

Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will be overthrown; but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them; lest haply ye be found to be fighting even against God.—*Acts V. 38, 39.*

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PEACE.

BY ADELAIDE A. DEEN HUNT.

AND the cry we hear is "Peace, Peace, but there is no Peace." Why does this wail go up from the people? Whence comes the unrest, the antagonism, the desire to hurt? From man himself. He has made the conditions, he alone is responsible for them. If he understood himself, if he really desired peace, then it would become an accomplished fact. That it must eventually be so many believe, but that the holy time may speedily arrive rests entirely within man's own self. Deep within the real being lies perfect peace, as in the depths of a storm-tossed ocean all is still. We see the surface, strewn, it may be with the wreck of many a seemingly noble craft, and we shrink from the saddening sight, not realizing that the storm will pass, the clouds break away and show the sun still shining, while every staunch and trustworthy ship comes safe to port, and through it all the depths have remained unstirred.

What man thinks, that he is,—so it is evident that the thoughts of the great majority of humanity at the present day are not in harmony with the law that rules the Universe. Were they, then in place of existing conditions in which man wars against his fellow-man, torturing him until his cry rises to heaven for help, and nations gird on their armor to battle for the right, the sword would be sheathed and peace reign throughout the earth.

As it is with nations so it is with organizations and individuals. We may take two persons as emblematical of differing worlds, nations, races, or lesser groups, for the analogy will hold good. One is irascible, unquiet, aggressive, seeing no good in any other, looking only to the betterment of his own material condition, and what is the result? Feverish unrest, utter disharmony and thorough impossibility of seeing any good in another; a warped judgment, an intolerant criticism, an invading attitude, a disrupting force. The other, quiet, self-controlled, dominating the lower nature by the Higher, desiring the good of his fellow-man, earnest in all helpful work, unselfish, dispassionate, harmonious, carries with him wherever he goes, a strength, a force that stills the tempest, quells the wrath of the misguided and wins a moral victory without recourse to warlike measures.

But how many have girded on this armor? There are those who know that such a force would be invincible, that nothing could stand against it, that man has but to carry peace in his heart and the issue is assured. It does not matter that conflict may exist on the material Plane. That is a condition brought about by man's self-delusion, which he creates and blinds himself with, and so long as he arrays himself against the law of Brotherhood, just so long there will be wars and rumors of wars, until

he finds that he is tilting against a force so mighty, so powerful that, if he would save himself he must lay down his arms. Somewhere in enumerating certain conditions, Mr. Judge says, "In war, Peace." That seeming paradox remains for man to solve, and every hour he who earnestly desires his brother's welfare draws nearer to its true solution. To condone a wrong is to share it, to argue about it is to waste energy, to stand firm, in battle array if need be, is already to have gained the victory. Did mankind, as a rule, understand and accept this, there would be no need of standing armies or naval forces, or of stirring nations up to armed interference: courts might be closed, laws, as they stand now, become dead letters and peace would reign throughout the earth. A utopian dream, will be said by many. In the present condition of things,—yes—but the seed has been sown and a thrifty plant is already growing apace that shall fructify until, what to-day seems to nearly all men a visionary dream, will become a realized fact.

We know that to some already the golden light is shining, "the light that never shone on land or sea," while to others an occasional gleam only may be granted, but it fills the soul with profound joy, with strength and steadfastness and yet with humility.

Such peace, such joy lies within the reach of every one who sincerely and unselfishly desires to attain it, and it appears that the initial step towards it is to accept one's conditions be they what they may. Most people are too anxious to *do* and not sufficiently anxious to *be*. "Why are we not doing something?" is a question often heard in these days. It is a man's own fault if he is not doing something every hour, every moment of his life. Has he, in the aggregate learned patience, self-restraint, silence—has he attained Peace? If not, then he has plenty to do, even if no especial task for the aid of humanity has apparently

been allotted him. No army yet was ever formed that soldier and officer did not have to be drilled before they were ready to take the field against an opposing force. Just what this drill is, when begun, or how carried on, none can say, but what is true on the physical plane is equally true on other planes of being. The drill in the latter case differs in kind, but it is even more necessary. It is not so much what man does as what he is. When he has himself somewhat in hand, when he has caught a reflected gleam of that peace which passeth understanding, when he has learned obedience to the Law, for no one is fit to command till he has learned to obey, then he will indeed become a useful atom of that beneficent force that shall carry help and hope to suffering humanity. To do the duty of the hour, however small, trifling or insignificant it may seem, and *to wait* must prove very effectual discipline and lead on to the one path to peace and so to greatest usefulness.

If Truth, Light and Liberation are to reach Humanity, the attitude of mind of all mankind must be changed, and this can only be done by each individual attaining the right attitude. As centres of force it is necessary for all to be sure that the force is unselfish, beneficent, and rightly directed. How many are sure beyond a peradventure? There comes a certainty which admits of no doubt, no reasoning, but is an absolute truth to him who has power to perceive it and that is a point all need to attain, especially those so favored as to be enlisted under the banner of Universal Brotherhood. When that hour strikes and those so enlisted act as a unit, opposition and antagonism must cease.

No great movement for the world's benefit was ever yet set in motion that evil forces were not aroused, and what should be perfect harmony, through this cause becomes rent with discord for a time, but in the end the harmonious utterance and action must prevail..

No one really likes discord, but man allows himself to drift into such conditions until the true vibration is lost and he may even forget that it exists. He goes on using this instrument, all out of tune, increasing the clamor until the din seems to contain no note of sweetness, but the notes are all there, *all one*, the sound is ever the same, but the keys are being struck with false chords,—there is something wrong with the performer. He drives himself and his audience into a frenzy without either recognizing it. In the midst of this let a strong, pure note be sounded, let full chords of perfect sweetness and strength be opposed to it,—for a time the discord may seem to prevail; but little by little the harmony will become dominant and on the restless, seething, unhappy throng peace will fall with all its restfulness, if they are honestly in search of it. He who wants the Truth finds the Truth; he who longs for the Supreme goes to the Supreme. This, true of the individual, of the family, of the group, must be true of the nation. It only remains for those who have these issues at heart, who wish to see peace prevail, to fit themselves to become pure, true notes in that grand chord that shall

waken a responsive echo in the hearts of all peoples, all nations. It is music that must come from the heart to reach the heart. Its action is on inner planes. Musicians and poets have found it and given forth the tone or the word to move and raise the people. Now in this opening golden cycle it is given to those who may be neither musicians nor poets to do the same, but there is much to be done to accomplish it. Deep down into his own nature in which is reflected the nature of every other human being must man go, and there by unceasing effort, by constant vigilance, by earnest endeavor must he overcome until the true note is struck, the harmony is perfected and peace undisturbed by any outward clamor is his, then can he hope to aid efficiently in the great work of Universal Brotherhood, of Peace to all men.

“Seek first the kingdom of Heaven and all things shall be added unto you,” and “the kingdom of Heaven is within you.” It is the Place of Peace, the base upon which must be built all actions that shall accrue and be useful “for the Benefit of the People of the Earth and all Creatures.”

“Enter into the closet of your central nature, raise your eyes to their Divine source, let your thoughts and desires run up through all the heavens, steadfastly front the Divine glory, drop your lower self, and inbreathe the glory, till you are filled and clothed with its beauty and strength. Then go forth to your calling, in dignity and sweetness. * * * Humanity is too human for any form of religion hitherto propagated in the world. The doctrine of humanity has been hidden in the centre of Heaven; but it is now descending and will become the centre of the new earth.”—From *Children of the Age*.

IAMBlichOS AND THEURGY: THE REPLY TO PORPHYRY.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

In the *Lexicon* of Suidas we find the following brief sketch of the subject of this paper: "Iamblichos* the philosopher, a native of Chalkis in Syria, disciple of Porphyry who was himself the pupil of Plotinos, flourished about the time of Constantine the Emperor (*basileus*) and was the author of many philosophic treatises." He belonged to a noble family, and received the most liberal education that could be obtained. He pursued the study of mathematics and philosophy under Anatolios, probably the bishop of that name who had himself delivered philosophic lectures at Alexandria as a follower of Aristotle.

After this Iamblichos became a disciple of Porphyry, and succeeded to his place in the School. He is described as scholarly, but not original in his views. His manner of life was exemplary, and he was frugal in his habits. He lacked the eloquence of Plotinos, yet excelled him in popularity. Students thronged from Greece and Syria to hear him in such numbers that it was hardly possible for one man to attend to them all. They sat with him at the table, followed him wherever he went, and listened to him with profound veneration. It is said that he probably resided in his native city. This may have been the case, as the affairs of the Roman world were then greatly disturbed. The philosophers,

however, were not circumscribed to one region, and there were schools where they lectured in Athens, Pergamos and other places, as well as at Alexandria. Plotinos spent his last years at Rome and contemplated the founding of a Platonic commune in Italy; and Porphyry was with him there, with other pupils and associates, afterward marrying and living in Sicily. Alypius the friend and colleague of Iamblichos remained at Alexandria.

Many of the works of Iamblichos are now lost. He wrote Expositions of the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, a treatise on the Soul, and another to demonstrate the virtues and potencies existing in the statues and symbols of the gods. Another work treated of the Chaldean Theology. The loss of this is much to be regretted. The religion of the Chaldeans was largely astronomic as well as mystical, and its creed could be read in the heavens. Late researches indicate that the Egyptian, with all its antiquity, was derived from it in the remote periods. The science denominated Mathematics, including geometry and astronomy, was a part of the system, and all problems of genesis and evolution were wrought out by it. The philosophy of Pythagoras was modelled from it, and the Rabbinic learning was Chaldean in its origin. It has been repeatedly suggested that the Mosaic book of *Genesis* was a compilation from the same literature, and capable of being interpreted accordingly.

Iamblichos also wrote a *Life of Pythagoras* which was translated into English by the late Thomas Taylor, and published in London in 1818. Part of a treatise on the *Pythagoric Life* is also yet

* There are several persons of this name mentioned by ancient writers. One was a king of Arabia to whom Cicero referred. A second was a philosopher who was educated at Babylon and flourished under the reign of the Antonines. The original term is *Molech* or *Moloch*, signifying king. It was applied by all the various Semitic peoples as a title of honor to their chief divinity. The subject of this article employed simply the Greek form to his name, but Longinus translated the designation of his own famous pupil, *Porphyrios*, wearer of the purple.

extant. It contains an account of the Pythagorean Sect, explanations of the Pythagorean doctrines, the Profounder Mathematics, the Arithmetical Science of Nikomachos, and Theological Discourses respecting Numbers, besides other divisions which have not been preserved.

The most celebrated work ascribed to him, however, is the *Logos, a Discourse upon the Mysteries*. It is prefaced by a "Letter of Porphyry to Anebô, the Egyptian Priest," and is itself described as "*the Reply of Abammon, the Teacher, to the Letter of Porphyry to Anebô, and Solutions of Questions therein contained.*" This work was also translated by Mr. Taylor and published in 1821. The translation was thorough and faithful, but unfortunately, it is difficult for a novice to understand. He would need to know the Greek text itself. There is a profusion of unusual terms, and the book abounds with allusions to occurrences, and spectacles in the Initiatory Rites which are nowhere explained, leaving the whole meaning more or less vague and uncertain. It has been said in explanation of this that Mr. Taylor desired the sense to be obscure, so that it would be difficult for all general readers to understand it, as truth is only for those who are worthy and capable.*

The genuineness of the authorship has been strenuously disputed by Meiners, and defended with apparent conclusiveness by Tennemann. It is certainly somewhat different in style from the other works, and as is well-known, it was a common practice at that period, not only for copyists to add or omit words and sentences in manuscripts, but for authors themselves to give the name of

some more distinguished person as the actual writer. But there is said to be a scholium or annotation in several manuscripts in which Proklos declares that this treatise on the Mysteries was written by Iamblichos, and that he had merely disguised himself under the name of Abammon.

Iamblichos was greatly esteemed by his contemporaries, and those who lived in the ensuing centuries. Eunapios, his biographer, styled him *Thaumasios*, or the Admirable. Proklos habitually designated him the *God-like*, and others actually credited him with powers superior to common men. Julian the Emperor considered him as in no way second to Plato, and revered him as one of the greatest among mankind.

Iamblichos made a new departure in the teaching of philosophy. He exhibits a comparative indifference to the contemplative discipline, and has introduced procedures which pertained to Magic Rites and the Egyptian Theurgy.* It was natural therefore that Porphyry, his friend and former teacher, who taught the other doctrine, should desire to know the nature and extent of this apparent deviation from the accepted philosophic procedures. Uncertain whether his questions would otherwise reach the Master, perhaps then absent from Egypt, he addressed them to Anebô, his disciple, who held the office of prophet or interpreter in the sacerdotal order. He did not assume to blame or even criticise, but asked as a friend what these Theosophers and theurgic priests believed and were teaching in respect to the several orders of superior and intelligent beings, oracles and divination, the efficacy of sacrifices, and evocations, the reason for employing foreign terms at the Mystic Rites, the Egyptian belief in respect to the First Cause, concluding with enquiries and a

*The writer himself prepared a translation several years ago which was published in *The Platonist*. It is now undergoing revision with a view to make the author's meaning more intelligible to the novice reader, and notes are added to explain the frequent references to scenes and phenomena witnessed in the Autopsias and arcane ceremonies; which, however plain to the expert and initiated, are almost hopelessly difficult for others to understand.

*"Theurgy. * * * The art of securing divine or supernatural intervention in human affairs; especially the magical science practiced by those Neo-Platonists who employed invocations, sacrifices, diagrams, talismans, etc." * * * *Standard Dictionary*.

discussion in regard to guardian demons, the casting of nativities, and finally asks whether there may not be after all a path to *eudaimonia*, or the true felicity other than by sacrifices and the technique of Theurgy.

The reply of Abammon is explicit and admirable, as affording a key to the whole system. To us, perhaps, who have grown up in another age and received a training in other modes of thinking, his statements and descriptions may appear visionary and even absurd. We may, however, bear in mind that they did not appear so to those for whom he wrote; and should respect the convictions which others reverently and conscientiously entertain.

In the work under notice, the author plainly endeavored to show that a common idea pervaded the several ancient religions. He did this so successfully that Samuel Sharpe did not hesitate to declare that by the explanation given of them the outward and visible symbols employed in the Arcane Worship became emblems of divine truth; that the Egyptian religion becomes a part of Platonism, and the gods are so many agents or intermediate beings only worshipped as servants of the Divine Creator. With this conception in mind, this work may be read with fair apprehending of the meaning of the author.

He proposes to base the classification of Spiritual Essences upon the doctrines of the Assyrians, but modifies it by the views better understood by the Greeks. For example, he enumerates the four genera of gods, demons, heroes or demigods, and souls, and explains some of their distinctions. Before concluding he introduces three other orders from the Assyrian category, making seven in all, occupying distinct grades in the scale of being.

In defining their peculiarities, he begins with "the Good—both the good that is superior to Essence and that which is with Essence," the Monad and

Duad of the philosophers; in other words, the Essential Good and that Absolute Good that is prior to it. The gods are supreme, the causes of things, and are circumscribed by no specific distinction. The archangels not carefully described. This may be because they belong to the Assyrian and not to the Egyptian category. They are there enumerated as seven, like the Amshaspands in the Zoroastrian system. They are very similar to the higher gods, but are subordinate to them, and indeed seem to denote qualities rather than personalities. After them come the angels. These are likewise of the East, and doubtless the same as the Yazadas of the *Avesta*, of whom Mithras was chief. The Seven Kabeiri or archangels preside over the planets; the *Yesdis* or angels rule over the universe in a subordinate way. The demons or guardians carry into effect the purposes of the gods with the world and those that are inferior to them. The heroes or demigods are intermediate between the more exalted orders of spiritual beings and psychic natures, and are the means of communication between them. They impart to the latter the benign influences of those superior to them and aid to deliver from the bondage of the lower propensities. Another race that Abammon names is that of the archons or rulers. These are described as of two species: the cosmocrators or rulers of the planets, and those that rule over the material world. Souls are at the lower step of this seven-graded scale, and make the communication complete from the Absolute One to the inhabitants of the world. The result of this communication is to sustain the lower psychic nature and exalt it to union with Divinity.

This union is not effected by the superior knowledge alone, nor by the action of the higher intellect, although these are necessary auxiliaries. Nothing which pertains to us as human beings is thus efficacious. There must be a more potent energy. This is explained subsequently.

In regard to oracles and the faculty of divining, Abammon quotes the Chaldean sages, as teaching that the soul has a double life,—one in common with the body, and the other separate from every thing corporeal. When we are awake we use the things pertaining to the body, except we detach ourselves altogether from it by pure principles in thought and understanding. In sleep, however, we are in a manner free. The soul is cognizant beforehand of coming events, by the reasons that precede them. Any one who overlooks primary causes, and attributes the faculty of divining to secondary assistance, or to causes of a psychic or physical character, or to some correspondence of these things to one another, will go entirely wrong.

Dreams, however, which may be regarded as God-sent occur generally when sleep is about leaving us and we are just beginning to awake. Sometimes we have in them a brief discourse indicating things about to take place; or it may be that during the period between waking and complete repose, voices are heard. Sometimes, also, a spirit, imperceptible and unbodied, encompasses the recumbent individual in a circle, so as not to be present to the person's sight, coming into the consciousness by joint-sensation and keeping in line with the thought. Sometimes the sight of the eyes is held fast by a light beaming forth bright and soft, and remains so, when they had been wide open before. The other senses, however, are watchful and conscious of the presence of superior beings.

These, therefore, are totally unlike the dreams which occur in ordinary conditions. On the other hand the peculiar sleeplessness, the holding of the sight, the catalepsy resembling lethargy, the condition between sleep and waking, and the recent awaking or entire wakefulness, are all divine and suitable for the receiving of the gods as guests. In-

deed, they are conditions sent from the gods, and precede divine manifestations.

There are many forms of entheastic exaltation. Sometimes we share the innermost power of Divinity; sometimes only the intermediate, sometimes the first alone. Either the soul enjoys them by itself, or it may have them in concert with the body, or the whole of the individual, all parts alike, receive the divine inflowings. The human understanding, when it is controlled by demons, is not affected; it is not from them, but from the gods that inspiration comes. This he declares to be by no means an ecstasy, or withdrawing from one's own selfhood. It is an exaltation to the superior condition; for ecstasy and mental alienation he affirms indicate an over-turning to the worse.

Here Abammon seems to diverge from the doctrine of Plotinos and Porphyry. Indeed, he is often Aristotelian rather than Platonic in his philosophy, and he exalts Theurgy above philosophic contemplation. He explains himself accordingly.

The Soul, before she yielded herself to the body, was a hearer of the divine harmony. Accordingly, after she came into the body and heard such of the Choric Songs* as retain the divine traces of harmony, she gave them a hearty welcome and by means of them called back to her memory the divine harmony itself. Thus she is attracted and becomes closely united to it, and in this way receives as much of it as is possible. The Theurgic Rites, sacred melodies and contemplation develop the entheastic condition, and enable the soul to perceive truth as it exists in the Eternal world, the world of real being.

Divinity, it is insisted, is not brought down into the signs and symbols which

*The chants of the Chorus, at the Mystic Rites. The choir danced or moved in rhythmic step around the altar facing outward with hands joined, and chanted the Sacred Odes.

are employed in the art of divination. It is not possible for essence to be developed from any thing which does not contain it already. The susceptible condition is only sensible of what is going on and is now in existence, but foreknowledge reaches even things which have not yet begun to exist.

Abammon explains the doctrine of "Karma" as readily as Sakyamuni himself. This shows what King Priyadarsi declared, that the Buddhistic teachings had been promulgated in Egypt, Syria and Greece. "The beings that are superior to us know the whole life of the soul and all its former lives; and if they bring a retribution by reason of the supplication of some who pray to them, they do not inflict it beyond what is right. On the other hand, they aim at the sins impressed on the soul in former lives; which fact human beings not being conscious of, deem it not just to be obliged to encounter the vicissitudes which they suffer."

His explanation of the utility of sacrifices is ingenious, but will hardly be appreciated by many at the present time. Some of the gods, he explains, belong to the sphere of the material world, and others are superior to it. If, then, a person shall desire to worship according to theurgic rites those divinities that belong to the realm of material things, he must employ a mode of worship which is of that sphere. It is not because of these divinities themselves that animals are slaughtered, and their dead bodies presented as sacrifices. These divinities are in their constitution wholly separate from any thing material. But the offerings are made because of the matter over which they are rulers. Nevertheless, though they are in essence wholly apart from matter, they are likewise present with it; and though they take hold of it by a supra-material power they exist with it.

But to the divinities who are above the realm of matter, the offering of any

material substance in Holy Rites, is utterly repugnant.

In regard to the efficacy of prayer, Abammon is by no means equivocal or indefinite. He declares that it joins the Sacred Art in an indissoluble union with the divine beings. It leads the worshipper to direct contact and a genuine knowing of the divine nature. A bond of harmonious fellowship is created, and as a result there come gifts from the gods to us before a word is uttered, and our efforts are perfected before they are distinctly cognized. In the most perfect form of prayer the arcane union with the gods is reached, every certainty is assured, enabling our souls to repose perfectly therein. It attracts our habits of thought upward, and imparts to us power from the gods. In short it makes those who make use of it the intimate companions of the divine beings.

It is easy to perceive, therefore, says Abammon, that these two, prayer and the other rites and offerings, are established by means of each other, and give to each other the sacred initiating power of the Holy Rite.

He denies the possibility of obtaining perfect foreknowledge by means of an emotional condition. This is a blending of the higher nature with corporeal and material quality, which results in dense ignorance. Hence it is not proper to accept an artificial method in divining, nor to hold any one making use of it in any great esteem. The Theurgos commands the powers of the universe, not as one using the faculties of a human soul, but as a person preëxistent in the order of the divine beings, and one with them.

The explanation of the use of foreign terms, not intelligible to the hearer, is noteworthy. "The gods have made known to us that the entire language of sacred nations, such as the Egyptians and Assyrians, is most suitable for religious matters; and we must believe that it behooves us to carry on our conferences with the gods in language nat-

ural to them." Names are closely allied to the things which they signify, and when translated they lose much of their power.* The foreign names have great significance, greater conciseness, and less uncertainty of meaning.

The First Cause, the God Unknowable, is indicated in graphic language. "Before the things that really are and universal principles is one Divine Essence, prior even to the First God and King abiding immovable in his own absolute Oneness. For nothing thinkable is commingled with him, nor anything whatever; but he is established the antecedent of the God self-fathered, self-produced, sole Father, the Truly Good. For he is the Being greatest and first, the Origin of all things, and the foundation of the primal ideal forms which are produced by the Higher Intellect. From this One, the Absolute God radiated forth; hence he is the self-fathered and self-sufficient. For this is the First Cause and God of Gods, the Unity from out of the One, prior to Essence and the First Cause of Essence. For from him are both the quality of essence and essence itself—for which reason he is called the Chief Intelligence. These are therefore the oldest principles of all things."

This is perhaps as plain and explicit as this subject can be made. The close resemblance to the Brahman of the Indian system, from whom proceeds Brahma the Creator, is apparent at a glance. Abammon cites also the Tablet of Hermes, which placed Emeph or Imopht at the head of the celestial divinities, and

named a First Intelligence as before him and to be worshipped in silence. The Chaldæans and also the Magians taught a similar doctrine.

It being established that the Supreme Mind and the Logos or Reason subsist by themselves, it is manifest that all things existing, are from them—beginning with the One and proceeding to the many. There is a Trine: a pure Intelligence above and superior to the universe, an indivisible One in the universe, and another, the universal Life, that is divided and apportioned to all the spheres. Matter is also introduced into the circle, being evolved from the spiritual substance; and so, "materiality having been riven from essentiality on its lower side, and being full of vitality, the spheres and all living things are created and organized therefrom."

Abammon has taken a view of Fate which though in many respects acceptable seems also to relate to the ruling of the nativity. It is not true, he insists, that every thing is bound with the indissoluble bonds of Necessity. The lowest natures only, which are combined with the changeable order of the universe, and with the body, are thus subjected. Man, however, has, so to speak, two souls: one that participates of the First Intelligence and the power of the Creator, and one from the astral worlds. The latter follows the motions of those worlds, but the former is above them, and therefore is not held by fate or allotment. "There is another principle of the soul superior to all being and becoming to all, nature and nativity, through which we can be united to the gods, rise above the established order of the world, and participate in the life eternal and in the energy of the gods above the heavens. Through this principle we are able to set ourselves free. For when the better qualities in us are active, and the Soul is led back again to the natures superior to itself, then it becomes entirely separated from every thing that held it fast to the

*We may perhaps, see in this the ulterior reason why Brahmans choose the obsolete Sanskrit. Jews the Hebrew and Roman Catholics, the Latin in their religious services, saying nothing of the "unknown tongues," the use of which in religious services was so much deprecated by the Apostle Paul. We observe the same notion or superstition in the attachment witnessed for the word Jehovah, a term falsely literated in place of the Assyrian divinity Yava or Raman. Even the Polychrome Bible transmits this idle whim by lettering the word as J H V H, which nobody can pronounce intelligently.

conditions of nativity, stands aloof from inferior natures, exchanges this life for the other, abandons entirely the former order of things, and gives itself to another."

In regard to nativities, Abammon admits that the divine oracular art can teach us what is true in respect to the stars, but declares that we do not stand in any need of the enumeration prescribed by the Canons of astrology or those of the art of divining. That the astronomic predictions are verified by results, observations prove. But they do not relate to any recognition of the guardian demon. It is true, he remarks, that there is the lord of the house, as mathematicians or astrologists declare, and the demon bestowed by him. But the demon is not assigned to us from one part of the celestial world or from any planet. There is a personal allotment in us individually from all the universe, the life and corporeal substances in it, through which the soul descends into the *genesis* or objective existence. The demon is placed in the paradigm or ideal form, and the soul takes him for a leader. He immediately takes charge, filling the soul with the qualities of physical life, and when it has descended into the corporeal world, he acts as the guardian genius.

When, however, we come, by the sacred initiation, to know God truly as the guardian and leader, the demon retires or surrenders his authority, or becomes in some way subordinate to God as his Overlord.

Evil demons have nowhere an allotment as ruling principles, nor are they opposed to the good like one party against another, as though of equal importance.

The "Last Word" includes a brief summary of the whole discourse. Abammon insists that there is no path to felicity and permanent blessedness apart from the worship of the Gods as here set forth. Divine inspiration alone im-

parts to us truly the divine life. Man, the *Theotos*,* endowed with perception, was thus united with Divinity in the beforetime by the epoptic vision of the Gods; but he entered into another kind of soul or disposition which was conformed to the human idea of form, and through it became in bondage to Necessity and Fate. There can be no release and freedom from these except by the Knowledge of the Gods. For the idea or fundamental principle of blessedness is to apperceive Goodness; as the idea of evil exists with the forgetting of the Good and with being deceived in respect to evil. Let it be understood, then, that this knowledge of Good is the first and supreme path to felicity, affording to souls a mental abundance from the Divine One. This bestowing of felicity by the sacerdotal and theurgic ministrations, is called by some the Gate to the Creator of the Universe, and by others the Place or Abode of the One Supremely Good. It first effects the unifying of the soul; then the restoring of the understanding to the participation and vision of the God, and its release from every thing of a contrary nature; and after these, union to the Gods, the bestowers of all benefits.

When this has been accomplished, then it leads the Soul to the Universal Creator, gives it into his keeping and separates it from every thing material, uniting it with the one Eternal Reason. In short, it becomes completely established in the Godhead, endowed with its energy, wisdom, and Creative power. This is what is meant by the Egyptian priests when they, in the Book of the Dead, represent the Lord as becoming identified with Osiris; and, with such modifications as the changing forms of the various faiths have made, it may fairly be said to be the accepted creed of the religious world.

* The Beholder or Candidate looking upon the spectacles exhibited at the Initiatory Rites.

THE SEPTENARY CYCLES OF EVOLUTION.—THE SEVEN ROUNDS AND THE SEVEN RACES.

A STUDY FROM THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."*

(Continued.)

THE FIRST ROUND.

EACH cycle of Evolution develops one of the compound Elements as now recognized, and as we go on, we see in each the dawn, so to speak, of the next Element. We are now in the Fourth cycle or Round, and we know Fire, Air, Water, and Earth, and we are beginning to study the nature of the fifth element, Æther, the characteristic element of the next cycle. The First Round developed but one element, *Fire*, and with it a nature and humanity in what may be called "one-dimensional space." † "The globe was *fiery, cool, and radiant* as its ethereal men and animals during the first Round." ‡

The mention of *cool* fire indicates that this primeval "fire" is not what we now understand by the term. It was in fact, *Akasa*, or Æther in its purest form. And there are two "fires" spoken of in occult science, the first, the purely formless and invisible Fire concealed in the Central Spiritual Sun, which is (metaphysically) spoken of as *triple*; the second, the Fire of the manifested Kosmos, which is septenary. § The first belongs to the spiritual plane; the septenary Fire to our own, in some of its seven forms at least. The particles of this primeval type of light and heat, (or "Æther in its purest form") on the plane of manifested being, are "fiery lives," which live and have their being at the expense of every other life that they consume. Therefore they are

named the "*Devourers*."* But they are also the *Builders*, for this "devouring" means "a differentiation of the fire-atoms by a peculiar process of segmentation, through which process they become life-germs, which aggregate according to the laws of cohesion and affinity. Then the life-germs produce lives of another kind which work on the structure of our globes." † "From the One Life, formless and uncreated, proceeds the Universe of lives," says the *Commentary*. The genesis of life appears to be this: First, the cold, luminous fire; ‡ second, the beginning of atomic vibration, producing motion and therefore heat, and third a segmentation of the particles of the fire-mist. Fourth, these segments become life germs, polarized cells, of some sort, because they are subject to the laws of cohesion and affinity. And fifth, from these life-germs, which are probably still on the astral plane, come the life-germs of the mineral kingdom, to form the structure of the earth. It was only towards the end of the first Round that the simple Essence of the first Element became the *fire* we now know. § "Terrene products, animate and inanimate, including mankind, are falsely called creation and creatures; they are the development (or evolution) of the discrete (or differentiated elements.)" ||

Into this fire-mist world, came the first of the three great classes of monads, the most developed Entities from the Moon, therefore called the Lunar Ancestors,

* *The Secret Doctrine, the Synthesis of Science, Religion and Philosophy*. By H. P. Blavatsky. References are to the old edition.

† *Idem* I, 250.

‡ *Idem* I, 252.

§ *Idem* II, 241.

* *Secret Doctrine* I, 250.

† *Idem* I, 259.

‡ "The One Element in its second stage." *Idem* I, 140.

§ *Idem* I, 259.

|| *Idem* II, 242.

“whose function it is to pass in the first Round through the whole triple cycle of the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, in their most ethereal, filmy, and rudimentary forms, in order to clothe themselves in and assimilate the nature of the newly formed chain” (of globes).*

As already stated, they have passed through the filmy shadows of the lower kingdoms in the first globes of the Round, and have reached the human-germ stage with the seventh and last, and they are to lead and represent the human element during the second Round.† Man in the first Round and first Race was an ethereal being, a Lunar Dhyani, non-intelligent, but super-spiritual.‡ * * * In truth, during this Round, man was no *man*, but only his prototype or dimensionless image from the astral regions.§ He was sexless, and like the animal and vegetable, he developed monstrous bodies correspondent with his surroundings.||

We may tabulate the evolution of the life-germs thus :

1. FIRE,¶ or pure *Akâsa*, composed of
 2. FIERY LIVES.—They differentiate the fire-particles into the
 3. FIRE-ATOMS. They become the
 4. LIFE-GERMS. Which produce the mineral essence afterwards solidified.
 5. Mineral Life,
 6. Vegetable Life,
 7. Animal Life,
- } in their earliest,
} most ethereal
} stages.

THE SECOND ROUND.

The second cycle of evolution brought forth and developed two Elements—Fire and Air, and its humanity (if we can give the name to beings living under conditions unknown to men), was

adapted to this condition of Nature.* But we must remember that none of the so-called Elements were in the first three Rounds as they are now.† and so it is said that this *Air* may have been simply *Nitrogen*, “the breath of the Supporters of the Heavenly Dome,” as the Mahometan mystics call it.‡ And again : “The second Round brings into manifestation the second Element ; AIR, that element, the purity of which would ensure continuous life to him who would use it. There have been two occultists only in Europe who have discovered and even partially applied it in practice, though its composition has always been known among the highest Eastern Initiates. The ozone of the modern chemists is poison compared with the real universal solvent which could never be thought of unless it existed in Nature.”§ And again ; by Nitrogen as we call it, is meant the *noumenon* of that which becomes nitrogen on earth, and “serves as a sponge to carry in itself the breath of LIFE, pure air, which, if separated *alchemically* would yield the Spirit of Life and its Elixir.”||

“Man’s process of development changes entirely with the second Round,” says a Teacher.¶ And like man, “Earth—hitherto a fœtus in the matrix of space—began its real existence ; it had developed *individual* sentient life, its *Secret* principle ;”*** the “first shadow outline of self-hood.”†† At this stage the second hierarchy of the Manus appear, the Dhyani Chohans who are the origin of Form. It is still the Lunar Ancestors who lead and represent the human element, a much more exact phrase than *man* for beings still living under conditions unknown to men. This

* *Secret Doctrine* I, 174.

† *Idem* I, 174.

‡ *Idem* I, 188.

§ *Idem* I, 175.

|| *Idem* I, 188.

¶ “The Spirit which is invisible Flame, which never burns, but sets on fire all that it touches, and gives it life and generation.”—*Idem* I, 626.

* *Secret Doctrine* I, 125.

† *Idem* I, 142.

‡ *Idem* I, 254.

§ *Idem* I, 260 and 144.

|| *Idem* I, 626.

¶ *Idem* I, 159.

*** *Idem* I, 260

†† *Idem* I, 453.

humanity, if the term be allowed, was still gigantic and ethereal, but growing firmer and more condensed in body, and more like physical man. "Yet still less intelligent than spiritual, for mind is a slower and more difficult evolution than that of the physical form."*

THE THIRD ROUND.

We have now reached the third cycle of evolution, and even yet can hardly talk of *man*, for during the earlier stages of this Round, vague and general terms are still used to designate humanity. "The *centres of consciousness* of the third Round," we read,† "destined to develop into humanity as we know it, arrived at a perception of the third Element, WATER." *Water*, as a synonym of the *Great Deep*, or the *Eternal Mother*, also signifies astral Matter, and the third Globe on the astral plane. "For all we know, (we read further on) this WATER was simply that primordial fluid, which was required, according to Moses, to make a living soul." And the *Commentary* speaks of the *watery* condition of the Globe during the third Round. In all the old religions *water* is shown to be the origin of all forms, and this is why Thales, the great natural philosopher, maintained that *water* was the principle of all things in nature. This primordial substance is said to contain within itself, not only all the elements of man's physical being, but even "the breath of life" itself, in a latent state, ready to be awakened.‡

In this Round, then, not only the globe, but everything upon it, was in an astral condition, the densest point that matter had yet reached. The third Round astral prototypes were the shadowy sketches, as it were, of the future forms. "The fish evolved into an amphibian, a frog, in the shadows of ponds, and man passed through all his metamorphoses on this globe in the

third Round" (in astral forms) "as he did in the present, his Fourth Cycle" (in physical forms).* "All the forms which now people the earth are so many variations on (the seven) *basic* types originally thrown off by the MAN of the third and fourth Rounds,"† and one of the most interesting diagrams in the *Secret Doctrine* is that on page 736, volume II, which gives, as the "unknown root" of science, "one of the seven primeval physico-astral and bi-sexual root-types." Some of these astral forms of the last Round have consolidated with the Earth itself, and appear to us as hard fossil shapes. "The zoological relics found in the Laurentian, Cambrian, and Silurian systems (of the Primordial Epoch) are relics of the third Round. Such are the fern-forests, fishes, first reptiles, etc., which at first astral, like the rest, consolidated and materialized step by step with the new vegetation of this Round."‡ But when the prototypes have once passed from the astral into the physical, an indefinite amount of modification ensues.

Man has now (towards the end of the Round) a perfectly concrete, compacted body, at first the form of a giant ape, and is now more intelligent, or rather cunning, than spiritual. For on the downward arc he has now reached a point where the dawn of the human mind begins to overpower the spiritual element in his nature. The veils of matter are growing thicker over the ray of the Divine within his soul. Still he becomes a more *rational* being, his stature decreases, and his body improves in texture, though he is yet more of an ape than a god.§ But by the end of the Round, the Lunar Ancestors were already human in their divine nature, and were thus called upon to become the creators of the forms destined to serve

* *Secret Doctrine* II, 257.

† *Idem* II, 683.

‡ *Idem* II, 712.

§ *Idem* I, 188. All this is almost exactly repeated in the Third Root-Race of the fourth Round.

* *Secret Doctrine* I, 188.

† *Idem* I, 252-3.

‡ *Idem* I, 345.

as tabernacles for the less progressed Monads, whose turn it was to incarnate.* These "Forms" are called the *Sons of Passive Yoga*, because produced unconsciously, in a state of meditation.† The *Sons of Will and Yoga* owed their being to the exercise of conscious Will, and were a later development.

The diapason of type is run through in brief in the present process of human foetal growth, which epitomizes not only the general characteristics of the Fourth, but also of the third Round, terrestrial

life. Occultists are thus at no loss to account for the birth of children with an actual caudal appendage, or for the fact that the tail of the human embryo is, at one period, double the length of the nascent legs. The potentiality of every organ useful to animal life is locked up in Man—the microcosm of the Macrocosm, and what Darwinists call "reversion to ancestral features," leads us further back in the processes of evolution than Haeckel or Darwin ever dreamed of going, for of course they were confined to the geological and biological history of the present cycle.

(To be continued.)

* *Secret Doctrine* II, 115.

† *Idem* I, 165, 207, 275.

RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS.

BY BASIL CRUMP.

VIII.—PARSIFAL.

(Continued.)

Verily that body, so desecrated by Materialism and man himself, is the temple of the Holy Grail, the *Adytum* of the grandest, nay, of all the mysteries of nature in our solar universe.—H. P. BLAVATSKY.

The name of Hall the second is the Hall of LEARNING. In it thy soul will find the blossoms of life, but under every flower a serpent coiled . . . Stop not the fragrance of its stupefying blossoms to inhale. . . This Hall is dangerous in its perfidious beauty, is needed but for thy probation. Beware, Disciple, lest dazzled by illusive radiance thy soul should linger and be caught in its deceptive light.—*Voice of the Silence.*

IN the second Act we are transported to the evil and delusive realm of the black magican Klingsor. The stormy Prelude prepares us for the weird and terrible scene which is to follow. Klingsor perceives the approach of Parsifal, and prepares himself to employ his most subtle arts to lure his victim to destruction; for well he knows that the "Pure Simple" is his most dangerous enemy.

When the curtain rises the magician is seen in the tower of the Castle of Perdition surrounded by necromantic appliances. He is watching the progress of events in his magic mirror; on his head is the red turban which has always

been the distinguishing mark of evil sorcerers.* He now causes a cloud of bluish vapor to arise and calls with imperious gestures on Kundry, who is to be his chief instrument of allurements. Notice that he conjures her by the names of some of her past incarnations:

Arise! Arise! Come to me!
Thy master calls thee, nameless one!
Eternal she-devil! Rose of Hell!
Herodias thou wert, and what beside?
Gundryggia there! Kundry here!

As the wretched one rises in her ethereal or astral form in the vapor she utters a piercing shriek of pain and terror, and calls for sleep or death rather than she shall be forced to such devilish work. But Klingsor tells her that she

* Since Wagner's death Klingsor's turban has been altered in color to *white*, and those of the Grail Knights from *white* to *red*! Frau Wagner has thus completely reversed the symbology intended and has shown her entire ignorance of Wagner's mystical use of color. It is indeed high time that the performance of mystery-dramas—as of old—was under the control of occultists who know what they are about. The sorcerers of the East are called "Red Caps."

is obliged to obey his will because she has no influence over him. "Ha!" she cries with a mocking laugh, "Art thou chaste?" Enraged, but terrified, for the shaft strikes home, he mutters darkly: "Terrible extremity! Can the torment of irrepressible longing, the fiendish impulse of terrific desire, which I forced to silence within me, loudly laugh and mock me through thee the Devil's Bride? Beware! One man already has repented of his scorn and contempt, that proud one, strong in holiness, who once spurned me, his race succumbed to me, unredeemed shall the pious guardian pine: and soon—I sometimes dream—I shall be guarding the Grail myself."

But already the young hero is at the walls, and Kundry is hastily dismissed to her work while the sorcerer watches with uncanny glee the prowess of Parsifal, as right and left he strikes down the guardians of the ramparts who bar his way. For this awful incarnation of selfishness cares not who—even of his own retinue—is destroyed, so long as he himself prevails and gains his end. Parsifal now stands on the wall looking with wonder at the garden of flowers, in which numbers of young maidens are running about bewailing the wounding of their lovers. Their distress, however, changes to merriment when they discover that this handsome youth does not wish to harm them. Quickly decking themselves as flowers they cluster around him

temptations of the senses, but while admiring these beautiful appearances he is not attracted by them, and quickly grows impatient of their attentions. He is about to escape from them when a voice calls from a bower of flowers: "Parsifal! Stay!" It is the first time he has heard his name since his mother uttered it in sleep. The maidens leave him, and he stands face to face with the temptation which lured Amfortas to his fall. Kundry, transformed into a woman of extraordinary beauty, is seen reclining on a floral couch: "'Twas thee I called," she repeats, "foolish pure one, 'Fal parsi,' thou pure foolish one, 'Parsifal.'" This vision only fills the youth with "a strange foreboding"; but Kundry at once begins her work by speaking to him in most pathetic accents of Herzeleide, his mother, and her tender love for him. She thus enchains his sympathy and introduces her theme in its most innocent and pure form: "I saw the child upon its mother's breast, its first lisp laughs still in my ear; how the heart-broken Herzeleide laughed too, when the delight of her eyes shouted in response to her sorrow! Tenderly nestled among soft mosses, she kissed the lovely babe sweetly to sleep; its slumber was guarded by the fear and trouble of a mother's yearning; the hot dew of a mother's tears awoke it in the morning." Accompanying all this is the sorrowful motive of Herzeleide:

Herzeleide-Motive.



seeking eagerly for his favor and caresses. They are the personifications of the sensual appetites which are fostered by indulgence: "If you do not love and caress us, we shall wither and die," they cry. This garden is the Hall of Learning referred to in the extract from the *Voice of the Silence* which heads this article.

This is Parsifal's first contact with the

Once again the painful recital of his mother's grief and death plunges Parsifal in self-reproachful distress, as it had done in the first Act. Kundry then cunningly offers him as consolation, from *herself*, the love which Herzeleide bore to Gamuret his father, and twining her arms around his neck she at length imprints a kiss upon his lips. But instead of falling a victim to her charms, as

Amfortas did, Parsifal starts up in horror and clutches his heart, crying, "Amfortas!—The wound!—The wound!—It burns in my heart.—Oh! Wail! Wail! Terrible Wail! It cries to me from the depths of my heart. . . Oh!—Torture of love! How all things vibrate, heave and throb in sinful lust! . . . (*Rising into a state of complete exaltation and terribly quiet.*) My eyes as in a trance, are fixed on the Sacred Cup;—the Holy Blood glows; the divine and most gentle rapture of redemption palpitates through every soul far and wide: only here in my heart the torment will not abate."

refrain from desire. The consolation which shall end thy suffering, is not drawn from the fountain whence that suffering flows; salvation will never come to thee until that fountain is dried up within thee."*

"Was it my kiss then which revealed the world so clearly to thee?" pursues Kundry, wildly. "Then would the embrace of all my love make thee a God." "Love and redemption thou shalt have," replies the Chosen One, "if thou showest me the way to Amfortas," and with these words we hear the splendid motive of Parsifal as Hero:



Kundry, whose amazement has changed to passionate admiration, attempts to renew her caresses; but in them all Parsifal sees only the causes of the downfall of Amfortas, and, rising to his feet, he thrusts her from him with horror.

Foiled in this direction, Kundry instantly tries yet another device: He is the Redeemer she has sought through the ages and whom she once mocked as he hung upon the Cross. Can he not feel for her sufferings? "Oh!—Didst thou but know the curse, which through sleeping and waking, through death and life, pain and laughter tortures me, ever steeled to fresh suffering, unendingly through my existence! . . . Let me be united with thee but for one hour, and then, though God and the world cast me off, in thee I shall be saved and redeemed!"

"For evermore thou wouldst be damned with me," replies Parsifal, "were I to forget my mission for one hour in the embrace of thine arms! For thy salvation also am I sent, if thou dost

Enraged at the defeat of all her arts, Kundry curses Parsifal's path and calls on Klingsor to wound him with the Lance. May he wander through the world and never find the path he seeks. Klingsor now appears on the Castle wall and aims the Lance at Parsifal, but instead of striking him it remains poised over his head. Grasping it, he makes the sign of the Cross with it, saying: "With this sign I exorcise thy magic: as I trust that this shall close the wound which thou hast inflicted with it, so may it overthrow thy illusory splendor in sorrow and ruins!" With a loud crash the castle falls to pieces and the magnificent garden becomes once more a desert

*In *Light on the Path* the following passage was condemned by Madame Blavatsky as an error of the writer's (not the author's): "Seek it (the way) by testing all experience, by utilizing the senses. . . ." The true teaching is here given by Parsifal and in the *Voice of the Silence* by Madame Blavatsky as follows: "Do not believe that lust can ever be killed out if gratified or satiated, for this is an abomination inspired by Māra (the Great Ensnarer, corresponding to Klingsor). It is by feeding vice that it expands and waxes strong, like to the worm that fattens on the blossom's heart."

waste strewn with faded flowers, while Kundry falls to the earth with a loud cry. The last sounds from the orchestra are the wail of disappointed desire and the heartrending cry of the wounded Amfortas. I here give the former motive; the latter appeared in the previous article:

Disappointed Desire.



Thus has the Sacred Lance, the weapon of the Will, which was lost through yielding to desire, been regained from the clutch of self by purity and selflessness. But immediate redemption cannot be obtained. In the wanderings which the divine hero has to undergo, in his search for Amfortas, Wagner clearly shows us that the results of sin have to be worked out ere the Temple of the Grail is finally attained, the burning wound is healed, and the Redeemer-King is set upon his throne.

(To be continued.)

CYCLES OF INSPIRATION.

BY REV. W. E. COPELAND.

IT has been written more than once that during the last twenty-five years of each century the Helpers of Humanity are able to influence the human race as at no other time during the century, either sending a messenger, or arousing a ferment in the religious, intellectual or social world. Sometimes a religious or intellectual genius appears, sometimes a great movement in the social or intellectual world is made manifest. In this series of papers I shall try to see whether this statement is true. Having access only to the ordinary libraries, not being able to obtain histories of China, India or Egypt preceding the Christian era, I begin the study with the year preceding the Christian era, and ending my first paper with the fifth century.

The century before the Christian era witnessed the final conquests, which made Rome mistress of the world, and the ultimate conversion of the then known world to Christianity possible; these conquests were completed during the last twenty-five years of the century. This was the famous Augustan Age; the golden age for Roman literature. Then lived her great poets, statesmen, histo-

rians and philosophers. Then gathered at Rome the priests of every religion prevailing in the provinces; then came Mystics from various parts of the world and the teaching of Oriental philosophy to the people of the West began. But the special event which marked the work of the Masters was the birth of Jesus, which occurred, so competent scholars assure us, four or five, if not ten years before the year one of the Christian era. Events described as occurring at the time of the birth of Jesus took place a number of years before the date usually assigned, and therefore it was in the last quarter of the century preceding the Christian era that Jesus was born. The movement in the social and religious world called Christianity was at first a movement in the interests of universal brotherhood and a mystical religion.

In the latter part of this century lived Apollonius, of Tyana, a genuine mystic, a wonder worker, who attracted the attention of all the Roman world, a philosopher teaching a lofty and spiritual philosophy, an ascetic living a pure and blameless life. Some have imagined that Apollonius was the real founder of

Christianity and that the Gospel stories were historical romances, using the name Jesus, which means Savior, in place of Apollonius. Whether Apollonius had any connection with Christianity or not, it is certain that he advocated a similar system of morals, a similar theory of human nature and may well be regarded as one of the messengers sent out by the Great Lodge with every recurring cycle. Indeed the Stoic School of Philosophy adorned in a later century by Seneca, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, used much the same language with which the Gospels and Epistles have made us familiar, and was a movement in the same direction.

The first century is full of interest from first to last as we have the Christian movement beginning. Whether the Christian Church was an outgrowth of Buddhism, whatever that church may finally have degenerated into, yet in the beginning the movement was for truth, light and liberation for distressed humanity; its corner-stones were liberty, fraternity and equality. In the last quarter of the century we witness the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jews. Thus ending the tendency strong among the early Christians to make of the new movement another Jewish sect, and placing in all the principal cities of the Roman Empire a body of Jews among whom Christian Jews could go, sure of finding fellow countrymen, thus making it easy to carry the new thought and the new social order to all parts of the then known world. The destruction of Jerusalem seems to have been the only evidence of the great Helpers work in the first century.

During the last quarter of the second century Christianity takes on a new character and all the Church became interested in what the German historian Neander calls "Oriental Theosophy," a system of Secret Doctrine closely resembling the Theosophy of the present day. Madame Blavatsky recognized this

similarity and advised students of Theosophy to include in the list which they were to study, the writings of the Gnostic Christians. So powerful was this tendency that it seemed at one time as though it would altogether control the young church. There is no doubt that the Gnostic teachers were the most intellectual men in the church and their teachings have affected the religious thought of Christendom down to our own day. Valentinus, Marcion and Basilides lived in the middle of this century, but in the last quarter their ideas, which were pure Theosophy, became current in the Christian Church and affected many of the Church Fathers. They teach much the same scheme of Evolution as is outlined in the *Secret Doctrine*.

In the last quarter of the third century we hear much of Neo-platonism, which was a Theosophic movement on broader lines than Gnosticism, and more heathen than Christian. Neo-platonism was a mingling of Greek Philosophy and Oriental Theosophy, and made its headquarters at Alexandria, then the most remarkable city perhaps in the Roman World. To Alexandria came teachers of all philosophies and all religions, for in that city, in the Serapeion was the grandest library of ancient times, comprising some 900,000 manuscripts, written in every alphabet or hieroglyphic known to any nation. Neo-platonism was almost identical with Modern Theosophy and was the popular belief in a city, which was devoted to philosophising, whose people were more interested in a new "ism" than in anything else in the world.

To Alexandria came the priests of every religion and the Magi or learned men of various nations, many of them members of various brotherhoods, who still initiated into the Ancient Mysteries. These priests, Magi, Philosophers and Christian teachers all spoke on the streets, and there was never lacking a

crowd to hear. Life was easy, it took but little to feed and clothe the people. That little was quickly obtained and the rest of the day was spent in philosophising, so there was fertile soil for new ideas, and they grew with great luxuriance.

While at the close of each century the powers of light endeavor to influence the world, the powers of darkness are stirred up to an equally great effort, and in some centuries what is most noticeable is their victory. So it was in the 4th Century. In its early part Constantine made Christianity the state religion, thus beginning the movement which should destroy the liberty and fraternity so noticeable in early Christianity. After the infamous council of Nice, much like a modern political convention, Orthodoxy began to rear its hideous form, until the controversy between Arius and Athanasius involved nations in war and we hear much of Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy; the simple teachings of Jesus, the profound and beautiful system propounded by the Gnostics, both were overturned for the formal and mechanical creed which has been known as Orthodox, and which was enforced by the power of the State. So deep an interest did many of the Emperors in both the West and the East take in the creeds, which their subjects accepted, that the whole power of the state was used to compel conformity. In the last quarter of this century was born Hypatia, the most remarkable woman of antiquity, who we may believe was one of the messengers from the Great Lodge. In Alexandria, Hypatia, the inspired priestess of Neo-platonism, or Theosophy, had in the Serapeion a large school of students from all parts of the Roman Empire. This School did not flourish in all its glory until the next century, but Hypatia was born in the third century and prepared for the work she was to do in the next century, when the power of

darkness became too strong for the great scholar and teacher, who, at the instance of Cyril (now called St. Cyril), was torn to pieces by a mob of Nitrian monks, who thereby honored and glorified their God.

In the fifth century the Christian community has changed to an Orthodox Church, and both Emperors and people as well as Bishops and Priests, are intent on securing conformity, more interested in advancing Orthodoxy than in defending the Empire from incursions of barbarians. The Western Empire became Orthodox, and gradually faded away to a mere shadow of its former greatness, sinking into such utter corruption, that recovery from within was impossible. The Christian movement had lost its regenerating power, and for the next ten centuries was content with formalism and Orthodoxy, conserving much of the old spirit but never letting it become active. Under the same guidance which had brought Christianity in the century before the Christian era, the Germanic tribes, and tribes of Asiatic barbarians, were let loose upon the Roman Empire, and in the last quarter of the century, in 476, Odoacer, the Visigoth, conquers Rome, so long mistress of the world, and makes it possible for the whole of Europe to be influenced by the remains of civilization still lingering in Rome, and also is made possible the establishment of the papacy, which fell heir to much of the power belonging to the Roman Emperors. The Goths took possession of Rome and Italy while the Vandals conquered much of North Africa and most of Christendom passed out of the control of Italians into that of the Goths and Vandals. These barbarians became at least semi-civilized and carried their civilization back to the rude tribes of which they were members, thus preparing the way for other movements in later centuries, all directed by the Great Lodge.

(To be continued.)

THE LARGER WOMANHOOD.

BY C. M. N.

(*Concluded.*)

MOTHERHOOD.

"And now I have my son, and all my life is bliss."

OH! mystery of all mysteries, the incarnation of a divine spirit in flesh, the human soul. Oh! love than which none other is purer, save the love of God, a mother's love. What can we say on such a subject?

There was a time when from every mother's heart would have gone up the grateful cry that rose from Sujata's: "Now I have my son and all my life is bliss," and over the future years would have stood out the beautiful bow of promise.

It is recorded of Sujata:

"Wherefore, with many prayers she had besought
Lukshmi: and many nights at full moon gone
Round the great Lingham, nine times nine, with gifts
Of rice and jasmine wreaths and sandal oil,
Praying a boy."

In those days a son was a gift from the Gods, and later many a mother has prayed earnestly, and through long months of weariness and pain has looked longingly forward to the coming of a son. In such cases the little stranger was accepted as a gift from God. Earnest and careful was the training of the child and there was reasonable hope for his future, that he would be manly and strong and that his possession in all the years of her life would fill the mother's heart with bliss.

To many mothers of to-day this is a picture easily recognizable. Many a happy heart beats faster at the thought of the little life that is protected and nourished by her life, and many a

woman loses all sight of personal suffering and danger in loving hopes and plans for her child that is to be. In such a home there is a loving lord, whose grace, added to the sunshine of her baby's smile, makes the loving summer of some happy woman's home.

Such is the ideal picture. Such we would all have our homes and for such a state we all humbly pray our Gods.

But the picture has a companion more common than itself. If this first picture were true to the great majority of cases now, we would not need to be studying the subject. But we are fallen upon troublous times and the very fountains of manifested life are being polluted. Vice and social impurity are abroad in the land until the mother to whom a child is a welcome guest, stands trembling for its safety and cannot say in her heart that its coming has filled her heart with bliss but that it has, rather, filled her with anxious care.

All sorts of causes have been assigned for the trouble. All kinds of reforms and remedies are being tried. It would not fall within the limits of this short paper to discuss them. We have been working to cure the effect while we left the cause mainly untouched. Let us, sisters, go to the heart of the matter, the home itself, and the relations existing there between husband and wife. We are upon sacred ground and must tread reverently. Yet must the temple of God be freed from the money changers and all his altars be made clean, if we would be able to say: "And now I have my son and all my life is bliss."

Entrusted with powers fit for Gods; enabled to recreate or form matter into a fitting habitation for a human soul;

having these great mysteries of nature, as yet so far beyond his comprehension, placed at the disposal of his will; humanity has degraded and debased his powers and has loaded what should have been the altar of the Gods, with unspeakable filth. This is the source of the social impurity and moral unsoundness that is honeycombing civilization to-day. We must look farther back than this generation, and nearer home than the brothel for the cause. And while we earnestly work to suppress it now we must, if we would hope for ultimate success, lay broad and firm the foundation in the home.

When a child comes into the home as the lamented result of the indulgence of the animal desires of its parents, what will the child be? Can we hope that it will have little of animality? And generation after generation adding such experiences, is it possible to hope that the animal nature will not grow stronger with each passing generation. Think of it sisters. Is it any wonder humanity is an easy prey to vice? Is it any wonder that in children we often find this part of the nature abnormally developed at the expense of the higher faculties?

None of us who have had any experience in life can pretend to believe that unwelcome children are rare cases, or by any means confined to what we, in our pride, are pleased to call the lower classes. It is an evil deeply hidden in the hearts of our homes, but very widespread, nevertheless, and it is the true root of social impurity.

Still more deeply hidden are other evils which have a terrible prenatal effect on the child. While Nature is busy with her great mysteries the person of the mother should be sacred. Nothing but holy and pure influences, physical and mental, should be brought to bear upon her, for each impression on the mother has a tremendous effect on the child. Yet how often is this sanctity violated.

How often upon the sacred mysteries of Nature are intruded the lowest passions of human animal nature. And the helpless offspring comes into the world handicapped by unnatural tendencies, almost foredoomed to a life of impurity, by the lack of control of those who had no thought for its future moral welfare when their own beastly nature was in question.

Is it strong language, sisters? Perhaps so, but the need is very urgent and too long has mistaken delicacy held us back from discussing these things. Many a sister has eaten her heart out with remorse as she has watched the little one so dear to her and learned a bitter truth too late. Many an earnest teacher in the public schools has felt herself powerless to stay the tide of impurity there when her search has revealed to her eyes the source of the trouble in the home life of the parents. Many an honest physician has looked with alarm upon the results of the past and with dismay as to what the future will be if children are not brought into this life under purer and better conditions, and many a mother whose own children have come to her as welcome gifts from above, has had occasion to weep for the soiled mind and sometimes the impure habits which have come to her little ones from the contaminating influences from these other sources, through association in the public schools.

The cause of the trouble lies in the very heart of our home life. The remedy is to take out the cause, root and branch. It cannot be done in a day, it will not show so great results on the surface as some other forms of work for social purity, but it will be the most effectual.

I hear some sister say: "Woman cannot alone alter these conditions." No. She must have the help of her husband, and part of her work will be to teach him, to bring to his busy mind this subject, which perhaps he has never given any consideration, and loyally, lovingly,

patiently help him to conquer the lower man and let the higher rule his being. Trust me, sisters, the loving wife can accomplish much in this direction if she will try.

Then she may teach her sons and daughters these lessons.

The value of self-mastery over the physical, that the body may be the servant, not the master.

The beauty and necessity for the highest purity in the closest relations of life.

And the sanctity of the condition of Motherhood.

Had these lessons been thoroughly taught, had the tremendous force of thought as a moulding power, both on the present and coming generations, been fully appreciated in the past, we should have to-day a very different race of people. Instead of a tendency to all material vice and a strengthening of all animal desires, we should have had self-control, purity and chastity.

It is an evil that has not sprung up in a night, neither can it be overcome in a day, but we can make a beginning; we can set in motion causes which shall have a tendency toward better things, and trust never-failing Karma for the rest.

Reincarnation has a great bearing upon this subject. If each soul were new cre-

ated upon its birth into this life and sent out into varying conditions by the will of some being, then we might pray with reason for pure souls in our children. But as the law of natural selection rules these matters, we have it mainly in our own control what sort of children we will have.

Every reincarnating Ego goes, by unalterable law, into that family where the sum of virtues and vices of the parents most nearly fits his present state and offers the greatest chances for his future development. Thus will be seen the importance of absolute purity in the parents if one would have pure children; first, that pure spirits may be attracted; second, that having been brought to the family, all influences may tend upwards.

Again, reincarnation furnishes a second motive for purity, in that every effort to keep pure here will add to the certainty of the Ego being reincarnated in purer, better circumstances in the future. This should be a comfort and strength to those who find themselves in circumstances where personal purity is hard to maintain, and should arm them anew for the struggle.

The subject is a wide one and only a few thoughts can be given as starting points for the earnest study we all must do in the quiet of our homes.

AT THE MATINEE.

BY NANCY BOYD MILLER.

IT is a January day and cold for Washington. The beautiful trees in the Square and in the White House grounds are etched in delicate tracery of grey against the white walls of the White House and the blue sky above. The row of magnificent elm and linden trees on the "H" Street side of the Square lift their tall wide-spreading branches in a charming net-work of varying shades of grey against the blue sky or floating white cloud. It is almost two o'clock and the people are going to the matinée. A stream of warmly-clad women flows along from H. Street into the Opera House. A trickle of the same kind drops in from the Square and a little ripple or two from "the Avenue." When the varying streams have all flowed in, I drop in myself and take my seat in one of the mezzanine boxes and look about on the sea of humanity which the little streams have formed; but I cease to regard them in a "watery light." They are too solidly human and "fleshy," suggesting indeed all kinds of flesh. Such a collection of seal-skins, beaver-skins, fox-skins, rabbit-skins, otter-skins, mink-skins, astrakhan, ermine on the women's shoulders! *Such* a waving of feathers; all kinds of feathers, birds' wings and whole dead birds, with ghastly bead eyes, on the heads of the women. I assure you the civilized matinée girls have left the savage red man away out in the cold in the clothing of themselves in the skins of animals and the feathers of fowls.

My eyes rest on a fat woman with firm red cheeks and bright eyes. Her broad shoulders are covered with the soft pretty skin of several beavers. I do not like to think how many beavers it *did* take to make that cape for those broad shoulders. On her head is a big velvet

hat; the rich, glossy, pretty velvet almost entirely hidden by waving ostrich plumes, and a dead bird with outstretched wings, which must have been beautiful in life; a bright plumaged, swift-winged creature. I think of what he was in some fragrant shady wood, flitting from tree to tree; a sparkle of life and color, and joyously busy perhaps about his housekeeping, his duties as husband and prospective father; taking to his wife a delicious worm or bug, or other dainty bit, as she sits on her pretty little nest, which they have both taken such pleasure in building, and leaving her with a loving and musical adieu, he flits to a limb near by and sings to her, encouraging her in her monotonous maternal duties, and incidentally giving pleasure to any one who will listen. But he is a doleful enough object now. All the bright joyous life gone. The exquisite song hushed forever. The "God-like speed of those beautiful wings" destroyed. A poor, dead, pathetic little bunch of feathers, with glass eyes and *sewed to a hat!*

Aigrette plumes rise from many a hat and bonnet all over the house. Everybody knows that *one* aigrette plume signifies a family of young birds dying in the agony of slow starvation.

My eyes come back to the beaver cape on the shoulders of the fat woman and I wonder if, by any possible means, the stout lady could be made to comprehend that complicated piece of engineering—a beaver's dam. Hundreds of tons of stone, mud, logs of wood, all placed with wonderful accuracy by the hard-working, skillful little engineer, and, perhaps, just when he has cut down a good sized tree and has cut it into the length required and *quickly* placed it, away down in the water where it stays, to the be-

wilderness of the civil engineer, instead of floating, as it would do, if placed by a mere man and civil engineer, a trapper or hunter knocks him on the head or shoots him or kills him in some other way, and robs him to trim a dress or make a cape!

This afternoon it seems to me all the *matinée* women are well-fed looking, rosy cheeked—rather aggressively so. The too suggestive furs and feathers have set me thinking vaguely of the other animals in their make-up. The juicy steaks, “rare roasts,” birds, ducks, chicken, turkeys, fish, crabs, taken in! I think shudderingly of the two large thick slices of “rare” red roast beef, each in a little puddle of the life-blood of the slain creature, on the plate of a young woman opposite me at the table at dinner last evening. As I saw her disposing of the bloody flesh, I wondered if a long line of sad-eyed oxen could not claim a large share of her. But my attention is called to the stout lady of the beaver cape. She unbuttons the cape at the throat and pushes it away a little. The lights are turned low. Did I say that these well (?) dressed people had come to see Mr. Irving play “The Bells”? Mr. Irving is alone on the stage, fearfully listening, listening for the phantom sleigh-bells; watching, watching for the phantom sleigh, and the ghosts of his own creating. A growing horror and fear in every line of his face and every movement of his hands. All eyes, except my own, are fixed on the stage. The movement of the stout lady, pushing back the beaver—I mean the beaver cape, attracts my eyes. In the dim light the cape seems to have a curious movement, even after her fat hands have settled comfortably into her lap. I strain my eyes through the dim light and watch the softly undulating movement of the fur. Presently the dim sad eyes and funny little nose of a vague, ghostly little beaver slowly take shape on the shoulder of the stout lady. A gentle

heaving of the silky fur in front, which might be, but is not, the breathing of the stout lady, and out of it glimmers another sad-eyed little face. A shadowy movement of ghostly wings floats softly about the woman's hat, hovering, dimly radiant, about the melancholy little bundle of feathers and bones. The sleigh-bells tinkle through the snowy distance and the *matinée* women *dread* to see the ghosts of Mr. Irving's conjuring, *fear* to see what the approaching sleigh may bring. My eyes grow accustomed to the dim light. Dim, indistinct figures seem to float about the house. On the hat of a pretty young woman, from among the *aigrette* plumes rise a group of the yellow mouths of fledglings, opened appealingly. Long lines of vague, shadowy figures float away from each woman's face; dim, shadowy outlines of gentle, soft little lambs, the ghostly faces of pretty little calves, the fine, though shadowy, faces of cows whose mild, sad, mother-eyes gaze reproachfully into the eyes of the *matinée* folks, in whom they have such large shares. Dim ghostly lines stretch out behind the cows and their calves, the sheep and their lambs, birds, young and old, pretty little partridges, plump even in ghostdom; ducks, whose plumage shines faintly brilliant, chicken, turkeys, rabbits, fish, crabs, terrapin; long lines of the devoured, all gazing sadly into the sepulchres which have received their bodies. I cannot stand the reproachful gaze of my own long line of ghosts and I find it so intensely unpleasant to be regarded as a sepulchre, and the sepulchre of such a bewildering variety of bodies, that I flee from the Opera House, and as I go I am pursued by the wails of the violins and I think shudderingly of how awfully we are indebted to defunct cats for the sweet soul-stirring strains of the violin music.

I am glad to get out and into the out-of-door world. The sun is setting in great magnificence. All the western sky

is ablaze with rose-colored and golden lights, against which the wide-spreading branches of the beautiful trees in the Square are etched in varying tones of grey. A little news-boy goes by crying in soft southern accents, cheerfully yet

with a strangely pathetic little ring—"Star yer! Eve-nin Star yer." I take my way across the Square, gazing into the rose-colored sky and listening to the cheerfully pathetic voice of the little colored boy—"Star yer! E-v-e-nin Star yer."

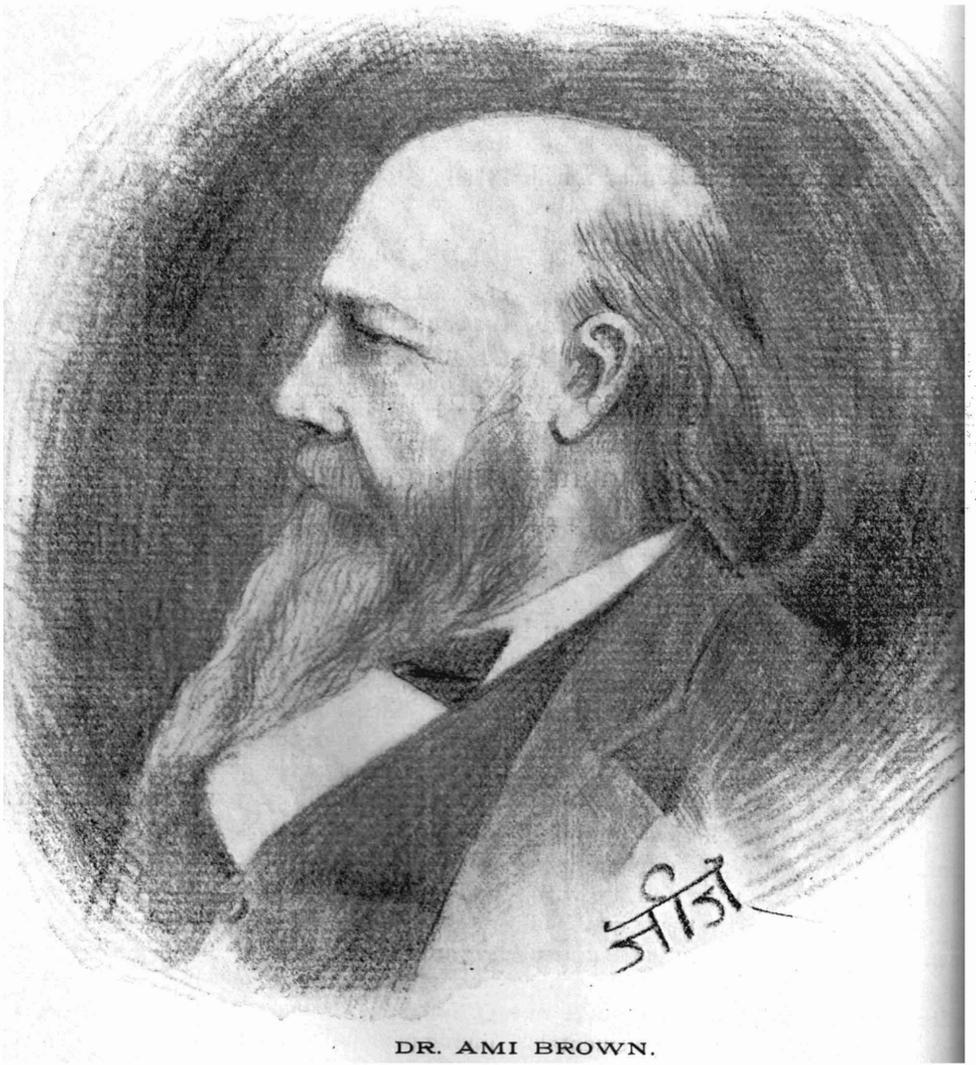
DR. AMI BROWN.

BY M. J. B.

AFTER a lingering illness, our brother, Dr. Ami Brown, passed away from this life, on the morning of March 6th, at his residence in Boston. His funeral was held on March 8th. Many of his fellow-Theosophists were present, four of whom served as bearers, and Robert Crosbie, the President of the Boston Branch, read some appropriate selections and made a few suitable remarks. Many hearts are saddened at the loss of so worthy a brother, companion and friend.

Dr. Ami Brown was born at Ipswich, Mass., on August 11th, 1825. He was one of the oldest members of the T. S., having, in 1876, joined the original body, simply called *The Theosophical Society*, as it existed in New York City when it was so young a tree that as yet it had no branches. After investigating mesmerism and kindred subjects, Dr. Brown floundered for some years in spiritualism, but always with a logical mind unsatisfied with its attempted explanations of phenomena; then he fell in with Colonel Olcott, who at that time had taken a step beyond spiritualism, and was in what Dr. Brown termed his "Elemental stage," that is, a stage in which he ingeniously made elementals account for all phenomena. Of course, many and long were the discussions held by these two enquirers after truth, one of whom was a founder and the other a member of the only organization that offered them satisfaction in this regard. As in those early days the T. S. had no

literature, for even Isis Unveiled had not yet appeared before the public, the little that was learned came orally from H. P. B., and was tersely, and sometimes obscurely, given forth, as was necessitated by the crude condition of the enquirer. Dr. Brown grew with the organization, which he had joined, as it held one hand out to the spiritualist and psychic, leading them upward on their own ground, and pointing with the other hand to a vantage ground above and beyond them, which the more developed finally reached, while others dropped away satisfied with their old level. It is needless to say that Dr. Brown was among the foremost in the society's ranks. He felt that he had at last found a philosophy which offered a solution of life's problems as nothing else had ever done. He was staunch and true to his convictions, and he has always remained loyal to the movement and to its successive leaders. He saw no reason to turn traitor because of a natural and necessary change of method and administration. He was loyal and friendly towards H. P. B., and the same regard was transferred to her successor, William Q. Judge, towards whom he felt also a loving personal attachment. Then when William Q. Judge passed away he found no more difficulty than before in transferring his loyalty and trust to still another leader in the person of Katherine A. Tingley, and he easily recognized the fact that as a great cycle was drawing to a close, the world's evolution



DR. AMI BROWN.

demanded still greater administrative changes, and it was without effort that he adapted himself to them.

Dr. Brown's career as a Theosophist was somewhat unique. Constitutionally delicate, as he was, and extremely modest and retiring in disposition—perhaps partly because of his lifelong infirmity, an extreme lameness—his work for others was individual and never public. Many members can testify to the immense help they received from his kind heart and clear mind, in their first wrestlings with the philosophy.

He possessed to an eminent degree what was so lauded by H. P. B. and W. Q. J., and what is still urged upon us by our present leader, and that is, sound judgment united with good common sense, and in addition to this, he had a heart as tender as a woman's and the simplicity and unpretention of a child.

As long as his health permitted he delighted in spending some hours a day at Headquarters, ready to be of service in talking to strangers and others who dropped in upon him.

He seemed not only to fulfil the duties of a brother to humanity at large, but to answer conscientiously all the demands of closer ties, which specially endeared him to the loving wife and two children who now mourn his loss.

After his illness became so severe that he was no longer able to leave home, he was always eager to hear anything per-

taining to the welfare of the Brotherhood, and would ask what was going on now, meaning in the ranks of the T. S. as if that were the only interesting centre of action in the world. He would, in the midst of pain, brighten with the subject until he became his own clear headed and always amusing self, for he had a fund of quaint humor in his nature that was irresistible.

His last Theosophical act was to sign our branch protest against the present conspiracy working to remove our leader from her rightful place.

The accompanying portrait is a copy of a sketch of Dr. Brown taken by W. Q. J. One day the two were sitting in the Boston T. S. room, harmoniously and pleasantly discussing some philosophical question, as they frequently did, the doctor's massive head and striking profile temptingly presented in bold relief, when W. Q. J. picked up a stray piece of paper and unconsciously to the doctor, made the sketch referred to, which is by some considered the doctor's best likeness and which original, is now in the possession of the Boston T. S.

Dr. Brown and we, his comrades, have worked harmoniously together in this life, as we undoubtedly worked together in many a past life, and shall do in many a future one.

Although we know that *there is no death*, yet our hearts will sadden at the removal from our midst of that personal presence that was so dear to us.

“LADY MALCOLM OF POLTALLOCH.”

BY ELEANOR DUNLOP.

YOU can visit Poltalloch—Lord Malcolm’s estate—by journeying to the west of Scotland, a land of mist and heather, of lonely hillside tarn, and mountain torrent. The family homestead is a fine old place,—a kind of feudal castle where the Malcolms for generations back have lived and died.

That home has been bereft of the sweet presence known as Lady Malcolm, but in many an humble heart she lives—a bright and lasting memory. Lady Malcolm possessed many of the peculiar qualities of the Gael—that mysterious race whose last heritage seems to be a perception of life’s infinite pathos, ever lit by the Beauty of the world. We can see her as a child playing on the dimpled beach, pausing to hear what the ocean murmurs to the fairy of the shell, or running races with the wild sea horses who lash their white tails in fury against the resisting rocks. We can see her, when little more than a child, entering Lord Malcolm’s ancient home as its youthful mistress a bride of twenty summers. In imagination we can fill in the future of Lady Malcolm’s life story—but this is neither a time or place for such a portrayal; we can best recall the happy memory of a strong unselfish soul who “did what she could” for the Cause of Brotherhood.

Time, thought, and money—all that she had and was, were gladly given to the work.

W. Q. Judge has written “To fail would be nothing, to stop working for humanity would be awful,” and so thought Lady Malcolm, when the doctors had whispered “We can do nothing more for her,” whilst the nurse wet her parched lips, with the drink she could not take.

Propped up in bed, her fragile hand

scarce able to hold the pen, she wrote letters full of suggestions, and plans for the work—cheery letters—no weeping, or saying of farewells—rather a call to arms than a bugle note of retreat. Not till death quietly took hold of that hand, did it relinquish its noble work. Let us look long and earnestly at Lady Malcolm’s strong, sweet face; her eyes look to us like one of her own mountain tarns, in whose dark liquid depths the blue of heaven is reflected. At times a light, not born of sea or land shone rapturously, then passed—leaving them as before, dark and inscrutable yet withal tenderly compassionate; she was graceful as a fawn, stately, and dignified, with that old-world air, so seldom seen of late. “A lady every bit of her,” simple and unaffected, homely of speech and manner she won the entire confidence of all who met her.

Lady Malcolm was one of H. P. Blavatsky’s pupils at Avenue Road, in London, faithful to her as to her successor—W. Q. Judge. The “Great Sifter” has been kept busy since the T. S. was founded. “The useless chaff it drives from out the grain, the refuse from the wheat!” Such a process took place in 1895 at the Convention of the “European Section.” Lady Malcolm, although at that time an invalid, attended the convention, and with many others testified for Brotherhood by withdrawing from that scene of intolerance; it was she, who invited all who had thus left, to her house in Cumberland Place, where a new society was organized which elected W. Q. Judge President for life—thus showing to all the world that Brotherhood was not only a theory but a fact to stand by. This is now a matter of history, as is also her warm hearted reception of the Crusaders; who visited

London whilst on their tour round the world. During this time Lady Malcolm threw open her house to receptions, dinners for press men and social gatherings, joining in all, with an enthusiasm, born of loyal zeal for the Cause of Truth and Brotherhood; during these memorable ten days, one of her carriages was set apart for Mrs. Tingley's use. A bond of deep sympathy existed between her and our dear Leader which needed only the quickening of her presence—to fan into an abiding faith and trust. As a proof of this Lady Malcolm bequeathed a considerable sum to the S. R. L. M. A. which she felt was a beacon light towards which all discouraged souls might look for comfort. And now let us consider Lady Malcolm's life work, what she accomplished, singlehanded and isolated, for the Cause of Brotherhood. Neither an eloquent speaker, nor a literary genius—just a quiet unselfish worker, whose heart was a well-spring of Compassion. A mind attuned to the harmonies underlying life's discords—a voice speaking of what it knew in the language of the heart. Such was Lady Malcolm, and through all she said and wrote ran a vein of sparkling humor which brightened the dullest fact, making the darkest outlook seem like a game of hide and seek. She wrote on an average five long letters a day. To use her own words she wrote “As a soul, a heart, never as a person.” North, south, east and west flew these white birds, bearing messages of loving counsel, of hope and abiding faith in the Soul of things. She always strove to awaken in each soul she wrote to a belief in their own Divinity, in their own inherent power to conquer and subdue.

I will quote a few sentences from the *Irish Theosophist* of November, 1896, in which Lady Malcolm gives a few “Hints on Theosophical Correspondence”:

“Let your correspondents know that

their confidences will be respected. Ever appeal to their better nature; approve, more than blame. Tact and tenderness are necessary; realize to yourself your correspondent's hopes, fears, environment, daily life, before you sit down to write.”

Thus she wrote, and thus daily fresh channels were found through which the life-giving currents flowed.

To those who were beyond the reach of her pen, she sent books, the writings of those who, having passed thro' the struggle, turn back to extend a helping hand to those who need it. Such books are earth's priceless treasures. So this wise soul bought countless books and scattered them broadcast through the land—books suited to all ages and conditions. Parcels of these were sent to Lodges and Centres throughout Great Britain, to public libraries and reading-rooms, not to speak of those “isolated members” who were all of them known to and helped by Lady Malcolm.

In the *Theosophical News* of November 23, 1896, we read the following statement:

“The Theosophical Society has lost the visible presence of one of its very best and most devoted workers. Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch died on Monday, October 12th, at 1 A. M., quietly and painlessly, after a three months' illness of terrible pain, borne without murmur or complaint.” Shall we mourn for her who has gone? Nay, rather should we rejoice that “the pilgrim” is at rest if only for a little.

This age—this epoch in life's history, needs strong souls—demands them, whether they be powers of good or evil. The host of heaven and hell, of light and darkness, confront each other as the iron gates of the 19th Century close. Let us raise a song of victory, a full harmonious note of peace and good will.

JACK'S PROBLEM.

BY CHARLOTTE ABELL WALKER.

“HELPING and sharing is what Brotherhood means,” said little Jack Sheldon with a very earnest look in his blue eyes.

“Yes, dear,” replied his mother. Mrs. Sheldon liked to have her boy think out his own problems and after a glance at Jack's face went on with her sewing.

“It means a great deal, doesn't it, Mamma?”

“A great deal, Jack.”

“I don't think I could be a brother to some of the boys in my class, the dirty, ragged boys I mean,” said Jack, his face flushing a little as he met his mother's eyes.

“I understand, dear.”

With a sigh of relief the boy flung himself on a low seat at his mother's side. “You always do understand me, mamma dear. It is such a help.”

“And it is very helpful to me Jack that you let me share some of your heart troubles. I don't like dirty boys either, but we often find splendid characters under the dirt and rags and that is what counts most. Don't you think so Jack?”

“Why, of course I do!” said Jack, with a laugh. “Do you know, I think you are the very funniest mamma a boy ever had! I always think I am going to have my way about doing things because you hardly ever say I must, or must not, but somehow you always make me do *your* way.”

“Not my way exactly, Jack, it is *your* way, only you did not happen to see it so plainly at first. I want to guide, not control you, Jack. Self-control is your most important lesson to learn, my son.”

“But, mamma, it is so much easier to do things when you say I must. It is awfully bothersome to think out things for myself.”

“Older persons than you have found the same difficulty. We all must learn to decide our own problems, but we can be helped by asking older and wiser persons than ourselves for advice.”

“Well, mamma, I think my problems are easier than yours anyhow,” said Jack, as he lovingly squeezed his mother's hand. “I just wish some of the boys in my class had mothers like you. I think a Motherhood League would be a pretty good thing, don't you, mamma?”

“The best thing in the world, my darling.”

Jack was silent a moment and then he began whistling softly “Brothers we.” His eyes had a far away look, almost too earnest for one so young, but it was soon succeeded by one of boyish determination. “Well, I've settled it!” he exclaimed, springing to his feet. “If we all are brothers, a little dirt on the outside doesn't matter much, so I'll just look for the boy *inside*, and if *he* is clean, things will come right somehow.”

Five minutes later Jack was playing in the street just as happily as though there were no vexatious problems in the world, but his mother's heart ached as she thought of the great responsibility of motherhood and of the little preparation made for it in the lives of most women. “Women have higher privileges than the right of Suffrage can give them,” she had said to a friend one day. “The enormity of woman's work is appalling.”

“What kind of work?” asked her friend. “That of helping ignorant mothers train their sons to be more obedient, and to teach them the brotherhood of humanity before they are given the right to help make laws for the people.”

“Well, how can we do that; don't you think that these mothers would re-

sent our interference even if we should be brave enough to visit them in their homes, and try to inculcate our views for their good? ”

“That is the stumbling block, it seems to me, in the way of most reforms. We want to inculcate *our views* and utterly ignore theirs. We should strive instead to get these mothers to be co-workers with us, to get their views on the subject and see if from a consensus of opinion we cannot do greater good for all the down-trodden and oppressed than by obtaining the right of suffrage for our sex. If women will not awake to their great responsibilities as mothers, and keep their little ones pure while they are yet in the home nest, they should not expect to do much themselves towards purifying the government. Can we expect Reformers in a few weeks of electioneering, to teach our sons honesty and loyalty to the best interests of their country, if we in twenty-one years have failed to teach them the great principles of the Brotherhood of mankind? We must learn to be less sentimental in the education of our sons and give them sound practical advice that will stand

the tests of business life. We have the training of the men who make the laws and if we show such a lack of wisdom and judgment, when their natures are in a plastic state that we cannot mould them into fixed principles of right and wrong, we had better set ourselves to learn our duties and responsibilities as mothers before we demand the right to meddle with the laws they have had to frame without much assistance from us. I feel like crying from every hill-top, ‘Mothers awake to your higher life! Be no longer creatures of weak impulse! Arouse yourselves to the grand possibilities of your power to rule your homes wisely and well and you have only to lift your hands and the world will obey!’ ”

Mrs. Sheldon put away her sewing with a sigh, and then stood at the window a moment watching the children who were playing in the street. Jack was among them. He looked up and smiled as he saw his mother. “Dear Jack,” softly murmured Mrs. Sheldon, “Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means. I am sure you will do your part.”

FRAGMENTS.

BY ADHIRATHA.

EVERYBODY looks out for some thing; most people look around them as far as their eyes carry them and then stop; some look within, into that unlimited space, where, when vision ceases, the real begins. Internal vision has to go into Pralaya,* too, but the real will stand when beyond inverted sight there is unfathomable darkness; in that darkness sound yet prevails. But internal vision is more real than external vision and it lasts as long as the Monad† lasts as such, during a Mahamanvantara‡. What the seeds of sound are in the Absolute is beyond creatures to know; we stop and bow down in deepest reverence. But on the road which lies in this direction there are many things and real things, as far as real may mean "lasting through one great age of Brahma." Let us call this real and the sheaths unreal, of which the physical is the utmost illusion of all, than which there is no greater illusion. So we have to work up from the very bottom of the ladder to which we have descended. We had to descend, we had to believe it to be real, or we should never have known it. We cannot investigate that which we do not believe to be really existing, and inasmuch as we will never know the soul if we deny its existence, we could never have known the physical world without believing it to be real through the power of Maya.§

We know the methods of investigation of the physical, because we have evolved senses and faculties which respond to it

* *Pralaya*, a cyclic period of rest alternating with a Manvantara, a period of activity; night alternating with day.—Editor.

† *Monad*, the unit life, the persisting unit of consciousness.—Editor.

‡ *Mahamanvantara*, a great period of manifestation.—Editor.

§ *Maya*, illusion.—Editor.

and take it in. These senses and faculties however, do not hold good for investigating other planes of consciousness, and if we want to do this we must evolve others, each set responding to the plane to which it belongs. Much that we do and think however, belongs already to other planes and only appears physical. All men think, sometimes very little, but the thought-plane is that of the conscious performance of thinking as such, and not as a physical disturbance. Unless we do that we do not think self-consciously, but automatically. Doing a thing consciously means to master it, and we do not really think consciously as long as we do not master by will and knowledge every thought of ours. Thinking is doing work on the thought plane, and as a carpenter builds a house and not the house builds itself by the carpenter's hands, so we must perform thinking as we *will* it, and think such thoughts only as we have *willed* to think. But, oh, how long it takes a man, even with the best intention to do this. Two difficulties obstruct the way: The habit of doing otherwise, and the obligation to still act on the physical plane in order to work out past karma. If we try to do our best to overcome the first of these obstructions, we do all we can and must leave the rest to karma.

So now the first thing to do is to find out our habit of not thinking, which is but entering extraneous thought-currents. Truly H. P. Blavatsky calls this earth the "Hall of Ignorance"; in the physical we can only learn that we are ignorant, we can only find out that our pretended knowledge here is not knowledge but ignorance; form and name as the Hindu philosophy says. Thinking from a physical, earthly aspect is ignorance and illusion. We have to learn

this first, but at the same time we must learn the real thinking; we cannot unlearn unless we learn, and we cannot learn unless we unlearn. H. P. Blavatsky calls the next hall the "Hall of Learning," and the third, the "Hall of Wisdom." The first of those two appears like a critical state between ignorance and wisdom, as the critical state of water before turning into steam. The forces of both states act on it, and it does not know which way to go. Learning in fact means the taking of a decision, one way or the other, for an entity having freedom of choice; it is no advancement in itself, but may lead to advancement. Thus a man as a thinker is in ignorance, learning, or wisdom, at each moment of his mental activity. If he understands this well, he may begin to learn to do his own thinking and finish by dispelling all ignorance by the mastery over his whole thinking system.

But even this is not introspection, it is only what any reasonable man should do in order to be really somebody. Beyond the "Hall of Wisdom" stretch the "Waters of *Akshara*" the infinite, the beyond-thought, but thought has to be mastered first before it can be left, or else it will always be a disturbing element. Thoughts on the thought-plane are like objective things on the physical plane; as we build up our physical worlds around us by the power of representation and will, so we build up our thought world by thought representation and mastery of same.

There are always two ways of viewing a thing, looking at it, and seeing by it. You see a beetle crawl in the dust, that is you see its movements; then you ob-

serve where the insect wants to go and for what purpose, and thus entering into the insect's mind you see by it. With our thoughts it is the same. We know our habit of thought and we can feel habitual thoughts creeping up to us, trying to enter into our consciousness; we see them but we do not as yet enter into them. When we enter them, then we formulate the thoughts and so to say use them, give them strength and allow them to get hold of us more easily the next time. If we do not formulate them but oppose them, then there ensues a fight between our will and the acquired force of habit.

It is only when we have vanquished the latter that we can do our own thinking with less difficulty, and at last mastery will give us freedom of thinking.

It is only after we have gained this freedom that we may begin to try what Patanjali calls the arrest of the "modifications of the thinking principle." By giving form to thought the thinking principle is modified, and by arresting the latter no more mind-pictures are produced and the consciousness may go beyond. This is so different from our every-day habit, and we know so little of it, that, as we are told, unguided we shall fail. We may study the books on Yoga, but, as H. P. Blavatsky says, we have to look out for our teacher in the Hall of Wisdom and on no lower plane. Happy he who reaches his teacher, who does not look out for him in the physical, who is not deceived by the astral, but who masters himself so as to reach the pure mind plane where the Master is ready whenever the pupil is ready.

THE KINDERGARTEN OF THEOSOPHY.

BY MARIE A. J. WATSON.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

BUT to believe in the existence of the Masters, we must believe in the possibility of an ideal state of man ; and we must have an ideal and contemplate it daily, that we may grow like it. The materialist or worshipper of protoplasm holds no ideal, and so long as his thoughts keep him in this state of consciousness, he will not progress beyond it. We must have some definite thing toward which to strive. The Buddha and the Christ are types of perfection, exemplified to us ; they are perfected men ; and perfect man is God-like. To say Jesus is the Son of God, says nothing, since all men are the sons of God ; the distinction lies herein, that Jesus was *conscious* of and had realized his sonship with God, but ordinary man knows it not and has not realized it.

Reincarnation alone, gives the clue to the existence of such perfected souls. They are not miraculous meteors, flashing from some equally miraculous throne located in the land of superstition. The Ego must return again and again, until it becomes conscious upon all planes in nature. Ordinary man has self-consciousness, but it relates mostly to the physical plane of being. Can we believe that man passes away from here after one short life, to return no more, leaving his work unfinished? Is it reasonable to suppose that the stupendous task that has been accomplished through millions of ages, evolving physical man up to his present stage, has had for its object the mere giving to man the privilege of flitting for a few short years upon the scene, scarcely knowing how or why he breathes? You may say, you have no remembrance concerning any other life, but must this igno-

rance be permanent? You can develop out of this unconsciousness into the consciousness of former lives. How is this to be done? Only by exerting your will power, and by persistent effort to recover what you have forgotten. There is no royal road to knowledge in anything, we must work for success in this, as in any other line. Take our physical-brain-consciousness, for example ; do we know anything thoroughly until we have given special study to it? Memories become obliterated from the mind even in this one short life ; how do we regain them ?

Often by association of ideas we are enabled to remember facts that were buried in the long ago ; sometimes the odor of a flower, a strain of music, a picture or a word, is sufficient to recall experiences of years long past. Here we have a lesson. We see that by bringing together the conditions and the ideas that centred about that certain period, we regather these experiences, and they become realities once more. It is by this same process that recollection of our past lives is brought about ; for all in nature proceeds by natural law ; we must by mental effort force the conditions and ideas together which constituted periods in our former lives. We hear much of intuition and intuitive knowledge. Whence come they? It is not that some particular person is favored and receives such knowledge by mere abstraction, meditation or concentration ; this is only relatively true, because there must have been a preparatory training through many lives before this method could be applied. The physical brain must have evolved up to the stage where it has become receptive to truth from its own higher mind. The function

the counterpart of that which in the lower brain mind we call memory, just as we say instinct is an attribute of the lower mind which the animals share with man, and which relates only to the animal or physical plane; while intuition is an attribute of the soul, and reaches out on all planes. Now this higher power gives to the physical brain its receptivity for knowledge and, by repeated efforts of the will, each successive physical brain evolved through successive incarnations, becomes more receptive to truth, until at last, the physical brain becomes *active* in the possession of knowledge, where before it was receptive. When it is active, there is union between the lower and the higher mind, and then the physical brain becomes conscious of past experience; then is effected the resurrection of the higher Ego, from the tombs of earth life.

Thus we see that there is a slow up-building of the physical brain, until it has acquired the power of freeing the mind from obstructing causes; this power in theosophic parlance is called, "hindering—the modifications of the mind." When this is accomplished, we are able to penetrate more deeply into the dim regions of the past, and we recollect facts which enable us to locate and determine their relation in proper sequence. Such knowledge will enable us to understand our conditions and surroundings. Our Karmic record unfolded, even in a measure, helps us to accept our life more bravely; stimulates to new courage and new endeavor to help ourselves and others. It further proves to us that there are no leaps in nature, no partiality, no favors, no injustice, but that whatever has been gained has been earned; there is no room for dissatisfaction, hatred or jealousy. Whatever is, has come to us from the past, and what shall be, must come from the present. Let us make the present profitable, and the future must become so. A mere idle faith in the belief that something outside

of our own efforts shall lift us out of our present consciousness, is fruitless. When we come into true sympathetic relations with man and nature, we learn most about them. By research and study, by reason and spiritual insight, by employing all these means, man may prove for himself the immortality of the Ego: that it inhabits new physical bodies; that it is, in fact, rooted to the earth, until it outgrows its necessity as it climbs ever to higher and higher planes, until it finally blossoms into the perfect flower of spiritual life.

The world stands at the beginning of a new epoch. It is not of vital importance to add another form of religion to the already long list. If evolution for the soul is true, there must be multifarious forms of religion, each adapted to the particular class of worshippers. All men are attracted to that which seems best to them. You cannot make a Christ or a Buddha of a savage. Man must grow into the knowledge of the truth; substituting one dogma for another does not help man; you can persuade a man to worship in your particular form, but do not flatter yourself, therefore, that you have made a convert, for, after all the idea behind the form of worship will fit exactly to the focus of his conception. The only way to destroy error is to know that it is an error, and how it is an error, and to make its beholder understand that something else is better; this, theosophy endeavors to do. It does not by harsh denouncement, tear down what has been laboriously built up through the ages; it treats mental blindness as it would bodily blindness, with compassion, tolerance and love. It ever encourages man to greater and nobler effort; it teaches that human life has its wave-life, its pastoral life of peace; its wider range upon the hill tops; its view from the mountain peaks, and its still higher winged-life of glorious visions; as Peter walked the waves toward his Master, now sinking,

now, by new effort, sustained, so shall we learn in time, to tread the waves of passional life triumphantly.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OBJECT OF THEOSOPHY.—THE LAW OF KARMA.—REINCARNATION.

What can Theosophy claim for itself that causes its followers to believe it to be their duty to present its teachings to the world. It has for its principal object the forming of a nucleus of a Universal brotherhood. Also to study ancient and modern religion, philosophy, science and art and to investigate the laws of nature and the divine power in man. What is philosophy but the experience, the history of humanity condensed and formulated into a system of order. The facts of human experience have been observed, analyzed, compared, studied, and the results have become consciousness itself, and, as such should not be gainsaid. The period of human existence is divided into cycles, during each of which collective mankind gradually reaches the culminating point of the highest civilization; and then again with the same gradual process it recedes on the downward arc of the cycle. So are philosophies born, developed, and reach their highest point of thought, mentally and spiritually, and they are left as a legacy bequeathed to the coming races. So it behooves us to study these ancient philosophies, using them as a ladder whereby we may ascend to the heights which their originators have already scaled. The problem to solve the origin and destiny of man will ever agitate the thinker, and compel him to seek and investigate all means

available towards its solution. The first step on the path of wisdom is to exercise the mind, to do our own thinking. To merely believe with a blind faith in something that has been taught us, is not only a sign of mental laziness, but a selfish regard for one's own feelings, a dislike to be disturbed out of this rut of mental ease.

The current doctrines of the forgiveness of sins and the atonement are as ordinarily understood pernicious to human development. Take the first of these, how in the nature of things and according to law can sin be forgiven? That every cause has its effect is apparent to every one. And who can atone for me; not God himself, since I am of his substance, and like him too I must be free, and can make or mar my destiny.

All religions teach that the spirit, the divine soul, in man is a spark of the One Life, the Absolute, but they do not teach as theosophy does that this spark has to win self-consciousness, that it gains experience through all the lower kingdoms, and when the human stage is reached, then commences the battle between the lower and higher natures in man, and all progress from this time on, is a matter of personal endeavor. This gives a satisfactory explanation of the inequalities existing in the conditions of men, between the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, the wise and the ignorant, the good and the evil. Did not St. Paul say, "What a man sows that also shall he reap." And this reaping must be on the plane where the sowing took place. The effects will be manifest on the physical plane and in a physical body.

THE ANCIENT DRUIDS.

THEIR HISTORY AND RELIGION.

BY REV. W. WILLIAMS.

THE Science of Comparative Religion originating out of the philosophic spirit of the age, has already won for itself a recognized position in the domain of positive knowledge. By its patient investigations amongst the wrecks and fragments of past and almost forgotten religious systems, that have reached us, and by a careful and accurate comparison of them with present existing religions, our knowledge of them has been considerably enlarged, so that taking a retrospective glance, we are able to realize the inner life and comprehend the thoughts and ideas which have swayed the minds and moulded the characters of mankind in all ages of human history.

Availing itself of the doctrine of evolution and its teachings, Comparative Religion has been able to translate and express in scientific terms, the historical development, as also the laws of growth and decay which govern the religious principle in man's nature. By the aid of Comparative philology it has tracked Religions in their migrations, followed them in their numerous ramifications and explained the causes of their chief distinctive features and even fixed the locality from which they first radiated as a common centre; so that the philosophic student, after a general review and calm consideration of the many interesting facts and data presented before him, arrives at this conclusion that the same fundamental truths and ideas lie at the basis of the many and diversified systems of religion; that all of them are but the reflections of man's faith, the expressions of his spiritual growth;—that their differences are mainly due to the influences of environment, of climate and natural scenery—the chief instruments in exciting intellectual thought and

meditation that have entered so largely as formative elements in religious development.

This is particularly noticeable and perceptible in the history of Ancient Druidism, one of those old-world religions whose origin is shrouded in mystery as dark and impenetrable as the groves and forest recesses in which its rites and ceremonies were celebrated and performed. Out of the dim and mystic Past, the Druid Bards loom up as beings of a commanding and awe-inspiring character, invested with tremendous powers and possessors of a secret knowledge of Nature and an occult philosophy which caused them to be regarded with sentiments of the deepest reverence. In the unfolding of the great panorama of History they suddenly appear begirt with a power and authority more than kingly in its extent and influence, majestic in form and feature, calm and self-contained in their deportment, with brows encircled with golden coronets, and arrayed in all the splendid robes and glittering insignia of a lofty and learned priesthood. Thus they appear on the stage of human life, and after discharging their functions and playing their parts in the world's drama, they disappear, retiring into that dark oblivion, the grave and cemetery of all that is mutable and human and in the minds of posterity exist no more, save and except as *umbra nominis magni* shadows of a great past.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The history of the Ancient Druids owing to the scanty details and meagre imperfect traditions of their religious and philosophic teachings that have been handed down, becomes a subject requiring deep and prolonged research, a dis-

criminating analysis, and a clear intuition in the separation of those incrustations of truth and error, fact and fiction which in the course of centuries, have gathered round them and which have hitherto hindered and prevented us from obtaining right and adequate conceptions and views of their character as elements and factors in the religious life and development of Humanity. But few writers and historians have directed their researches in a field of knowledge which though limited and contracted in area, is rich with the relics and fragments of a race, the knowledge and details of which constitute a most interesting chapter in the universal history of Nations.

In the collection and marshalling of these various details, as also in piecing together the scattered historical data and placing them in their natural relationship and order, we hope to present, inadequate though it may be, a somewhat clear and vivid outline of a subject which to the theosophical mind is fraught with great interest and at the same time is calculated to become to the general reader, a source of instructive knowledge.

In order to avoid confusion in treating of the Ancient Druids and that the reader may obtain a clearer idea and conception of the subject, we shall first sketch their history and then present an outline of our investigations into their religion, its similarities to and differences from old-world faiths and systems of belief. Thousands of years ago the country of Bactria situated to the east of the Caspian Sea and stretching to the borders of northern India, was inhabited by a large number of tribes of the same origin and united together by the same manners and customs and modes of religious worship. They were chiefly agriculturists and possessors of large herds of cattle. Living at peace amongst themselves, their numbers became so much increased that their territories were finally unable to supply them with the necessa-

ries of life. Calling together a council, it was decided that certain numbers should emigrate and form settlements for themselves and their families in lands that lay toward the regions of the setting sun. Accordingly a large body consisting of those who were headstrong and of fiery temperament, left their homes and after wandering across the wide plains of Asia Minor, some of them settled in northern Germany; while others forced their way into Italy and Greece. The first were the ancestors of the Celts, whose descendants Julius Cæsar found in Britain when he invaded it; the latter were the progenitors of the Greeks and Romans. The tribes that remained at home, through some unknown causes, probably on account of climatic changes and a consequent dearth of the means of subsistence, were compelled to relinquish their homes when part of them settled in Persia. The remainder proceeded southeast and entered that part of India known as the Punjaub.

These facts in the early history of the Aryans are beyond question and constitute what a learned German has described as "the discovery of a new world" and we now know that Icelander and Roman, Greek and German, Persian and Hindoo, Briton and Arab are all brethren, the descendants of a common ancestry, wanderers from the same homestead.

Though to acquaint ourselves with the history of the wanderings of these various tribes is a subject of great interest, we are compelled to limit and restrict our investigations and follow in the rear and wake of the Celts who were the first to leave their fatherland. It was an eventful period in their history when they went forth in quest of new homes;—a hazardous enterprise entailing upon them great privations. It involved the clearing a pathway through dense forests, the fording of broad rivers and rapid streams, and contests with foes

ever on the alert to oppose their advance and thwart them in their enterprise.

They were a tall, muscular race of men, carrying stone battle-axes on their shoulders and horn bows at their backs. As they wended their way westward and traversed the extensive plains over which they had first to pass, and as the dim outlines of the mountain peaks and summits of their native country faded from view, their courage abated not, for they were buoyant with hope in the future. In their hearts was an innate love of liberty and freedom, whilst their natures vibrated with those religious sentiments which form the basis of all true manliness and earnestness of character, essential in the achievement of lofty aims and purposes. By their indomitable energy and ceaseless perseverance, they entered Europe at length, leaving traces of the route they took in the Celtic names of places where they settled and of the rivers on whose banks they dwelt.

Nowhere in the countries through which they passed could they settle for any length of time, for they were hurried forward by an ever-increasing wave of numerous hordes of emigrants who were on the same quest as themselves and never found rest until they reached Brittany, a province in the north of France. Here they found their home and also in the island of Britain. In process of time, becoming settled and established, the Celts formed amongst themselves for purposes of mutual defense vast confederations of warlike tribes. They became fond of hunting, expert and skillful agriculturists and dwelt in conical huts formed of the branches of trees, covered with the skins of animals slain in the chase. They painted their bodies with figures to distinguish their families and rank, of which they felt so proud that in the most inclement season they preferred the dispensing with any kind of clothing. Like the Persians, their distant relatives, they held idolatry in abhor-

rence and overturned and destroyed the images and temples of the vanquished.

Whilst in their native land, the heads of families discharged all priestly duties and were termed Rishis, by whom were composed most of the hymns forming the Rig Veda, but owing now to their altered conditions and circumstances of life, the Celts, in order that they might be better able to attend to the means of self-preservation and provide for their respective families, relegated and intrusted the discharge of all priestly functions to certain individuals who have become known to us as the Druids; the derivation and meaning of which name is still a matter of dispute and uncertainty. Pliny the Elder, a noted Roman author, derives it from the Greek word *drus*, an oak, but several Welsh scholars maintain that it comes from *Deracyda*, the old British form of the word, a compound of *derac*, a wise man, a vaticinator or prophet. However this may be, the word Druid was used to designate a class of priests and philosophers corresponding to the Brahmans of India, the Magi of the Persians, as also to the hierophants and scholars of ancient and modern people.

Amongst classical writers Cæsar in the sixth book of his *De bello Gallico*, is the first who states that the Druids were the religious guides of the people as well as the chief expounders and guardians of the law. As, unlike the Brahmans in India, they were not an hereditary caste, and enjoyed exemption from military service as well as payment of taxes; admission to their order was eagerly sought after by the youth of Gaul. The course of training to which a novice had to submit was protracted, extending over twenty years,—resembling in this particular the system of education still in vogue in India. The office of Arch Druid was elective, extending over a lifetime, and involved supreme authority over all others. Desultory references and brief notices of the learning of the

Druids are met with in the writings of Aristotle, Diogenes Laertius, the church fathers Origin, Clement of Alexandria and St. Augustine.

According to Pliny, the Druids held the mistletoe in the highest veneration. Groves of oak were their chosen retreat, esteeming as a gift from heaven whatever grew thereon, more especially the mistletoe. When thus found, it was cut with a golden knife by a priest clad in a white robe, two white bulls being sacrificed on the spot. The name given to the mistletoe signified in their language All-Heal, and its virtues were believed to be great. The Moon Plant was held in great reverence by the Druids, as also by the Hindoos, whose praises of its occult virtues are dwelt upon in many of their most ancient writings.

The Druids had schools in the forests, where youths committed to memory certain maxims in verse, inculcating the worship of the gods, bravery in battle, respect to chastity of women and implicit obedience to Druids, magistrates and parents. These verses sometimes contained an allegorical meaning which was explained under an oath of secrecy to those educated for the higher orders of the priesthood. They were divided into three classes, the Druids proper, who were the sole judges and legislators, presided at the sacrifices and were the instructors of the novitiates. They were dressed in white robes. The second class were the Bards, who accompanied chiefs to battle and sang hymns to the god of

war. They had to undergo a novitiate-ship of twenty years, during which they committed to memory the traditionary songs, the exploits and deeds of daring and valor of past chiefs. After passing the customary ordeals and examinations, they were given to drink of the waters of inspiration, which we are inclined to think was the same as the juice of the soma plant amongst the Hindoos ; after which, like the Brahmans, they were said to be twice born and were henceforth held in the highest respect and veneration by their countrymen. The color of their garb was green.

The third class was that of the Vates or Diviners of omens and all the phenomena of nature, the flight and song of birds. They were also skilful in compounding herbs, philtres and medicines, and wore a blue and white colored robe.

Such is a brief outline of the history of the Druids, their functions and duties. The subject of their religion and philosophy will receive a separate consideration when we come to deal with them. For the present we must leave them in the seclusion and silence of their forest groves, surrounded by admiring neophytes, and as the last echoes of their mystic teachings resound in our ears, we divine the reason of that reverence and veneration with which they were regarded by all nations, and why they were able to wield an influence which in its extent and power has never been paralleled, either in ancient or modern times

(To be continued.)

THEOSOPHY AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

BY ZORYAN.

(Continued.)

WHAT is this grand majestic sound* risen so suddenly in the sweet and tender morning hour?

The first rays of the Sun have touched the Memnon's statue.*

The Lords of the Immortal Wisdom came down to dwell in human souls, as far as those were ready.

The lunar beauty of the twilight skies and its selenic image are now flooded with the ubiquitous singing light of the Sun, which breaks the barriers of the night, and takes the moon, the skies, the earth, the waters as so many tints and shining notes of the one joy of Brotherhood Eternal, which awoke with daylight from out the Immortal Regions and brought the warmth of heart, the inner heat of action by the indwelling everlasting Right, the new Ideal ever-present, the beatific glory, which dissolved the lunar sighs and longings into perpetual heart-notes of its song, whose choral strain embraces the whole human kind.

This happened when humanity reached the middle of the Third Race and had gathered enough of power and intensity of aspiration to respond in the terms of consciousness known to it and in synchronous vibrations to the consciousness of the Immortal Egos, so that two might become one.

The *Secret Doctrine* † gives many hints as to the nature of these Celestial Be-

* Sound corresponds in Indian philosophy to Akasha, through which act the forces of Angelic Mind, which is different from mortal mind of men, and superior to it, just as sound is superior to other senses, being more within, perfectly void of opacity, ubiquitous, each note being complementary to another and founded on the Unity expressed in the keynote.

* The colossal statue of Memnon in Egypt greeted the sunrise with a melodious strain, produced by vibrations of molecules of the stone in the first rays of the solar heat.

† By H. P. Blavatsky.

ings. Descriptions it could not give, as no description will avail, because our earthly terms of expression are all pertaining to the world of separateness, of the square divided and subdivided into smaller squares, where no amount of classification will give unity,—not that unity of being included in the large square, but the real conscious inner unity of the higher world, which is symbolized by the triangle. Even when we say that the Divine Hosts and Hierarchies of the Triangle are divided and undivided at the same time—"the undetached sparks" in the One Flame, as the *Secret Doctrine* expresses it—the phrase should be understood mystically, and not as an objective vision. This great truth is spoken only in symbols, poetical, for mystic natures, and purposely crude for the crowd, which hangs to the literal sense.

Let us then turn our eyes to the great pyramid of Egypt, which was constructed by the Teachers to commemorate the important event of their presence, and even more, of the presence of that Divine Triangle as touching with its lower line the square of earthly life and knowledge. Little can we say, but in our contemplative silence there springs the upward fire and then we can see how the Pyramid reminds one of "*the Root that never dies; the Three-tongued Flame of the Four Wicks. The Wicks are the Sparks, that draw from the Three-tongued Flame shot out by the Seven—their Flame—the Beams and Sparks of one Moon reflected in the running Waves of all the Rivers of the Earth.*"*

The fiery Pyramid on the watery base; the Eternal on the passing; Changeless Truth, giving its Rays to the reflections of its Moon, and then withdrawing them

* S. D. I. p. 65, third ed.

back, gathering them into itself, reflections, light and all:—who can understand the mystery, who has it in himself? Perhaps that Sphinx, so deeply meditating in the still vastness of the desert.

The Sphinx has a human face. Surely it will speak. Yet its lips do not move, its eyes do not even look upon us. Set and immovable is its face, as if the light of Eternity, on which it gazes, had enraptured it above all earthly visions. No speech proceeds from its lips, unless that divinely human face is that speech itself, silent, spiritual, merged into the divine, conscious of naught save the harmony of silence, of which all ages speak and cease and speak and cease again. Can we understand this Voice of the Silence? Though it is above all understanding, yet each one of us has a Sphinx-like Inner Face, which, after its outer visage has been cheated by passing joys and torn by illusions and woes,—draws all its light inside, and arisen and immortal, as it feels itself alone, becomes silent and rises above itself. And though we return again into the world, that one grand moment, which is above all moments and outside their revolving sphere, ever remains with us, giving deep hue to the blue skies, a divinely-golden glow and the radiance of the immortal glory of the soul to all unselfish earthly loves, which it gathers into One Love, all sparks and reflections it gathers into another higher Moon, which is now the face of the divine and manvantaric Sphinx, through which we all shall gaze into the Fount itself of all our Unity and Brotherhood, into the mystery sublime of the Eternity's Great Breath.

And yet this Sphinx has not lost itself in that mystery; the Root of its life, wisdom and bliss is there above all play of Maya and above all woe, but its branches and leaves descend from its head to all its body. Not for himself alone has man risen even above himself, but for all nature, of which his body is a

symbol. He pours his light from the mysterious selfless heights upon the millions of selves and lives in them. In pure, life-giving streams his light feeds all men and creatures of the earth,—and this is why the Sphinx is often sculptured with a woman's breasts,—a holy symbol of sacrifice. The lion-body of the Sphinx symbolizes the natural forces in man, and all lower selves and their heaving plane of interchange of forces in human kind.* They are also the smaller centres of evolution, led upwards, ordered, ruled, helped on their ascending path. The Sphinx's serpent tail † emerging from the primeval genetic sea of evolution, from the first boiling chaotic depths, symbolizes those lower and incipient kingdoms of nature which necessarily must follow and depend on the superior kingdoms. This dependence arises from an organic unity, perfectly regulated, and not any occasional interchange. Thus stands this lonely sentinel of the Pralaya of his country. By whom was it reared, by whom understood?

He alone knows what the Great Pyramid is, who is but another expression of that secret himself; his enraptured face and his silence suggest how the questioner must search for the answer. His heterogeneous body is only a symbol of what will happen after the mystery is found. Explaining the different parts of his body will avail nothing. True unity is not on the lower planes of existence.

And yet we have a germ of this true unity in our souls, even in our special and exceptional sub-race of our modern times. What then, it was when the first self-conscious men at the close of the Third Race were as "the towering giants of godly strength and beauty"—when the descent of the Divine Mind from the Celestial Hierarchies produced undreamt-

* According as we take the narrower or wider meaning of the Sphinx.

† On some sculptures.

of civilizations, when the higher senses were active and the soul was not buried, as it is now, in a living casket of flesh and bones, where it has got in by long and long thoughts of identification, no matter what led to it, desire, hatred, anger, fear or doubt? No poet has depicted those times satisfactorily yet, and if we wish to read the story, perhaps in children's gleaming eyes we get the flashes of the past, or in some martyr's open gaze, when he renounces his bodily existence and his soul starts off like some great winged bird freed from torture. Poor indeed is the modern age; what avails that so many deeds were done, words said, and thoughts considered, if they entrap the man in their wide and streaming net, instead of leading him, where he really *is* that which he so much does and speaks and thinks? But in those past ages men knew that they *were* a million times more than what they can do, say or even think. Their souls were as self-luminous, limpid lakes of inner truth and inner bliss, which at every touch they were too glad to distribute to those who needed, and to give them part of their life, their blood (in the sense spoken of by Jesus), their joy and thus live in them, without losing themselves in the least. And indeed as they were in others, others were in them, whether it was a day, or a glorious night, when all the stars came upon the skies and none was lacking. The soul-presence was not limited by a thought, it was not limited even by a myriad of thoughts and systems, passing and flickering as they were, when they floated, like clouds light or dense, in the soul's bright sky. It was best and clearest, when there were no such clouds in soul's bright shrine, for the real immortal soul of man is the presence of All-thought of the whole present great cycle of a monad and embraces past, present and future within the cycle's limits all at once. It is comparatively omniscient and omnipotent on its own plane, and it cannot contact a

limited personality, but through mind. Now Mind, doing so, can take rightly all objects as shadows *of the soul* ideally as parts of itself, externalized only for a time and desirous to return, or it can in its blindness seek to identify the soul *with the objects* and run after them. Therefore mind is called higher or lower. With the help of the higher mind, the soul even on this plane sees nothing but its eternal essence, which is knowledge. All things for it appear from the standpoint of ideas. They are *its* ideas, *its* joy, *its* love, *its* sorrow. It is *its* self-assertion of hardness, which stones manifest in their inertia of velocity of revolving atoms; it is *its* sunny fragrance in the small lives of plants, *its* shadow forms and reflected fires in animals. "It is *my* sphinx-like shape in my brother men," says the soul, "my objects of perception and my essence of knowledge, the earth and skies and *my-self* are there.

"All this is mine; aye, all this is 'I,' for without seeing this I could not see myself; I should be blank and void and my heart would be cold if I had none to love, my knowledge would be dark, if I had none to know, my immortality would be lost, if I had no immortal friends; greeting to you, my brother men, ye imperishable stars enlightening my lonely star, and revealing to me this grand eternal flaming space, which without you would not be more than naught. If it is destined to me to become one with it, it is because there is a hope, that I shall be one with you and one with all. Infinity of Life in the final consummation of Brotherhood Eternal and the mystery which is in its inner depth." Thus speaks the human soul to the host of stars, reflecting them in its sweet, placid, shoreless waters, full of the bliss of contemplation, that if there is a reflection of the All, there must be the real All, and the great day: "BE WITH US" must come at last.

(To be continued.)

EVOLUTION IN BRIEF.

A GEOMETRICAL, FAIRY TALE FOR THEOSOPHISTS.

COMPLETE IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

BY W.

"God always plays the Geometer."—*Plato*.

"The Universe was created not by numbers but Geometrically."—*Plato*.

IN the ancient schools of Philosophy Geometry, Mathematics, and Music, were compulsory subjects of study—and all the *regular* solids are to this day known as "Platonic" forms. Why? Nobody seems to know.

CHAPTER I. THE ○.

There was once upon a time a centre of Consciousness, ⊙ and being all by itself was rather lonely so he went for a walk.

He had not the least idea that there were such things as planes or solids or any of those things about, or that he had such a large sphere of existence around him.

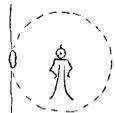


So that when he ran up against a plane of Consciousness he was very much surprised, and he said to himself, "Great Scott!" what is that," for the plane of Consciousness was invisible until he ran up against it.



However, not being of a timid nature, he advanced a Step, when suddenly he saw an apparition in the form of a Circle.

Jehoshaphat! he said, that must be the Devil; I think I'll go home again. But that seemed to be rather weak minded so he pulled himself together and cautiously advanced,



and as he did so the circle grew apace, but, as it seemed friendly, he advanced, expressing his surprise, but when he walked right into it and his centre of Consciousness coincided with that of the plane it suddenly became invisible, and his amusement was so



great that he completely lost his head.

But although he lost his head he did not lose Consciousness or faint or do anything foolish or undignified, but, he communed with himself, saying it was indeed the Devil and now he has got me as sure as Eggs is Eggs, and the Devil deceived him into thinking he was a *plane* of Consciousness, and so he went home to think it out.

CHAPTER II. THE |.

The second day, still believing himself to be a *plane*, he went out again and this time the moment he came into contact with the plane of Consciousness he saw a line straight up and down and he thought it was rum,

but the Devil persuaded him and he went and stood in it and he thought he became two planes.



CHAPTER III. THE +.

And the next day he had further and different experience going home in the following frame of mind.



CHAPTER IV. THE .

And on the fourth day having the head of a Cube, he saw fresh forms and figures, the first was the form of an equilateral triangle and on going nearer it changed into a hexagon. Well, said he, this beats everything. And he went and stood in it as before and somehow it



seemed to fit him, but how a solid cube could fit a flat hexagon, he could not make out and then as he stood there he seemed to see the equilateral triangle which preceded the hexagon and then it all seemed to turn into a *solid* and not a *flat* figure at all, and he believed it was so.



CHAPTER V. THE



The next time he went out he saw the following shape which as he went nearer became and as before he went and stood in it. And this time it gave him a queer feeling in his feet that made him jump, and as he jumped about it, seemed



to again turn into a solid and he said, I've-got-a-head-on this time and no mistake, but what he meant was I-cos-a-hed-ron, and his wits began to woolgather.



CHAPTER VI. THE



And he tried to get home, but he was rapidly becoming possessed, and in his stumbles he fell, the shock turned him completely inside out and he became a dodecahedron. He quite lost all memory of his former self and was completely in the toils of the Demon of Illusion.

CHAPTER VII.



THE DODECAHEDRON.*

* The universe has been likened to a dodecahedron.

THE SEPTENARY NATURE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

BY M. HERBERT BRIDLE.

UPON whatever scale other universes may be built the one to which we belong is, we are taught, built upon a sevenfold division and it has been pointed out, that all things, with which we have to do, may be studied from these sevenfold aspects. Not that there are hard and fast divisions that can be separated each from the other, for this is not the case. The sum total of the seven is a unity and always remains a unity, so long as it exists, but this unity manifests, or expresses itself, in a sevenfold manner.

If we look with sufficient care we shall find that all organisms, or organizations of any character, reflect this sevenfold division which in Theosophical parlance are termed—Physical Body, Astral Double Kama, etc., etc., and we can always pretty fairly judge of the progress of any organism, or organization, in its devel-

opment, by noting which of its seven principles is the dominating one.

Thus a Society, such as the Theosophical Society, may be divided into The Body, which will be represented by the whole membership; The Astral or Design Body is represented by the tendencies of the Branches and Lodges, which constitute the organs of sensation, as it were, while the kind of vitality these manifest will represent the Prana or Life Energies of the whole.

The Kama Rupa, or Desire Body, will be made up of the passions and desires of those whose efforts are all of a *personal* tendency, and which are mainly devoted to maintaining the particular *form* to which they are attached, and who desire to retain the forces of the whole, chiefly in the principle they represent.

A few of these will constitute the Kama Manasic element of the organiza-

tion, for they will be more advanced intellectually, using their reasoning powers for the purpose of advancing the interests of the Society as a society merely, and in order to exploit their own superior mental powers. Their great forte is "an appeal to reason" alone and as unfortunately their reasoning begins from a personal Kama-Manasic, or Kama Rupic bias, it generally leads them astray unless, in a moment of (lower) self-forgetfulness they gain light from a higher principle that enables them to "reason aright."

If now we apply all the above to the Theosophical Society, we shall see that those who to-day, and always have, constituted the true Divine-Wisdom Society, are they who care more for the whole than a part.

They seek to guide the growth of the Society in harmony with the spirit that pervades the whole, and provide means whereby the Spirit of Truth and Wisdom may spread through and irradiate the whole organization, and when any organism or organization—for both are the same—has arrived at this point, *Intuition* begins to speak.

The doubting, debating Manas having come to a point where it recognizes its limitations and the necessity for something beyond its mere reasoning faculty to take charge, if the organization is ever to become anything *more* than a *reasoning animal*; the "doubting manas having reached this stage, it begins to look and listen for the "illuminating Buddhi." The Buddhi has been there ready to act and control all the time, but the "doubting manas," attentive to its fair process of putting two and two together and as often making them five as

four, has practically ignored the light of Buddhi—Intuition—until, trouble and distress, teaching it the true value of its lower power, it looks above for a higher, surer light, in whose illumination doubting manas can throw aside its doubts and, led by the clear, pure, bright light of Buddhi—Intuition—follow and act its part. So the true T. S. has, by experience, attained to the point where the Intuitive Faculty can act and take control of the organization, so that with unfaltering steps it can follow out, by reason, subordinated to Intuition, the plans the Buddhi light shows to be wise and good.

This Centre of Intuition, call it by what name you will, becomes then in fact and in truth, the Head and Leader of this true T. S. Catching from the Lodge of Light,—the Atma of this true T. S., the true light of Theosophy—Wisdom Divine—it sends forth into the whole organization this illuminating ray of Intuition. If Manas has learned well its part and duty to the whole, it heeds this light of Soul-Wisdom and reasons and acts from that stand-point alone. If, alas! proud of its seeming powers, its "high development," its "independent judgment," it ignores and contemns this light, then does the whole organization become naught but a reasoning animal, where else it might have been a God, and done a God's work midst human kind.

How often have we seen foolish ones of good parts, equipped by nature to do a man's work well, had they but less conceit, fall far short of "what they might have been" and like the selfish devotee, live to no purpose:—lest it be a warning unto all, who see their lack of wisdom.

AN ELDER BROTHER.

BY ELEANOR DUNLOP.

" There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls !
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay,
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

—*Merchant of Venice.*

THE World's Need has never yet cried in vain for a Champion. Forth from the Lodge of Light the Great Soul emerges at the appointed hour. " He of the great heart, and deep seeing eye " appears on life's arena to do battle with Its Ancient Foes. Thus stepped forth Buddha in the far off East, bringing to his downtrodden countrymen light, hope, and liberation. And thus the lowly Nazarene came unto his own—but being of them rejected—turned to the Western world with his Gospel of Peace and good-will. Right down the ages these Great Souls follow one another in quick succession.

Pythagoras, Plato, Lao-Tze, Shakespeare, Emerson, Blavatsky—still on they come, Pioneers of truth and liberty, Liberators of the Divine Forces of love and harmony.

Novalis has truly said of such, " There is but one temple in the Universe—the body of man. We touch heaven when we lay hands on a human form." God Incarnate in the flesh is still a divine mystery which few can penetrate. Time and space seem like veils by which the tender mother protects her infant from the light ; as we grow older and stronger nature will remove, one by one, the wrappings of our childhood.

Can it be more than 2000 years ago that Pythagoras lived and taught ? He seems such a familiar spirit to me—yet we are told that about 500 years B. C. Pythagoras first looked into his mother's eyes in the fair isle of Samos. Here Nature taught him his a b c and much else besides. Eager in his search

for truth, Pythagoras left his island home. Travelling was a very slow business in those days—and yet this dauntless soul journeyed as far as Egypt to get instructions from the Priest Initiates. From that old land of occult knowledge Pythagoras took what he could receive and then started for the East to visit the Persian and Chaldean Magi and the Sages of India.

What founts of wisdom to drink at !—still there was a higher source for such as he.

We see him now, his earnest face lit by a new light, as he sets out on his homeward journey. On arriving in Europe Pythagoras went to reside in Crotona—which was then a fashionable Italian resort, whose inhabitants were notorious for their luxury and licentiousness. In the midst of this depravity, the Great Soul lived and worked, sending out rays of light and truth, until about six hundred men and women recognized in him their Master. These followers formed themselves into a society—pledged to secrecy and practical brotherhood—" Promising to aid each other in the pursuit of wisdom ; uniting their property in one common stock for the benefit of the whole." The first lesson this brotherhood had to learn was Silence. Only the advanced pupils, after years of devotion and service, were allowed to ask questions or raise objections.

" He said so," was sufficient for his followers, no proof whatever being granted. By intuition alone the probationer could hope to advance—without this guide he was virtually disqualified. " Ipse dixit "—" He said so." Thousands of years have passed since these words dispelled the doubts and fears of our brothers in Crotona.

Let us see what and how wise Pytha-

goras taught his followers. The central note of his teachings was harmony—the adaptation of each to the whole.

“The morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy,” when the inception of this world took place. Numbers, he says, are the essence and root of all things—the elements out of which the Universe was constructed. “The relation of the notes of the musical scale to numbers, whereby harmony results from vibrations in equal time, and discord from the reverse,” led Pythagoras to apply the word Harmony to the visible Universe. “The distance of the heavenly bodies from one another corresponded to the proportions of the musical scale. The heavenly bodies, with the Gods who inhabit them, move round a vast central fire, the principle of life.” As numbers proceed from the Unit, so Pythagoras considered this Central Fire to be the source of Nature’s forms. Whether they be Gods, demons, or human souls, according to the rate of vibration is the form produced, Music and rhythmic motion lie at the root of all things. Carlyle was a Pythagorean, though possibly he would have been the first to deny it, for we find him saying in one of his essays: “All inmost things are musical, all deep things are song. The primal element of us; of us, and of all things. The Greeks fabled of

sphere harmonies, it was the feeling they had of the inner structure of nature; that the soul of all her voices, and utterances was perfect music. See deep enough and you will find music. The heart of nature being harmony if you can but reach it.”

Pythagoras taught the immortality of the soul. Ovid represents him as addressing his disciples in these words—“Souls never die, but always on quitting one abode pass to another. I myself can remember in the time of the Trojan War I was Euphorbus, the son of Panthus, and fell by the spear of Menelaüs. Lately being in the temple of Juno at Argos, I recognized my shield hanging up there among the trophies; all things change; nothing perishes. The soul passes hither and thither, occupying now this body, now that. As wax is stamped with certain images, then melted, then stamped anew with others, yet is always the same wax, so the soul being always the same, yet wears at different times, different forms.” Pythagoras taught orally as did Jesus 500 years afterwards. The greatest teachings the world has yet received, were given by the soul through the medium of sound. God said “let there be light, and there was light.” “The Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us.”

THE SOKRATIC CLUB.

BY SOLON.

(*Continued.*)

A VERY interesting and in some respects amusing meeting of the Club was held in the ladies' reception room shortly after the members of the Club had been deluged with circulars issued by a few who were trying to sow dissension in the ranks and to disrupt the Club because they did not have direction of its affairs. What the character of some of these circulars was, will become evident from the conversation which took place at the meeting.

When I arrived I found several of the members had assembled and were in little groups discussing the situation. I was invited to have a cup of tea and join the group around Mrs. Wilding, who was hostess that afternoon.

How some people ever got into the Club is a marvel to me to this day. The Professor once said that everybody must be given their chance, but from my limited point of view I think that some had had an unlimited amount of chance and had got to the end of their rope and their chance long ago. Superficially at least this was the case, and yet on looking beneath the surface it was evident that even these people—disintegrators and ambitious though they were—still served a purpose in the organization to bring out in others the noble qualities of unselfishness, loyalty and devotion. I once asked the Professor about this and he said that this view was correct; that exactly the same process occurs in any organization which is not one merely in name but a living body, as occurs in the human constitution. If the individual takes a step forward in his development, he immediately comes upon new difficulties, the tendencies of his lower nature assert themselves more strongly as if to bar his way; but

by fighting against these, by persisting in the upward course, the nature becomes purified, the lower tendencies are, as it were, sloughed off and sifted away. In the process of sifting, by the very conflict between the higher and the lower natures, the higher gains strength and new qualities of the soul are revealed. They thus serve a purpose in the life of the individual and their correspondences in the life of an organization. This does not mean however that these qualities or those representing them in an organization are to be encouraged, they are to be transmuted, and that which is not capable of being transmuted must be gotten rid of to be used up by nature and purified in her great workshop.

This explanation by the Professor made clear many things to my mind, but I have slightly digressed from my account of the Club's doings. I intended to relate a somewhat amusing conversation, but instead have taken up the serious side of the matter; so, asking the reader's pardon, I again take up the thread of my story.

In the little group around Mrs. Wilding were two new members of the Club, Mrs. Moore and Miss Alice Holdy who, interested in the humanitarian work carried on by some members of the Club, had expressed a desire to help in that direction and so had applied for admission as members. They had attended but a very few meetings and had read very little of the literature studied generally by the members.

I couldn't help laughing inwardly as I was paying my respects to the hostess to hear the Rev. Alec praising Miss Holdy's hat and dress and discussing the dress of several other ladies in the room.

I knew this was one of his traits but every time I heard him talking in this strain it made me smile.

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—(to Miss Holdy) “Did you see Mrs. R. just come in. She is over there, on the other side of the room. Hasn’t she a lovely bonnet, it is perfectly ravishing, she always dresses in such excellent taste. But I have no patience with some people. The other day when she called to see me at the office and I was having the most delightful conversation with her—she has such a soft melodious voice—who should come in but Miss Y. who always has so many questions to ask and wants information about books and work and everything else, and then she was dressed in an old gown—she may be a good woman but she has positively no taste in dress—and had on an old green bonnet, that it quite spoilt the harmony of my conversation with Mrs. R. and I had to say that this was my very busy day and would they excuse my attending to my letters.”

Miss Holdy was almost laughing outright and had difficulty in restraining herself, so to save the situation Mrs. Wilding broke into the conversation and asked Miss Holdy what she had been reading lately.

Miss Holdy.—“Oh, such an interesting book, all about the Mahatmas—I don’t know whether that is pronounced right, but I mean the wise men who taught Madame Blavatsky. It was in the ‘Occult World’ and it tells all about getting astral messages and making tea-cups grow in the roots of trees and all sorts of queer things. I do wish I could meet a Mahatma, or that one would come here.”

Mrs. Moore.—“Don’t be foolish, Alice. You know the Mahatmas live in Tibet or the Desert of Gobi, or some other un-get-at-able place, so how can you expect them to come here?”

Miss Holdy.—“Well they might come in their *mayavi rupas*—I don’t know

what that means, but Madame Blavatsky says so—perhaps it is a kind of airship, they do have the most wonderful things, you know. But what is a *mayavi rupa*, Mr. Fulsom?”

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—“Well, Miss Holdy, I can’t say I know anything about it myself, the word means an illusion body, or dream body, and the books say it is the same kind of body you have when you visit places in your dreams. But that doesn’t mean anything to me and I’m afraid I cannot help you.”

Mrs. Moore.—“But haven’t you been to India, Mr. Fulsom, and didn’t you see any Mahatmas there or have any messages from them? How long did you stay in India, and did you go to Tibet?”

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—“What a lot of questions—I really cannot answer them all at once. I was only in India a very short time. It was so hot and uncomfortable and there was nothing to eat—the only meat one could get was chicken—that it made me quite sick and I had to come home. One’s stomach must be attended to. No, I didn’t see a Mahatma, I do not consider myself worthy of entering into their august presence.”

The Professor.—(who had just come in and heard the last remark)—“Would you know one if you saw one, Alec? They might appear as very humble and lowly, as did Jesus, and perhaps to ordinary eyes, no different from other men. However, don’t let me interrupt, I must go over to speak to Mr. Berger who I see has just come in. So, goodbye for the present.”

Mrs. Wilding.—“But do come back again soon, Professor.”

The Professor.—“Oh yes, I certainly will, in a very short time.”

Miss Holdy.—“But Mr. Fulsom, I thought you knew all about the Mahatmas, for you have had messages from them, haven’t you. At least Mama said that you had, for you sent out two circulars and wanted the members to follow

some advice given in the messages. You know I don't understand these things and only want to learn."

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—"Yes, Miss Holdy, it is true that I received two communications which I believe to be from the Mahatmas, but you will understand that I cannot go into any detail in regard to them."

Mrs. Wilding and I looked at each other and it was evident to both of us that unless something were said there would be a misunderstanding on the part of others, for some had been misled by these so-called messages.

Solon.—"But Alec, why don't you say that the second message was practically a contradiction of the first. Do you know, I honestly believe somebody was fooling you."

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—"Well, Solon, of course you are entitled to your own opinions. I do not know, however, by what process of ratiocination you arrive at such a conclusion, but—I acknowledge that apparently there was a contradiction between the two communications. I cannot explain it. I simply accepted them as they came to me."

Mrs. Wilding.—"Well that was a long time ago and nearly everybody has forgotten about it, but it does seem strange—pardon me, Mr. Fulsom, for I do not refer to you, for I think you acted quite honestly from your point of view, though perhaps mistakenly from mine—it does seem strange that anyone should use the names of those great Helpers of Humanity to bolster up their personal claims. Indeed I do not think they could be so used by one who really believes in them."

Solon.—"That is my view too, but apart from the pity of it all, there is something so ludicrous in the feeble attempts made by the poor deluded fools to gain notoriety and position by such means."

Mrs. Wilding.—"Yes, ludicrous in the extreme but unfortunately some

people cannot see the humorous side of it and then what makes it worse, some of these pretenders are not simply deluded, but act deliberately and maliciously."

Miss Holdy.—"Why, is it possible that anyone would act like that? How dreadful! But do tell me—do you know anything about that queer circular which Mr.—Mr.—what *is* his name? Oh, I remember, Mr. Grover, sent out. Mama had one of these queer circulars and she couldn't understand it at all. He talked all the time about his being *directed* and there was a lot of personal correspondence in it that he had promised to keep private. Mama thought it was shameful to break a promise like that, not to speak of his conduct in printing those letters at all which hardly seemed the part of a gentleman."

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—"I haven't seen the circular, what was it all about?"

Miss Holdy.—"Oh, I don't remember much about it, but it was all 'I am directed' and 'As I may, might, would, could, or should be directed,'—all written in that style. And then there was such a funny message, something about civilized people not being able to keep their promises,—I think, if any real Mahatma sent that message, he must have meant it for Mr. Grover himself, because of the shameful way in which he broke his own promise as shown in his own words. But the funniest part of the message was about 'evil listening' and about these words standing out and staring people in the face to haunt them in their dreams. And that if anybody thinks this absurd they had better devote themselves to politics exclusively."

Mrs. Moore.—"The very idea. Why to politics, I'd like to know? There are just as honorable men in politics as in any other walk of life. Mr. Moore has been in politics for thirty years and he has never been known to break his promise, nor to listen to evil nor speak evil of others. If evil listening is bad,

evil speaking is much worse and I imagine Mr. Grover or whoever wrote that message must be having some very bad dreams and be continually haunted by having things staring him in the face. I'd just like to give this Mr. Grover a piece of my mind. I am sure his Master cannot be one of those who have attained human perfection or he would have a better knowledge of the world."

Mrs. Wilding. — "Well, be a little charitable; perhaps the poor young man doesn't quite know what he is writing; perhaps some fair face has disturbed his day-dreams. I don't know who his Master may be, but you know there are all sorts of Masters,—dancing-masters, circus-masters, post-masters, writing-masters. After all, although it may be necessary to understand what is going on around us and we must always use our discrimination in regard to these matters, yet they do not help us very much, if at all, to understand the great Helpers of Humanity. Perhaps they may serve to show what the Helpers are not. But here is the Professor just coming in. Mr. Fulsom, do ask him to come over here. Oh, and there's Mrs. Keaton just going to speak to him. Oh, dear, she'll keep him talking all the evening. Do go, Mr. Fulsom, and ask them both to come and have a cup of tea."

Mrs. Keaton had been a member of the Club for some time and was a very interesting character and clever writer. She used to dress rather gorgeously, though with some rather remarkable combinations of colors, making a striking but not always harmonious appearance, giving me always the idea of restlessness and ambition. I have always had a theory that entirely apart from any love of display common to so many, the colors which people wear are symbolic of their natures and general attitude of mind.

She also usually made quite a display of jewelry. She was a very entertaining talker, generally doing *all* the talking, provided you would listen, but the way in

which she would contradict herself at different times was most amusing. The Professor and she stopped a few paces from where I was sitting and I heard the Professor say to her: "The boy has had a great opportunity, a magnificent opportunity, that many a one would have willingly cut off his right hand for, and now he has lost it through his ambition. You helped him in his course and will have to suffer with him, but let me warn you both to stop this business right here for your own sakes, for you cannot harm the work or those whom you are attacking, and every force you send out against them will be a boomerang and return to you."

Mrs. Wilding. — "Professor, do come. We have been expecting you such a long time. Mrs. Keaton, won't you join us too?"

Mrs. Keaton. — "Many thanks, Mrs. Wilding, but I cannot stay. I must beg to be excused this evening."

Miss Holdy. — "Oh, Professor, there are such a lot of things we want to ask you."

The Professor. — "I thought you were going to ask Mr. Fulsom; hasn't he answered all your questions?"

Rev. Alex. Fulsom. — "Oh, no, I have been taking the part of a listener to-day, and I think Miss Holdy has been waiting for you."

Mrs. Wilding. — "The fact of the matter is, Professor, that we have been discussing that unfortunate affair of Mr. Grover's circular. But for my own part, while I recognize the pity of it all, the ludicrous side comes uppermost all the time. I think it is a very good thing that there are no more 'mind-born' sons floating around. What a civilization we would have if everybody had such children; judging from the only one I ever heard of—if he is a fair sample—we should soon have a fine state of things, verging on chaos, I fancy."

The Professor. — "Yes, I think we are to be congratulated that no more speci-

mens of the species you refer to are ex- tant—probably born of an excited fancy. But, seriously, the present tempest in a tea-pot affords an admirable object-lesson and one that should be a warning to all not to play at occultism or pose before the world as possessing peculiar powers. Bear in mind that no one can play at these things with impunity, all may seem to go smoothly for a time, but the lightning though it tarry long never fails to strike when the time comes. All have had repeated warnings and can plead not one excuse for their conduct.”

Mrs. Moore.—“I don’t know very much about these matters, but one thing puzzles me. How does it happen that people get these ideas that they possess extraordinary powers? I should call it a form of insanity.”

The Professor.—“Such a state of mind may be due to several causes. It may be due to ambition and the desire to pose before others as a sort of savior, and after a time by constantly dwelling upon this idea self-hypnotization results, so that such a one may actually come to believe he really is that which at first he only pretended to be. Think of the harm that such a one might do if not checked and exposed, especially if unscrupulous, and pity the poor fools who are deluded by him. He may work very subtly and keep himself in the background, using others as *cat’s-paws* to work his ends before the world, playing on others’ ambitions for place and power, and when the game *fails*, leaving them in the lurch. But as I have said, the law does not fail and at the last the lightning strikes.

“Then there are other causes that ulti-

mately lead to this self-delusion and hypnotization, such as the use of drugs, chloral, cocaine, opium and others which induce a form of hallucination and complete the work begun by ambition; the mind being previously set in this direction becomes completely enslaved by this idea. If you could go into our insane asylums to-day you would find many who imagine themselves to be Christs and Napoleons,—even in my own experience I have met seven Marie Antoinettes, and as for Mary Queen of Scots—she is to be met with in every large city. Such people entirely ignore the injunction of the ancient sages, ‘Be humble if thou would’st attain to Wisdom, be humbler still when Wisdom thou hast mastered.’ The presence of the great Helpers of Humanity is not to be entered by heeding the vaporings of a diseased mind or by following any one who may declare himself to be ‘directed,’ but by unselfish work for others and by humbly striving to be like them, helpers—in however small degree—of the Great Orphan, Humanity.”

(To Miss Holdy).—“I fear, Miss Holdy, your questions will still have to remain unanswered for the present, but I hope it will not be long before we meet again when I shall be delighted to talk with you. In the meantime let me suggest that you read very carefully the letters which are published in *The Occult World*.”

Mrs. Wilding.—“But you are surely not going so soon, Professor.”

The Professor.—“I am very sorry to leave you, but I must go; I have an important engagement to attend to. So, goodbye to you all.”

LIVE IN THE PRESENT.

BY E. A. NERESHEIMER.

BOTH the Past and the Future are contained in the Present; the past is the progenitor of the present and the future is the child thereof.

In the light of the theory of repeated births on earth and the progressive evolution of the human Ego it is easy to conceive that we ourselves must have been the makers of our present conditions by our conduct in the past; also, that what is in store for us in the future must largely depend on what we do now.

Although the present conditions in which we live are entirely the outcome of the past, the whole of that past evolution is not expressed or manifested in any one life in the physical body; the human Ego being a too many sided and conglomerate entity. The entire past of individualized existence is focussed, ready for development in the present life, but never is fully manifested nor can it be entirely objectivized for want of an appropriate vehicle which would respond simultaneously on all planes.

And, the future is always in the hands of the present so far as the use which we make of the present is concerned. There is a desire in the mind of every individual to repeat again and again pleasant experiences; consequently it is easier to drift into a groove than to pick up a new and untrodden path. If this desire is much indulged it breeds indolence and folly. It is another thing to consciously and determinately enter upon and *live over again* an experience; in such instance the act is not a repetition but a positive step for the purpose of gaining knowledge. Another phase is to dwell in the future; building castles in the air, tickling the emotions with prospects of sensations of future indulgences, which are again similar only to the pleasing experiences which we have al-

ready had. But the temptation is so great to paint to one's self the most improbable far-off situations relating the same to precious personality in delightfully magnified proportions, that in this fancy we easily lose sight of the actual surroundings. Likewise the tendency to permit the welling up of spite and anger, contemplating to vent them on unsuspecting individuals in revenge for certain supposed unpleasantnesses which some one has perpetrated upon us, but which that person has long since forgotten.

All these phases of day-dreaming are futile, wasteful, injurious. Meantime the present becomes the past, never to be recalled, and we have missed the chance to live it or to learn from it our lesson.

It is clear that few people possess the power of living in the present from lack of concentration and observation.

How many people know or remember the simple things of their surroundings—the pattern of the carpet in their room, the exact position of or even the objects that adorn their table or mantelpiece: whoever listens so attentively to a conversation as to hear every word that is said and gives it sufficient consideration to understand its purport? Or, who observes the cyclic functions of his own body so diligently and correctly as to draw from it the knowledge to obtain perfect health? These important functions are heedlessly passed by for indulgences in trivial sensations.

Were we to observe more closely our own natures, thoughts and actions, we would learn more from them than from all the books in creation; in fact, our own bodies, minds, souls, are the very book of nature. All that is of permanent value in knowledge comes from within

Adepts become such by introspection and by the universal application of the principles which are garnered at this fountain-head of all knowledge. It is true that we can only appreciate in others what we know about ourselves; that is to say, the feelings, emotions and ideas of others are to us what they interpret to our consciousness in terms of reviving memories of past experiences which are already our own. These are the only standards by which we can measure what is going on within the souls of others.

Happiness, joy, sorrow, indifference, emotions, aspirations, are the elements of expression of soul-life; the deeper we have tested the experience of each of these, the more responsive are we towards like experiences of our fellow men.

The mind is so constituted that the consideration of either the past or the future crowds out the wholesome contemplation of the present moment; thus it is that worry over the events of the future often agitates us to no small extent. The source of this failing is the want of elasticity to accommodate ourselves to involuntary change. Our attitude towards the customary mode of living or certain surroundings, is more or less fixed and is often accompanied by fear of what others will think of a change in affairs which circumstances may compel us to face. Although the thing dreaded never comes to pass exactly in the way it is imagined; when it does occur and one is in it, it proves in reality never as bad as was feared.

Having once experienced this, it is unwise to contemplate trouble about the future at all, much less to dwell on it and paint a trouble-picture in detail.

Notwithstanding, prudence dictates vigilance over possible future events so

far as the same are involved and growing out of the obligations from previous actions. Obligations and duties must not be lost sight of in the least, and active measures with full knowledge of the responsibility must be adopted to discharge the same. If that be done the dreaded future misfortune will never come.

Life is full of burdens mainly because we permit it to be weighted with thoughts of the past and with fear of the future.

If attention and diligence be applied to momentary duties with full regard to observation of details in all directions and calmness and concentration on the present be practiced, then there is no time nor leisure left to fall into grooves of repetition or to indulge thoughts of an impossible future.

Every duty presents in each instance a new and never before experienced field or observation.

The restlessness of the mind to be constantly doing, doing, is a natural force which belongs to the present period of evolution. This must express itself in some way, it remains to be well studied and trained in order to recognize its power and turn the same to good account. If unguided by knowledge or by spiritual aspirations it runs unbridled beyond the limits of balance and then becomes the inevitable producer of painful experiences.

But these are the ways of nature! By allowing us to transgress the limits she teaches by hurling back the offender.

Whatever the effects of our past lives may be which express themselves here and now, they must run their course and the lessons which they have to teach are to be found only in the full appreciation of the *present moment*. If that be understood aright, then we have the key to our own mystery.

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

When Manas loses its ray by the destruction of a personality, does Manas reincarnate? If so, whence does the new personality get its Karma?

When at the middle of the fifth round such a number of Manases or individual egos are not able to reincarnate on account of being unable to get sufficiently spiritualized personal existences or vehicles and consequently are unable to gain sufficient experience to become Gods—what becomes of them?
J. B.

For the sake of the general reader it will be well first of all to define the technical terms used in the question. *Manas* is that aspect of the nature of man which is usually denominated the mind, or the rational thinking principle, that which endows man with self-consciousness. Man in his aspect of Manas is the thinker, the reasoner. The thinking principle or Manas in its higher aspects cannot come into direct contact with the physical plane and hence, it is said, it sends forth a *ray* from itself which incarnates in the physical man and becomes the "lower" manas, the brain-mind, the thinking principle as we ordinarily understand it, by means of which the personal man guides and controls his actions. This ray or lower manas is during incarnation attracted on the one hand to its parent, higher manas, and on the other by the allurements of sensuous existence. Should it become so immersed in sensuous existence as to utterly break away from its parent, the personal man, the man as we ordinarily know him becomes soulless, bereft of the guiding light of higher manas. The ray is lost, the personality is cut off from the soul and at death is destroyed, returning to the great reservoir of nature.

When this happens does *manas* reincarnate? H. P. Blavatsky in one of her writings states that two courses are open to the soul. It either enters upon a long

period of rest until a new cycle of manifestation comes around in which it again takes up its task of incarnation, or it immediately incarnates again in a new personality. Whence comes the Karma of this new personality. So far as merely personal Karma is concerned I think this will be derived from the elements and sources from which the component parts of the personality are derived. But since the Ego or Soul "is held responsible for all the sins committed through and in every new body or personality" (Key to Theosophy, Section VIII, "On Individuality and Personality") and since Karma is recorded in the Soul itself, the soul will be attracted to that environment and personality which provides the best conditions for the working out of its Karma.

I think it must be that the Karma of the new personality must be very similar to what it would have been had not the thread between the personality and the soul been broken in the preceding life, and in any case with the load of Karma of that and the other past lives the struggle must be terrible. For the soul has, as it were, forfeited its place in the present evolution and has to win it back, fighting against all the accumulated evil of its past personal existences.

As to the other question concerning the middle of the fifth Round—the moment of choice for the whole race,—those egos who can go forward enter upon a period of spiritual evolution that leads up to the divine, while those who have not reached that point of development which would enable them to enter upon this higher evolution drop out and pass into pralaya,—a great period of rest—to wait until a new period of human evolution.

No soul is ever *lost*, though it may fail

repeatedly to carry out its destiny and achieve its glorious purposes, but it is in essence divine, and must ultimately attain to a conscious recognition of its own divinity.

J. H. F.

THE NEW CYCLE.

In the Sec. Doc., vol. ii : page 454 (435) it is said : "The cycle of the Kali Yuga is said to have begun between the 17th and 18th of February in the year 3102 B. C." And on page 72 (69) of same vol. is said : "The year 1887 is from the commencement of Kali Yuga 4989 years."

If these two statements are consistent, the latter must mean, that the year beginning February 18, 1887, and ending February 17, 1888, is the year 4989 of Kali Yuga. For, counting months at 30 days each, the time *backward* from the year 1 (the *end* of the year 1) B. C. to February 17, 3102 B. C., is 3101 years 10 months and 13 days. Add for time A. D. 1887 years 1 month and 17 days and we get 4989 years—which reaches to February 17, 1888, including the whole of 1887 and part of 1888.

So, to *complete* the first 5000 years of Kali Yuga—conceding the date given above from the S. D. to be correct—we must include the *whole* of the year 1898, and January and the first 17 days of February in 1899; and the *second* 5000 years will begin February 18, 1899. I can see no escape from this, mathematically and astronomically; and would like to know if any other date than 3102 B. C. is known for the death of Krishna and the beginning of Kali Yuga. It is true that $3102 \div 1898 = 5000$; but in that equation we include the whole of both years; and reckon from January 1, 3102 B. C., to December 31, 1898.

Of course all changes in Nature are gradual, and practically the exact date may be unimportant.

In reference to the question about the beginning of the new cycle, I beg leave to call attention to a few points gleaned from the Secret Doctrine. The paging in parenthesis refers to the old edition. It must be remembered, of course, that H. P. B. expressly disclaimed for that work either infallibility or authority; but we may take its statements as true *prima facie*, and as the best evidence, perhaps, that we have.

1. The last word about cycles has not

been given out, and too much stress must not be laid on exact dates or exact computations. "There are some details which may not be explained, for secrets of the higher Initiation would have to be given out, and that cannot be done." II : 55 (51). See also I : 68 (36); II : 322 (308-9) : 413 (395).

2. The year 3102 B. C. is given as the beginning of Kali Yuga in the places quoted in the question, and also in a quotation from the French astronomer, Bailly, at I : 722-30 (658-67). If this date depended on records alone, it would be too uncertain for serious discussion; but the time that has elapsed since the occurrence of an astronomical event can be accurately determined. See I : 713 (650). In the following places reference is made to the close of the first five millenniums of Kali Yuga; I : 27 (XLIV). In about nine years the first 5000 years of Kali Yuga will end. (Note, that the Secret Doctrine was published in 1888).

I : 671 (612). We are at the very close of the cycle of 5000 years of the present Aryan Kali Yuga.

II : 54 (51). A Brahmanic calendar for 4986 Kali Yuga compiled in 1884-5 A. D. Fourteen years from 1885 ends in 1899; and $4986 \div 14 = 5000$.

II : 555 (527). Five thousand years ago, the date of Krishna's death, is also given as the beginning of Kali Yuga. From that day the Kali Yuga began for mankind. See II : 149 (140), and 580 (550).

3. Statements in the Puranas about the Kalpas must be taken in different senses, according to their references. "Thus these ages relate, in the same language to both the great and the small periods." I : 396 (369). The whole of Sec. VII of Vol. I bears on this subject. Every nation and tribe of the Western Aryans, like their Eastern brethren of the Fifth Race, has had its golden age, . . . several of them have reached their Iron Age, the Kali Yuga, an age black with horrors. I : 706 (645). The forth-

coming sixth sub-race—which may begin very soon—will be in its Satya Yuga (golden age) while we reap the fruit of our iniquity in our Kali Yuga. II : 155 (147). Every sub-race and nation has its cycles and stages of evolutionary development. II : 314 (301).

4. A Brahmanic Calendar whose figures "refer to the evolution beginning on Globe A and in the First Round," is given at II : 71, etc. (68, etc). See also articles in the Path, III : 17 ; V : 114 ; VII : 205 ; IX : 234. Theosophist, VII : 115. The Forum, first series, questions 13 and 37.

The general conclusion is that the exact turning point of a cycle cannot be

known, either by computation beforehand or by observation at the time, for "Nature does nothing by leaps."

Resolutions taken and enterprises commenced when the movement of a cycle is favorable will no doubt be more successfully carried out ; but if good resolutions occupy the mind at all times, favoring influences will not be lost ; and if laudable enterprises wait for the edict of the astrologer, they may never be begun.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor—and to wait."

G. A. MARSHALL.

YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

PENNY BRIGHT—A TRUE FAIRY STORY.

BY ELIZABETH WHITNEY.

SUSIE was nine years old, and she went to the Lotus Group every Sunday. But to-day she had a bad cold, and it had begun to snow outdoors, so her papa said, "Little girl, you will have to stay home to-day, I am very sorry about it." Then he gave her a penny, the same as usual, and said "Good Luck!"

Susie didn't feel happy, and she sat down in a corner with her Lotus Song Book, thinking of all the other children singing together. "Yes," she thought to herself, "they'll sing the Circle Song and Tiny Buds and Happy Sunbeams, and then have 'silent moments,' and then take up the pennies"—(here she looked at her own penny). "It's a very bright one," thought Susie. And then she thought of the candy store on the way to school. "Wish I had a stick of butter scotch," she thought to herself ; "no, chewing gum would last longer, I'd rather have that"; but as she thought more about it she said to herself, "Guess after all a pep'mint stick, a

ring-a-round-red-one, would *taste* the best." So *that* was settled. "Oh dear," thought Susie, "how I wish"—and she gave such a wriggle that the penny slipped to the floor and spun round in a circle.

"Oh, you funny penny," said Susie, jumping down after it. "How round you are, you are just like a circle!" and she turned the penny over and over in her hand as she hummed, "Never begun and without end, see the great circle's even span." Then Susie thought about the Rainbow Fairy Play they were to have the next week. Susie's color was indigo for she was the "Spirit of Thought," and she thought she would practice it. So she sang :

"I am the Spirit of Thought, wending
mysterious ways,
Make in your sweet heart a pure home
for me,
I will enlighten your days."

She still held the penny in her hand, and she thought it grew brighter every time she looked at it. When she came

to the chorus, "Brothers we," she sang it all right, as far as "to and fro as we go, we are wise and fair to see," then the next words kind of slipped away, so she just "made up to fit the tune,"—"La La La, penny bright," and then finished up all right with "the white light of unity." Then she stopped short with surprise, for right before her stood the cunningest, *teentiest* fairy you ever dreamed of!

The fairy was all in blue (dark blue), with a crown all of gold that seemed to have a diamond on top; anyway, it shone out with a big white light. And the fairy's eyes, well, they were simply bee-yew-ti-ful! as though you put violets and pansies together and made a new flower! and there was a kind of smile in the fairy's eyes that made Susie sing to herself, "Happy little sunbeams," as the fairy stood bowing and smiling at Susie, saying "At your service."

As soon as Susie found her breath she said, "Why, how did you get here?"

"Came at the call," said the fairy in the sweetest voice, as though you took the loveliest sounds you ever heard in a piano, organ, harp and violin and put them together into a new sound!

"I didn't hear anything," said Susie.

"Because you did it," said the fairy. "*Music*, you know," she went on to say, for Susie looked puzzled; "La La La—that's my note in the Great Song."

"Oh," said Susie, with delight, "of course, *each* of us is a note. I never *saw* it before, though."

"Well, that isn't all," said the fairy, "you called my *outside name*, too.

"And *that* isn't all," said the fairy. "You found my color too, for I am the Indigo Fairy from the Rainbow (Spirit of Thought); *and*," said the fairy, "one thing more—you struck the right tune. You see, in your heart you have been making a pure home for me, and I will enlighten your days. All the children in the world know my note, and I've danced and sung myself almost to pieces.

They all know my color, but they keep mixing it up with red and green. They all know my outside name, but they keep putting me in a dungeon and every time I escape, Giant Selfishness comes after me. None of this could happen, only the tune that keeps me together and my *inside* name, have been lost!

"It is a perfect golden age since I've been called out, by note, color, outside name and tune altogether!

"You found the lost tune, 'Brothers we.' To you—my Liberator—I will ever be a Loyal Guide and Light Giver (L. G. for short, as it stands for all)."

"L. G.," thought Susie, "why, it stands for Lotus Group too!"

"So it does," said the fairy (for being the Spirit of Thought, she knew right off what children thought, before they had time to speak).

"There's another thing," said the fairy. "*This wand*."

Now Susie had been looking at the wand as much as she could for it dazzled her eyes like sunshine. The handle was as blue as the sky and yet it was as bright as light; and it made Susie think of "Happy little Sunbeams darting through the blue." The end of the wand Susie thought was just like her mama's opal ring that turned into all the colors of the rainbow at once.

"Yes," said the fairy (knowing what Susie was thinking), "the Happy Sunbeams go darting through the blue, to open all the doors (the colors, you know) at once. Opal, you know, is a short way of saying, *open all*. It is the way to the heart, to the Purple and Gold (my inside name is there). Now this wand may be little, but oh my, it is important. Don't forget it, please! It belongs to the lost tune and if you want help, you must think hard, to find its name and right place in the tune.

La La La, Penny-bright will always bring me, but if you want to use this wand, please"—

But Susie had been thinking hard and

from the way the fairy spoke she *knew* the name and place in the tune was this way :

Help me, please
To do right.

“ Yes,” said the fairy, “ You have it. Now you must find my secret name ; it will help you to see the White Light of Unity, then—ah, *then* we can go on our travels !”

Susie thought *and* thought, and then she happened to look up into the fairy’s eyes, then it came in a flash—“ Why, of

course, Purple Pence ! I never knew before what it was !” and she finished the tune joyfully,

Purple Pence help me see
The White Light of Unity.

“ Right !” said the fairy, joyfully. “ *Now*, we can go on our travels ; we can start any time, *at the call*.”

Then in a flash of white light the fairy disappeared, and Susie’s papa came into the room, saying : “ Little daughter, come to supper.” And Susie ran to take his hand, singing :

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

THE most important event of the past month was the Children’s Celebration on the 13th, the anniversary of the birthday of William Q. Judge. All the Lotus Groups and most of the Branches kept this anniversary in memory of our beloved Chief and his work.

In New York an entertainment of stereopticon lantern-slides formed the main part of the programme. The pictures illustrated the growth of this country and its history, all being related to the great Brotherhood Movement which has culminated in the Universal Brotherhood Organization. Pictures were shown of Columbus, Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, and of events in their lives, the story being interestingly told by Mr. — Cutter in the character of Uncle Sam, which greatly delighted the children. The pictures concluded with views of Point Loma and the flag of the S. R. L. M. A., after which were shown portraits of H. P. B., W. Q. J., and Katherine A. Tingley. The Aryan Hall was simply packed with children, the grown-ups having to stand in the doorways and aisles.

Many reports have already come in of the celebration of the 13th from Branches and Lotus Groups, but cannot be given here for lack of space. We may men-

tion, however, the entertainment at Youngstown, Ohio, which consisted of songs and marching by the children and stereopticon views. In Cambridge the children—even the very smallest taking part—gave tableaux representing all the nations. In Boston, after the entertainment, a supper was given to the children, and in Fort Wayne a Brotherhood supper was given to a large number of poor people and children. The newspapers in Fort Wayne were very interested in this work and gave excellent reports. A new Lotus Group has recently been formed in Omaha, Neb., and an entertainment was held and gave great delight to the children. A very successful and interesting entertainment was also given in Providence, to which the public were invited.

The Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood Organization reports that 17 new Lodges have been formed since the Convention, and that applications for diplomas are received every day.

Mr. Bureham Harding is making a tour of the Pacific Coast Lodges giving lectures and also showing the stereopticon views of the Crusade, which were first shown at the Bazaar in New York. Mr. Harding reports splendid work being done everywhere on the Coast, and states that he has found the news-

papers much more willing to open their columns to notices of Universal Brotherhood meetings than formerly to notices on Theosophy. The word is proving to be a magic "open sesame" and attracts many to the meetings.

An idea which originated and is being carried out in Buffalo is worthy of being put into operation by every Universal Brotherhood Lodge. A stiff paper cover is made for the magazine *Universal Brotherhood*. On the outside is printed "This magazine is prepared for free circulation by Lodge No. — America of Universal Brotherhood, founded by Katherine A. Tingley, January 13th, 1898." (Then follows address of local Lodge.) Inside is the following: As the purpose is to keep this periodical in constant circulation, Readers will please use it carefully, and when read hand it to some one who will be interested in it or return it to the Lodge room when another will be issued. Rooms open from (time, day of week, etc.). Will each reader please write below the name and address of the friend they hand it to" (followed by columns for name and address).

On the other outside cover are printed "Extracts from the Preamble and Constitution of Universal Brotherhood," viz.: The Preamble, Article II, Sec. 1, 2, 3; Article X, Sec. 1, 2; Article XIV, Sec. 2; followed by the words: "This organization wants the assistance of every man, woman and child who believes in the Brotherhood of Humanity."

Then follow notices of meetings of the Lodge and below are given the Objects of the International Brotherhood League.

The magazines are sent to Hospitals, Prisons, Tenement Houses and lent to anyone who may desire to use them. Already much interest has been aroused in this way and they have proved a god-send to many in prison and in the hospitals. For further information on this matter, members should address Mr. W. A. Stevens, 500 Lafayette Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

T. S. IN AUSTRALASIA.

The report of the annual convention held March 13th has been received and gives a glowing account of the proceedings. The following resolution was moved by the Chairman of the Convention:

"RESOLVED, that at this Convention of the Theosophical Society in Australasia, assembled at Sydney, Australia, on the date known as the 13th day of March, 1898, we do hereby proclaim Katherine A. Tingley as Leader of the Universal Brotherhood Movement throughout the world, and pledge to her our loyalty and unswerving support and to follow her without cavil or delay in all action by organization and otherwise, that she may deem necessary to bring Light, Truth and Liberation to the Human Race."

The resolution was carried with tremendous enthusiasm, the whole audience standing and giving three ringing cheers for the Leader of the Movement. E. A. Neresheimer was unanimously elected President with great applause, the Rev. S. J. Neill, of New Zealand, Vice-President and Alice L. Cleather, Recording Secretary and International Representative.

ENGLAND.

On the arrival of Alice L. Cleather and Basil Crump in Liverpool after their visit to the United States, a short stay was made and meetings held. These were so well attended and such enthusiasm aroused that it was as though a convention were being held. Bro. Sandham said that the meetings were like the Crusade Meetings held on the arrival of the Crusade in 1896.

In London the work is going on steadily as usual. The new organization of Universal Brotherhood has united the members more closely than ever. Under the auspices of the International Brotherhood League special work is being done among young people, meetings are

always well attended and results are very encouraging.

Much good work is being done throughout England by the *Crusader* issued twice a month and copies of which are sent to the various Lodges in Europe and to India and Australia. This paper is for the purpose of carrying forward the work done by the Crusade and must

therefore be of great interest to all members in America. As the members in England have but small financial resources, it is only by their great devotion that this valuable work is kept going and any help or subscriptions from the United States will render much assistance to the band of Brothers across the water.

J. H. FUSSELL.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

It is requested that the following directions be implicitly followed, otherwise delay and confusion may result. Members should keep these directions where they can be easily referred to:

The Universal Brotherhood Organization. All communications relative to this organization, also all money, fees, dues, contributions for the organization should be addressed to F. M. Pierce, General Secretary, 144 Madison Avenue. All money is turned over by the Secretary to the General Treasurer.

The Theosophical Society in America. Address all communications to E. A. Neresheimer, President, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

The E. S. T. Address all communications to the Secretary E. S. T., 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

Purple Pence. The old Purple Pence plan is being revived and new boxes will be issued very shortly. The Purple Pence Committee consists of E. A. Neresheimer and Clark Thurston. All contributions

should be sent to E. A. Neresheimer, Treasurer, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

The International Brotherhood League. Address all communications to H. T. Patterson, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

The New Century. Address all editorial communications to The Editor, New Century, 144 Madison Avenue, New York. All money and subscriptions should be sent to Clark Thurston, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

The Universal Brotherhood Magazine. Address all editorial communications to the Editors, 144 Madison Avenue, New York. All money and subscriptions to the Magazine should be sent to the Theosophical Publishing Company, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

Important. Please always state when writing to UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD whether the Organization or the Magazine is meant, and address "Universal Brotherhood Organization," or "Universal Brotherhood Magazine," as the case may be.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The Theosophical Publishing Company is now under the full control of Mr. E. A. Neresheimer and will be carried on on a larger scale than heretofore. Several new books are in course of preparation and will be issued before long. We hope that all our members and friends will give their support to this work which was begun by William Q. Judge. All profits accruing from the Theosophical Publishing Company are used to further the work for Brotherhood.