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TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

In all times it is only individuals who labor to advance knowledge, and not the age in which they live. It was the age that executed Socrates by poison, the age that burnt Huss; ages have ever been the same. — GOETHE

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Theosophy and Education*

by a Student



EDUCATION of the young must always play a most vital part in the work of any movement that strives to ennoble the human race; for children are the sensitive point of human society, through which power can be most easily and effectively applied.

And, since Theosophy has proved itself able, by its restoration of many of the lost keys of knowledge, to clear up problems of life which modern religion and modern science have to leave unsolved—it is important to know what Theosophy says about education.

Since this subject is large enough to fill several volumes, I must content myself with emphasizing a few salient points, leaving it to your own intelligent consideration to follow out the lines of thought suggested. And I shall be guided by the questions that are most usually put by enquirers who have heard of our educational work at Point Loma, California, the International Headquarters of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. One question is, “How do we manage to secure such striking results, in so short a time, in the production of a healthy moral tone and bright intelligent bearing among the children?” The

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

best answer to this, I think, is, "Because the teachers are themselves Theosophists." All parents and teachers know that it is impossible to hide from children one's real beliefs and attitude of mind, for they are adepts at reading the unspoken thought and sensing the genuine feelings of their teachers. This is why teachers often fail to impress religious conviction upon children; they *feel* the doubts or insincerity in the minds of the teachers.

But in Loma-land the teachers have a faith which is real to them and which is the very foundation of their lives, and the inspirer of every action. Hence, they cannot fail to impress the children with their own inner peace and certainty.

There is none of that continual contrast between example and precept which so sorely puzzles children brought up under the artificial moral codes in the world. For the teachers govern their own lives according to the principles they teach.

Again, it has been asked, "How do you succeed in making Brotherhood—helping and sharing—so effective and so readily understood, when there are so many other societies that try to instill the same principles but with very indifferent success?"

The answer is that, to a Theosophist, Brotherhood becomes a much more real and practical thing than it is to most other people. For, instead of appearing as a lofty and impractical ideal, out of touch with daily life, Brotherhood becomes the *natural law of life*, the easiest way to live. It fits in with the other principles which a Theosophist believes in.

The mode of life followed in Loma-land makes Brotherhood easy instead of difficult, as it is in the world, where the institutions and social habits are all against it. Let me illustrate this by a particular case:

Very often children, who would naturally be kind and brotherly, are prevented from being so, simply because they are overfed and too much pampered and indulged in other ways. For, moralize as you please about the supreme importance of moral instruction, it is a fact that the body plays a most important part in the drama of human conduct. Man is a Soul—true—but then that Soul cannot do its work on earth without a body; and that body must be clean and wholesome or the Soul will *not* be able to make much use of it.

So, in Loma-land, you will not find us making the mistake of cramming children with quantities of unwholesome food, until their bodies are feverish and uncomfortable, and then expecting them to be cheerful and kindly. In Loma-land we nourish the body with wholesome food in plenty, but do not create a depraved appetite which craves unwholesome and excessive feeding.

Again, there is nothing that spoils temper so much as the being allowed to lie abed late in the morning. This must be well known in all families. It is another of the things that we avoid in Loma-land.

And there are many other ways in which children's lives are made difficult for them through too much petting and indulgence. Children would really rather be left in peace, but how can they be expected to hold out against continual appeals to their weaknesses by older people? We avoid these various forms of spoiling, and allow a healthy contentment and evenness of temper to grow unchecked.

Thus we secure a suitable soil in which the seed of noble teachings may be planted. It is easy for the children to be kindly, cheerful and forbearing; *simply because* there is no overloaded stomach or pampered self-will to neutralize every effort.

Another reason why Theosophy can influence children so readily is *because they do not rule by fear*. Why then, let me ask, do people *ever* rule children by fear? It is because they find it necessary to do so, having no other motive to appeal to. For, if the teacher is a person of no strong faith, or does not practice what he preaches, he cannot appeal to the intelligence of his pupils. If he has *no* reasonable explanation of life to offer, he cannot take them into his confidence. He must inspire *respect by fear*.

But Theosophists are ready to show the children the truth about their twofold nature—the bright, happy nature and the perverse and gloomy nature. They can illustrate this truth by showing it as exemplified in the experience of the children themselves. They have no ignorance to conceal, and no vague, mysterious dogmas to puzzle the child with. All is clear and frank and reasonable and practical.

So the child understands what is the matter with him and what he is expected to do. He is merely being shown the happy and natural way of life, and will be only too ready to carry out instructions that are made so plain and acceptable. Where, then, is the need for threats and terrorism in such a system?

Another important question that is often asked is as to the relation between collective teaching and individual teaching. And this question can be best answered by saying that each method has its own proper place and function. All general education, such as includes the usual curriculum of studies and instruction, can be given collectively; indeed it is proper and necessary that such teaching should be collective.

Nevertheless, all children have their individual differences of character, which cannot wisely be overlooked or lost sight of in the general averaging up. Moral training requires individual attention.

In ordinary day schools it is only the collective teaching in general education that is catered for. The individual moral care is left to the home-life. At Loma-land the children have a home as well as a school, and the advantages of a proper home-life can be added to those of a good general education.

Though time lacks for individual attention in public schools, there is always plenty of time and opportunity for it in the home-life. And under a better order of society, teachers will be freer to devote themselves to the whole process of education, collective and individual, and to take a real interest in the work and in their pupils, each and all.

The conditions of life in Loma-land allow the teachers to do this now, for they are not harassed by vexatious commercial considerations and conflicting duties. Hence they can be more than mere class-instructors; they can be the friend and confidant of each individual pupil.

Let me conclude with this thought. The world is now agitated by educational problems of all kinds, which it cannot solve; but I think that our experience in Loma-land has proved that in a life, individual and social, modeled on the principles of Theosophy, is found a key that will solve them all.

Education or Instruction*

by Senor D. Justo Sierra



SINCE that memorable time when the Preparatory School was established, its worthy founder, Dr. D. Gabino Barreda, has written in the shape of a letter a basic exposition of the principles which were guiding and ought to guide the new course of study adopted in said school. One could not conceive a document more transcendental or profound than the discourse given at the inaugural session of the Superior Council of Public Education by the Assistant Secretary of Public Instruction.

The little work of Dr. Barreda is a pedagogical and philosophical breviary of preparatory instruction, doubtless with allusions and references to instruction in general. The more comprehensive discourse given by Senor Sierra is a codex of principles, a review and careful enumeration of things needed, a gallery of pictures, traced by a master hand, of our different methods of instruction; and it is, besides all that, one of the plans for the organization of a greater Instruction, better conceived, more firmly grounded, and the only one which contains and considers this in all its forms and degrees, from the child's school to the

* Free translation of editorial in a recent issue of *El Imparcial*, diario de la manana (morning daily), published in the City of Mexico

university and from the school for the working man to the higher normal.

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We will not follow this most noted teacher step by step in the unfolding of his ideas nor will we comment upon his valuable opinions; but if we do our duty in placing before the eyes of our readers the salient points of his discourse, the ideas which are noticeable for their depth and rationality, they will dazzle by their brilliancy.

There is one idea, basic and yet sublime, which Senor Sierra enlarged upon and presented to the Council; said idea, . . . henceforth in all planes of study and all proceedings of instruction, is explained in the pedagogical formula: "Education ought to predominate over instruction."

What is instruction? It is the gathering up of knowledge in the memory. He is instructed who has barren erudition, who is cramped with citations and empty of ideas; who in history conserves lists of kings and tables of their victories and memorable dates; who conjugates without difficulty, the verbs in all tenses, modes and persons. He is instructed who in geography, calculus, history, statistics, science, philosophy, has gathered up ideas, has absorbed theories and knowledge, and yet who remains *as cold, inert and inactive* as the bronze upon which one traces an inscription or the rock upon which is graven a glyph.

* * *

What is education? It is the acquirement of versatility, the blossoming out of one's capacities, the unfoldment of one's faculties. Education is the guarantee of, and the only stimulant to action. That which we call talent on intellectual lines, skill on material lines, and power in things moral—all these have degrees of forcefulness in the range of our own faculties and our native versatility. Education tends to improve the organs and their functions, to give us ideals and aspirations; to give us impulse, prudence, tenacity, that is, a strong and disciplined will; to stimulate our ingenuity, to make us clearer in inventing, more exact in reasoning and more fertile in imagination.

Upon that impure and unworthy material which human nature furnishes, true education works. It purifies, assays, strengthens, makes perfect, and, like the Creator, gives man intelligence, will, strength and dexterity. The man will esteem that which his capacities consider of value; the instruction which he acquires will be fruitful and useful only according to the means by which he is educated and *the School will regenerate only in the measure that it truly educates.*

To educate the people—that is the great mission and the great problem. To infuse into the mind true convictions, to create only legitimate needs, to suggest noble ideals, to render one conscientious concerning one's self and one's obligations, to invigorate, make one healthy, physically and morally; to show one how

to work, to inspire one to study and to make each day more wholesome, more full of vigor, more filled with intelligence and with goodness—that is the basic and chief aim of the plan laid out in the discourse of Senor Sierra.

When a superior man has had the good fortune to hit the mark in his premises on any line of reasoning, we can safely assert that he will know how to reach the conclusions ultimate; and Senor Sierra will arrive at these, finally, because he has been wise enough to begin at the beginning.

He who succeeds in transforming the schools of a country
 . . . will have done the utmost for the welfare of that country and the good of its people.

The Argument for Reincarnation

by C. E. W.



THAT a believer in The Wisdom Religion should discuss with his fellows the truth of Reincarnation is much as though a mathematician should return again to the first four rules of arithmetic. He knows that upon their absolute accuracy depends the whole superstructure of his science, yet his confidence remains none the less unshaken, for he has in him the mysterious faculty of recognizing as indubitable *fact*, the reasoning that 3×2 , $3 + 3$, and $7 - 1$ equally result in 6.

We cannot say how the mathematician proves these things. To him the outward proof afforded by the combining of different objects in different ways can only become proof by an inward assent, an unshaken recognition that it is so. To produce a proof is one thing; to compel the inward assent quite another. We may reason accurately to a conclusion, but the point at which our reasoning becomes *knowledge* is only reached, not created by proof. *We know*; but the process of knowing never explains the mystery of how the knowledge comes, and from whence.

It is much the same with the elementary truth of Theosophy, Reincarnation. Upon its certainty, the whole of our philosophy must stand or fall. And like the mathematician who has satisfied himself of the accuracy of the first four rules, and has used them as stepping-stones to higher truths, so we have, or should have,

gained for ourselves a complete intellectual assent to the doctrine, before passing on to teachings of greater abstruseness. If we turn occasionally to the rudiments of our belief, it is not to lay again our foundations, but to consolidate them for those who are to step after us. It is well, therefore, for the sake of those who may, one day, look to us for teaching, that we be well armed with all that can be said for and against this important subject. And to deal first with the question of proofs.

Much that I have said as to the process of the mathematician, applies to the student of Reincarnation, with this difference, that in the one case you can invoke the aid of the senses, and in the other you must invoke the aid of the mind. We can use our eyes to help us in acquiring an idea of nouns of multitude, and their division into units, and groups of units; but we cannot trace with physical senses the wanderings of the soul through scene after scene of previous lives on earth. For all that, the faculty that translates a proof into certain knowledge is the same whether the thing we assent in calling proof belongs to the world of sense, or the world of mind. A proof does not create knowledge; it is merely a reminder to the soul of what it already knows. And to us who have to arrive at our knowledge by the stepping-stones of reason and logic, mental methods are valuable and indispensable. By and by, when the mystery in us that knows becomes less obscured by matter, we shall make use of the power of the soul in a more rapid and satisfactory manner. At present, the majority of mankind are so dead to spiritual truths that they fail to recognize a proof when they are offered one. By a strange paradox, the greater their incapacity to see, the louder is their demand for a sign. "Give us evidence of Reincarnation, of the soul, and the spiritual world, and we will believe," they say, forgetting that before a proof can be of any service to a man, he must have the power to recognize that it is one. This power of inward assent is the supreme thing for persons entering upon these deeper studies, and if it is not already there, no proof, even the most complete and convincing, will draw it forth. "Neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

Now we maintain that argument based on sound premises is really more irrefutable than physical phenomena. The latter may be either a fabrication, or an illusion of the senses; the former carries in itself the seal of its own genuineness. If I can show Reincarnation to be true by the requirements of sound logic, I shall have done more for the subject than if I had been able to arouse in each person the remembrance of his former lives. For memory, as we know, is treacherous and unreliable, particularly when dealing with events long past, but logic, when sound, arouses knowledge, and is irrefutable.

The question seems to resolve itself into the following:

(a) Reincarnation as a logical necessity.

- (b) As a probational necessity.
 (c) As a necessity from the stand-point of analogy.

In regarding it as a logical necessity, as, indeed, in discussing all its other aspects, we find ourselves appealing to the judgment of common sense, and endeavoring to decide the question by practical considerations. What do we affirm when we utter the commonplace, but, alas, unrealized truism, "the Soul is immortal?" In ordinary parlance, we mean that the soul has begun on earth an existence which is to run an endless course in other and super-sensuous conditions. But is there not, at the outset, something illogical in the idea of that which is inherently immortal having the possibility of a beginning? What has the dictionary to say on the subject? Webster, we find, gives the word "eternal" as a synonym for "immortal" in one of its senses. Now, if the soul is immortal it must be uncreate, and if uncreate, it cannot have a beginning in the sense in which we have come to regard the term. For to limit the age of an immortal divine entity to its birth in physical life, is to have an utter disregard for all that is connoted by the term in question. Shall we reduce our common-sense to an axiom in logic, and prove our point in a thoroughly scientific manner?

It is a principle universally admitted that, although the subject may not be allowed to affirm *more* than is predicated of it, it should at least affirm as much. For the better application of this principle to our proposition, "the soul is immortal," let us employ another of Webster's synonyms, "the soul has an unlimited existence," which, without altering the quantity of the predicate, will add force to its meaning. We now see the full connotation of the term "immortal," and also the lack of precision which permits our theologians to attribute immortality to that which, according to their theory, comes into existence—is *created*—at the moment of birth. For since our having had a "beginning" makes us clearly *not* immortal, then at some future period, remote, it may be, but conceivable, we must cease as we have begun.

"But," it is said, "while admitting the force of the argument, may not the soul have pre-existed in some other condition than that of earth-life; either in the unknown eternity of its source, or in a stage preparatory to that of humanity, which, once past, can never be repeated, any more than one can, at old age, fall back into youth?" These questions are best answered by considering the necessity for Reincarnation in its two remaining aspects; in treating it as (b) a necessity of probation, we must come, once more, to a careful examination of terms.

What is the idea underlying the conception of life as a "stage," an "education," a "probation"? Clearly that of a process, specific and gradual, for the expansion of the inherent capabilities of the soul, *which process*, (and here is the chief point of the argument) *must be continued until its purpose is accomplished*. This is the full meaning of the term probation—a test for a specific purpose—

a course of training for the perfecting of knowledge. If the processes are removed before the lessons are learnt, or the end attained, then life has not realized its purpose, and the scheme of the Universe has failed. Now the question is: does the soul accomplish in one life the *whole* of what is implied by the term education, in the limited sense of the attainment of full experience of matter? If so, then we willingly admit the validity of our opponents' arguments. If, however, it can be proved from universal experience that the contrary is the case, we must insist upon the absolute necessity of Reincarnation for educational purposes. The Soul passes through many stages on its way to the divine, in each of which (and among them we are willing to include the "preparatory human stages" of our opponents) *it has to attain perfection before ascending to a higher grade of life*. At present it is in the human stage. On what grounds, either of analogy or experience, may we suppose that it can become a perfect specimen of the race in one life? For the attainment of a perfect humanity, the candidate must be perfectly prepared; he must have tasted the full measure of earthly joys and sorrows; have learnt to withstand human temptations, and rise above human weaknesses; he must have acquired by his own efforts the full sum of virtues essential to the perfect nature—more than this, he must have conquered that ignorance of human destiny and the true causes of human existence which are at the root of the world's misery, and have risen to a stage of illumination by which alone he can live the life of his appropriate stage *intelligently*. Until all this is accomplished, his education is incomplete, for the being that falls short of one iota of universal experience has not yet done learning, and must return to earth until it has exhausted the resources of the human condition.

It is vain to ask if we have yet met with a life that was long enough, or experiences that were varied enough to acquire all that even our low ideals demand. We search our hearts, and deep down in their very foundations we find yearnings for a human perfection that not one, nor even many hundreds of lives such as ours can supply—a perfection that shall extend over the boundary line of heaven, and make men equal with the gods. How is the necessary experience to be gained apart from Reincarnation? Our objectors reply: "in other spheres." But "other spheres" imply other and probably more advanced conditions of life than the human, and to fit ourselves for the next stage, we must first attain completeness in this. We do not need the education of "other spheres" before we have exhausted the resources of the present. Nature does not her training by halves. Men die prematurely, as it seems to us, from the point of view of probation, and the affinities they have set up, the forces of earth-attraction, are not dissipated by death. That action and reaction are equal and opposite is as true of the earthly thought and desire-forces generated by a soul in the flesh, as of the forces known to science. Each man is a strong dynamo of will, desire, and energy. Because

his body dies, and he himself retires for a while into a state of needed rest, it does not follow that the effects of his previous living die too. These strong forces and affinities are bound to run through their inevitable reaction. And where must that reaction take place but on the same plane of nature in which the force was generated? Like attracts like; affinities can only be satisfied with affinities; links forged by the soul to earth will irresistibly bind him to earth, and not to heaven, or "other spheres." "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also," is a law of the soul whose earthward tendencies will eventually draw him again into the radius of the earth's attraction.

We are mostly ignorant or forgetful of the forces hourly generated by simple thoughts, deeds, and desires. These multiplied and continued throughout a long life will form a veritable network of unseen chains, each endowed with magnetic power, each obeying inexorable law. *We have not done with our thoughts, actions and desires, once they are sent out from the mind.* They may react upon us in this life, but the residue of unexpended forces clings to us after death, and *draws us back.* So the idea of our diverting our affinities to other realms of being is unscientific and absurd. The fact is, we *cannot* pass entirely out of the human condition, until we have cut ourselves away from it by a perfect detachment of the mind from all things mundane.

Some few there are who have done this; for whom human life has nothing further of value to the purposes of the soul. Such persons return for universal purposes only. They have work to do for their fellows—that great backward portion of humanity who are living as yet in ignorance of their true destiny, or of the forces—self-created—which bind them to the "wheel of birth and death." These have to be taught the *intelligent use* of life as a means of acquiring soul-experience and high qualities of mind and heart. Life lived with a fine ulterior purpose is the only true way of satisfying the soul's demands for incarnation in a body of flesh. An existence of personal gratification tends to chain the soul so closely to earth that it cannot rise even to those high altitudes possible to a right use of the present human condition. The right way through the human stage is a narrow golden mean—obscure, and hard to find—between a drear, ascetic negation of the nature on the one hand, and a selfish drifting on the current of chance happenings—the gratification of the daily self on all points—aimless, conventional, blind—on the other. The man who has profited by his probation, *knows* his human nature, and uses it with firmness, judgment, and skill, for wise and generous ends. Such a one, and such only, can truly be said to live.

By thus examining the argument from the idea of probation, we have been able to answer that part of the objection brought forward which deals with the impossibility of repeating a past stage. With regard to the first part of the question—whether or not the human stage may have had its commencement

with the present life, after a long course of preparatory and intermediate conditions—we merely appeal to facts. We see children, almost from the first dawning of intelligence, beginning to exhibit likes and dislikes for things of which they cannot possibly have had experience in this life.

How are these traits to be accounted for? They cannot have brought them over from a “preparatory” human stage. And if we refer them to heredity, a very serious difficulty presents itself. The preponderance of good and bad qualities transmitted from parents and ancestors varies with different children, to an extent which, from the point of view of a child’s chances in life, is distinctly unfair. We all, I suppose, admit that the progress of the soul is governed by fixed laws. By what, then, is that law controlled which requires certain children in a family to advance further in virtue and knowledge than the rest?

Heredity does not provide the individuality; it modifies, strengthens, and guides it into the channel prescribed by its own conserved energies. The true heredity is that of the soul itself, which impresses on its new body the traits acquired by its past, aided, it may be, by impress in similar directions from the ancestral line to which old affinities, guided by the law of cause and effect, have conducted it. The combined influence of the parents, nation, and race to which the soul is attracted for rebirth, directs the course of its energies during that life, *but the directing influences are determined by the needs and deserts of the soul.* The “preparatory stages,” then, of our objectors, though admitted by us as forming part of the early stages of the soul’s life, cannot be brought up as close as the condition previous to our present, but must be relegated to a period long anterior thereto, since the age of the human state is reckoned by millenniums, of which the middle point, Theosophy teaches, is but now attained.

Let us now carry Reincarnation into the realm of analogy, and endeavor, by the examination of nature’s ordinary methods, to answer that portion of the orthodox doctrine that is still left for our consideration.

In every department of Nature we find an upward movement of the parts from the stage below to the one above; regular, certain, but *slow*. One of the secrets of Nature is the avoidance of sudden transitions. In this respect, Reincarnation is in accord with the universal law, while the orthodox doctrine is not. For the transition of the soul direct from the bosom of divinity to a physical body is too stupendous to be conceivable in a universe whose every movement embraces an eternity, and where the descent from God to man is measured in proportion to its immensity.

We have a mirror of Reincarnation in another feature of natural law, the faculty of reproduction. We need not go beyond the vegetable kingdom to see this principle perfectly exemplified. The production of life and form from a germ containing the inherent potentialities of the completed plant, and the reproduction,

again and again, of offspring from the parent stem, until the life-energy has, for the time being, become exhausted, are instances, in another condition, of the process undergone by the soul in its progress through numerous incarnations. Not once but many times, similar forms must appear, bloom, and vanish for a season, until the purpose existing in the prototype has been accomplished, and the life whose fullness has been attained in one form, is free to pass to a higher. And inasmuch as each offspring from the parent stem has, at its death, completed forever its work as sustainer of the life-energy, and can never be repeated, so the little leaflets of the divine branch—the personalities radiating from the true man, the soul—cannot repeat their earth experiences. We live again and again, yet not we, but the higher “we,” of which our personal lives are but a limited aspect. And though we hold with our opponents that human life is but a “stage” between different conditions, yet that stage is not limited to one life, but extends to many, until human nature has been mastered, and its lessons learnt.

We may glance, before closing, at two very common objections, which, nevertheless, carry with them a certain show of reason. The first lies in the amount of repetition that has to be gone through before a stage is dispensed with. “It is revolting,” say some, “to think of our Platos, our Pauls and our Shakespeares having to pass again through the baby state which they have long ago outgrown. Why go back? We can fall in with the idea of a line of uninterrupted progress, but not with the waste of time occasioned by repeated infancy and youth.” A slight study of nature’s methods of progress will help to dissipate the difficulty.

All thoughtful persons must have noticed that Nature never moves in a straight line. The upward movement is always counteracted, at a point, by the downward; the backward by the forward, under the law that makes all growth, all manifestation depend upon the principle of reaction. Monotony, or motion in one uninterrupted direction means death, because Nature is complex, and without alternation one side only develops, to the inevitable atrophy of the other, and the ultimate ruin of the monopolized part. If man and the Universe consisted of a single principle only, the line of direction would also be single; but so long as spirit and matter have to co-exist, the law of “opposites” must result.

Note now the consequence. We have motion as the basis of all life on all planes—motion in an upward direction, followed necessarily by motion in a downward. Now the resultant of two combined forces moving in different directions must be the tracing of a spiral. Apply this fact to the motion of the soul through matter. It will follow that its course through the human condition must partake of the spiral movement. Divide human life into its natural stages, and note the gradual fall and rise, and you will see how faithfully this motion is observed. Birth, childhood, youth, manhood, middle-age, decline, decrepitude, death, heaven, rebirth—all these natural divisions showing very plainly the in-

fluence of the reactionary impulse, and proving both youth and maturity to be equally under law, and therefore equally essential to the training of the soul. Those who, in one life, are cut off before their whole course is run, traverse only a segment of the circle, and will probably have the missing experience to make up in some future life. This may account for the greater continuance of a particular stage in some lives than in others.

Now as I have said, there is necessity in all this. The backward movement being as much a part of Nature's methods as the forward, the waste of time brought about thereby is more apparent than real. To understand the complexities of the subject the following point must be kept very clearly in mind.

Reincarnation, like everything else in Nature, is a paradox. We have lived many lives, yet, as *John Jones or Mary Smith*, we are living for the first and last time.

Of the successive experiences of the many John Jones and Mary Smiths who gather his earth gleanings for him, the soul only assimilates such as are necessary to his own line of development, and leaves the rest to be carried on as material for the next personality. Indeed, it is highly doubtful whether he notices any of the details of the early part of the lives of his personalities. *Everything*, however, is of value to the respective John Jones and Mary Smiths, whose duty it is to *transmute* their experiences for the soul, and hand on to him, not so much the experiences themselves as their equivalents in character and qualities. Our daily personal selves are just that much of the Soul that can be reflected through a physical brain, and as we have new brains each time, built in strict accordance with the actions of all the previous lives, we call our personalities new, and go through their various and necessary stages once, and once only. In reality, it is only the brains that are new—the Light shining through them is the same throughout the cycle, and varies only as the reflectors. The new personality is caused by the Light shining on a new aspect of life.

An important objection closes the list of those most frequently met with. It is the impossibility of reconciling the purposive nature of re-birth with a total loss of the memory of previous lives. Human sufferings are said to be the means provided by Nature for teaching us an unlearned lesson. But how shall we learn when we know not wherein we have previously failed? Unless we can consciously relate a particular suffering to the particular sin of omission or commission in the past of which it is the effect, our progress must be unintelligent. We cannot learn by experience, when we have forgotten our previous errors.

It must be well kept in view that the Soul—the light that is always shining behind our brain-reflectors—does not forget. He knows, for his many personalities have told him, what course brings suffering, and why, and what the reverse. Our innate sense of right and wrong, our instinct to avoid certain courses that lead to danger, and pursue others that lead to good, are the result of this remem-

brance by the Soul of the past failures of his personalities. Therefore we are without excuse if, in face of the repeated warnings which come to us in the voice of conscience and intuition—those faithful records of past experience—we still pursue the path that leads to pain.

But another point. There is not only memory with the Soul, there is memory also with Karma. We are apt to forget that this law, guided by intelligent forces, works consciously, and with a definite purpose. We send a child into a class where he is put to learn Latin. It matters not whether he remembers or forgets that in the former class he played when he should have learnt. The necessity to acquire Latin still remains unaltered. Enough that the schoolmaster remembers, and requires him to make up the lost time by studying Latin in his play hour.

The experience of earth-life can thus be purposive and conducive to the training of the Soul without any conscious knowledge, on the part of the personality, of the relation of cause to effect, provided that a force exists which adjusts the balance accurately. We are as yet such baby egos that we often lack the power of learning intelligently. Were we to be shown, beyond a doubt, that such and such a calamity were the result of such and such a sin, it is highly improbable that we should believe it, since it taxes our credence to the utmost that we have ever lived before at all. And if it be objected that an intelligent schoolmaster would first make the reason of his boy's punishment plain to him, we can answer that the Soul is perpetually attempting to recall the lessons of the past before the new mind of his personalities. What are flashes of intuition, partial recovery of lost memories and the like, which come unexplained and unsought into the experiences of most of us? The Soul fails to teach intelligently because of the grossness of the material with which he has to work. The fault lies with our failure to respond to his impressions. When we are a little older in soul-life, we shall see the whole chain of cause and effect, and know, by conscious realization, the whole fact of our relationship with the Mysteries within us that

. . . . knows the road we came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame.
The lifted, shifted steeps, and all the way.

To sum up: We have shown the truth of Reincarnation to exist independently of external proofs, which can, at best, but rouse latent knowledge, but cannot impart the power to recognize truth when presented. The best proof is that deducible from sound argument. We have therefore shown Reincarnation to be:

- (a) A logical necessity.
- (b) A probational necessity.

(c) A necessity from the stand-point of analogy.

Of the principal objections that are raised to the teaching, we have shown that:

(a) The objection of unnecessary repetition of experience is overcome by the consideration that the successive personalities of the soul live but once, and that the soul does not get the details of each experience, but its transmutation into qualities.

(b) The objection of loss of memory is met by the fact that both Karma and the Soul are intelligent, and retain full knowledge of the line of cause and effect, which knowledge will one day be the possession of a more advanced condition of humanity. At present we are not at the stage when such knowledge would be beneficial.

Thus I have endeavored roughly to cover the canvass of a subject which, by a more finished hand, can be shown to be a perfect solution of every problem of human existence.

Theosophy, *the Unifier of Religions**

by Sidney Coryn



CAN you think of any greater inspiration than a union of religions? The more we look upon it the more the idea grows upon us. It gives a new stature to our minds, a beautiful vision of God. You know very well, every thinking human being knows, that religion undefiled is that which brings men together and not that which separates them. It is a binding force and not a disintegrating one, and for that reason you know that the religions of today are all out of gear, because there is no other force in the world which produces so much disharmony, separating man from man and nation from nation.

Now the message which Theosophy brings to this medley of creed is not one of warfare but of peace. It has not come with the sword, but with the olive branch. It has sought to liberate and not to enslave. It has not tried to win any man from his Christianity, but rather to make him more of a Christian

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

than he ever was before, to introduce him to the meaning of Christ, to give him a conception of Christ that shall regenerate, not only his mind but also his body, that shall animate not only his heart and his head but his hands and his feet, so that they shall be inspired to work for the perfection of men and for the redemption of the race.

Do you remember what Paul said when he was confronted with the altar unto the unknown God? And Theosophy repeats his words. That God whom ye so ignorantly worship, him declare we unto you—the God who moves through boundless space, through countless ages leading all things up to him, in utter perfect justice without which no mercy can exist, the God who is so far away that thought cannot follow him, the God who is so near that the inward silence of a moment is broken by his voice within the heart. We know how many there are within the churches, how many there are even within the pulpits of the churches who are walking humbly with their God, even as they know him and from such as these will come the salvation of their faith. We understand that Katherine Tingley has found such an one within this city. Other sheep there are not of this fold, and without thought of proselytism, we would call to them and invite them to the wisdom of God which is within their faith, as it is within all faiths, and which gives unity and not diversity. It is but a superstition which holds them, a superstition very often of nobility. We want to call them out into the light that they may see their God, for he is not enclosed within the walls of a Church. So many men are timid for their God. They would erect ramparts of creeds for his protection, they would establish their churches as the only possible nerve-centers for his force, and when time lays its hands upon the minds of men, bidding them to go on and to be unafraid, they tremble for the safety of their God as though he could be destroyed by thought or wonder, or speculation, or research. Even were Theosophy what its enemies say it is, a system of false belief, it would be harmless against whatever is true. But Theosophy is not a system of belief, and we know that it is the unity of all religions, because there is no child who is born without it. If you look into the mind of an untutored child, you will not find there a Westminster Confession, nor the “39 Articles,” but you will find there a natural wisdom, you will find truth there and faith and courage, and above all other things a desire to know. We can crush down the Theosophy, and we do so as rapidly as possible, and we can insert all kinds of dogmas. We can crush *down* the Theosophy but we cannot crush it *out*, and it is that Theosophy in the minds of all men which rebels against creed and which demands the freedom and the unity of religion.

I say we know how many men there are and how many women, too, who by their unobtrusive work, by their love and by their hope, will be the salvation of their churches as they are already the unseen bond of union between them. They

are quiet and their voices are usually drowned by those others of which this town has a small and apparently dwindling band of representatives. There seems to be such an one of the latter class in Oakland, the Rev. W. Shaw who, finding no public wrong-doing which needs rebuke, and that all misery and sin and prize fighting in his State have been stamped out, has preached a sermon against Theosophy.

Now I do not propose to enter largely into the opinions of Mr. Shaw. It would hardly be fair to ask San Diego to bear the theologic burdens of Oakland in addition to its own, which are grievous enough, though diminishing. Now, Mr. Shaw starts his sermon by saying that his object is not to condemn, and certainly not to criticize. You see he enters upon the path which is paved with good intentions, and we all know where that path leads to, and so upon the last page we find a final burst of indignation:

Theosophy asks me to change my Christianity for it. Think of the insult to human intellect!

Now there is no doubt that Mr. Shaw is acquainted with the mental caliber of his own congregation, and he was preaching to them and not to us, but the man who is capable of crowding so many foolish misstatements into so short a time should certainly avoid the subject of insults to the human intelligence. But I think there may perhaps be a word of excuse for him. The sermon as it was delivered bears very clear evidence of not being quite the same sermon that was prepared, and we have known of cases, nearer home than Oakland, where the appearance of a stenographer and his notebook has had a powerfully modifying effect upon a sermon. Mr. Shaw would have been well advised to fill up the hiatus which was possibly thus caused, by the commonplaces and the aphorisms of his profession. Instead of that he plunges into a wild career of misstatement which it is wearisome to follow and useless to answer. He tells us very truly that Theosophy is the "wisdom of God"—that was a slip on his part—and he then goes on to say that the wisdom of God is very difficult to explain, as the advocates of Theosophy do not all say the same thing about it. The wisdom of God *is* truly very difficult to explain, but had he looked for it within himself, he would have understood *why* it is difficult to explain, and that the divine voice within the heart, in its deeper tones, does not speak in human words.

In his complaint that the advocates of Theosophy do not all say the same thing you see the theologic craving for a creed. He cannot understand a liberty of thought, nor that the inner voice teaches every man according to his need. If we would but reduce Theosophy to a creed, the churchmen would let us alone, and if we would further conclude every article of that creed with the words, "and he that believeth not shall be damned," they would receive us with acclama-

tion. We should be speaking in their own language, and the hope of damnation would knit us together. Theosophy is the unifier of religions *because* it has no creed, *because* it imposes no obligations except purity of life, the service of humanity and an inward search for God. On this platform there is no room for essential disagreement. And now we will skip a good part of Mr. Shaw's sermon, that part in which he deals with the private life of Madame Blavatsky. There are depths into which we will not follow him, and, as I said before, he knows his own congregation, and what they like, and he was preaching to them and not to us.

And so he deals with the subject of a personal or an impersonal God. He settles it in three minutes. There are some clergymen who would create the universe in less than seven days. He says that "if the creator of the universe be an impersonal God, we are held in the grasp of an unchanging and unchangeable force." That is a good sentence and a true one. It is that "unchangeable force" which lulls the baby to sleep upon its mother's breast, it is that "unchangeable force" which will guide us and protect us through life, and in that gracious shadow we shall rest, as little children rest, between the wings of death. Truly all things work together for good, and there must have been some within that congregation who felt their troubles melt away like summer clouds, as their own minister spoke to them of an "unchanging and unchangeable force."

And then Mr. Shaw speaks of Reincarnation. He devotes quite a minute to it. He says,

You may be reincarnated many times. In this life you may be a millionaire and in the next life a pauper.

You see he makes the picture as horrible as he can. Fancy a millionaire becoming a pauper! The very thought of it makes the flesh creep. He doesn't say anything about a pauper becoming a millionaire. He didn't want to upset the faith of his people. And yet again there may have been some within that church whose lives have been very full of sorrow—I think wherever men are gathered together, there sorrow walks in the midst of them—and this idea of another life with its boundless possibilities, its renewed chances under the "unchanging and unchangeable force" of divine law, may have come to them like the waft of an angel's wing. It may have lifted their hearts out of the shadow and given to them a new hope and a wider life.

And then Mr. Shaw says that according to Theosophy, the end of incarnation will be an entrance of the Soul "into the eternal and final law, and it will become an integral part of God." He is certainly unfortunate in his quotations, and still more so in his interpretations, for he goes on at once to say that to become "an integral part of God" is "simply annihilation."

After this we have nothing but emphatic applause for a passage in his concluding remarks, in which he says:

There are too many men today calling themselves Christian teachers, who are presenting to the world not the Christianity of Christ but Christianity's chromo.

'Tis true indeed, and pity 'tis 'tis true.

In no spirit of recrimination we ask, where are the churches today? Upon whose side are they ranged in this battle-ground of the world? Are they sitting at the rich man's table, or do they sit with poor Lazarus who is picking up the crumbs which fall from that table? Do they imitate their Lord, or do they copy the methods of his adversaries? Are their voices raised for the oppressed among the nations, or are they but the camp followers of marching armies, quarreling among themselves for the theologic pickings when the guns are still? How is it that they have time for thus attacking the good name of those who are doing the work which their apathy has left undone?

Are there, then, no more widows to be comforted in Oakland, no orphans to be cared for, no prize fighters in California to be discouraged and abashed? Have they solved the problems of how to lessen drink and insanity and destitution? If not, let them get to work and so bring the light to them that sit in darkness. If they will not do this, then is no modern Daniel needed to read the handwriting upon the wall, the *Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin*—"God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting." Already they are reading it for themselves, but out from their midst shall come the laymen of good will, and through them the true Church of Christ shall be united in the wisdom of God, in the Theo-Sophia.

The very discord in the world today is the struggling upward of vanished ideals. Unto all men those ideals are coming, and what wonder that they bring turmoil and indignation. Will the churches let the possibility of union go by forever? Are they for Christ, or are they for Barabbas? Do they give to their endowments the worship which they refuse to their God? Will they keep their doors closed upon the aspirations of men, or will they come out into the sunshine and seek the God who is not here nor there, in this creed nor in that, but who uplifts the universe and molds the hearts of men into a splendid pattern. No wonder Katherine Tingley says "Let there be fewer churches and better ones."

The opportunities of the present time will not recur. The need of humanity has never been so great, and in work for our common humanity all creeds would be forgotten. Dogma does not live side by side with work. It was born of indolence and is a substitute for service. If the churches will not now listen to the cries of mankind, neither would they listen though one rose from the dead, though the Christ of Galilee walked again in their midst and preached once more to them all the law and the prophets—to love their neighbor as themselves.

Are not the movements of all things, those things with which men have not meddled, the mark of and an index to, the unity of the divine mind, and may we

not through them learn of the divine will? What dogma could live any more in the mind into which had come the grandeur of the heavens at night-time, what doubt or what disputation? What a great work would be done if we could but enact that all religious discussions, conventions, Westminster assemblies, holy synods and the like, must meet for their argumentations and their revisions only under a starlit sky or upon the seashore. How long do you suppose the thirty-nine articles would live under that treatment? Why, there would be laughter enough in the waves and in the night wind to utterly destroy one hundred and thirty-nine articles and to reduce our dogma-making divines to an unwonted silence. And then, perhaps, in that silence they would hear the Voice of the Silence, the still, small voice which speaks of the wisdom of God, the Theosophia of the ages, which confounds alike our dialectics and theologies, and which is so great that only little children can at all understand it, and only little children can teach it—and those who have become like unto little children.

My Cathedral

by LONGFELLOW

LIKE two cathedral towers these stately pines
 Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
 The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
 Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
 And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
 No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
 No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
 No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
 Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
 Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
 Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
 In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
 Are singing! Listen, ere the sound be fled,
 And learn there may be worship without words.

For a city does not prosper that shakes with sedition and is rent by evil counsels.

— EURIPIDES

Stemming the Tide*

by H. T. Patterson



TRITE phrases and hackneyed expressions are, generally, true in proportion to their antiquity and the frequency of their use. The large measure of truth in them has given the vitality which has insured the old age, and it is the same quality which causes them to be much used; so, though they may be tedious, they are instructive and worthy of scrutiny from time to time. Such scrutiny will often disclose that in them which had before gone unnoticed and in so doing bear witness to growth on the part of the scrutinizer.

Analogy and metaphor, in a sense, prove nothing—that is they do not do it by those logical processes, so authoritative amongst western races since the days of Bacon; yet, they, in their way, prove as much, perhaps more, than is proven by processes of pure reasoning. They certainly stimulate the imagination, and so arouse the brain faculties.

Amongst these old trite sayings, so familiar to us all, is that of “Stemming the Tide.” It has been used, over and over again, in all sorts of cases, for all sorts of purposes, and will be so used, over and over again, so long as there are tides and people to observe them.

Who is not familiar with the mighty power of water in motion? Who has not had multifarious experiences connected with that power? Who has not at some time been threatened by that power? Who has not learned many lessons from it?

I remember, as though it had just happened, when a lad, battling with a strong current in one of the upper reaches of the Delaware river, during a time of freshet. There was no danger in this particular episode, but a heap of experience; and it impressed an instinctive picture on my consciousness which has come up, time and again, and will, I hope, continue so to do for the balance of this term of my terrestrial existence. When, on that occasion, an older brother and I started out in a small row-boat he said, “let us pull up stream first—we’ll be fresh then—coming down will be easy enough.” So we pulled up stream and—my, how we tugged at those oars. When across the river, off a sharp curve in the bank it seemed as though we had ceased to move—were merely holding our own. To my boyish mind the time was interminable and I saw no use in straining any longer. But my brother managed, in the midst of his tug-

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

ging, to say that if we only got round the point we would have easy work and that he was sure we were gaining a little. Presently, as I managed to cast a glance shoreward, in the midst of what were to me mighty extremes, I perceived that we were really making headway, though it was no more than perceptible. First, a tree in the background moved slowly ahead of one in the foreground; then we crept up to and beyond a bush half submerged in the rushing stream; then we passed some other object, until, at last we had actually gained the still water. *This current* was perceptible to the sight—very much so, I assure you—but all currents are not, especially in large bodies of water such as bays, seas and oceans, and the unperceived, unsuspected current is often more powerful, dangerous and treacherous than the one which is apparent.

Now, another personal experience, merely to call up similar ones in your own minds. It was during an outing on a yacht, in the latter part of the day. Anchor had been cast and the host and his three guests plunged overboard for their usual swim before dinner. The water was perfectly smooth—seemingly quite safe. Two of us swam astern; and I well remember the pleasure with which I noted how rapidly my strokes were carrying me along. I thought I was really improving very much in this art. Once I turned to look at the boat from which I was so delightfully gliding away. Then, again I stopped—this time to swim back to it. But, alas! the more I swam the further did I find myself from the boat. A short time before a fisherman, who was passing, asked me if I wouldn't like help; but, with great courtesy and an inward feeling of considerable loftiness, I declined, assuring him that I was doing very nicely, "thank you." When, however, I found how futile my swimming was I gladly called him back, and then the two of us who had swum astern of our own boat were, ignominiously, carried back in the stern of the fisherman's craft. After clambering back on to the yacht we found that our host had had one of the small boats manned, the crew being ready to pull off to our rescue at a moment's notice. Afterwards, observation showed us that we had been in a current so strong that no swimmer could have swum against it. Yet it was not perceptible to the casual glance. These two pictures must call up, with all of you, many, many, of a not dissimilar kind; and these pictures form fitting analogies for much that has gone on, is going on and will go on in the lives of men, individually, in families, municipalities, states, nations and the entire mass of humanity.

Before considering, in the merest outline, of course, human affairs, suppose we bring up another analogy. A great tide is to be deflected from its course. When can it be done most easily? The answer comes at once, near its source. When the mass of water has reached a certain volume the utmost expenditure of labor and material can only deflect it slightly. But, if handled at or near the spot where it first begins to flow, slight effort, well directed, will bring great results.

There have always been those who have worked to help man; those who have worked to harm him. Some do their part consciously, consistently, constantly, and with great steadiness of purpose. Some, thoughtlessly, spasmodically and stirred only by transient impulses; but all do one or the other. We may then, if we choose, divide people, broadly, into two classes, the helpers and the harmers; each class being graded from its leaders downwards. Helped by this classification we find history vastly more intelligible; vastly more interesting. We find, taking a comparatively short retrospective view, that the evil forces in the latter days of the Roman Empire had thrown all Europe into direful and inextricable confusion. Then we find that almost imperceptibly, skillfully (beyond the scope of ordinary human ability) and silently the work of regeneration was begun. Leaving untouched the story of the one worker in Palestine and his twelve helpers; not dwelling upon the tale—perhaps not entirely mythical—of King Arthur and his twelve knights of the round table, we come to the times of Charlemagne and his twelve Paladins. This one perceives, with only the enlightenment of the, so termed, profane historian, to have been a great initial period. Deeper insight would cause this epoch to be recognized as greater and more vital to human interests than it is now suspected of being.

Jumping from point to point, as we go down the centuries, we next note a startling power *for evil*, displayed by ecclesiasticism. Whether or not our civilization is due to Christianity or exists in spite of it, it is useless to speculate upon here; but certain it is that ecclesiasticism, in one form, put to death over fifty millions of people, and in another form about nine millions—the latter quite as full a score as the former—opportunity, power and numbers considered. But, again and happily, the light breaks in and counteracting and successful efforts were made, as the close student will observe by studying events in northern Spain, southern France, England, northeastern Italy, Sweden, the Netherlands, and elsewhere. He will also, in time, come to notice a similarity in the work in these scattered districts, a similarity pointing to a common source of inspiration.

So the pictures can be painted, one after another, as the screen of time is rolled backward or forward, and the panorama photographed thereon brought within the field of vision. But the past is past and it is detrimental to turn its pages, excepting as we would turn the pages of a book—for reference or information.

Now, for the present. The same underlying conditions prevail as heretofore. There is the right and there is the wrong. There is progression and there is retrogression. There are those working deliberately on the two sides, and those working aimlessly and vacillatingly on these sides. But, in addition, there is an impetus and a rush in terrestrial affairs never before, so far as we have ken, approximated to, much less reached. Everything is increasing. Wealth is in-

creasing; population is increasing; celerity of communication and travel is increasing; ostentation is increasing; crime is increasing; disease is increasing; insanity is increasing; suicide is increasing; pauperism is increasing. What is stemming this great tide? The churches? You know they are not. Education? Alas, that too fails to accomplish what it was once hoped it would. Ethical culture? That, likewise, is a failure, ethics and culture having been laid away in the cold storage house of popular apathy. Shall we then, in the same apathetic spirit, admit our inability to suggest an answer? No! Though we have reached a stage on the downward arc of evolution where seemingly respectable people will sell out their honor for one hundred dollars or less; a condition in which though there are many good people in the churches, the churches, as such, are failing to fulfill any mission of usefulness, excepting as centers for social gatherings, and a field of activity for the salary earner, the busybody and the gossip; a condition in which some theological bodies will use any means, whatsoever, to destroy whatever may be in their way; a condition in which the possession of money conveys, in and of itself, position, prestige, power, and consideration, a condition in which we are forced to own there is much, very much different from what we would have it; yet, there are also evidences of influences and forces at work of a diametrically opposite kind from those which would misuse these unpromising conditions for their own selfish and nefarious purposes.

A ship is coming into port. The dangers of the open sea are past; but, as the sailor knows, greater dangers are now at hand. We have lighthouses, buoys, charts, carefully marked-out channels; but, in spite of this, the way is not always clear. The day may be obscured by fogs; the night may be dark; there may be a strong tide running. Well, the ship has secured the pilot and he knows the way. Laws and civilizations are potent, it is true, or the whole progress of the world would be threatened; the ship is staunchly built or it could not have weathered the storms; but—*it must have its pilot*. So it is as regards terrestrial welfare. Tremendous tides are running and if we would reach port safely the pilot must be found. Shall I tell you a secret? Do you imagine that the local affairs of Point Loma engross all the attention of Katherine Tingley? Do you suppose that The Universal Brotherhood Organization, as an organization, fills the scope of her heart's desires? Do you think that these Sunday evening meetings; the kindly recognition given her by San Diego; the development made by her students in music and in other ways satisfies her? Again: Do you believe that the head of any nation; the head of any trust; that any statesman, any ecclesiastical body, any scholar, any scientist, is on the bridge and piloting the vessel into a safe harbor? No! You know it is not so; and I will tell you who it is, if you have not already guessed—it is Katherine Tingley.

My friends, we folk at Point Loma are a very earnest, a very determined,

and a very confident body of people. We know, exactly, what we are aiming at, and we propose to aim correctly, and we know how to do it. We have come from all walks of life; we know much of people and their motives; we have had every opportunity of studying Katherine Tingley, and we know that it is by helping her to the extent of our ability that we shall do our share in stemming the tide. We are not iconoclasts; we are not vandals; we are not ruthless destroyers; but, we are re-formers. Just as Katherine Tingley took a plain building and, wasting nothing that had been done, re-formed it into the beautiful Point Loma Homestead; just as she built the Aryan Temple in close conjunction thereto, so will she through her work, aided by her workers, re-form the lives of men and women, and above all, of children; making them pure, noble and divine. Just as she covered the interior of the Homestead with a beautiful dome, and the interior of the Temple with an even more beautiful one, so will she be instrumental in enabling all to so re-form their lives that both exterior and interior, social, civil, spiritual, shall be beautiful and divine. In spite of the mighty on-rush of the current the tide is being stemmed, the port is not far away.

The Hope in Materialism

by L. R.



THE active selfishness and materialism which pervade the world make the effort to uplift humanity seem futile to superficial observers. But the very excess of activity has in it the elements of hopefulness for better things. W. Q. Judge, in speaking of this iron age, said:

Yet Kali Yuga, by its very nature and terrible, swift momentum, permits one to do more with his energies in a shorter time than in any other Yuga.

The vanities and vices, the selfishness and sensuality on every hand are but the gropings of the awakening, bewildered soul in the effort to express itself through the blinding flesh. It is a crucial time for aspiring hearts, as each one not only contends against the materialism of the thought-world, but is hampered in the fight by his own failures of former lives. The fever and restlessness, the monetary mania, the unsatisfied longing and weariness, the infidelities to mere sense ties,

the excesses and *ennui*, mark the progress of the soul through the weary maze of matter. Truth is the object of its search, and these phases of illusion which interest, inspire and disappoint in their turn, are being rapidly reviewed and discarded as counterfeit.

If only leisure and money and power were needed to make happiness, why do the wealthy and influential seek it so vainly? Their environment has all the advantages which even the most radical of material reformers could ask. But the unsatisfied soul looks out alike from patrician and from plebeian eyes, and the faces in all classes of society carry a common look of restless disappointment.

Only a knowledge of the reality of man's divinity can put harmony and purpose into the discordant activities of modern life, and make it worthy the name of living. It is a realizing sense of this "hunger and thirst of the heart," which prompts the reiteration of Theosophic truths in spoken and written words. The students of the philosophy feel the force of the injunction to freely give what they have so freely received. The world's great need and its active search for truth make the story of man's higher nature a fitting one. The soul, struggling for greater consciousness, can only find expression in the language of the higher life and cannot speak the dialect of money and gems, ambition or physical sensation.

Satisfaction and peace will come from the knowledge that men are making their own limitations by living in the narrow limits of the lower nature. We receive what we ask and find what we seek. If our desire is for money it will come, though we mortgage the truth to get it. If we are seeking the truth we shall find it, though it cost a host of lesser things. Each possession has its own quality of force; and though truth can illumine a world of doubt and ignorance, the coin of selfishness can shut out its light as a copper cent close to the eyes may obscure the radiant sunshine.

In this paradox of life, the active materialism which puzzles and discourages dogmatic preachers and superficial pessimists is a basis of hope for wider-eyed believers in man's divinity. Evidently the soul of restless humanity is awakening with an impelling desire to find its own, which is manifestly not of the things it so eagerly examines. Thus it comes to pass that the momentum of materialism in this age of Kali Yuga will carry the saving minority of honest seekers round the cycle of experience toward a point of greater peace. The wisdom of the hour is to work in harmony with the real spirit of the times. Those who bravely engage in the active performance of their present Karmic duties, and thus consciously utilize the force which is thoughtlessly dissipated in the prevailing confusion, may crowd the languid efforts of several lives into one decisive victory. The actors in today's drama have unusual opportunities for advancement, since all things "work together for the good of those who love the Law."

Death

by E c h o



IN every process of Nature is mirrored some experience of the soul; for Nature is the soul's pulsating garment. Man and Nature equally are debtors to the Great Law, and, in the higher sense, they are windows through which its light gleams, seeking expression. In the processes of the Great Law death has its own part. All things are cyclic, and the recurring periods of rest which we call death are as natural as the cyclic sleep of the flowers. It is never death which is the calamity, but the selfish fear of it.

The fear of death is an unailing sign that the soul's pathway is unlighted. It is an unailing sign that the heart is denied expression. The heart tells us that death is not an ending, but a beginning, a birth; not a sorrow, but a joy; not a calamity but a gateway into light and opportunity. Yet we grieve and mourn, we put on black, we court this psychological influence which fear has laid upon the entire race, while every throb of our hearts contradicts and sets at nought the mental attitude which we take.

Why do we persist, then, in a course which deepens the lines of care upon our faces and which shuts all the peace out of our lives? We persist because we listen to the brain mind only, and will not listen to the heart.

The heart is wise. The heart pleads with us to rise into a larger vision. The heart pleads with us to step out of that pit of cowardice in which we have chained the soul. But we will not listen.

The fear of death has no part in a true philosophy of life. Yet how many today possess the rational view? How many can look back to a childhood that was unspoiled by the terror of "dying and being put into the ground?" Very few. Too long has humanity clung to the brain-mind notion that death is an irrevocable thing, meaning loss, separation, despair. Men have forgotten that they are souls—divine souls—immortal, eternal, verily a part of that "which is neither light nor darkness, which is neither substance nor shadow, but is the Root and Container of all these. That thou art, oh little man, but thou knowest it not!"

There is an ancient tradition that the earth once sheltered and companioned a race "that never died." In that day all men stood erect and in the sunlight. But selfishness stepped in, sin was born, fear arose, and the soul was cheated of its true life. No longer was the body a pure instrument through which the soul could work. Its wings were weighted. The soul could not live its real life while in the body, and so it slipped away, again and again laying aside the body as one lays aside a cast-off garment. Death had found a place in the great plan.

But as sin grew and selfishness clung like mire to the feet of the races of men, the soul became more and more obscure. Men thought the personality all, and its loss the greatest of calamities. The result has been that today nearly the whole race is absolutely psychologized by a miserable fear of death.

Theosophy throws light upon the problem of death because it is a philosophy of causes. Reincarnation has been called "the lost chord of Christianity." What could have been the motive of the early "church fathers" who tried to eliminate this doctrine from the records of the teachings of Jesus? What could have been the motive of those who made belief in this truth heresy? Read history and between the lines that chronicle events you can easily discern causes. You will discover why all humanity is today hypnotized by an utterly unwarrantable dread of death.

Those in whom the soul has really been touched and awakened must find in the thought of death inexpressible sadness if they are hemmed in by the ecclesiastical theory of one life only. Is heaven just that one should be called away with tasks unfinished, debts unpaid, hopes unrealized? The thought is bitter, and sometimes the pain of it is so great that the brain-mind conceptions are broken down and the heart is given a chance to speak. Then does that soul rise into the larger view, witnessing the present life as but one of many lives, separated just a space that the soul may blossom and rest. What joy is born of the larger view! All that is now unrealized will be realized in the lives that are to come, with better conditions, perhaps, and under a serener sky; all that is left unfinished will then blossom into completion; all that we yearned to do we may then have the chance to actually accomplish. To one who looks at human life from those heights on which dwell the soul, death is beneficent—no more to be feared or dreaded than the sleep which drops the curtain upon the scenes of each day.

Yet death is more than this. It is the soul's blossoming time, the portal through which the soul steps into its real life, that of absolute joy; that life which is unweighted by disappointment or despair, in which all hopes are realized, in which the soul is united with all, *all that is its own*.

What is that in man which shrinks from a fulfillment such as this? What is that in man which leads him to grieve for loved ones who have stepped into what *his own heart tells him is sunshine and joy and peace*? It is an innate selfishness of which, once we have the courage to analyze it, we must be thoroughly ashamed.

And the thought that life is one and continuous, that the tasks begun in this life are continued in the next and the next, is enough to lead the honest soul to make every act of life a sacred act. For the deed that is impersonal is the only pure sacrifice and its altar is the human heart.

The fact remains that the greater part of the human race lives in the affections. To such as these death often seems a cruel teacher, in spite of their

philosophy, in spite of all the heart tells them. It is difficult to rise to the real heights at once when death leaves the arms empty and the voice at one's side is silent. It is difficult to rise at the instant out of the personal view and feel only joy because the friend or child so beloved has stepped into a purer region and a larger life.

The heart will hunger for a little time; in spite of the soul's assurance, the ache will not be stilled at once, even though the soul may transmute it at once into peace. Those who speak contemptuously of such an experience are those whose affections have been chilled. They are those who have never drunk from that cup called comradeship.

But to selfishly grieve is unworthy of those into whose lives even a reflection of the true light has entered. It is asking the Great Law to desert one.

Those who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead nor for the living. Never did I not exist, nor thou; nor the rulers of men. Nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be.

Then, must death be? Yes, as long as we live the kind of life which shuts in the soul and keeps it starved and still. When we realize that we are souls, not bodies, *and live as though we realized it*; when we step into true freedom by tearing down all the mental and passional barriers that stand all about us, reared by our own hands; then the soul may blossom here and now; then the soul may live its true life on this earth and earth will become heaven. And the race that so chooses, though it may pass through death, *shall never die*.

The Tides

by LONGFELLOW

I SAW the long line of the vacant shore,
 The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,
 And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,
 As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.
 Then heard I, more distinctly than before,
 The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,
 And hurrying came on the defenseless land
 The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.
 All thought and feeling and desire, I said,
 Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song
 Have ebbed from me forever! Suddenly o'er me
 They swept again from their deep ocean bed,
 And in a tumult of delight, and strong
 As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me.

“Cast Thy Bread upon *the* Waters”

by Ethne



“**W**OULD^N’T it be awful, if we had only one life?”

“It would be a bit of a nightmare.”

“Don’t you pity the poor people who believe that way?”

“*Indeed* I do, yet some of them get quite mad with you if you talk of having lived before and they seemed scared at the idea of coming back.”

“Perhaps they think they won’t have a good time.”

“Perhaps, but after all it is only fair to pay for what we do.”

“Of course—but look at that beautiful vine of wild clematis,”
. . . and a scurrying of feet over the dead leaves told of the unseen speakers’ departure.

“What on earth did they mean?” asked Violet of her companion as they too rose from their seat under the gum tree, by the wayside, to catch the approaching train.

“Oh, it is some of the stuff Theosophists teach,” she replied airily, and Violet dismissed the subject from her mind, for we are not often given to much thinking while the wheels of life run smoothly.

* * *

The girl awoke and shuddered as her eyes fell upon the black robe hanging behind her door telling its silent story of loss and sorrow. Warily she dressed; the sunbeams danced in through the window and she made a movement as if to draw down the shade, but refrained, and presently stood by the window looking out at the dancing shadows of the oak tree leaves upon the path, now radiant in the glory of early spring, while the sweet scent of violets wafted upwards brought with it a sense of peace. Oh! that earth’s saddened children better knew the healing powers of nature!

A sharp rap at the door; “Breakfast is ready,” and Violet went down stairs to breakfast in a room from which all sunlight was carefully excluded. A heap of black-edged letters next engaged her attention. All spoke alike of sympathy with her in her sorrow, some counseled resignation to the will of a merciful Father, but all alike expressed inability to console; none spoke of death as but a natural withdrawal from active visible life for awhile, to the “Soul’s own realm,” with a future return to earth as certain as the return of day after night, for, alas! they did not know themselves, and lacked the certain conviction that “love is eternal,” and those who love must incarnate together again, by the decree of just, immutable law.

"They are kind," she cried in her agony, "but I feel smothering—as beneath a pall—*why* is the world so sad?"

A bird burst into song out in the garden, the merry laugh of a child at play floated in through the drawn blinds and the light summer breeze rustled the blinds as if to say, "It is not enough to half open your windows, draw up your blinds and let in the light."

"Mr. and Miss Flemming," announced the maid, and Violet came forward to greet the visitors.

"We were away from home and have only just heard of your trouble, dear," said the lady, while Ronald expressed his sympathy in a silent hand shake."

"I am quite sure Mrs. Jones is a very estimable lady," continued Edith Flemming, with the flicker of a smile round her mouth and a subdued twinkle in her eyes as she glanced round the darkened and extremely prim room, with its heavy handsome furniture and deadly dull old-fashioned prints upon the walls, "but you must confess we are nearer your age, and so we have come to see if you will come and stay with us for awhile. We can never forget your dear mother's kindness to us in our time of grief, and besides it will do you good to have a complete change."

Violet's thoughts went swiftly from the memory of her kindly and dearly loved mother, whose sins had been those of omission only, to the severe dame, her father's sister, who had offered her a home upon the condition that she should not expect to be petted and pampered as in her mother's life-time, and whose religion was of that extremely formal type, that demands not toleration, but acceptance of their views, as necessary to future salvation, and she shrank from the picture presented.

* * *

"You *are* good," she said, "I will come."

Mrs. Fletcher had never troubled much about the Flemmings, whom she had looked upon in the days of her prosperity in the light of poor relations, and as such to be gracefully avoided. Never wilfully unkind, but carelessly indifferent of all outside her own "set," the fact of their existence scarce rose upon her consciousness until the announcement of Mrs. Flemming's death had roused the latent memory of an early girlhood spent together and she had sent a kindly letter and substantial check to the sorrowing orphans, whom she vaguely surmised "were not very well off." And yet that one little action was to turn the whole current of her idolized child's life.

* * *

The Flemmings lived upon a pretty little orchard almost within a stone's throw of the sea. Ronald attended to the fruit and vegetables, the girls to the flowers, and the household duties generally, and a merrier trio would be difficult

to find. The very strangeness of the contrast to the waited-upon-life she had before lived appealed to Violet and she entered upon the new life with zest, to become soon an efficient assistant, and many a gay laugh they had together over their new "lady-help."

* * *

"And so you have definitely decided to throw in your lot with us," said Chattie, as she, Violet and Edith sat upon the veranda one morning. "I am so glad."

Ronald quietly joined them just as Violet burst out impulsively, "Why are you so good to me, an almost stranger?"

"Perhaps not quite such a stranger as you think yourself," returned Edith, "but even were it so, surely Brotherhood is the law of life and it is our duty to help when we see an opportunity."

"Is that what Theosophists teach?" inquired Violet, "and do you *really* believe we have lived before?"

"It has become a certain conviction with me," answered Ronald, "and Violet, do you know of any other theory that will explain our lives and their happenings with any show of reason or justice. Just think what it means *without* that simple explanation!"

"Don't you feel as if you had known us all before *quite well* ages ago, and now we have met again?" and Chattie put her arm round her with an affectionate little squeeze. And Violet thought of how much she felt at home among them all, and the feeling of inner unity and sympathy between them—and wondered.

GOD sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to Heaven again.—LONGFELLOW

OFFENDED self-love never forgives.—VIGEE

THE race of fools is not to be counted.—PLATO

How can we expect another to keep our secret, if we have not been able to do so ourselves?—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

MUSIC once admitted to the soul becomes a spirit and never dies; it wanders perturbedly through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again distinct and living, as when it first displaced the wavelets of the air.—GEORGE BULEEN

MUSIC may be compared to chess; the queen, namely, melody, has supreme power; but the final issue rests with the king, namely, harmony.—SCHUMANN

The Awakening of Marion Wentworth

by a Student



FRED WENTWORTH was a West Point boy. He had graduated there with honor, and for two winters following sailed without disaster between the Charybdis of feminine charm and the Scylla of army life.

Then he received a commission and went west to fight the Indians. General Custer was fighting them then. His death changed many things—but of that, later.

At the end of five years Major Frederick Wentworth came back. Then the gossips, who had forgotten all about him, suddenly remembered the future honors they had predicted when he left West Point! He was lionized by them, or would have been had he permitted it. At the end of a month he went back to Arizona and Marion Brewster went with him. They had been married quietly, thereby defeating the gossips; and at last “good-byes” were said and they set out for their frontier home. “Like Crusaders, Fred, for all the world,” said Marion.

“And I am afraid, little girl, you will find the Crusader’s share of disappointments,” was Major Wentworth’s reply.

“It’s a lonely life, Marion, as I’ve told you so often, but I’ll do my best, dear—and besides, we have each other.”

“Fred, don’t!” Marion broke in impulsively, as usual. “I’m tired of society, and as to being lonely—why, I wouldn’t mind a desert island, if you were there.” And so they journeyed westward from Marion’s home on the Hudson, brave young hearts, neither of them aware of the real battles that were before them, those battles with self whose anguished arena is the human heart.

Marion Wentworth was young, enthusiastic and accomplished. Highly educated and brilliant, she had many admirers. Her life at home had been so easy that she often longed for “something hard.” When Fred went west five years before she promised to wait and some day go back with him. Deep beneath the brilliancy of her nature was an innate devotion that kept her true as steel to her promises and, later, when the trial was on, transformed her into what is not very common, as the world goes—an awakened woman.

Major Wentworth was stationed at one of our lonely western forts, in the midst of a treeless and almost trackless prairie. There were other officers at the fort with their wives, and altogether a royal “welcome home” awaited the two young comrades that day in early November. The summer campaigning was over and the winter’s festivities were soon to begin. For no other word will describe the uninterrupted series of “good times” that may be devised by a dozen

young officers in a place that can boast of a piano, a polished floor and a real log for the fire-place on Christmas—a log which has been dragged over the prairie some two hundred miles and is therefore appreciated.

Then there were the sleighing parties. Ah! prairies have their advantages, even when the thermometer reads twenty below. How Marion enjoyed planning with the others some surprise for the men when they returned from their occasional hunting trips. And on those days how her heart thrilled when she saw those splendid fellows whirl into sight just as the sun was setting, the dogs baying, the horses foam-flecked. Fred was the tallest, handsomest and most soldierly of all. There was no doubt of it.

There were also musical evenings, and altogether Marion wondered what Fred could have meant when he had spoken of the life as “lonely.”

But at last summer came and the men went out “to fight Indians.” Then Marion knew what Fred meant. There were days, weeks, months even, when she was nearly beside herself with anxiety. News came of battles here and there, of massacres, of burnings. Letters reached her but seldom. One day she saw the woman across the hall packing her trunks, and weeping. Her husband, a splendid young officer, had been killed. It seemed to Marion that life was a cruel dream. Surely this torturing fear for Fred’s safety could not be a real thing. Were it real, it must have killed her. At times she became rebellious. A certain bitterness crept into her heart, for her fears, after all, were selfish. And when at last the men came back to the fort for the winter—that is, most of them—Marion’s old lightheartedness had gone. Even Fred could not bring it back. There were hard lines in her face and her manner was often irritable.

Her husband hoped that the winter’s enjoyment would bring back the old sunny smile, but he was disappointed. Marion had formed the habit of worrying. A subtle selfishness had crept into her heart, none the less deadly from the fact that she did not recognize it. Her mind was keen but not philosophic. She never stopped to analyze her own heart, nor the hearts of others. And so the difficulty grew.

Poor Fred was just as unphilosophic. He could not tell where the difficulty lay, although, as conditions during that winter almost exactly paralleled those of the preceding winter and of several winters preceding that, it did once occur to him that the difficulty lay in Marion’s view of life rather than in the actual life itself. But he had not the courage to suggest this to Marion and so—well, little by little, they grew apart.

There were drawbacks, to be sure. It was not ideal to have to live in the very same building with a dozen other officers and their wives. There were times when one would have been glad to have more than a thin partition between

oneself and another family! Then this fort, not unlike other forts, contained one woman who was jealous of every young and pretty face. Marion's was the youngest and prettiest. And, as even the night wind knows, a jealous woman can devise uncounted ways of making one uncomfortable with no possibility of redress. There were many pettinesses to which Marion could not stoop. The very fineness of her nature made her suffer, though this should have been the magic key leading her into a life that was really joyful and true. But Marion had not been awakened.

Thus the winter passed. "Hang it," said Fred, "I can't stand this—and Marion can't." The future did not look bright. He could not shape it as he would have chosen. He was only one of many "in the ranks." And he went out to his campaigns in the spring with a heavy heart.

* * *

Something like six weeks later Major Wentworth, with a number of his men, rode up to the fort. He held a queer little bundle, resting half on the saddle and half on his left arm. It looked like a disheveled mass of Indian blankets. He threw the reins upon his horse's neck and alighted. His wife was at the door.

"Marion, I had to bring it. I found it on the field after we had finished. The mother had been—" his voice choked—"stray bullet, I presume. Maybe some of you will look after it and Wednesday I'll take it up to the agency." And he placed in Marion's arms a little Indian baby.

Fred had hoped that Marion would take care of the little sobbing thing, yet he did not directly ask her, for a certain indefinable aloofness had come to exist between them. But something like a bit of sunlight flashed from Marion's eyes to Fred's when she looked at him, and his heart lightened.

* * *

"Well, shall I take her with me this afternoon?" said Fred, "I am going to the agency." It was Wednesday.

"Agency! O Fred, let me keep her. Let *us* keep her! Dear, I couldn't get along without her. Agency indeed! And we will name her ourselves—a real Indian name. O Fred," and the tears came into Marion's eyes, "there must be others, other babies that are *not* found, and other Indian women who are killed. Fred, *is this war right?*"

Fred's heart leaped. "No, Marion, it isn't right," said this splendid soldier, "but, hang it, what's a fellow to do?"

* * *

I wish I could picture to you the transformation that came over Marion Wentworth. Deep below her selfish fretfulness lay dormant something that was rich and beautiful and rare. All the old selfishness slipped away to make room

for a garment of pure devotion, woven, or so it seemed to Fred, by the clinging fingers of that bright-eyed little Indian baby. Her narrow view of life became broad. So close did she come through her sympathies, to some of the real problems of life and of sorrow, that the petty trials of her own life sank into insignificance. She made no more complaints. The old aloofness between herself and her husband disappeared. The old comradeship returned. "Marion," said Fred six months later, "it's too good to be true." He did not explain what he meant because it was not necessary. The awakening of a soul is something that cannot be touched upon with words.

And in course of time Marion did for her husband all that he once longed to do for her—but he did not know how. She lifted him into a broader, truer view of life. She awakened in him a deep sympathy for humanity—all humanity, not merely the section which labels itself "civilized." Circumstances favored them and when, at last, Major Wentworth found it possible to step into other channels more attractive to the conscience-guarded Soul than "fighting Indians," he said to Marion, with all the unreserve of a true comrade, "Now we shall begin to live!"

Modern Civilization

by W. F. Gearhart

TAKING a brief survey of the civilizations of prehistoric times, in the light of archæological research and discovery, guided by the delcimeter of common sense, we are led to a conclusion with the preacher of old, that "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun." There have no doubt been prehistoric civilizations which have in almost every respect surpassed our own, and in future days civilizations will probably arise which will be far greater than any our planet has yet borne. A study of the past often brings to light future possibilities, and unveils the portals of true progression toward the goal of human perfection. True civilization implies civilness, civility, law and order, kindness and a knowledge and practical application of the industrial arts, civil government, the arts of social intercourse, high morality, development in science, literature and the fine arts. It stands for superiority over barbarism and savagery.

At this day and age, when civilization has reached a point of severe tension, and the bodies, minds, and I may say that, if it were possible, even the immortal souls of men are strained to the utmost in a deadly struggle with the problems of material life, there is an imperative need for the study of the causes and effects and methods of modern civilization.

In the apparent successes and failures of modern civilization, the tired bodies and feverish brains of our humanity all proclaim a great need for help, help that will relieve the discordant stress and the resultant suffering now so common to human experience. The souls of men, lost in the wilderness of earthly life, are crying out for guidance to the sunny fields of truth and peace. The "widow's son," orphan humanity, has hoisted the signal of distress. What, O, what help is there? Out of the silence of Nature from her eternal brooding spirit an answer comes: Great souls there are—strong and wise in the law of love who, having passed through earth's wilderness into the light beyond, where truth shines with unfading glory, are willing and able to point out the way to their weaker fellow-men. "By their fruits ye shall know them." They deal in the fruits of right action, the fruits of *true* civilization, the fruits of the soul. Their lives can be studied and their powers are proven by the works they perform in loving service for the good of all. "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Seek the truths of Nature which lead to the door of her hidden treasure vaults; knock at the door—first, with the knock of right motive; secondly, with the knock of unselfishness, and lastly, with the knock of power, and the door will open and you may enter in and become one of those who live to help humanity. The first knock implies a clean heart; the second, a life of devotion to the interests of others, and the third, the overcoming of the evil in one's own nature and in the world.

The Theosophical Movement, representing as it does, the essential elements of all true religion, science, philosophy and art, being practically exemplified in The Universal Brotherhood Organization, furnishes a beacon light, leading by the most direct path out of the wilderness of ignorance and darkness into the fair fields of wisdom and light. It stands for the highest and truest civilization, which man, as man, is capable of attaining to, and for the establishment of the best conditions on earth, whereby human souls may be brought to their true position in the great plan of universal existence.

Modern civilization has made, and is making, great strides in the industrial arts, and the devices for turning to advantage the material resources and agencies of Nature are great, both in variety and efficiency, but these are but the handmaids of civilization and either help or retard according to the motive which underlies them. In our government and systems of political organization, we are forcibly convinced of the propriety of distinguishing so-called civilization from

absolute progress, and the devices intended for improvement from actual improvement. Scarcely anything in the whole political system of any government commands unanimous approbation first and last; nearly all changes are carried against reluctant minorities, and voices are raised against institutions accounted by the masses the very bulwark of national greatness. Social reformers aim to make the necessary functions of government compatible with a constantly broadening range of individual liberty, yet there remains a class of minds that see only the dark side of all innovations. When we revert to the horrible punishments to which men were subjected, not many generations since, not only for real crimes, but out of mere superstitious antipathies, as in the burning of witches, we are apt to feel ashamed of our own ancestors, and to congratulate ourselves on having our lot cast in a milder age. But there still exist strong elements of intolerance and persecution, more dangerous because more subtle, which, perhaps, need watching above all things else by those who are truly interested in the welfare of the human race. When Lincoln said "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," he spoke a great truth. Our arts of social intercourse, embracing the material machinery of conveyance and communication, and what may be termed the moral machinery, such as forms of procedure for regulating social and business intercourse, and the minor courtesies of life, have apparently undergone improvement; but our scheme of morality, judging by the present popularity of brutal prize fights, lynchings, dramshops, gambling dens, wealth-grabbing processes and the like, is manifestly deficient.

Religion is often used as a cloak, to cover hypocrisy and crime, and virtue has become a pretense. Morality is often considered as pertaining to civilized man, whether of their own invention or the result of so-called supernatural communication, but in how many cases may not the civilized man learn self-control, dignity and purity from the so-called savage? Religion may be judged of by its tendencies to promote human welfare, but it is the subject of all others that men have most differed upon, and from which countless wars, persecutions and untold suffering have resulted. Mammon, lust and other Pagan gods hold chief seats in the synagogues of men's minds, and intolerance, arising from ignorance and selfishness, still bars the door of a universal realization of the truth.

Is it a wonder that some believe that the establishment of so-called Christianity has thrown backward the human mind? Note the effects of church rule upon Spain, Italy, France and the South American countries, where Christianity has held greatest sway. Even during the establishment of the early Christian churches, intolerance and selfishness played a greater part in the lives and conduct of the majority of the people affiliated with them, than did the unselfishness and compassion of true Christianity, as it was exemplified in the life and teaching of the Nazarene.

The words of Paul, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," express the truth. Dead letter forms and dogmas are responsible for most of the deficiencies of our present civilization, and the good that is now manifesting is largely the result of an adherence to the spirit, or right principles of conduct, upon which all genuine progress depends. An ideal civilization will never exist until the units composing it are broad-minded, tolerant and brotherly.

True religion, science, art, government and morality, must go hand in hand in the upliftment of humanity. They are summed up in the Theosophical philosophy, the teachings of which are being practically worked out in The Universal Brotherhood Organization, which stands for the highest civilization along the broadest lines of life.

Theosophy has come with a message of hope, and a philosophy which answers all questions concerning the vital interests of mankind. It presents an unlimited field for research and development, pregnant with joy, wisdom and power. It has always stood and still stands, as a great central sun, at the very heart of human evolution and, in proportion as man takes hold of its wonderful principles will be his degree of realization of the beauties and harmonies of the divine in Nature. Its motto, "There is no religion higher than truth," emanating from the very spirit of truth, must prevail, if civilization, complete and perfect, is ever to be realized.

So long as the human race allows itself to become attached to outer forms, dogmas and mere appearances, to the exclusion of right principles, it will be subjected to the evils resulting from blind leadership of the blind; but when it turns to the great day-book of life, in the light of self-analyzing thought for guidance, it will be led to that civilized state which is summed up in the future Golden Age, when all men, like Daniel of old, shall possess the wisdom of the gods and be truly *civilized* by that mighty source of all civilizing and unifying power, the Divine in Nature and in the heart of man.

AS LONG as love continues the most imperious passion, and death the surest fact of our mingled and marvelous humanity, so long will the sweetest and truest music on earth be ever in the minor key.—ANON

THE science of harmony is unlimited in its scope, and we can seek the end only by going back to the beginning.—M. HAUPTMANN

BELIEVE me, there is no greater delight than the completely uncritical frame of mind of the artist while creating.—WAGNER

Limitations of the Human Mind*

by Alice M. Bolting



THE limitations of the human mind are too varied and numerous to mention, resulting in prejudice, selfishness and brutality, and whatever in human nature shuts out the divine light, and prevents men and women from walking in the *joy* of life.

Many people suffer from limitations due to the positions they take and stubbornly hold. It is as though in climbing a mountain-side one gains the summit of a foothill and says, "this is the top of the world," and in his egotism questions not if there might be a larger hill to climb and a higher observation-point; he is quite satisfied that, as he chanced only to think of this particular hill there can be no other, at least none worth his attention or investigation. And if it chances to be a pleasant hillock he placidly ensconces himself in his own desires and revels in comfort and pleasures calmly viewing everything within his limited radius of observation.

Such is the man who takes ample time for research; studies diligently; reads interestedly; discourses upon ethics, philosophy and religion as each appeals to him and does not interfere with or disturb his comfort.

If he should learn of a means to ameliorate the vice and woe of the world he might for a moment lend his attention. But if in the next moment it should dawn upon him that he might have to take off his coat, lay aside his most flattering garb—his personality—sacrifice the gratifications of his desires—however æsthetic and elevated—and stand shoulder to shoulder with his fellow men in the great battle of humanity's freedom, he would slyly glance at *his hillock*; sniff the aroma of indifference and luxury, and calmly, or it may be with an uneasy and perhaps guilty conscience, settle back into the solace of his own delusion.

Such a man is quite conscious that he is shirking duty, but rather than take up that duty he arms himself with the poisoned shafts of prejudice against those who move on and who in the spirit of altruism determine to help speed the progress of humanity's freedom.

Even in his own self-imposed limitations he cannot fail to observe a contrast between his position, his want of effort and resolve, and that of his free, broad-minded warrior brother. And when his own selfishness and indolence goad him to mortification he cowardly attacks the innocent, the pure-hearted, the truth-seeking, the noble and unselfish, and defiling his manhood he thrusts abuse upon principle, honor and justice.

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

Such a man may profess religion and patriotism from the pulpit and platform: yet, by his own acts he contradicts his very words and wilfully retards the advancement of his country, even more than those enemies who make open attack.

Under high pressure, in times of need, thousands come to the front, but those who shout the loudest are oftentimes the very ones whose inner lives are eating out the heart of the nation by their selfishness, greed and immorality.

There are many splendid people all over the earth in different ranks and occupations who are doing noble work, but how many are the enemies of mankind who, themselves fettered and bound in their limitations, would bind others also that they might become their prey. Separateness in human life brings discord. The recognition of non-separateness, Brotherhood, brings joy and harmony.

And there are those who know that in learning and in climbing one must ever look ahead, to the heights that lie beyond. He who would scale the heights must know that each little hillock, and each greater height gained is but a vantage point from which to scale the higher mountain peaks, from there to gain a glimpse of mountains still beyond. He who would climb to freedom's heights must have deep-seated, pure motives and unwavering determination.

In the dictionary among the definitions of "determination" are included the following words: decision, judgment, purpose, resolution, resolve and firmness. It would seem that judgment, added to right purpose and both attended by firm resolve would be the quintessence of that power which underlies determination, and guided by knowledge finds its fruit in right action.

The world is weighted down today with people who are lacking completely, both in knowledge and determination, so bound are they in the self-engendered limitations of their minds. How many women are there who aimlessly drift with the tide of human events? One class lives on the treadmill of social life, never pausing long enough to observe that they are whirled about like helpless craft on tempestuous waters. Others, misguided by conventionalities, maintain a constant struggle in attending to the mere physical existence of home and family. To be sure some such women might well question wherein lies their duty if in not attending to the physical needs of their families—but does their *whole* duty lie there? In the present system of domestic economy woman is so enslaved that she has time to consider little else than the preparation of food and raiment and the maintenance of a household.

We all appreciate that modern science is inventing every kind of labor-saving instruments, and in many ways woman is saved much of the drudgery of earlier days. But does she find her days less occupied with the mere externals of life? has she *now* time for study, reflection and the cultivation of the deeper side of her nature? And the woman who has the time and opportunity, is she availing herself of these in a way befitting her own womanhood and her own divinity?

These are the questions which every woman should ask herself. Do you think Joan of Arc, though but a mere girl at the time she saved France, did not realize the sacredness of the duty that lay before her and that she must perform it with fearlessness and determination?

Did not H. P. Blavatsky appreciate the depths of materialism into which the world had sunk and with unyielding determination attack this foe to human progress? Has not Katherine Tingley stepped into the path of noblest duty? and is she not with fearless determination tearing aside the cloaks of conventionality and hypocrisy which disguise selfishness, vice and immorality? is not she pointing the way to a life of freedom and purity?

It seems that the average woman thinks her duty done when she lives as her mother did before her or as other women of her class, but her motives are undetermined, weak, indifferent. The time is at hand when woman must learn what pure motive and determination mean.

The world is crying for the help that woman can give and she must determine whether she as a mother amongst the mothers of the race, is going to allow her offspring to degenerate or to take part in upbuilding a new and glorious civilization.

But how is she to understand the direction of right motive? She must first know herself; she must break through the limitations of her mind; she must aspire to and believe in the Divine Law, and she must learn to work with it.

Perhaps in all the world's history the time was never more propitious than now for woman to perceive the true meaning and necessity of pure motive and strong determination. Heroes, heroines, patriots and reformers are ever amongst us. Humanity has ever had its examples of pure, unselfish lives freed from limitations. Yet what heed do we give their works and voices? The Helpers of the world live with us, work for us, suffer for us and die for us. We give them passing attention; discuss and criticize their works; revile and abuse them if public sentiment so approves, and then they pass on recognized only by a few, the faithful ones who make their motive in life one that will determine the perpetuation of truth and divine light.

Such souls have lived among men in every age and in every clime, yet the masses, hampered by the limitations which they place upon themselves, or if placed there by circumstances, allowed to remain, fail to recognize their duty.

If one sits quietly by, conscious of an existing evil and does not try to eradicate it he is committing as great a sin as if he were the originator of that evil.

Ignorance, selfishness and vice are the crying evils of the age, and the man or woman who sits with folded hands in utter indifference to these evils, or who does not *protest* against those who would *maliciously* prevent any cause or organization from abolishing these evils are guilty of a gross sin.

Let us pause in the pursuit of life long enough to take an account of our limitations, our prejudices and selfishness. Let us note the motives which have actuated all the great patriots, leaders and reformers, and mark the determination in every action of their lives! Let us, inspired by the examples they have set, determine upon a course of action whereby *we* can step into line and each and all take part in the battle for freedom—FREEDOM from SELFISHNESS, SIN and SORROW—and from *all* the LIMITATIONS which cramp the human mind.

The Same Old Problem

by E. V.



FOR the average reader in the world today, it is to be feared that the words at the head of this article will suffice to prevent his dipping into it. He will be tempted to pass on and see what the next one promises, in the hope, perhaps, that it may present something more interesting, or less likely to call for the effort of thought—something current which his mind can run over, extracting from it in passing, gentle pabulum, which shall be pleasing and not too fatiguing. The world is tired of problems. Never in its history have there been so many, never has the solution of them been so apparently hopeless.

Emerging from the sea of darkness which historians call the Middle Ages, the Aryan race, the leaders of the world's progress, find themselves confronted today with no acknowledged standard of ethics, no recognized court of appeal or source of wisdom, from which they can draw illumination upon the duties and rights of men and nations.

But we know that this has not always been the case. In the ancient days of glorious Egypt and learned India, the laws which should govern right action were well understood, and were administered by rulers whose government was justified by every claim of enlightened justice and mercy over the hearts and minds of men.

Nor will it be so in the future, when men have once more solved the ancient problem. But now, in these days of transition, we are not yet out of the *middle* ages, those intermediate between the golden age of the past and the new one of the future. The problem stands facing us.

The great hierarchs of Egypt, teachers of Moses and of Jesus, the Nazarene, knew that in the ages of the future the world must descend into the darkness

of evil and emerge therefrom, with added knowledge gained through overcoming it. They left upon the plains beside the Nile, their ruined temples. Near them, stands today that wonderful statue representing this same old problem, conveying in symbol their explanation of it for future ages. For nearly eighty thousand years the sphinx, with its superb animal body and Godlike head, has looked with stony eyes across the desert sands. Now, they say, it is rapidly crumbling away. May it not be that its symbolism has been read by a few, and that the day for the general comprehension of it is dawning.

One of our great thinkers, whose heart was deeply touched by the trials of poor humanity, has well expressed the problem. His heart revolted against the fruitless attempts of would-be teachers to erect monuments to themselves upon the credulity and fears of men. He put the matter somewhat in this way. A traveler, journeying through the virgin forest, after cutting his way through thickets and creepers, passing every now and then a sunny glade, came suddenly to the bank of a great river. The first thing which occurred to him was—"Where does it come from? Whither is it going?" In passing along the bank of the river, he found others who were also asking the same question. Many had become so accustomed to seeing the river that they had ceased troubling themselves about the matter. Others told him fairy tales, which tradition had handed down, but they differed so greatly that he could make no common story out of them.

So, with the great problem, the river of human life. It is rushing on in mighty volume, bearing us along in its course. The whence and the whither are of the greatest possible moment to us. Many there are who profess to tell us all about it, but their stories will not bear investigation. In most cases the source of supposed information is too evidently tainted by self interest, vanity and ignorance. *But there is the river*, and surely no one who considers the matter for a moment will fail to see that the answer to the question is of the deepest possible interest.

Yet it is probably true that, to the average man of the western world, the question involved has scarcely ever presented itself as worthy of much thought or investigation. Material science, the massing in the memory of contemporary facts, the speculations of philosophers, politicians and social reformers, upon bases which are imperfect or untrue, the struggle to get on, to stand ahead of one's fellows, the mad rush for wealth, power, amusement, sensation, the attempt to keep up appearances, the insane dance of profligacy and crime, surround us on every hand in this beginning of the Twentieth Century. There are comparatively few who look upon the river of life with any sincere effort to solve its problems.

It is plain that the larger portion of mankind has been hypnotized by centuries of apparently hopeless effort to obtain a key to the situation. Doubt, un-

certainty and distrust of the possibility of man's obtaining any reasonable explanation of these vital questions has numbed the faculties of even the greatest and noblest. So much has been said, so many have been the cults and the creeds and the failures, that some of the best minds of today, those whose highest instincts revolt against the present chaos of belief, and foresee dimly, it may be, the Armageddon of coming disaster and decadence, are turning their attention to patching up the old garments with new cloth, and are putting their new wine into old bottles. How many churches are rent with dissension in the effort to mend their worn-out creeds, irrespective of their neighbors! "Higher criticism" is in the air.

But, as the Master of Nazareth taught two thousand years ago, all this will be of no avail. *A return must be made to first principles*, to the foundation upon which we stand. Naught else will serve to give us a sure foothold, and straighten out the tangle. The jumble of beliefs which only serve as food for derision in the minds of men of action, the bone and sinew of our race, must be swept into the dustbin of time.

Before this can be accomplished, however, it is only wise and just that those upon whom the world's future depends, should glimpse the truth and should discern the light of coming law and order, which is ready to descend upon every man of sturdy independence, who dares to think for himself.

It requires more than common effort to do this. There are thousands who will do it, as soon as it becomes fashionable, but the man who will set the example and act as pioneer and reformer, for the love of his fellow men, must be of uncommon mold. There have been many such in days gone by, and after they have passed lives of strenuous endeavor, and have been derided, persecuted and even slain by those for whom they strove, we have inscribed their names upon the scroll of honor, and erected their statues in the market place. Such have been the ways of the world all along the ages. Those times must pass if we would rise to the present needs.

Here we can do no more than indicate the outline of the remedy for the present evil. During the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century the time arrived when, in the general order of the world's history, once more the truth about man's bygone history and future possibilities, was made known for the benefit of mankind. So great was the revelation, so deeply did it involve a new order of affairs, so self-evidently true, so simple, and so noble were its teachings, that those whose self interests were threatened, soon set a keynote of derision and calumny and opposition, which carried the two first Teachers, too early, beyond the grave. But the Movement stands today as immeasurably the greatest event of modern times, however much it may yet have to accomplish before its effects become visible to all men.

The reinstatement of the ancient Wisdom Religion, which was the basis of all ancient faiths, including those of prehistoric peoples, has given the world the opportunity of analyzing the ramifications which represent it today, in the many perverted forms in which it presents itself to the student of modern faiths. It then becomes evident, as indeed we might easily expect, that the world stands face to face with a river of thought and belief perverted in the course of centuries. It has become so, by a gradual decadence from the primeval truth and beauty, which recommends it in its purity to the thought of every child and of every man of unbiased reason.

The old story of this noble faith is that Man is a SOUL, a being from higher spheres who has come down to earth for the perfection of his Godhood. This is conveyed in the life and teaching of all the great ones, and those founders of religions whose memories are revered by all men in all parts of the world.

The Godlike soul has nothing to fear, learning as it does, from the consequences of its own mistakes; and the law which binds it with every other of its fellows, upon the same journey, is the Law of Unity. Forgetfulness of these truths is the cause of all the sin and sorrow in the world.

This, then, is the solution of the old problem which has caused so much discussion and strife amongst men. Alas, could they but see it, it would inspire them to noble effort for all mankind.

The outcome of the efforts of H. P. Blavatsky and of W. Q. Judge, who have passed away, and of their successor, Katherine Tingley, who is still with us, is the formation of a united body of students at Point Loma, whose efforts for the welfare of Humanity are founded upon a solid realization of these truths. The acknowledgment of Human Brotherhood, the absolute recognition of it in the heart and life of each member of the community, has welded these students of this philosophy into a body of men and women such as has not existed for ages.

Here, also, children from all parts of the world are being trained from earliest infancy. They are led to acknowledge and give ascendancy to the divine within their own natures so that, in later years, they may go forth strengthened with a mighty power to serve their fellows.

If there be any who would know more of this, let them know that the portals are ever open. The Path is for all.

WHAT is the musician's calling? Is it not to send light into the deep recesses of the human heart?—SCHUMANN

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



What has Theosophy to say on the subject of Liberty, especially as contrasted with License?

SIMPLY to re-state, in terms of a luminous and practical philosophy, what the world's great thinkers have taught in all ages.

The only true liberty is that which arises from self-mastery, for the relation subsisting between a man and his fellow-men is determined by his own character. Tyrants cannot enslave and oppress us except through our vices and weaknesses. Until these are mastered, men cannot be free; for they only throw off one yoke to immediately fall under another. Their faults of character are like reins cast loose for somebody to grasp and drive them with.

When people clamor for deliverance from the rule of other people, they are acting under a delusion which causes them to shift the blame from their own shoulders to those of others. History has proven, what philosophy propounds, that revolutions only usher in new forms of tyranny. A people fit to be free is free already; and a people whose character does not entitle them to freedom cannot be made free.

In Theosophical terms, liberty consists in freedom to fulfill the purposes of the Real Man or Higher Self; and license is freedom of the passions, vices and weaknesses of the lower nature to make havoc of our lives. A man free from restraint is a slave of his passions and of whomsoever can play upon his passions. But every man is free to live in accordance with the law of right which proceeds from his higher nature.

Liberty, both for the nation and the individual, is freedom from the real oppressors of the Soul—fear, doubt, lust, anger, etc. It is brought about by enlightenment and true education.

We have seen how a nation, invested with a constitution framed on lines of political liberty, can become enslaved to monopolies ruling through the passion for wealth; and how people are dominated by fashions in thought and faith, and in many other ways through various weaknesses.

We can help them best by proclaiming those luminous truths about the real nature of man—his divinity and essential nobleness—that can give them self-respect and self-mastery.

The case is perfectly illustrated in the bringing up of children. So-called "liberty," that is license, merely yields the child up to the tyranny of its own im-

pulses, which weave bonds that hopelessly fetter the grown man. But right discipline teaches him early to free himself from these fetters, and leave the future man independent and self-controlled.

H. T. E.

“The Soul takes up the threefold garment of heredity and emerges upon its new life. . .”

I came across the above sentence in an article dealing with Reincarnation. What is the “*threefold*” garment?

The garment seems to be more than *threefold*; but let us see.

Heredity is *absolute*, and *casual*.

Absolute heredity lies within the germ cell nucleus. *Casual* heredity consists of those forces that superadd themselves to the forces contained within the primary germ. The forces of absolute heredity change with extreme slowness over many generations. Those of casual heredity are infinitely modifiable by us, and upon this fact rests the great hope for coming generations of a new race and age. We have no right to charge any evil conditions whatsoever upon absolute heredity till we have exhausted the possibilities of the casual. And *that* we have hardly begun to do.

The casual consist of (1) prenatal conditions, *e. g.*, due to the mind of the mother. Does she keep her mind in the Light, or let it flicker among the shadows and moods of life? (2) Post-natal. The whole of the influences that surround the child. (a) Hygienic, food, clothing, sunshine, etc. (b) The mental atmosphere about it. Its intellectual training. Its artistic training, the development of its sense of beauty in music, art, nature. (c) Moral training; the awakening of unselfishness, love, and self-control.

When these casual factors have been raised to their highest terms, whatever limitations remain preventing this earth from being the home of nature's noblemen we can charge to absolute heredity. In the meantime, at every step of our work, we shall have had the co-operation of the soul collectively of humanity and individually of the child.

K.

We have received the following from a correspondent:

I am not, on this occasion, writing to the Students' Column so much to ask a question as to make a suggestion. My question relates to ancient music.

Let me put what I mean in a few words.

We now know something of the music of one of the tribes of Indians occupying this double continent, the Zunis. We know that some of it is as rich and subtle as that of Wagner. The same may be true of one or more of the other tribes.

Now we know from the present Teacher of The Universal Brotherhood, Katherine Tingley, that these tribes are not representatives or evolutions of a still more barbarous anterior age, but remains of a splendid past of forgotten civilization.

What then must have been the music of that past ; and where is it recorded ?

Again : From the references to music in the *Mahabharata*, and in that Indian poem so exquisitely translated by Sir Edwin Arnold under the name of the "*Indian Song of Songs*," we know that the music of that time and people must have been of a very high and rich order, in rhythm, melody, and perhaps harmony.

Where and how is this music recorded ?

Again : As we have also learned, India was itself civilized from a mighty and unrecorded civilization of prehistoric Egypt. And as even such glimpses as we have of much later Egyptian civilization show music to have had a most important place in the life of that people, why has no record been found of the actual music of even that later period ?

The suggestion I would make is that this music *is* secretly recorded on the inscriptions, tablets, and other literary and religious remains that have been and are being unearthed and discovered among all these peoples. I mean that besides recording historical matters, legends, exploits of kings, religious invocations, etc., the letters used *do* secretly—in minute modifications of form, in colors, dots, and other apparently accidental marks—convey the music to which they were anciently sung or chanted.

And further : That many of these inscriptions were *primarily* music, expressed in letters, and that the superficial meaning expressed by these signs and letters is only a blind—or a vehicle—for the *really* important thing, the music.

STUDENT OF ANTIQUE MUSIC

Katherine Tingley says each man brings with him into life, his own music and tones—the echo of the past. The marvelous power of great singers and actors is not acquired in one life but may be the revival of old memories of lives which have gone before, sweeping into and stirring the nature with harmonies which have been woven in their very being. Katherine Tingley holds that in the case of both Jenny Lind and Eleonora Duse, and other great singers and actors, their power of singing and acting was not acquired in this life but was the welling up of power acquired in many lives, and recorded on the memory tablets of the soul. It may not be recognized by the brain mind, but it is in the deeper feelings, it is something familiar and thus those things that we love come back to us again and again, and we are continually building upon the foundation of the ages. And as we learn to express the music and harmonies of life and open our hearts to the deeper tones of Nature, we shall by degrees recover all the music of the ancients which is recorded in the memory of our own souls. STUDENT

Sign-Posts Along the Path



IT is not violence that can ever insure bread and comfort for all; nor is the kingdom of peace and love, of mutual help and charity and “food for all” to be conquered by a cold, reasoning, diplomatic policy. It is only by the close brotherly union of men’s inner SELVES, of soul-solidarity, of the growth and development of that feeling which makes one suffer when one thinks of the suffering of others, that the reign of Justice can ever be inaugurated. When men will begin to realize that it is precisely that ferocious personal selfishness, the chief motor in the “struggle for life,” that lies at the very bottom and is the one sole cause of human starvation, they will try to remedy this evil by a salutary change of policy. And this salutary revolution can be peacefully accomplished only by The Theosophical Society (Universal Brotherhood) and its teachings.—H. P. BLAVATSKY (*Lucifer*, Vol. II, p. 429)

THERE is a dawn for every being, when once freed from illusion and ignorance by knowledge.—H. P. BLAVATSKY (*Lucifer*, Vol. I, p. 119)

VERILY the Spirit in man, so long hidden out of public sight, . . . has at last awakened. It now asserts itself and is loudly re-demanding its unrecognized yet ever legitimate rights. It refuses to be any longer trampled under the brutal foot of materialism, speculated upon by the churches, and made a fathomless source of income by those who have self-constituted themselves its universal custodians. But the Spirit in man—the direct, though now but broken ray and emanation of the Universal Spirit—has at last awakened. . . . Today, the Spirit in man has returned like King Lear, from seeming insanity to its senses; and, raising its voice, it now speaks in those authoritative tones to which the men of old have listened in reverential silence through incalculable ages—until, deafened by the din and roar of civilization and culture, they could hear it no longer. . . .

Look around you and behold! Think of what you see and hear, and draw therefrom your own conclusions. The age of crass materialism, of Soul insanity and blindness, is swiftly passing away. A death struggle between truth and materialism is no longer at hand, but is already raging. And the party which

will win the day at this supreme hour will become the master of the situation and of the future; *i. e.*, it will become the autocrat and sole disposer of the *millions* of men already born and to be born up to the latter end of the Twentieth century. If the signs of the time can be trusted, it is not the *Animalists* who will remain conquerors. This is warranted us by the many brave and prolific authors and writers who have arisen of late to defend the rights of the Spirit to reign over matter. Many are the honest, aspiring Souls now raising themselves like a dead wall against the torrent of the muddy waters of Materialism. And, facing the hitherto domineering flood which is still steadily carrying off into unknown abysses the fragments from the wreck of the dethroned, downcast, human Spirit, they now command: "So far hast thou come; but thou shalt go no farther!"

Amid all this external discord and disorganization of social harmony; . . . amid the late dead calm of public thought that had exiled from literature every reference to Soul and Spirit and their divine working, . . . we hear a sound arising. Like a clear, definite, far-reaching note of promise, the voice of the great human Soul proclaims, in no longer timid tones, the rise and almost the resurrection of the human spirit in the masses. It is now awakening in the foremost representatives of thought and learning; it speaks in the lowest as in the highest, and stimulates them all to action. The renovated, life-giving Spirit in man is boldly freeing itself from the dark fetters of the hitherto all-capturing animal life and matter. . . .

A new era has begun in literature, that is certain. New thoughts and new interests have created new intellectual needs; hence a new race of authors is springing up, . . . lifting up and carrying on unflinchingly the standard of the *Future Man*. It is finally those who, amidst the present wholesale domination of matter, material interests and SELFISHNESS, will have bravely fought for human rights and *man's divine nature*, who will become, if they only win, the teachers of the masses, . . . and so their benefactors. . . . The hour of the new historical era will have struck for those who will have learned to express . . . the aspirations as well as the physical needs of the rising generations and of the now trampled-down masses. In order that one may fully comprehend *individual* life with its . . . mysteries, he has to devote himself with all the fervor of unselfish philanthropy and love for his brother men, to studying and knowing *collective* life, or Mankind. Without preconceptions or prejudice, as also without the least fear of possible results in one or another direction, he has to decipher, understand and *remember* the deep and innermost feelings and the aspirations of the poor people's great and suffering heart. To do this he has first "to attune his soul with that of humanity," as the old philosophy teaches; to thoroughly master the correct meaning of every line and

word in the rapidly turning pages of the Book of Life of MANKIND and to be thoroughly saturated with the truism that the latter is a whole inseparable from his own SELF.

How many of such profound readers of life may be found in our boasted age of sciences and culture?

If asked then, what is it that will help, we answer boldly: . . . Take advantage of and profit by, the "tidal wave" which is now happily overpowering half of humanity. Speak to the awakening Spirit of Humanity and the Spirit in man, these three in one, and the One in All. . . .

Then and not till then will the world . . . acknowledge that it was wrong, and that Theosophy alone can gradually create a mankind as harmonious and as simple-souled as Kosmos itself; but to effect this, Theosophists have to act as such. Having helped to awaken the Spirit in many a man . . . shall we now stop instead of swimming with the TIDAL-WAVE?—H. P. BLAVATSKY (*Lucifer*, Vol. 5, p. 173)

Mirror of the Movement



The **Cuban Crusade**

Our comrades throughout the world already know something of the forward move in Cuba, and of the permanent introduction of our educational methods into the Island. At the moment of writing Dr. Van Pelt and some of her best assistants are in Santiago, and Mr. and Mrs. Hanson have already arrived in Cuba armed with full instructions for the establishment of the necessary Headquarters and to make immediate preparations for the establishment of the Raja Yoga School in Santiago and ultimately in other cities in Cuba. Who can doubt the reality of the welcome which they have already received, from a people who have had so substantial a proof of our good-will, and whose appreciation, with but few exceptions, of the advantages of education is so intelligent and so sincere?

That welcome has been already voiced by Senor Emilio Bacardi, the mayor of Santiago, whose whole life is a witness to the depth of his patriotism. Senor Bacardi has presented to the Leader a piece of ground which is said to be eminently adapted to the purpose in view—the establishment of School buildings, where a system of substantial education will be carried out similar to that which has met with so wonderful a success at Point Loma. We all share in the joy of Cuba at the attainment of her liberty, and now it seems the time has arrived when we can most help them with our non-political and unsectarian work. In the new educational work now being started the children will be taught to love the Beautiful and to produce the Beautiful, to be brotherly, observant and thoughtful. They will be shown how to develop within

themselves the qualities of which the world in general, and their native land in particular, stand most in need, and those who know that such a system in the hands of Katherine Tingley is not a theory but already an accomplished and demonstrated fact, will know something of the promise to Cuba which is implied by her devoted activities.

The land which Senor Bacardi has given for this work stands some few miles from Santiago in one of the most beautiful parts of the Island. As far as possible, it will be a second Loma-land, and through it the hearts of all true Cubans and of all true Americans will be united in a common work for humanity.

Each Cuban mail brings to us letters of attainment and of progress. If the writing of this could have been delayed but a few days longer it would have been possible to invite our comrades to a more detailed and precise appreciation of what has been done, but whatever is lacking they can for the moment fill in for themselves from their own knowledge of the past. They may be well assured that the plow point of the International Brotherhood League will not turn backward, and that it will make an ever deeper furrow in the fields of human love.

* * *

**Meetings of Aryan
Theosophical Society
In Isis Theatre**

The Sunday meetings in the Isis Theatre are such an attraction to the good people of San Diego and vicinity, as well as the many tourists who visit Southern California, that even that commodious house is taxed to its utmost; and on special evenings—of which there are not a few—hundreds are unable to gain admittance. Every Sunday evening before the doors open, a large crowd can be seen patiently waiting admission, and on those occasions when Katherine Tingley speaks and the children sing, the crowd extends far out into the street more than an hour before the doors are open. No better verdict can be had, than this one of the people, in regard to the value of these meetings, for San Diego is not a large city, and the constant large attendance means that the audience is composed mostly of the same individuals Sunday after Sunday. When it is considered that the addresses are of a nature which appeal to the moral and spiritual needs of mankind, that all is chaste and beautiful and devoid of sensationalism, that the music is of a high order, and the decorations in the highest taste—it is plainly apparent that the desire for a higher and nobler life dwells in the hearts of all men, a desire which may be awakened and brought into activity when the proper means are used in the right spirit of self-sacrificing service. At these meetings several Biblical questions have from time to time been taken up in the light of Theosophy, and among the audience are always to be seen many well-known church people anxious for the new light on the problems of life which Theosophy offers. There is never any influence brought to bear to obtain members—that is entirely a matter of the free choice of each. These meetings constitute a demonstration of the essential divinity of man's nature, and of the wisdom of the Leader who has applied the right method to arouse it—and this is only the beginning.

It goes without saying, that the meetings in which the children of the Raja Yoga School take part are the most powerful in effect, for these children carry with them in manner and bearing, in voice and expressed sentiment, in frankness, brightness and joyousness, the highest evidence of noble training—and what is more, the promise of humanity's redemption.

Not long ago, a well-known resident of San Diego in speaking to one of the students said: "It surprises me sometimes to see that you folks on the Hill take the wonderful progress of these children 'as a matter of course;' I don't believe you realize how great that progress is, for you have no means of comparison. Living as I do in the city, seeing children in schools and homes, your children appear to me like another race—and I am almost dumb in amazement sometimes, at what is taking place before my very eyes, for I saw these children when they came here, children from all walks of life and of different nationalities so short a time ago as to be easily reckoned in months, and now in addition to their many attainments in general knowledge there is so apparent a development of nobility of character in looks, speech and action, that a miracle seems to have taken place. I begin to understand what is meant by the revival of the lost mysteries of antiquity."

* * *

New Building The extensive stables and carriage house which have been erected on the Colony grounds, are now occupied by our four-footed friends. Every convenience that could be suggested which would add to their comfort and well-being has been supplied, and doubtless improvements will continue as occasion demands. The old stable and carriage house is in process of reconstruction for another purpose.

The Children's "Social Bungalow" is receiving its finishing touches, and will be fulfilling its mission in a few days. New and handsome gates have been erected near the Exhibition Building, at the entrance of the road to Camp Karnak.

Land has been purchased for the erection of an up-to-date Sanitarium, southeast of the Homestead. The site is a beautiful one overlooking the bay, city and ocean, as well as the Homestead grounds. The building will be unique and beautiful, and will have every convenience and appliance known to medical and hygienic science; all this, together with the incomparable climatic conditions for conferring robust health, should make the Loma Sanitarium second to none in the world.

* * *

"Times" Libel Suit The libel suit of Mrs. Katherine Tingley against the Los Angeles *Times* is called for November 10th. It will please the members to know that in the last month the Leader has much improved in health, and although far from well can now walk a few steps without crutches. All during her long illness there has never been a day that she has not determinedly worked, and during the past months several very important plans covering the future for many years have been commenced.

* * *

Ladies' Garden Club The lady students of the "Garden Club" are indefatigable in carrying on the work of floral culture. It is not so very long ago since they undertook to cultivate and make beautiful a plot of barren ground; today there are palm trees and flowers of many kinds in bloom between winding paths, with ornamental borders; all of which not only gives promise of great beauty, but speaks very highly of the ladies' gardening skill. It is evident that the

outdoor exercise is most beneficial to the fair gardeners, as their light, vigorous step and rosy faces testify.

* * *

**Anniversary of
Arrival of
Cuban Children**

September 15th was a great day for the children of the Raja Yoga School, being the anniversary of the arrival at Point Loma of a large number of Cuban children. The celebration of this day had been long looked forward to by the Cuban children in particular, for they greatly appreciate the value of the training they have received and the advancement made by them in one short year. They arranged their own program and carried it out successfully and joyously. When they arose in the morning, their first thought was of the one to whose compassion and energy they and Cuba owe so much, so assembling at sunrise they marched in column to the home occupied by Katherine Tingley, and beneath her window expressed in song their feelings of gratitude and devotion. The Leader thanked them for their loving tribute, and spoke feelingly of beloved Cuba, and the grand service which they would in no long time render their country. The day was devoted to tally-ho rides, games, etc., and in the evening the children gave a reception to which they invited Katherine Tingley and some distinguished guests. The reception was opened by song, then followed a greeting to the Leader by Jose, and presentation of flowers by Matilda. Guillermo, who was master of ceremonies, made a splendid speech on "The Future of Cuba." Music by the Cubans followed on the piano, violin, mandolin and guitar, then speeches by Victor and Antonio, representing Cuba, and Albert and Thorley representing America and England. The Leader made a closing address, after which refreshments, which Mrs. Tingley had provided, were served to the guests by the little Cubanos and Cubanas.

It is difficult to realize that only one year has elapsed since the majority of the Cubans arrived here, so great is their progress mentally, morally and physically. Certainly these children are a standing answer to the questions as to the ability of the teachers, and an unchallengeable rebuke to the defamatory remarks sometimes heard from jealous sectarians.

* * *

**Educational
Influence of the
Greek Symposia**

Miss Edith Clayton, President of U. B. Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England, writes of a visit which Brother F. J. Woodhead from London paid to them. During his visit the Greek Symposium "A Promise," (The Conquest of Death) was presented, eliciting warm appreciation from the audience. She writes that "the preparation for these dramatic entertainments and especially the performance itself are an ever-increasing joy, education and revelation to those who take part." She further reports that "the good influence of the Girls' Club upon its members is also very marked and encouraging. The membership has increased, and the attendance and tone of the meetings are very good. The chief features of these gatherings are; singing, musical drill, and a short business meeting. Miss Clayton writes that "it is encouraging to find how much some of the girls, who are allowed to assist in the symposia, appreciate the privilege. With many of them, too, their taste regarding clothes is fast changing, and we now frequently hear much dissatisfaction expressed at the discomfort and ugliness of modern garments."

**Visits of
Comrades to
London Headquarters**

Brother H. Crooke writes of a visit paid to London, and the excellent progress of the Girls' Club and musical drill at 19 Avenue Road, under the able superintendence of Miss Robinson. One of our American comrades, Dr. F. Wheat of Manchester, New Hampshire, who has been spending some months in Europe, had a very pleasant visit with the comrades at 19 Avenue Road, when passing through London, and Madame Holland, one of the Swedish comrades, also recently visited the London Headquarters. Here at Loma-land we feel there is no great distance between any of the centers of The Universal Brotherhood, even though they be at the Antipodes and separated from us by continents and oceans. Australia, Sweden, Germany, Holland, France, Greece, India, England and Ireland, and all the centers are very near to Point Loma, for the true comradeship ties of Universal Brotherhood annihilate distance, and the work of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is *one* work and guided by *one* hand.

How fast the work is growing and how deep and wide its influence is—in spite of all the attacks and malicious efforts to hinder and destroy it—I do not think any of us students can realize. And with its widening influence, bringing us ever nearer to the great victory of Brotherhood over selfishness in the lives of men, our opportunity has never been greater. Then let us as never before rally around our Leader and uphold her hands in this battle of life, despising and ignoring the slanders of those who secretly attack us, fanatical religionists and other cowardly enemies who exhaust their resources of infamy in hoping to thwart Katherine Tingley's efforts for humanity. The public mind is awaking to the fact of these misrepresentations and we have evidence all along the way of hundreds and hundreds of friends to the Organization. Thus holding firm we know the tide of opposition and wilful misrepresentation of enemies will change, and The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, following along the lines of our three Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, will accomplish its divine work of uplifting all humanity.

* * *

It is always a pleasure to greet the little monthly paper, *Public Economy*, published in Los Angeles, edited by Colonel A. B. Hotchkiss. Colonel Hotchkiss is attorney for the Southern Pacific Railroad, he was one of the old pioneer workers, and has done splendid work for the best interests of the state. He is broad minded and tolerant and a vigorous writer and has done much good through his ably-edited paper. We wish it every success.

* * *

Owing to the necessities of the work, the hours for visitors to Loma Homestead Grounds have been somewhat restricted. Hereafter the grounds will be open from noon until 4 P. M.

A change has also been made in the admission fee, which was formerly ten cents. It has now been advanced to twenty-five cents, and the admission to the children's play has been reduced to twenty-five cents. As heretofore, the sums thus collected will be devoted to helping to advance the Raja Yoga work for orphan children.

* * *

Miss Ellen Bergman, Vocal Instructor in the Isis Conservatory of Music, arrived at the Homestead October 21st, after a sojourn of several months in her native land, Sweden. That she received a hearty and loving welcome goes without saying.

She brought back many loving greetings from the Swedish Lotus Groups to the Leader, and from the Swedish comrades to the comrades in Loma-land. She reports the Lotus Group work to be progressing rapidly; there are three large Groups in Stockholm alone.

Sweden has always stood high in all branches of training, and the favor with which the Lotus work is received there is evidence of its recognized value on the part of that intelligent and progressive people.

* * *

A cablegram was received announcing the safe arrival at Santiago de Cuba of Comrades Walter T. Hanson and Mrs. Hanson. They were enthusiastically received by the Comrades who had preceded them, as well as by that considerable portion of the people of Santiago who realize the importance and value of the work of the International Brotherhood League.

A further cable reports that a fine large building has been secured for the Branch of the Raja Yoga School at Santiago de Cuba and work is being rapidly pushed forward for its opening. A very large number of applications have been received and arrangements for preliminary classes have been made. In addition to the work in Cuba, more applications for the admission of children to the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, have been received than present accommodations will afford, and a large number have been selected, who will be brought to Point Loma in charge of Dr. Van Pelt and others as soon as arrangements can be made; they will sail within two weeks. Among the children selected is the young son of the editor of *El Cubano Libre*, the most progressive paper in Cuba.

OBSERVER

* * *

A Silent Worker

From Victoria, British Columbia, comes the news of the passing away of one of the comrades of that lodge, Axel Anderson, a native of Sweden, who has resided some years in this country. He was killed in an accident while at his work at a logging camp. How great may be the influence of a faithful and devoted worker we may gather from the following, contained in a letter from Brother Anderson's employer to the Secretary of U. B. Lodge 87 at Victoria :

I deeply regret the loss of such a good man and friend to his fellow man. He was honest, honorable and respected by all who knew him. And to know him was a gain. He was a man I esteemed, and his loss to me is the same as a brother. I have had the privilege of reading much of the Theosophical teachings, (while he was alive he loaned me the reading matter) and am very much taken up with their Ideals or Theory, and would like to get in touch with some one that could lead me on to broader paths and greater heights. Kindly let me hear from you again, and accept my sincere regret in our loss of a dear friend and brother.

Brother Anderson has always been a devoted and faithful member, and the above is but an instance of the influence which Theosophy wields in the lives of thousands of devoted comrades.

A COMRADE



A Letter from Old Mexico

by Magdalena



DEAR CHILDREN OF LOMA-LAND: I am a little Mexican girl, and my name is Magdalena. How do you suppose I know about you? Well, I'll tell you. My big brother sweeps the walks in the park and I often go down with him and sit on the big bench till he has finished. Yesterday I went down and while I was sitting there a beautiful lady came along. She had a little girl with her just about as big as I am. Of course we were great friends very soon. The little girl had big blue eyes and a real hat with a feather and pink ribbons and a white dress. Her face was clean, too. But she didn't have any ear-rings. I showed her mine.

Pretty soon her mama came over to the bench where we were playing. "Well, Alice," she said, "have you found a playmate?" Then she asked me my name. She told me her name was Mrs. White and that her little girl was Alice.

Pretty soon, Alice said, "O, mama, tell us a story—please."

"Well," said Mrs. White, "how would Magdalena like to hear about Loma-land?"

I tell you we both sat still as mice, while the lady told us the most beautiful story. I thought it was a fairy story, but it wasn't. The lady said that she had really been there and some day was going there to live all the time.

She told me Loma-land was a kind of fairy-land, though. She told me that there were more than a hundred little children there, and that they lived in little

houses made of wood with real glass windows. I live in an adobe house. We haven't any windows, only just the door.

Then she told me how every child in Loma-land could sing and play, sometimes piano and sometimes violin and sometimes guitar—even the very smallest ones. My brother plays guitar, but he don't let me touch it. He says I'll break it. Sometimes I would so like to just pick one string!

The lady showed me a picture of a Temple and a picture of another great big building called Loma Homestead. I guess that must be a temple too. She talks Spanish, some, and she told me about the buildings. She doesn't talk so very much Spanish, but I could understand her and she could understand me.

She told me about "Brotherhood," too. She said that was how this fairy-land you live in came to be. She laughed when she saw my big brother hang the broom up in the tree when he finished sweeping. "Oh," she said, "we have such a nice place for brooms in Loma-land, a real little room where they can stay all by themselves when they are through with their work of helping the grown-ups clean the house." She told me that even brooms could help. I never thought about that before. How I wish I could go to Loma-land!

I told the lady I wanted to go to see you some day. "Well," she said, "you can write them a letter." And then she told me if I would tell her just what to say, she would write the letter for me and put my own name at the end of it—Magdalena. I can't write yet, not even in Spanish.

This lady told me that the boys and girls in Loma-land were learning Spanish. Some day, she said, they might come to Mexico. She told me that ever so many of you were from Cuba, and that you have dark eyes just as I have, and that you already talk Spanish. Oh! how I wish I could play with you. Some day when I get big, I shall come to Loma-land, and bring my little sister, Carlota.

She told me about Cuban Liberty Day in Loma-land. We have a liberty day, too, and every time it comes we have a great *fiesta*.

Please write me a letter.

MAGDALENA

THE world is a beautiful book, but of little use to him who cannot read it.—GOLDONI

WHERE there are laws, he who has not broken them need not tremble.—ALFIERI

NOTHING is more useful to a man than silence. . . . Silence has many advantages.
—MENANDER

WE must make a distinction between speaking to deceive and being silent for the purpose of being impenetrable.—VOLTAIRE

Suppose

SUPPOSE the little cowslip
 Should hang its golden cup,
 And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
 I'd better not grow up:"
 How many a weary traveler
 Would miss its fragrant smell,
 How many a little child would grieve
 To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the little breezes,
 Upon a summer's day,
 Should think themselves too small to cool
 The traveler on his way:
 Who would not miss the smallest
 And softest ones that blow,
 And think they made a great mistake
 If they were talking so!

Suppose the little dewdrop
 Upon the grass should say,
 "What can a little dewdrop do?
 I'd better roll away."
 The blade on which it rested,
 Before the day was done,
 Without a drop to moisten it,
 Would wither in the sun.

How many deeds of kindness
 A little child can do
 Although it has but little strength,
 And little wisdom, too!
 It wants a loving spirit,
 Much more than strength, to prove
 How many things a child may do
 For others by its love.—(*Selected*)

Lotus Group Reports



The following greetings from the three Lotus Groups in Stockholm, Sweden, were brought to Katherine Tingley by Miss E. Bergman, on her return to Point Loma. The children sent a beautiful Swedish flag, and Miss Bergman also brought greetings from other Lotus Groups throughout Sweden:

STOCKHOLM, September 21, 1902

DEAR LOTUS MOTHER: We wish to send you many loving greetings with this Swedish flag which we are going to send. We all like to attend the Lotus Group. We all try to become true and good "Warriors of the Golden Cord," and we will help you in your great work, and step out into the world fighting the "dragons fierce and strong" of "selfishness and wrong." We send many loving greetings to you and all the Raja Yoga children at Point Loma.

To the LOTUS CHILDREN AT POINT LOMA:

With many loving greetings we Swedish Lotus children send our Swedish flag as a token of our great love for you. YOUR SWEDISH COMRADES
September 28, 1902

DEAR LOTUS CHILDREN: We wish hereby to send you many loving greetings from us all. We send our Swedish flag as a token of our brotherly union. The Swedish colors are, as you see, blue and yellow, with the colors of Norway in the left corner. SIGNED BY ALL THE LOTUS CHILDREN



Lotus Work at 19 Avenue Road, London, England

All work here is shaping well for the winter, after our summer holidays. The children's work stands in the forefront more than ever, and there are some of the little tots at Avenue Road who are living inspirations.

FRANK WOODHEAD

September 24, 1902



Report of Lotus Group, Cardiff, Wales

It gives me great pleasure to let you know how well we are getting on with the children in Cardiff. The attendance is very good and increasing. The work is carried on the same as usual. We take up subjects of natural history and human history from the Brotherhood point of view, and tell the children tales containing Universal Brotherhood teachings. On the 4th of July we took the Lotus Group and Boys' and Girls' Clubs to the seashore; we had a most delightful day, and all the children enjoyed themselves most thoroughly. The boys show marked improvement mentally and physically, and come to their Club cleaner and smarter than at first. We feel that great good is being accomplished, though of course there is much yet to be done.

J. M., Superintendent

Lotus Work at Brixton, London

This work is going on well. It is attracting a great deal of attention from the children in the neighborhood. The outside opposition has called out a power in the Lotus Group it did not possess before, and we are certain we shall have quite a large center of work here, for there is no misunderstanding the Brotherhood Movement in the neighborhood. On Wednesday last a social was given by the members of the Group. Members from other Lotus Groups came great distances to help us and we all had a happy time. Songs, recitations and games filled up the time. The parting was preceded by three cheers for the Lotus Mother, and we went away unanimously agreeing that it is good to be in the Lotus Groups and to work for Brotherhood.

SUPERINTENDENT

**Lotus Group Work at Bristol, England**

When Miss Robinson, from the London Headquarters, visited us a new Lotus Group was formed, and it is steadily increasing in numbers. The children are all bright and happy, and we make the meetings as varied as possible. The children now spend a short time after the meetings at musical drill which they all enjoy—the “tinies” being quite as clever at it as the older ones. They have been learning a new song, “Happy Little Bees,” and hearing how brotherly and helpful they are. One of the three-year-old “buds”—quite a little girl—arrives hours before the Group meets, like a little captain at the head of a small regiment of children whom she collects and brings with her.

SUPERINTENDENT

The Hidden Artist

THROUGH the tube of my microscope I am watching the development of a speck of protoplasm. Strange possibilities lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule.

Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid and yet so steady and purpose-like in their succession, that one can compare them to those operated by a skilled modeler upon a formless lump of clay.

As with an invisible trowel the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules—not too large to build withal the finest fabrics of the nascent organism.

And then it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the coming spinal column and molded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due proportion in so artistic a way, that after watching the process one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than the chromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skillful manipulation to perfect his work.—THOMAS HUXLEY—(*Lay Sermons*)