, shook his hand, and looked kindly in his face. They gathered some fruit and offered it to the little boy, who ate it, and found it very nice. After playing with the company of brown miners for some time, one of them said, "Come, now; we will take our friend to the nut trees." Then they all ran to the other side of the garden, where grew a long row of nut trees, which bore gold and silver nuts, and which looked just like the trees which the angels bring to good children on Christmas eve. The brown men took long sticks and began to knock the nuts off. They gave Tony a stick also and told him to throw at the nuts. After bringing down a great number, they seated themselves in a circle and divided the nuts equally, giving Tony his share. One of the little men brought a thick diamond needle, bored Tony's nuts, and threaded them on a blue silk cord; and the beautiful necklace was so long, that, when he threw it over Tony's shoulders, it hung down quite to his knees.

Then the brown man said: "It is time for thee to return; thy parents will have missed thee. But, first, I will give thee a sweet orange for thy mother, and a pomegranate for thy father, which he must open very carefully. Tell him we send this to pay him for the meal which thou gavest me out of his store, without his leave, and that we do it for thy sake."

Tony modestly inquired if he might keep the necklace, and the brown man replied that it was given to him to do as he pleased with it. Tony thought that the necklace would make his father rich again, and resolved to give it to him.

Then he took leave of his kind little friends, and his guide led him back through the passages and cave. Near the entrance, the little man said, "Now, I must bid thee farewell. Go, and rest on the soft moss. Thou hast traveled further than thou thinkest, and will otherwise be too weary to reach home tonight."

When Tony reached the open air, he felt quite tired, and was glad to lie down. Again he slept soundly. When he awoke the sun had set. He rubbed his eyes, saw his goats browsing near him, and thought that the adventure in the cave must be all a dream. He started up, and drove his goats as fast as he could, that he might reach home before it was quite dark. As Tony appeared, his mother asked him in a weak voice, "Where hast thou stayed so long? We

have sought thee three days, and have been very unhappy thinking that some great mishap had befallen thee."

Tony said, "I have been up to the oak-spring this afternoon, and slept there a little while, that is all."

"No, no, child, thy father has sought thee for three days, and has gone out once more almost in despair of seeing thee again. But come nearer dear child, and let me see the shining thing which hangs around thy neck."

Just then his father entered. "Ah! Tony, where hast thou been? I thought thee lost forever."

Tony looked at his father and mother, then at the necklace, and exclaimed, "It is not a dream! I really must have been with the little brown men in their house and garden. These gold and silver nuts grew upon their trees; and feeling in his pockets, he brought out the fruits. "They have also given me presents for you. "This pomegranate is for you father, and this sweet orange is for you dear mother."

His mother received the orange with a pleased look, and ate it with great relish at once. Not so the father; he took the pomegranate from the little boy, examined it with suspicion, and asked Tony, "Who are these little brown men of whom thou speakest?"

"Don't you remember father, a little brown man once came to the mill and begged for a little fine meal? You would not give him any; but I was so sorry for him that I filled his bag secretly with fine meal."

"And does he send me a present?" Said the conscience-stricken miller, almost dropping the fruit, "there may be something hidden within to hurt me."

"Oh! no father, they are too good to take revenge. They sent the fruit because the meal came from your store; pray do open it."

"Yes indeed," said the mother, "I know that the presents of the fairy dwarfs always bring good fortune. I feel much better since eating my orange."

"Well," said her husband, "then I will open my fruit, and eat it." As he spoke, he opened the rind of the pomegranate, and there rolled out, not pretty pink grains, but polished, sparkling diamonds.

"Precious stones!" said the astonished man, "I can sell these for a great sum and rebuild my mill."

Next day he went to the city and returned in the evening with a wagon drawn by three horses, and filled with furniture, provisions, and clothes; and with three chests full of gold pieces, which he had received from the jeweler as the price of the diamonds.

The mill and dwelling house were rebuilt, larger and better than before. By the next year, the mill-clapper was again busy; the farm stocked with cows and sheep; the poultry yard, the bee-hives, the pretty garden, all flourishing. The

miller was again prosperous, but no longer hard-hearted. Having experienced the bitterness of poverty himself, he readily shared the bounties of Providence with the needy and distressed; and a blessing came upon him and all his house.

The Brotherhood Blossoms

by a Nature Lover

THERE is a kind of tree, quite plentiful in the Point Loma Homestead gardens, which certainly seems to have been built by little fairies who understand true Brotherhood, for they act on the principle of helping and sharing, which is, as you know, the real meaning of Brotherhood.

They show their good comradeship most plainly in the flowers of this queer tree. The flowers themselves are very small and plain although of the very oddest shape. They look like little red berries, like currants, with a pair of very thick, yellow lips on one side, with just the narrowest opening between the lips, as though they were just beginning to speak.

These little blossoms, which might never be noticed, they are so small, are arranged in a flat cluster at the end of each branch and around them is a double circle of brilliant red leaves, so that the whole looks like a single great red blossom, a foot across, with a yellow center formed by the lips on the real little flowers.

So they all get the advantage of the great red leaves which act as petals, instead of each flower making its own separate row of petals as poppies and buttercups and most other flowers do. And the bees and humming-birds are very glad to be able to find the flowers so easily, for they are busy there all day getting the honey from between the comical yellow lips. Some blossoms have two or three pairs of lips, and some only one, but the humming-bird says there is no difference in the amount of honey-juice, so the little fairies who arranged it must have had some other reason.

Not only the boy who comes to school at the will of his father, but also he who neglects his education from the fault of his father, that is, every man and boy must be compelled to learn according to their ability *as if they did belong to the State rather than to their parents.*—PLATO