

"All the air resounds with the presence of spirit and spiritual laws."

Gems from the East.

"Our work must reach every department of life. You can never tell how far an apparently insignificant bit of good work may spread, for it is like a stone thrown into the water in the endless succession of its ripples."

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

II. AURITÆ—THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

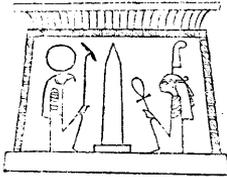
It is character that rules in nations as in individuals. Only in loyalty to the old can we serve the new; only in understanding the Past, can we interpret and use the Present; for history is not made but unfolded, and the Old World is ever present in the New.—Benj. Ide Wheeler.

"The life of all those nations that form a part of history, oscillates during the Primeval Period, between two poles," Baron Bunsen remarks. "By the simple action of these, the feeling of a national existence is developed. One of these poles is Language, the other Religion." Without language, he affirms, that there can be no religion, and without the intuitive consciousness of a God there can be no connection between the essence and the modes of Being, the *esse* and *existere* of Swedenborg; consequently, no proposition or affirmation, no word and no language. Hence, he adds: "Without the two, Religion and Language, no science, no art, no sense of human community can exist; and therefore, no development of civic quality, no history."

As if in accord with this canon, the accounts of Egypt began with traditions of the archaic rule of the gods, and accom-

plished Orientalists have interpreted them as indicating a migration from Asia in some prehistoric period. This may be true, to some extent, so far as relates to the Northern region, but it appears utterly improbable in so far as it concerns the Thebâid. The Koptic physiognomy is Caucasian and many of the divinities were worshipped in that region by names that had a resemblance and signification like those of their counterparts in other Asiatic countries. This, however, has not been demonstrated. The families themselves were religious groups with eponymic ancestors whom they honored and commemorated with rites, prayers and offerings at stated periods. Each district, or nome, had in its chief city a Temple at which the patron god was worshipped together with his consort and third hearth-sharer. In short, there was manifested in that far-distant period of undefined ancientness, what Bunsen has so eloquently described as "the pure apprehension of God as detected in the human soul as Law by reason and as God by conscience."

The traditions of the prehistoric period divide the gods who ruled over Egypt into two groups, the group of Râ and that of Osiris. Both are associated alike with sun-worship, yet exhibit an intrinsic difference in character. The worship of Râ had its centre at Heliopolis, and that of



HOROS AND THMEI.

Osiris at Abydos. Yet, in framing the respective legends a father is assigned whose ascendancy preceded this principal divinity of the group, as in the Homeric theology, Zeus is made the son and successor of Kronos.

Accordingly the traditions of Lower Egypt placed as the first of the series of Divine rulers, Ptah, the god of Memphis. He was the demiurgus, and was denominated the "Father of the Universe," and the "Lord of Truth." The name, however, seems to be likewise a Semitic term,* and signifies the opener, the revealer and interpreter.† and thus he who brings the

*Perhaps some readers may not be aware that this term "Semitic" is technical and relates to a form of development and not to any specific line of descent. No reference to the traditional sons of Noah is signified. The Arabian and Assyrian populations and their particular language are what is meant. "Semitism" is undoubtedly an evolution from an older "Hamitism," and to this fact undoubtedly many of the resemblances are due which are observed. No person who is conversant with the Hebrew writings will fail to perceive that the early Israelites were largely, if not chiefly, Hamitic in blood as well as language and customs.

Probably the Phenicians, themselves a prehistoric people of unknown antiquity, were the introducers of many of the "Semitic" names. They occupied the Delta at an early period, where the god Seth was the tutelary. The Ethiopic or Hamitic peoples were the oldest in development, and from them "Semitism," as the philologists term it, took its rise and the form afterward leading in many countries. Doubtless the myth which was promulgated in later centuries of the murder of Osiris by Seth and the later conquest by Horos signified a conflict of Egyptians with the interlopers.

†In Genesis xl, 8, the word PTR or Peter is used. The hierophant at the Sacred Rites seems to have borne this title.

ideal into activity. After the development of a more complete philosophic system, he was represented as coming forth from the mystic Egg which contained the Universe. Sometimes, also, he was placed at the potter's wheel like Neph and Amun of Thebes, to fashion the Egg into a perfect creation. He was likewise depicted with the figure of a mummy holding the Nilometer and whip. His daughter, Ma or Thmei, the personified Truth, was inseparable from him, indicating, as Iamblichos has expressed it, that he created all things with truth. His consort was Sukhet or Bast, the Artemis or Diana of Egypt who was the chief divinity of Bubastis.* She was represented with the head of a lioness, and likewise with a human visage, with the horns of the moon and the solar disk surmounted with the royal asp, two ostrich



feathers and a vulture. The latter was the symbol of Motherhood, the former of sovereignty; and she was worshipped as "Queen of Heaven" and "Mother of All." The god Emeph,† Imopht or Imhotep, the Egyptian Esculapius and god of the superior knowledge was the third in this group.

Râ the personified Sun, was evidently the Semitic divinity Râ or Il of ancient Babylon or Bab-El. His terrestrial reign and that of the gods who represented him in various attributes, was considered as actually the same Golden Age. To this period all looked back with regret and envy; and whenever anyone desired to indicate the superiority of anything, it was enough to affirm that "its like had never been seen since the days of the god Râ."

He seems to have had no consort like other divinities; and, in fact, the others were only Râ himself, manifested and personified under different forms and condi-

*Or Pi-Beseth—Ezekiel xxx. 17. She was also called Hakti or Hekaté and was designated as a Hathor on the monuments.

†Iamblichos—*Mysterles* VIII, iii, 1. "The god Emeph prior and dominant over the gods of the sky"

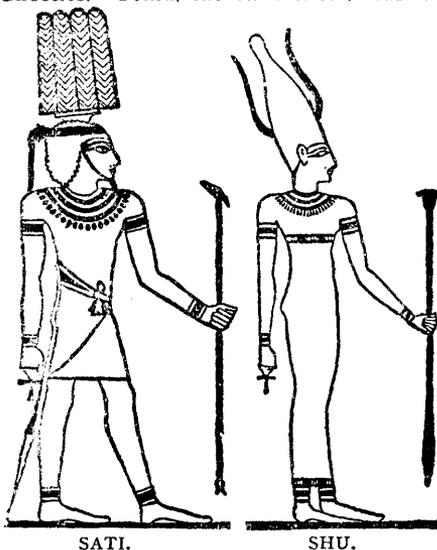
tions, as if to signify the Sun in its various offices, attributes and periods of the day. After the newer arrangement of Thebes had been established, he was named and his symbols placed in combination with those of the divinities of Southern Egypt, as Amun-Râ, Num-Râ, Khem-Râ, Sebek-Râ. Thus was indicated their essential sameness and also that these various personifications related only to qualities and attributes, and not to any real distinct individuality.



Râ was also commemorated in an indefinite variety of forms. One was a human figure with the disk of the sun upon the head, which was often entwined by a serpent to typify the motion of the sun through the sky. Another had the head of the hawk, a symbol alike of the sun and of the Supreme Over-Soul. Hence the Temple-scribe or hierogrammat expounded its purpose: "He that has the head of a hawk is the Supreme God. He is the First, indestructible, everlasting, unbegotten, indivisible, absolutely unlike all else, the possessor of all excellence, uninfluenced by gifts, best of the good and most sagacious of the shrewd; He is the father of social order and justice, learned of himself, initiated, perfected, wise, and the first who possessed the sacred occult knowledge."

He was also set forth in the traditions, as the son of Nu or Netpe, the primal mother, of whom he was born anew every morning, and also of Nêith, the mother of the gods and goddess of philosophy. The tablet in the Temple of this latter divinity at Sâ or Sâis is often quoted: "I am the all—that which is, and was and will be; no one has ever removed my robe, yet Râ is my son."*

Shu, the "first born son of Râ" was the next of these divine rulers of Egypt. He was as his name implies the personification of Râ, as Light, and also as the cosmic or electric energy. He was styled by Manethô the Agathodæmon or good divinity, a title afterward given to Neph by the Gnostics. Tefnu, his twin sister, was his

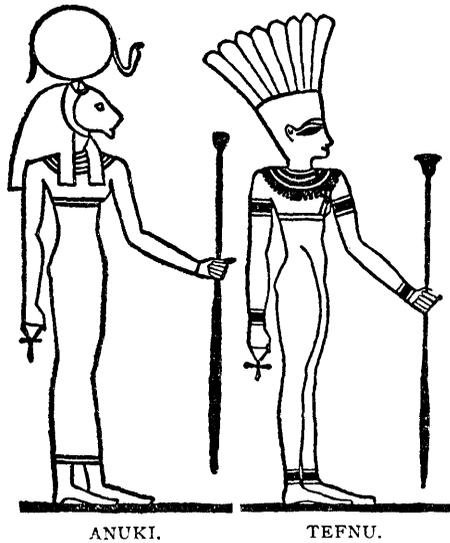


*This goddess was the female or passive principle of the universe personified. She was principally worshipped in Lower Egypt, and only the single crown appears on her head. Her origin is shown by her name, which is the same as Anâit or Anahid of Asia, and the Ardivisura Anahita of the Lesser Avesta. She was accordingly styled "the mother who gave birth to the Sun, the first born, but not the begotten." Her statue at Heliopolis had in the right hand the ankh or ansate cross, and in the left the lotus-sceptre. The wife of the patriarch Joseph, it will be remembered, was named Asenath, or Snath, while her father was called Potiphera or Poti Phra, the "gift of Râ," who was the high priest of that divinity at Heliopolis.

consort, and Tum or Atum, the Sun of night and of the world of the dead, completed the triad. These three gods, however, were only forms of Râ, and the brazen serpent was their symbol.

After the establishment of the first dynasty the religious influence of the Thebâid was paramount, and the group of divinities personified and represented by Osiris, to a great degree superseded and absorbed that of Râ. The gods of the North were overshadowed and the others became supreme and so were named no more as lords of Egypt.

Although Neph was not of the category of gods that exercised a terrestrial sovereignty, he was too prominent not to receive attention. Despite the apparent Semitic derivation of his name* he primarily be-



ANUKI.

TEFNU.

longed to Ethiopia and the Thebâid, actually antedating Amun himself. Neph was usually represented with the head of a ram above which were also the horns of a goat

*Hebrew NPS, Nephesh, breath, soul, a person, desire. The "Semitic" dialects, as they are termed, were formed from older ones, and to these latter the cognate Egyptian names undoubtedly belong. Khus or Ethiopia is named by Stephanos as the oldest country, and the Ethiopians as first to establish religious rites. All Southern Asia was in that ancient Ethiopia.

surmounted by the asp.* In one hand he held the ansate cross,† in the other a papyrus-sceptre. The horns of the goat signified the soul, *ba* the Egyptian name of that animal also denoting the soul, while the *sheft* or ram implied the creator or fashioner. Neph was the spirit that hovered over un-



TUM.

organized matter and imbued it with life. Hence he was depicted in the Temple at Philæ: "Num, who fashioned on this wheel the divine body of Osiris, who is enthroned in the great hall of life." He was also called Num-Râ, "who forms the mothers, the genetrices of the gods." At Esné he was represented as forming the human race upon his wheel and likewise as creating the sun and moon, the world and all things. After the union of the two crowns of Egypt, the chief divinity of Memphis, Ptah, was regarded as originating from him. Porphyry, the philosopher, has shown this in a tradition that Ptah the Demiurgus was born from the egg that issued from the mouth of Neph. The Gnos-

*The asp was the symbol of royal power, and it was attached accordingly to the crowns of the gods, priests and kings.

†Both gods and priests held the cross in the right hand to signify their vocation of life. Hence the direction of Jesus: "Let him take up his cross and follow me."

tics also represented this divinity by the figure of a huge serpent, with a lion's head surrounded by a halo of seven or twelve rays. They also gave him the title of Agathodæmon or good genius.

His associates were the goddesses Sati and Onka or Anuki. The latter goddess was worshipped in Bœotia, as a form of Athena and she presided like Hestia at the hearth. Writers differ in regard to which of the two was regarded as the consort, but Sati appears with him in various representations, though sometimes, apparently as a ministrant.

The social condition of Egypt in the primeval period was patriarchal. Every city and nome or district was a commonwealth by itself, with its own triad and circle of gods, and its peculiar worship and traditions. These gradually approximated one another till the influence of central places effected their union in a pantheon. Under that of the North the divinities in the group of Râ, the Sun-god, become predominant, but in process of time the cult of Osiris from the South came into the ascendent. The traditions were changed accordingly.

This new phase was indicated by the legend of the reign of Seb, the Egyptian Kronos. This divinity was described as lord of the Earth and also of time, and as the Egyptians believed in the perennity of time, he was the lord of all the past. In fact, Seb seems to have had a realm extending all over the earth. Sir Hyde Clarke finds his name in America,* as Sibû in Costa Rica and Shivaff in Mexico, as Sobô and Nizôb with African tribes, in Siva the aboriginal non-Aryan god of India, and Sabazios† the Attis or "Great Father" in Asia Minor. Although the hierogram of this Divinity was the goose in

*See "Serpent and Siva Worship," edited by Alexander Wilder, New York, 1877.

†The Semitic term SBT, the Sabbath or seventh, is evidently from the same origin. The god Sabazios, Sabaoth or Kronos, was lord of the seventh planet at the exterior of the Kosmos, of the world, of night and of the dead, and of the seventh day of

Egypt, the symbol most general in the different countries was the serpent.* It was employed in the sense of a benefactor, the giver of life and wisdom, but also in some countries and circumstances, as a malefic power.

Seb was styled the "Father of the gods," and Nu or Nutpe, his consort, bore the titles of "mother of the gods," and "protectress of souls." This goddess was sometimes depicted with the figure of a vulture upon her head, to symbolize her character as the Great Mother; also standing in a tree with a jar from which she poured water which a soul beneath the tree caught with the hands. As Seb was lord of the earth, so she was the queen or personification of the vault of Heaven.†

The terrestrial reign of Osiris was commemorated in Egypt as the introduction of a new era in Egyptian life. The arts, literature and other accompaniments of civilization were generally ascribed to this agency. Taking the place of Râ and Ptah he was invested with many of their symbols and titles, enabling his later worshippers to accept him as a new form or manifestation of those divinities. Unlike them, his name and rank were not expressed by the effigy of any animal.‡ He held in his hands a

the week. Accordingly, the Semites, as well as the Akkadians before them, from prehistoric times, observed this day with great strictness. It was also kept by Ophites in honor of the serpent-divinity.

*This subject has been set forth by General Furlong, C. Staniland Wake, E. G. Squier and others. It is also considered in my own unpublished and unfinished treatise on "Ancient Symbolism and Serpent-Worship."

†See Jeremiah vii, 18, and xlv, 17, 18, 25. In many editions of the English Bible there is a note appended to these texts suggesting that the phrase "Queen of Heaven" should read "frame of Heaven." This goddess is plainly indicated, for Judea was at the time first indicated, a vassal of Egypt.

‡This practice of employing figures of animals to represent the gods and their attributes gave rise to the fable of Typhon, brought forth by the Earth, from whom the gods fled into Egypt and concealed themselves under the forms of different animals. The invention of fables in which animals take part and hold discourse like human beings was of Egyptian origin. Æsop learned the practice in that country.

whip and crosier. His hieroglyph was simply a throne or seat, to represent the sound of *As*, and an eye, *ar* or *iri*, to complete the name phonetically, *Asar* or *Asiri*.* The designation, *Osiris*, however, it is affirmed, is not Egyptian; but it has been declared to be the same as *Asar*, *Adar* and *Assur* of Assyria and Babylonia,† and *Osiris* as he was depicted in later times, was a form of the *Dionysos* or *Bacchus-Zagreus* of the East. The Drama of the Secret Rites, gives him accordingly a corresponding character and history.‡

Isis, his consort, the "goddess with a thousand names" was of the same rank and function as the Oriental *Istar* or *Astarté*. Though comparatively unimportant in earlier times, she became after the *Hyk-Sos* period, the more important of the two.

Set, *Seth* or *Sut*, the brother§ and successor of *Osiris* has been supposed to represent the Egypt of the Delta, as *Osiris* represented the older country of the South. In fact, his worship was predominant in Lower Egypt long before that of *Osiris*. His designation signifying "king" in Asiatic dialects, aids to identify him with *Molokh*, the *Baal* of Syria, the *Sut* of the *Hyksos*, and *Sutekh* of the *Khitans* or *Hittites*.¶ He was the best esteemed divinity in Northern Egypt, and bore such titles as "the beloved of the world," "the most glorious son of *Nut*," and "great ruler of

*Plutarch states that the Egyptian priests pronounced the name *Hysiris*. This would show that the initial *A* was like the Greek *upsilon*.

†By an apparent coincidence, the gods of India of the same character, *Siva* or *Mahadeva* and *Bhavani* are also named *Iswara* and *Isi*.

‡Herodotus refrains from an occult reason from naming *Osiris*. The Egyptians always spoke of him by the personal pronoun "He."

§Brugsch-Bey prefers to consider him as the son of *Osiris*. Doubtless, as he was the tutelary god of the Delta, he was represented as the brother of *Osiris*. Doubtless, as he was the tutelary god two Egypts. The relationships of Egyptian gods were very indefinite and were often changed according to circumstances.

¶Ebers, however, thought them to be two separate personifications. There was a god *Sedek* or *Sydik* in Palestine, of whom *Melchizedek* was the *molokh* or priest-king.

Heaven," and his terrestrial reign was commemorated as most beneficent. The hatred with which the *Hyksos* and *Khitans* were regarded and the ascendancy of a new regime in Egypt served afterward to deprive him of his honors. Gods who have been dethroned become personifications of evil. *Seth* was transformed, in the tragedy of *Isis* and *Osiris*, into *Typhon*, and became the Satan of the Asiatic countries under Egyptian influence.

Nebti or *Nephthys*, the mother of *Anubis*, was his consort. Her name signifying "mistress of the house" would seem to assimilate her to *Onka* and *Hestia* as regent of homes. She was always described as loving and good, and on the monuments she was styled "the benevolent, loving sister."

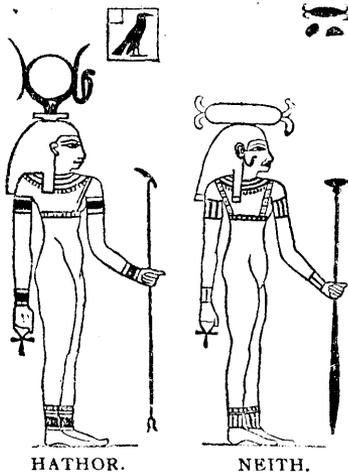
Hor or *Horos*, the son of *Isis* and *Osiris* is variously personified. He was *Hor-em-Khuti* or *Harmakhis*, the *Horos* or sun of the meridian, *Hor-pe-khruti* or *Horos* the child,* and sometimes *Har-oeer* or *Aroeris*, the brother of *Osiris*. He took the place of *Râ* in many places, even being adored as *Râ-Har-em-Khruti* at that god's temple in *Heliopolis*. He was also depicted like *Râ* with the hawk's head, especially after the *Theban* ascendancy had blended the two worships. In his reign the *Amazons* from the extreme West, it was affirmed, marched through Egypt in their career of conquest. He having been made the successor of *Seth* or *Typhon*, later legend made him the advesary and conqueror of that divinity and the avenger of *Osiris*.

His consort, *Hathor* was the *Venus* or *Aphroditè* of Egypt. Her designation, *Hat-Hor*, the place or abode of *Horos*,‡ not only indicates her as the consort of

*This is the child *Harpokrates* with his finger at his mouth, sitting on the *Lotus-Blossom*, and adorning the emblem representing his mother.

‡The supposition that she was originally an Asiatic divinity does not seem to be altogether unfounded. Her name has a close resemblance in sound to Semitic term *atar*, a place, which appears in like manner in the name of the *Aphroditè* of *Askalon*, *Atar-Gatis*, or *Der-Keto*, and even in that of *Kytheria*, the *Venus* of *Cyprus*.

that divinity but in a completer sense as the personification of the material or maternal principle of the universe. Her temples were all over Egypt, and she was the special goddess of Egyptian queens. She personified all that was beautiful, and likewise all that was true. She was also mistress in the world of the dead where Osiris was the judge.* Her statue was a womanly figure with the head of a cow, having crescent horns with a disk between. In one hand was the ansate cross, and in the other a lotus-sceptre. She was often identified with Isis, Nêith and other goddesses; and Ebers accordingly represents Rameses and others in *Uarda* speaking of them all collectively as "the Hathors." She was the divinity most celebrated for acts of beneficence and was the most esteemed of any in Egypt. Every place of any note had its temple to Horos and Hathor.



HATHOR.

NEITH.

This enumeration, it should be borne in mind, is a summary of conditions, preserved in later periods as a description of the prehistoric period. We may consider it a form of history in the nature of parable, having an enigmatic sense with more or

*He was styled Rot-Amenti (Radamanthus in Greek) the Judge of Amenti, the region of the dead. The term Amenti signifies the West, and seems to have been adopted from the fact that Egyptian cities had their necropolis west of the Nile. The boatman who ferried corpses over the river was styled Kharon.

less of a profounder esoteric meaning. It certainly has furnished a foundation for the philosophemes of the Alexandrian period, the teachings of Plotinos and Porphyry, the Theosophy and Theurgy of Iamblichos and the speculative systems of other sages.

This reigning of the gods, it has already been shown, was an administration of affairs in the hands of the initiated priests who possessed kingly quality, rank and authority. The divinity to whose worship they belonged was named as the actual monarch, and all functions were exercised in his name. "The rule of the gods," says Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, "has been supposed to be that of the priesthood of those deities who governed the country before the election of a king, like the judges of Israel."*

This analogy is very significant. We read in the Book of *Numbers*† that rebellion against Moses was equivalent to rebellion against the Lord Himself, whom Moses represented as His prophet; and again, that when the senators of Israel demanded from Samuel, the prophet, who was also their Judge or "suffet," that he should divide his authority and appoint for them a king to take the lead as with other nations, it was considered that they were

*There were four castes in Egypt; the sacerdotal, the military and peasant, the burgher, and the commonalty. "The first," says Wilkinson, "was composed of the chief priests or pontiffs as well as minor priests of various grades, belonging to different deities; prophets, judges, hierophants, magistrates, heirogrammats or sacred scribes, basilicogrammats or royal scribes, sphragistes, hierostoli or dressers and keepers of the sacred robes, doctors (teachers), embalmers, hierophori (carriers of sacred emblems in the processions), pterophori (carriers of the flabella and fans), præcones (who appear to have been the same as the pastophori), keepers of the sacred animals, hierolatomi or masons of the priestly order, sacred sculptors and draughtsmen, beades, sprinklers of water, and apomyoi (mentioned by Hesykhios, who drove away the flies with Chowries), and several inferior functionaries attached to the temples." The physicians belonged to the class of pastophori. Individuals could rise from the other castes to the sacerdotal or pass from that to the others. There was no iron chain, which precluded merit and talent from due recognition.

†Chapter xxi, 5-7.

setting aside, not Samuel alone, but God Himself, from reigning over them.*

The succeeding period in Egypt was known as that of the Hor-em-Shasu or Hor-shasu, the "successors of Horos." It lasted according to Manetho, 13,900 years. Thôth or Hermès the reputed patron of literature was the first of the series. Twelve of these lesser divinities were enumerated in this category, after which began the reign of human rulers. These were denominated, *Nekyes*; hardly "dead men," we may presume, or the wraiths of dead men, but individuals of superior character and ability, who had at their death been judged worthy of honorable burial, and were honored as good demons and ancestral divinities.† They are probably members of the sacerdotal order and had been chosen to the kingly office by their people. Bitys is named by Manethô as the first of this number. He is also mentioned by Iamblichos as "a prophet to King Amun," the Hyk or supreme god of the Thebaid, and as interpreting the theosophy of Hermes. Professor Sayce explains the condition of affairs, that "the country of the Nile was then divided into a number of small kingdoms, inhabited by a race similar in origin and customs, and already possessed of a considerable civilization. The so-called granite temple near the sphinx of Gizeh, built of huge monoliths of Syenite granite exquisitely cut and fitted together, perhaps belongs to this remote period." He adds that it must have been originally a tomb;‡

*I Samuel, viii, 5-9.

†Hesiod: *Works and Days*, "They became demons or divinities, kindly haunting the earth, guardians of mortal men—a kingly function."

Plato: *Kratylos*, "Every one who is wise and learned and who is good, is godlike, both while living and when dead and is properly called a demon or divinity."

‡The primitive temple structures were tombs. Hence the several sanctuaries of Osiris, at Abydos, Elephantina and Philæ, were described as places where he was buried. The tomb of Zeus in Krete was a shrine of the same character. The poet Vergil describes Æneas as instituting regular observances at the tomb of his father Ankhises. The modern custom of consecrating ground for the burial of the dead is a continuation of this ancient practice.

but when it was discovered in the sand in the time of Kheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid, the King seemed to have imagined it to be the shrine of Harmakhis, the Sphinx. "Even at that remote age the principles of architecture had been studied," he adds; "and the chieftain who lived on the edge of the Delta was able to have huge blocks of granite cut and transported for him from the distant quarries of Assuân." "The Sphinx itself probably belongs to that early time."

As the Egyptians were nothing if not religious their kings were not considered as duly invested with regal authority till they had been formally inaugurated by the high priest of the principal temple,* it has also been affirmed that the priests exercised the authority of determining when a king had ruled long enough, and that he accordingly obeyed their command by suicide. Finally, one refused obedience and was able to establish the royal power above that of the hierarchy and so introduce a new state of affairs. The life of the sacred Apis, it was also said, was restricted to twenty-five years, after which he was drowned, and a successor procured. But the monarchs enumerated in the lists of the numerous dynasties appear often to be remarkably long-lived.

Presently three principal religious centres were developed, to which those of the other districts became subsidiary. They were that of Seth in the Delta, that of Râ at Heliopolis, and that of Neph in the Southern nomes; the cult of Osiris being accepted by all. In time the several nomes or districts confederated more closely together according to racial affinity and mutual interests. One focus of authority and influ-

*In Greece a king who had not been consecrated by a priest was not entitled to the title of Basileus, but was denominated a Tyrannos or tyrant. Moses is described as laying his hands on Joshua (Deut. xxiv, 9); Abimelech as being made king at the temple of Baal-Berith; Solomon as anointed by Zadok and Jehoash as crowned beside a masba or sacred pillar in the Judean temple by Jehoiada. The custom is still observed in Europe.

ence was established at Teni and Abydos, and another at Annu or Heliopolis. Thus there were two Mizirs or Mizraim. One of these was sometimes denominated Kaphtor from its Phœnician relationships,* and the other Pathros, or the country of Hathor.† The way was thus prepared for the career which Egypt under her numerous kings and dynasties afterward achieved.

Mr. Gliddon, in his Lectures, gave a summary of the condition of affairs during this period. "A theocracy or government of priests was the first known to the Egyptians," he remarks; and then proceeds to explain it. "It is necessary," he says, "to give this word *priests* the acceptation which it bore in remote times, when the ministers of religion were also the ministers of science; so that they united in their own persons two of the noblest missions with which man can be invested—the worship of the Deity, and the cultivation of intelligence."

After this admirable statement, Mr. Gliddon steps down from his lofty attitude, and adopts the modern fashion of accounting for the decadence. This sacerdotal rule became corrupt, he affirms, and so was succeeded by secular rule. "This grand political revolution," as he now terms it, "had over the social welfare of the people an influence most salutary and durable. From a sacerdotal despotism, that in the name of Heaven exacted implicit obedience to the privileged members of the Hierarchy, the Egyptians passed under the authority of a temporal civil monarchy, and acquired a constitution that rendered them free and happy."

It is more probable, however, that the change was due to the people themselves. Mr. Gliddon's first description indicated the possession of the highest degree of freedom. When there is no king, it is

*Phœnicia was called Kapht, from which term the Delta was named Kapht-Or, the Greater Phœnicia, and "Island of Kapht-Or. Jeremiah, xlvi, 4.

†Two etymologies are suggested for this name: Pa-Tores, the Southern Country, and Pa-Hat-Hor, the country of Hathor.

said that every one does that which is right in his own eyes. It will be seen from Mr. Gliddon's own statements that the people, rather than their sacerdotal directors had become the party at fault. The Golden Period had waned, and those other ages supervened, in which men were less orderly and peace-loving. Sterner hands were required for such an exigency. Foreign invasion and its innovations were likewise disturbing the country on the North. In the decay of public virtue, the stress of affairs led to the demand for change. But the people had become less free in consequence.

A similar account is given of the Israelites and their change from theocracy and sacerdotal government to monarchy. The matter is briefly stated by the prophet Samuel.* "And the Lord sent Jeru-Baal, and Bedan, and Jephthah, and Samuel, and delivered you out of the hand of your enemies, on every side, and ye dwelt safe. And when ye saw that Nahash the king of the children of Ammon came against you, ye said into me: 'Nay; but a king shall also reign over us;' when the Lord your God was your King."

Mr. Gliddon did not support his statement by any showing of facts, but evidently deduced it from his own premises. The truth was, that kings of Egypt were themselves members of the sacerdotal body, who had been instructed in the temples, and that they were zealous about all matters of worship. Mr. Gliddon's own declarations further exonerate the priests from the imputation of being corrupt or despotic. The "Grand Revolution" was only a gradual change produced by these conditions, as he himself shows.

"The royal authority was not absolute," he tells us, "The sacerdotal order preserved in their councils their rightful positions. The military were there to maintain order and to strengthen the monarchy, but were citizen soldiers; and in the Great Assemblies (*Panegyrics*), wherein all religious,

*Samuel xii, 11-12.

warlike, civil, administrative, commercial, political, statistical, internal and external affairs were periodically treated, the priests, the military, the corporations and the people were represented, and the interests of all were protected."

Bunsen assigns three stages of organic development to the prehistoric period; first, the Sacerdotal Kings, then the military rulers, and afterward, kings of the upper and lower country. There were forty-two nomes or minor kingdoms, afterward represented in the hall of judgment by forty-two assessors. Each of them had a government district in itself with a *hyk* or prince of its own.

Mena or Menes is generally considered as the first monarch of a united Egypt. This, however, is sometimes disputed; and his name, it must be acknowledged, exhibits a suggestive resemblance to the names of eponymous leaders or ancestors in other countries, like *Manu* in India, *Mani* in Tibet, *Manis* in Phrygia, *Manes* in Lydia, *Minos* in Kreta, and *Mannus* in Germany. Yet he was always recognized in the literature and traditions of Egypt as a real personage, and the events recorded of his reign were accepted as undoubted facts.

The City of *Teni*, This or *Thinis*, near *Abydos*, has the credit of producing the chieftain who was able to establish a single jurisdiction over the whole country,* and "whoever has seen the rich plain in which the City of This once stood," says Professor A. H. Sayce, "will easily see how it

*Another explorer of recent period, M. E. Amelineau, takes issue with this statement. He affirms that he has been recently at *Abydos*, and found there the names and tombs of at least sixteen kings who reigned before Mena, and claimed supremacy over both Upper and Lower Egypt. It may, however, be pleaded in reply that such claiming is hardly conclusive proof without further evidence, of the actual possession of supreme power; and the fact that no record or no mention of it had been found heretofore, would seem to warrant doubt of the matter. It would, nevertheless, indicate pretty satisfactorily that the traditions of the reign of gods and worthy rulers during the primeval period, were founded upon an actual condition of human affairs. Meanwhile explorations are still in progress, and we may expect astounding disclosures.

was that the founder of this united monarchy came from thence." It was situated in a fertile plain, guarded on three sides by hills, and on the fourth by the river; and there was everything in abundance for the development of wealth and power. Here stood the chief temple, the Tomb of *Osiris*, and it was the focus of religious knowledge. From this place, Mena made his way northward down the Nile, passing the regions where *Horos* and *Seth* were said to have had their conflicts, and finally established his new metropolis in the neighborhood of the Sphinx itself.

Much he seems to have encountered of strife and war, while he founded his new city and brought to it the gods that were thenceforth to be supreme in Egypt. Banking up the river at a bend, a hundred furlongs back of his contemplated site, he opened a new channel for it, half way between the two ranges of hills that enclose the valley of the Nile. Upon the land thus gained from the water, he placed the City of *Men-nofer*,* better known to us in its Greek form of *Memphis*. He also erected here a Temple to the Divine Creator, *Hakke-Ptah†* whose worship he established.

Mena is described as having made important changes in the social habits as well as in religion. He introduced specific rites of worship, which are said to have been the first that were ever instituted in Egypt. He also promulgated a new system of laws declaring that they had been communicated to him by *Thôth*, the secretary of the gods. He appears likewise to have brought in a more free and refined way of living in place of the more simple mode of life of former times; and a later prince seems to have regarded him as accountable for the luxury and corruption of manners that existed in Egypt, some thousands of years afterward. *Taph-nakht*, a priest and subordinate prince of *Sâis* and *Memphis* and High

*The "Dwelling-Place of the One absolutely Good" (*Osiris*).

†*Brugsch-Bey* conjectures that the name of Egypt may have been formed from this designation.

priest of Ptah, captivated with the frugal habits of the Arabs, endeavored without success to procure their adoption in Egypt. He was led by the weakness of the earlier Assyrian dynasty, the twenty-second, to revolt, upon which the princes of the southern districts placed Piankhi, a descendant of the sacerdotal dynasty on the throne. Taph-nakht was reduced to submission and placed a pillar in the Temple of Amun at Thebes on which was inscribed a curse upon the name and memory of Mena for having induced the Egyptians to abandon their early simplicity of life.

The latest record of Mena is a story of war. It is said that he was leading an expedition against the Libyans, when he was killed, some affirm by a crocodile, others by a hippopotamus. These accounts are suggestive of an enigmatic meaning—Seth, the advisory of Osiris was the tutelary god of the Delta and both these animals were included in his domain. Mena, being a

worshipper of Ptah and Osiris, was, of course, an adversary of the party of that divinity and therefore his peculiar fate may signify that he perished at their hands.

He has left no monuments recording his exploits. This absence of evidence, all that we know having been obtained from the fragments of Manetho and the imperfect records in the rolls of papyrus, affords a warrant for severe criticism to throw doubt on the whole account. It is affirmed without corroboration, however, that the tomb of Mena has been discovered at Negada, and also tombs of other monarchs at Abydos, belonging to two different dynasties.

It would seem that the city which he founded, the public works that he constructed, the worship and code of laws that he promulgated, the numerous "Mysteries" which he caused to be established, the united Egypt itself, were monuments ample to preserve his memory.

HAPPINESS.

BY H. W. GRAVES.

Roughly speaking, it might be said that the sources of human happiness are three: Character, possessions, and the esteem of fellowmen. The first of these, character or individuality, is so inestimably greater than the other two, that the latter might almost be left out of account in a brief statement of the conditions of man's well-being.

Compared with genuine individual advantages such as a great mind or a great heart, all privileges of rank or birth, are but as kings on the stage to kings in real life. So much greater is the happiness we receive from within than that which we obtain from surroundings.

It is obvious that the principal element

in a man's well-being, indeed the whole tenor of existence, is what he is made of, his inner constitution. This is why the same external events affect no two people alike; even with perfectly similar surroundings every one lives in a world of his own. The world in which a man lives, shapes itself chiefly by the way in which he looks at it, and so it proves different to different men; to one it is barren, dull, and superficial; to another, rich, interesting, full of meaning. On hearing of events which have happened in the course of a man's experience, many people wish that similar things had happened in their lives, too, forgetting that they should be envious rather of the mental aptitude which lent those

events such intensity of interest. To the dull perceptions of an average mortal they would have been stale, everyday occurrences.

It is open to a thoughtless reader to envy the poet because so many delightful things happened to him, instead of envying that mighty power of imagination which was capable of turning a fairly common experience into something so beautiful and great. To a blunt intelligence the fairest and best object in the world presents only a poor reality and is, therefore, only poorly appreciated, like a fine landscape in dull days.

Every man is pent up within the limits of his own consciousness, so external aid is not of much use to him. On the stage, one man is a prince, another a minister, a third a servant, a soldier, or a general, and so on; the inner reality of all these appearances is the same—a poor player, with all the anxieties of his lot.

In life it is just the same. Differences of rank and wealth give every man his part to play, but this by no means implies a difference of inward happiness and pleasure. Here, too, there is the same being in all—a poor mortal, with his hardships and troubles.

Since everything which exists for a man exists only in his consciousness, the most essential thing for a man is the constitution of this consciousness, which is far more important than the circumstances which go to form its contents. All the pride and pleasure of a dunce, is poor indeed, compared with the imagination of Cervantes writing in a miserable prison. The measure of the happiness a man can attain is limited by his individuality.

Especially is this true of the mental powers, which determine his capacity for the higher kinds of pleasure.

If these powers are small, no efforts from without, nothing that fellowmen or that fortune can do for him, will suffice to raise him above the ordinary degree of human happiness and pleasure, half-ani-

mal though it be. Even education, on the whole, can avail little for the enlargement of his horizon. It is clear, then, that our happiness depends in a great degree upon what we are, upon our individuality, whilst lot or destiny is generally taken to mean only what we have, or our reputation. Our lot, in this sense, may improve; but we do not ask much of it if we are inwardly rich. On the other hand a fool remains such to his last hour, even though he were surrounded by hours in paradise.

Everything confirms the fact that the subjective element in life is immeasurably more important for our happiness and pleasure than the objective.

A healthy beggar is happier than an ailing king.

A quiet and cheerful temperament, happy in the enjoyment of a sound physique, a clear intellect, a moderate and gentle will, and therefore, a good conscience—these are privileges which no rank or wealth can replace. For what a man is in himself, what accompanies him when he is alone, what none can give or take away, is obviously more essential to him than everything he has in the way of possessions, or even that he may be in the eyes of the world. An intellectual man in complete solitude has excellent entertainment in his own thoughts, whilst no amount of amusement, pleasure, theatres, or excursions, can ward off boredom from a dullard. To one who has the constant delight of a rich nature, most of the pleasures run after by mankind are perfectly superfluous; they are even a trouble and a burden.

When Socrates saw various articles of luxury spread out for sale, he exclaimed: How much there is in the world that I do not want.

So the first and most essential element in our life's happiness is what we are, for it is a constant factor, coming into play under all circumstances; it is not the sport of destiny and can not be wrested from us. Therefore, it is manifestly a wiser course to aim at the cultivation of our faculties,

than at the amassing of wealth.

Wealth, in the strict sense of the word, that is, a great superfluity, can do little for our happiness; and many rich people feel unhappy just because they are without any true mental culture or knowledge, and consequently they are unqualified for intellectual occupations.

For beyond the satisfaction of some real and natural necessities, all that the possession of wealth can achieve has a very small influence upon our happiness, in the proper sense of the word; indeed, wealth rather disturbs it, because the preservation of property entails a great many unavoidable anxieties. And still men are a thousand times more intent on becoming rich than on acquiring culture, though it is quite certain that what a man contributes much more to his happiness than what he has. So you may see many a man, as industrious as an ant, ceaselessly occupied from morning to night in the endeavor to increase a heap of gold. Beyond the narrow horizon of means to this this end, he knows nothing: his mind is a blank, and consequently unsusceptible to any other influence. The highest pleasures, those of the intellect, are to him inaccessible, and he tries in vain to replace them by the fleeting pleasures of sense in which he indulges, lasting but a brief hour, and at what tremendous cost. And if he is lucky, his struggles result in his having really a great pile of gold, which he leaves to his heir, either to make it still larger, or to squander it in extravagance.

A life like this, though pursued with a sense of earnestness and an air of importance, is just as silly as many another which has a fool's cap for its symbol.

What a man has in himself is, then, the chief element in his happiness. Because this is, as a rule, so very little, most of

those who are placed beyond the struggle with penury, feel at bottom quite as unhappy as those who are still engaged in it. Their minds are vacant, their imagination dull, their spirits poor, and so they are driven to the company of those like them, where they make common pursuit of pastime and entertainment, if not libertinism and excess.

A young man of rich family enters upon life with a large patrimony, and often runs through it in an incredibly short space of time, in vicious extravagance. Why? Simply because, the mind is empty and void, and so the man is bored with existence.

He was sent forth into the world, outwardly rich but inwardly poor, and his vain endeavor was to make his external wealth compensate for his inner poverty, by trying to obtain everything from without.

And so in the end one who is inwardly poor comes to be poor outwardly also.

Great consolation remains to those who are poor in this world's goods, in the contemplation of the truth that the aids to noble life are all within.

A simple faith, a kind heart, an awakened mind—these are the riches of which it is said that "they do not fade away in life, nor any death dispraise." And of the success of any human life it must finally be asked: Has it lifted aught of the heavy burden of humanity; has the Higher Nature been appealed to so powerfully that its beneficent light has revealed itself to the dull eyes of the suffering and outworn; has the current of men's thoughts been diverted from the beggarly elements of life in this world, to a deeper, more interior life, whose beauty is transfigured and eternal?

"Who fulfils not duty with steadfast mind—duty which opens the portals of bliss, surprised by old age and remose, he is burned by the fire of grief."

Gems from the East.

A FRAGMENT FROM "IN THE HESPERIDES."

BY ZORYAN.

THE morning was calm and clear when Elsie and Prince Radziwill took their swift ride. Spring had fairly begun and the trees had donned their first foliage. Every leaf was yet filmy, transparent and aromatic, and so fresh—fresh as Dante's Lethe-washed soul ready to meet the first sunny glance of his divine Beatrice. New life was budding everywhere in the first warmth of the season.

"Let us ride silently now and get into harmony with nature," said Elsie.

And nature accepted this silent greeting and returned it back. What human speech or thought can fathom and express her mysteries better than she herself? But she does it only for those who are humble and still, and who know how to listen. For those who think they know all, who know (?) that the stone is made of the dead (?) unconscious (?) matter, for those who know again all botanical forms and structures, growing one from another (?), nature has nothing to reveal. But Elsie decided to begin a new life every day, as though a new-born child. And now she listened, listened . . . not to the thoughts of others, which she had ever read or heard, but to those mysterious voices of life around, which opens so widely the eyes of children, even of grown children.

Was not her guest neglected? He was not. And he felt soon the power of silent exchange of essences of thought between two souls musing in harmony together about the same great subject. For every good thought has its soul, its living soul, its essence, so to say, and that essence may take many forms. But the forms vanish, while the essence remains in human hearts like a radiant star to shed forever

its warm light and vibrant joy even in the darkness of night. From the heart it comes and into the heart returns. When the mind is dark and stormy, it lies there hidden beyond clouds. But let the mind be still and silence creep upon the hopeful, trusting, loving soul, and lo! the radiance is back again and in its illumination a passing picture of nature stands out as a new form of the same glorious ideal paradise of the undying human inner life, as a new robe of the same shining essence.

Deeper they merged in peace, more they felt glory of existence. There are moments in our life when even a humble crystal pebble seems to say:

"Thou triest to find in me something else besides thy proud and narrow circling thought? Have I some news to tell? Ah, yes! my story has not yet begun. Though I sleep, yet am I bright and joyous in my crystal sleep, and feel all this gigantic crystal space, loving and gravitating towards all my sisters securely locked in its embrace, to every planet, star, and world, and even to every one of those luminous sparks which in thy eyes of blindness seem to be only dust. I, and space, and all that is in it, are one, and all our sleeping knowledge is also one, and all potentialities of progress are hidden there. What more art thou, besides thy narrow dreams, a foolish misty copy, where a mist speaks to a mist in their dark tiny prison, against the walls of which they strike with pain?"

After such a rebuke the inquirer turns to the plants; he says: "Defend me, fragrant, sweetly whispering friends! You are the same culprits as I, dreaming and copying with your stems and leaves the One Life

in space and the many atom-lives. The sun kisses your budding, growing, waving dreams of green, the air caresses them, and even those all-knowing, rebellious atoms seem yet to be your slaves and accept your mold. Tell me what good I did and what is my crime?"

And then every leaf seems to become an ear, an eye, and a speaking mouth, and whispers come to the enchanted soul: "Be quiet, friend; the time will come when thou wilt bless their speech. For as they help to build a body for thy dreams, they also help to tear it down and take a clearer view. Too small they are, and too great they are, and faultless in the movements of their lucid sleep. But we begin another world and all our dreams are journeying to that freedom which will devour even space and time itself. Dream bravely, brother; but, alas! what makes thee so foolish and so sad, when thy dreams are broken, and their outward coverings are gone. Look! we have no such pride; our power comes from the glorious sun and is not ours; and knowing it, our gates of life are always open, whether the streams of living light are falling on us or withdrawing on the pinions of the storms of winter. We have no doubts lest it should fail and no regret when it escapes us for awhile. Smooth as a zephyr of an eternal spring, our dreams glide sweetly and our mists hang lightly over the earth, as some bright gauzy clouds of splendor. Take the bounty of our fruits and grain and eat them, and be also as generous and restful, as it well behooves thee, if thou mayest!"

"If thou mayest!" repeats the inquirer, "as though my nerves were wooden; do you mock me? You, who are so prone to cheer me when I am sad. Yet I am not rooted to the spot, to be so complacent. Come! running, jumping, flying friends of the jungle, and tell me what should I think of your leafy and arboreal protectors."

And then a squirrel with a nut in her small paws emerged from the depth of the

green growth, and whirling the sweet kernel before her mouth, seemed to speak with her eyes and tail and every movement of her body: "Bless my leafy friends, and get some nuts thyself and thank them for their gifts and kindness. And yet, do not imitate them waiting for the rain and sunlight; seek a warm nook thyself and flee from winter. That is why we have our nerves. They give us a power to change our dreams at will and invite them at will to return back in better form. Without regret open and close the plants their gates of life, but without a power also, and not when they wish. Be glad; thy dreams can move, can run, can fly at will; they are alive, compact and solid, not some hazy clouds, drifted away by the blizzards of the winter. Get thy dreams thyself, but when pain strikes thee, cry loudly to the skies of thy distress and demand an answer; demand a meaning, howl and shriek for light and brightness, and open thy eyes widely towards Protecting Life.* They will look eagerly and shine with glow and fire, and thy breath will be burning—never to surrender. But, O my friend! O pity! What makes thee dwell so long in memory, after a pain has passed and the heat of fray departed? There are new nuts to get, new battles to fight, new races to run, new dreams to dream. Why art thou then, so sad and gloomy, with thy powers all in doubt, thy spirit all in darkness? Why dost thou see things where there are none, fearing dreads where sweetness is around thee? Look upon us! Life as it is, a fight—when it is a fight, a race—when it is a race, a sleep—when it is a sleep—all is the same, and through it all the gleaming brightness of our eyes shines like a burning fire and never is eclipsed. Live in brightness, if thou mayest, oh! thou strange shadowy creature!"

"Oh! it is bitter, bitter, Elsie,"—said the Prince loudly, and was himself astonished; "all nature is so bright, so beautiful, and

*All animals feel the protection of their respective Devas, those who are rulers and fashioners of their kingdom.

seems to enjoy life better than we ever can imagine. What after all are we, proud human beings? Are we poor outcasts in this paradise?"

"Such were your thoughts?" and Elsie smiled as she continued, "is not it wonderful? Our minds were visiting the same sphere. Beautiful is this world, yet we are expelled from it by our own minds, never to find there peace and happiness any more. Ask all this bright wide nature whether she knows any evil in her bosom? Life is there a song and death a sleep. But our mind has discovered evil in her blossoming bowers. Was it Pandora's gift, this mind of ours? Yet, look, good came with evil, and we know that it is good, because it is eternally so. The worlds may vanish, the brilliant light of space may die, yet that dark inner light of ours, saying: 'It is done well, it is just and right,' will be forever sure of what it says. Mark well the tense of time it uses, saying: *It is just*. Because, for it, that which is just, is forever just. Such is its good. No wonder then that shadows playing on the screen of time appear to it a mockery and a dream, no matter how bright and beautiful they are, against them it rises high in its proud rebellion. For the Mind is Lucifer—the Light-bearer, the bright and morning star of eternity itself. Yet its first touch is shadowy and dark, and its first breath is a destruction for our joyous dreams. And from that destruction a dark smoke arises, and pain and suffering, and the monsters of the deep, remorse, and sin, and wrong fly on their wings out of the bottomless pit of ideality reversed, where all the enemies of the ideal gulf above join great battle, are judged, and are slain. This is the

Promethean tragedy, which has only yet begun. Let us say then to all creatures of Nature: 'Forgive us our sadness, our darkness, and our smoke, be grateful and rejoice looking into the future. It is a smoke of burning of your wrappings around our inner glory. And do not wonder that our clouds are thick, our view obscured, our landscapes pale and narrow. So it is in the beginning on that your outer plane, where our fiery feet are touching. But after the work in the whole Universe is done and the smoke has passed away, only your transparent essence will remain, as a fit wrapping for the gods themselves.' Thus you will say to nature and henceforward know; we take our life also as it is—but we add, As it is in the Realm of the Eternal Living Truth itself; we are ourselves the rays of that subjective light, and by burning the outer husk and devouring the essence of our lost and wondering shadows, we thus are gathering ourselves from all the corners of the world, and at the same time we liberate all nature to pass together into realm of Immortality. And in that realm, O friend, the pebble's lucid feeling of all space will return to us; the painless growth of plants and their vernal freshness will return to us; the animals' fiery strength and leaping power, careless of all doubt and fear to live, will return to us; the glow of human beauty and all visions of our hope will return to us; the lost angelic state of our inner clearness and happiness which springs from our own heart will return to us, . . . all these combined in a fivefold star of an ideal glory—to reign for ages in the infinitudes of space."

SOUVENIR OF BALZAC.

By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

(Translated by Alexander Wilder, M. D.)

INTRODUCTION.

The acquaintance between Lamartine and Balzac began in 1833. Lamartine had recently come home from Syria and become a member of the Chamber of Deputies. Before this he had been for many years in the diplomatic service of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., but had persistently refused office under Louis-Philippe, not regarding him as having come lawfully to the throne. He had spent his time principally abroad; and after the death of his mother by an accident, made a journey to the East, partly to gratify his passion for travel and exploration, and partly because of the frail health of his daughter. While abroad he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and returned home in the autumn of 1833, when he entered upon his new duties. He had always kept up an acquaintance with the literary circles, and through his intimacy with M. Emile de Girardin and his wife, he had the first opportunity of meeting Balzac, whom he had not known before. His admiration for the celebrated author approached to enthusiasm, although with his usual fidelity to conviction, he did not shrink or hesitate at expressing disapproval where he regarded it as required. Yet no criticisms which he rendered qualified his esteem for the man or for his genius. He speaks of him as follows:

BALZAC.

Behold the name of a truly great man! A great man by nature and not by simple force of will. "I am a man," he said; "one

day I will be able to attain something besides literary fame. To add to the title of 'great writer' that of 'great citizen' is an ambition which can also tempt me."

This was from the letter written in 1820 to his sister and confidante, Mme. de Surville.

Balzac was worthy of this undertaking himself and of thus measuring himself as he did in 1820 before God and before his sister.

He had everything in himself—his greatness of genius and his moral greatness, his immense superiority of talent, his prodigious variety of aptitudes, his universality of feeling in his own nature, exquisite delicacy of impressions, kindness for women, manly virtue and imagination, his dreams of a God always ready to elude men—all, in short, except the proportion of the ideal to the real!

All his misfortunes were great like his character, and they have retained their affinity to that excessive greatness in his genius. They did not surpass his infinite and universal capacity of mind, but they did surpass what is possible here below. Behold here the fatal and constitutional cause of his flights and his falls. He was an eagle that did not have within his eyeball the power to measure his flight. Put the fortune of Bonaparte in the destiny of Balzac and he then would have been complete; for then, he would have been able to do what he imagined.

"The real is narrow, the possible, immense."

A gigantic mind disappointed and un-

ceasingly worried by niggardly fortune: This is the exact definition of that unfortunate great mind.

It is for us, who have had the sad good luck to live side by side with him in his own time, to dare to say it. We may not be so cowardly as to attribute the wrongs of fortune to that man alone.

It is not of the author that I am thus speaking, but of the man. The man in him was a thousand times vaster than the writer. The writer writes; the man feels and thinks. It is because he has felt and thought, that I have always judged Balzac as I do.

I. BALZAC THE AUTHOR.

The first time that I saw him was in 1833. I had almost always lived outside of France, and still further from that world (from the *demi-monde* of which the great Alexandre Dumas speaks). I was only acquainted with the classic names of our literature, and very little even with these, except with Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Nodière, and the great orators, Lainé and Royer-Colard. All the peripatetics of the *demi-fortune* that was stirring in the militant, theatrical and romancing region of Paris were strangers to me. I had not approached a wing of the theater; and I had not read a romance, except "Notre Dame de Paris." I simply knew that there existed a young writer by the name of Balzac; that he was evolving a wholesome originality, and would soon compete with the Abbé Prévost, the author of the "Memoirs of a Man of Quality," of the "Doyen de Killerine," and of "Manon Lescaut," that romance of a bad alloy, against which the critics of the day were warring with a suspicious enthusiasm. To efface from the human soul honor and virtue as in the "Chevalier des Grieux" is not the way to exalt the world and love, but to debase and narrow them. Manon Lescaut, in spite of the delight of her enthusiastic admirers, genuine or false, appeared to me to be only a product of the courtesan life, and her lover simply a

mono-maniac of debauchery, whom one can pity only on condition of despising him. [These were works of Abbé Prévost.]

There had accidentally fallen into my hands, however, a page or two of Balzac, in which the energy of its truth and the grandness of expression had strongly moved me. I had said to myself: "A man is born. If conviction comprehends him, and if adversity shall strip him of his leaves in the rush of the streets of Paris, he will yet come forth a great man."

II.—M. EMILE AND MME. DE GIRARDIN.

A short time afterward, I met him at dinner in a small party of a few persons only. It was in one of those nooks of houses, a place of shelter from too close neighborhood, where independent minds of every kind were to be met. This was the house of a man of that character, the man who, at that time, had just appeared with his new venture, *La Presse*. *La Presse*, the creation of M. Emile de Girardin, mocking with immense talent the false pretensions and common-places of the low-lived opposition, gave promise as a new journal. M. de Girardin in politics and Mme. de Girardin in Attic wit, imparted to their work a double enthusiasm. They created for themselves individuality, that unknown force in which are comprised at the end of a certain period of time all the collective forces of a country—a force that begins with railing but finishes by submitting. There was necessary to it, a great and two-fold talent, an intrepid boldness, and a fascinating originality in a woman. How had that young man and that young woman met each other and how had they become united for such a work? It was a miracle of love, of chance, of destiny. That miracle had been accomplished and it had triumphed without dispute in the man and in the woman. I had seen it germinate some years before, in a little *entresol*, between the ground floor and first floor of a house in the Rue Gaillors. I had seen it grow: then I had seen it come to its ma-

turity. Having returned to France some years afterward, I enjoyed a warm and enduring friendship.

Intellect was hereditary with both of them. The father of M. de Girardin was transcendently eccentric, abounding with great ideas and great projects, extreme projects of imagination to be carried out at every price. I had been very intimate with him. But I had no sympathy for his extreme views. They were not suitable for this world, but were beneficial only in a dream. Upon this earth of practical realities they only made me wonder and smile. In the first months of the Republic [1848] he brought me more plans of finance than a government which was then in the stage of fusion prior to a permanent crystallization, could understand and get out of the way. In order to play with dreams of public policy, leisure and security are necessary so as to give them a long examination. Between two dreams the country would be involved in a problem which there is not time to solve. A little of that same disposition was manifest, from time to time, in the son, but from this we must except the talent which he possesses, which is new and immense. Yet, he who had not been acquainted with the father, can not understand the son, who needs a dictatorial government that is established upon the popularity of an indisputable name and is able to consider everything in order to understand its value.

Mme. Emile de Girardin [*née* Delphine Gay], a daughter of the celebrated Mme. Sophia Gray, had been brought up to succeed her upon her two thrones, the throne of beauty and the throne of mind. She had inherited besides, the kindness incident to this position, which impels us to love what we admire. These three gifts, beauty, mind and kindness, had made her queen of the Period. One could admire her more or less as a poet, but if one should be thoroughly acquainted with her, it was impossible not to love her as a woman. She had warm passions but did not hate. Her one might have easily supposed that the

thunderbolts were only electricity. Her invectives against the enemies of her husband were only coruscations of anger that passed with the storm. In her beautiful soul it was always fine weather; her days of hatred had no to-morrow.

She had sisters, all of whom were as distinguished, but not as celebrated. They had less poetry, but as much *anecdoticue* as she. One of them, Mme. O'Donnell, served to furnish to her her most piquant repertory, when she undertook her masterpiece of prose, the leaflets of *La Presse* which contributed so much to her popularity.

Before, during and after I had been her friend, I owed her fully that courtesy of affection, and she had the same regard for me, although wholly disinterested, and even then she deserved an unchangeable gratitude beyond what is in the ordinary course of events. Every day since that time, when I was sadly passing before that empty place of the Champs Elysees where her house stood more like a temple, demolished by death, I grew pale; my looks were raised on high. One does not often meet here below a heart so good, and an intelligence so vast.

She knew my wish to be acquainted with Balzac. She loved him as I was disposed to love him myself. No heart and no mind were better fashioned to please her. She felt herself in harmony with him. It may have been through gayety, corresponding with his joviality; it may have been through seriousness sympathizing with his sadness; it may have been imagination flowing in unison with his talent. He also felt that she was of a grand nature, near whom he forgot all the mean facts of his wretched condition.

III.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

I arrived very late, having been detained by a prolonged debate in the Chamber of Deputies. I quickly forgot everything as I contemplated Balzac. There was nothing about him characteristic of a man of the present period. In looking upon him epoch had changed and that he had been

introduced into the society of one of the two or three immortal men of whom Louis XIV. was the center, who were to be classed with him as being on his level without lowering theirs—La Bruyère, Boileau, La Rochefoucauld, Racine, and especially Molière. He wore his genius so simply as not to seem to feel it. My first glance at him brought me back to those men. I said to myself: "Behold a man who was born two centuries ago; let us scrutinise him carefully."

IV.—THE FIRST ACQUAINTANCE.

Balzac was standing before the marble chimney of that dear drawing-room, where I had seen so many remarkable men and women pass and pose. He was not tall, but the radiance of his countenance and the sway of his figure prevented one from observing his size. His figure waved like his thought. There seemed to be a margin between him and the ground. Now he stooped down as though to pick up a sheaf of ideas; now he stood on tiptoe in order to follow the flight of discourse as far as infinity.

He did not interrupt his discourse for me more than a minute. He was carried away by the conversation which he was holding with M. and Mme. de Girardin. He cast on me a keen, hurried, gracious look of extreme friendliness, and I drew near to grasp his hand. I saw that we understood each other without words, and that all was told between us. He was launched; he had no time to stop. I sat down and he continued his monologue as though my presence had animated him anew instead of interrupting him. The attention which I gave to his discourse afforded time to scan his person and its perpetual vibrating.

He was stout, thick, square through the hips and shoulders; the neck, chest, body, thighs and limbs powerful; much of the amplitude of Mirabeau, but no heaviness. There was so much soul that it carried all that lightly, cheerfully, gayly like a filmy envelope, and not at all like a burden.

Its weight seemed to give him strength and not to draw it from him. His short arms gesticulated with ease. He talked as an orator talks. His voice rang as with the energy of his lungs, but it displayed neither roughness nor irony nor anger. His legs upon which he swung a little carried his bust with nimbleness. His fat and large hands, as he was agitated during his remarks, themselves expressed his thoughts.

Such was the man in his robust frame-work, but when looking into his countenance, one no longer thought of the frame-work. That eloquent face charmed and fascinated you completely. One could not take away one's eyes. The hair floated upon the forehead in large curls; the black eyes pierced like darts sent forth by good will. They were in confidence with you like friends. The cheeks were full, pink and of a strongly colored tint; the nose well modelled although a little long; the lips curved with grace but ample and raised at the corners. The teeth were good, but uneven and blackened by cigar smoke. The head often leaned side-way upon the neck, raising itself with a heroic pride and animating itself in discourse. But the peculiarity of the countenance, ruling even more than intelligence, was the communicative kindness. When speaking, he charmed your mind; when he was silent he charmed the heart. No passion of hate or of envy could have been expressed by that physiognomy. It would have been impossible for him not to be good.

But it was not a kindness from indifference, or from carelessness, as in the epicurean countenance of La Fontaine. It was a loving, charming kindness, intelligent for itself, and for others, which inspired gratefulness and a disposition to utter one's most inmost thoughts to him, and which defied any one not to love him. Such, exactly, was Balzac. When he sat down at the table I already loved him. It seemed to me that I had loved him from my childhood; for, with the curls of hair

on his neck and all the jovial charity of Christianity upon his lips, he recalled vividly to my conscious thought those amiable parish priests of the old *regime*. A delighted childishness, such was the expression of that face—his soul on vacation, when he left the pen that he might forget himself with his friends. When with him it was impossible to be otherwise than cheerful. With his boyish serenity he looked upon the world from such a height that it appeared to him as no more than a jest—a soap-bubble caused by the fancy of a child.

V.—SCENE AT A DINNER PARTY.

But, some years later [1848] I saw in another house, under other circumstances, how what was serious inspired him with gravity, and how much his conscience inspired him with a fierce repulsion against evil. It was one of those moments in which political leaders, exasperated by the struggle, were asking themselves whether they could in conscience meet the opposing party with measures similar to those that the latter employed, and take advantage of the victory to kill those who would kill them. We were only a dinner party made up of seven or eight individuals. Embittered feeling carried away the majority to the point of throwing a veil over the scruples of humanity, and to permitting those to be condemned without mercy, whom the victory should give up to our just vengeance. The doctrine of inexorableness for the sake of the public safety appeared to be about to triumph with the company.

Balzac listened with a saddened air to the men, apparently light-minded, who were affecting to be indifferent as to the conclusion. His decided and superb gestures rebuked such apparent weakness. The violence of the others betrayed them as being moved by fear. There were present in the company, Balzac, who was a stranger to this style of conversation, Girardin, Hugo. No one attempted immediately to speak. Balzac took the opportunity with the

aspect of an honest and resolute temerity which impressed everyone. He spoke as a man, firm, generous, and convinced in opposition to the trivial remarks which he had just been hearing. He thrust back eloquently the sentiments of those who had so thought, into the mouths of those who had uttered them. I began to speak after him. Girardin, who had never entertained extreme views in opposition to clemency, supported us. Hugo himself, it must be said, maintained in most eloquent terms that truth and genius were to be sustained solely by their innocence. But Hugo, Girardin and myself were political speakers who were accustomed to this kind of discussion. Balzac was new to it. He had been ready to believe himself alone and deserted. He listened only to his conscience, and spoke as an upright man, directly as he thought. His moving language moved us all and we could only applaud his reasoning.

“What does it matter whether you agree with me?” he demanded of us. “Human life is a superhuman cause. It is God that judges. His judgment is not qualified by our provisos. You know it. You have yourselves proclaimed and decreed, the first of June, the abolition of the political scaffold. Will you decree to-day the lawfulness of popular revenge?”

Every one of us in the end was of his opinion. The conscience of a writer or genius intimidates fools. Thunder striking the wicked reassures the timorous. That is what Balzac betrayed to my view. Many serious and difficult virtues had been hidden by the apparent joviality. It is necessary to anticipate the men of conscientious scruples.

VI.—HIS UNFORTUNATE DRAMAS.

He wrote two dramas: “Vautrain” and “Mercadet,” two plays of “Figaro.” The one failed as being scandalous; the other expired from weakness. Yet, he believed firmly that the “Mercadet,” being conformable to the industrial views of the bourgeoisie would be the “Figaro” of the country. I remember that he came to me sev-

eral times, zealous in his confidence of its success, entreating me to hear it, to praise it and to be present at the rehearsals. I consented: I went to the rehearsals but I was little impressed. Nothing, however, could disenchant him of his illusions. It was played, but without success. He, like myself, had not been born for the stage. There was not space for his conceptions.

VII.—MARRIAGE AND DEATH.

It was but a sort time before that epoch that beauty, love, intellect and fortune appeared as if at a single stroke to surpass by reality all the dreams of his past. A young and amiable foreigner, one of those women whose imagination is a power, conceived for him an ardent passion. She was a Poleander,* an Oriental, a person attached by duty, it was said, to an old husband whose health would soon assure her liberty. She adored Balzac as a writer, and made known to him by letter the inclination of her heart. He was fascinated, and intoxicated by a friendship that cost nothing to virtue.

I am ignorant of the place where they first met each other; whether it was at Milan, in Poland or in Russia. Nothing is harder for me than to pierce the mystery of Balzac's journeys. It was a long time before the event occurred which united by too brief a marriage the knot of his life.

I met him one day in one of the dark promenades of trees which extend solitarily between the Chamber of Deputies and the Palace des Invalides. He accosted me with the eagerness of a happy man, who glows with eagerness that his still hidden happiness shall be shared by a friend.

"What are you doing?" I asked him.

"I am waiting for the happiness of angels here below," he replied. "I love, I am loved, by the most charming *incognita* that is on earth. She is young; she is free; she has an independent fortune which can be calculated only by an income of tens of thousands. A brief delay for the sake of the proprieties is all that detains her from

giving me her hand. But in a few months she will be free from them, and I am as sure of my happiness as of her love. This, my dear Lamartine, this is the state in which I am living at this moment. I have been obliged to hide it from you till to-day; but now nothing prevents me from confiding in your friendship. You see in me the happiest of men."

I must confess that I believed this story to be one of those dreams that he had been pursuing for a long time. I parted from him incredulous, but without signifying to him my incredulity.

It was I that was mistaken. A few months after that day I learned that Balzac had set out on an enigmatic journey and that he was married. On his return he came to see me. I went to return his visit in the magnificent hotel of the Beaujon Quartier, in which his wife had kindly received that wandering knight of all the dreams. He was not at home, but the luxury of the furniture, of the gardens, of the ante-chambers, attested the reality of what he had told me in confidence some months before. I rejoiced at that miracle of love. Alas! like all miracles, it was to abide for only a brief moment.

The happiness of Balzac was a flash of lightning. His assiduous work had worn him out. A dream carried away from him what so many dreams had cost him. He had only the prospect of rest, repose and glory. A heart-disease [hypertrophy] carried him away. He died in the midst of the delights and splendors to which he had aspired. A man of imagination, recompensed in imagination. But at the last, he did not die in the anguishes which had consumed his life. His widow had bought upon the road from Fontainebleau a beautiful wooded hill that overlooked Villeneuve-le-Roi, at the summit of which she is living with the shadow of her husband, a great name which will grow without ceasing.

VIII.—SOUNDNESS OF HEART.

Balzac, in the midst of his many fancies, had a rare good sense, that of bringing

*Mlle. Evelina Hanska.

down his political ambition to its just value, and of renouncing early that false axiom: "I will add perhaps the title of great citizen to the title of literary man." He had hoped for a short while that the esteem of his fellow-countrymen would carry him to the Chamber of Deputies. He was not a man for such a place. They recognized promptly that his eloquence, all coming from the heart, was not suitable for the parliamentary *regime*, which exists by party fealty and not from the exact truth and moral fidelity.

I have heard him often at the house of Madame de Girardin abandon himself to the torrent of his beautiful and impetuous indignation against the false turbulence and those false promises of the Opposition to the Government which had no other crime than that of not being loved. As to him, it was easy to see that he was of Legitimist race and blood; that is to say, that he believed in the power of traditions and customs before all. Command and obedience through habit—that was for him all the Government. Theories, systems, socialisms, were of no account in his view; experiences risked with millions of ignorant and passionate men, appeared to him blunders and crimes. Leave all these to be disposed of by the lawyers and to be praised by the journalists—two classes of publicists for whom he did not conceal his contempt.

One felt that in his bold words full of conviction there was a great depth of faith in the Eternal Wisdom, which sometimes postpones its ends but never contradicts or goes counter to itself.

"To-day they are not willing to hear me," he often remarked to us, "but the time is not far away when they will hear me. The nations are seeking to save themselves and they always ruin themselves, but when they really wish to escape they go up again to the laws of God. Those laws of God," Balzac added; "I know them. Under one *regime* or under another you will return to the law of laws, unity and will."

As he spoke his face was illumined with a divine splendor. One might smile, but one listened to him and ended by believing him. In his unfortunate youth he had sinned against customs, but never against good sense, never against God.

Like his mother and sister, he was religious; solitude and happiness brought him back to God.

IX. HIS WORKS AND HIS CHARACTER.

He was a man of the race of Shakespeare, whose power was varied, wide and profound like the world. He died like Shakespeare between his fiftieth and sixtieth years, happy at the end of his career, retired from the world in his repose, cared for by a loving wife, and regretting only his dreams.

They have been a long time in judging him. He was too far superior to his judges.

In estimating him we shall put out of the question those useless and cynical books, "The Contes," "Drolatiques," etc., which were written at the beginning of his career to procure bread and a coat. They must not be counted for monuments of his work, but excused like the wretched rags of poverty. His character at the bottom, was honest and religious, like the lessons of his mother and the memories of his sister. One felt that he was a man of good family incapable of disgracing himself. He loved the Bourbons and the aristocracy of the Restoration, through paternal tradition. Demagogism raised his gorge. One does not see a trace of it in his monumental books. He was a gentleman at heart, incapable of flattering a mob or a court. He would have indulgences and weaknesses rather than vices in those above; for he was influenced by greatness, but never by baseness. I have observed him several times, professing these doctrines even at the cost of his popularity. Indeed, in order that he might remain just and honorable he renounced the notion of being

popular. Incompatibility was his very essence. A writer too indulgent in trivial matters, but at the core he was an honest man. He conceded much to the occupation, nothing to honor.

X.—BALZAC AND MODERN WRITERS.

As to his talent, it is incomparable. The French writers of romance have no well-defined sphere, in which we may set the limits for the activity of their pens. Some of them, such as the romance writers of the time of Louis XIV. [*"Télémaque,"* works of Mlle. Scudery, Princess de Cléve] overflow in the large bed of fabulous adventures and epoch poetry. Others, like the Abbé Prévost, bring reality and nature more clearly together. They write the imaginary *"Memoires d' Un Homme de Qualité,"* *"Le Doyen de Hillerine,"* or the much too equivocal loves of *"Manon Lescaut"* and of the *"Chevalier des Grieux."* Others, like J. J. Rousseau, Chateaubriand in *"Atala"* or *"Réne,"* and of our days Mme. Sand, give themselves up under the form of romance, to the most transcendent lyricism of their genius; and in order to flatter now the aristocracy, now the religious, now the democracy, they sing the licentious loves of the *"Nouvelle Héloïse,"* praise the ridiculous system of education, propounded in *"L'Emile,"* eminently proper to create a people of Mohawk savages, and descend to the grotesque and ferocious reveries of a socialism and communism which deny nature, and pretend to make over a world better than the Creator. Abominable writers of prose, teachers of philosophy, they prepare, in order to generate the thirst of the people, not pure and wholesome water, but opium

to intoxicate with dreams and convulsions.

Thus the writers of romance with the exception of the Abbé Prévost who had no other model than nature and Chateaubriand in *"René,"* who had only intoxication of feeling, almost all of them, following servilely the customs of the age and write only for a day. Take the first of these romances, *"Télémaque,"* justly hated by Louis XIV., and try to construct upon that model a political organization which can stand.

XI.—PERFECT AND SAD.

Balzac, born and gifted by nature, with an immense talent, and upright mind, shook off those rags of thought of which it had been wished to make a national costume. He returned to the narrow life and aspired only to a single title, that of *"Historiographe de la Nature et de la Société"*—*Historiographer of Nature and Society.*

He pursued his aims laboriously, passing with equal success from the most hideous painting of vice to the *"Récherche de l' Absolu"*—the search for the absolute, that philosopher's stone of philosophy and *"Lis dans la Vallée,* that pearl of pure love. Look over the hundred volumes of his works, thrown off with profusion from his never tired hand, and conclude with me that one man alone in France was capable of executing what he had conceived—the *"Comédie Humaine,"* that epoch poem of truth.

It is affirmed; I know it and I have said it myself in finishing the reading of that wonderful artist: it is perfect. But it is sad. One goes from the reading with tears in the eyes. It is true that Balzac is sad; but he is profound. Is the world cheerful? Molière was sad; and that is why he was Molière.

GLORIA MUNDI.

BY ARTHUR PHILIP WOOLLACOTT.

Lillies and roses crown a multitude,
And laurel wreaths adorn a favored few;
The world is kind to those who speak her
speech,
And hold her pleasures in their luring
wiles.

In these high marks of deepest gratitude,
Her generous heart avows its sympathy
With those great souls whose ceaseless
vigils make

Clear torches for the blind, and give the
dumb

A speech divine; whose joy is in the good
Of all; whose anguish is the silent pain
Which throbs beneath the burden of a
world.

The world is kind * * *
Her fairest roses wreathe sequestered
shrines

And weave a garland in a crown of thorns.
She is a mother, rapt in Spartan sorrows,
But when the infant voices reach her
heart

She smiles with fondest love, which dares
not think

A smile may mutely voice a hidden pain.

Her days are spent at Nature's bounteous
breast;

But with regardless eyes, and little thought
Of kin, she dreams the strangest dreams.
Which, in their strangest heights
Attain to visions of her wondrous self.

And yet her soul shrinks from the mon-
strous things

Which feed upon her and grow big with
lust.

What good there is within her soul she
feels

And knows; but, being blind in all her
strength,

She can but blindly hold her own and
raise

Her thunderous voice to quell a threat-
ening foe.

The deep mysterious secret of her soul
Hath driven her like a hunted thing from
age

To age, but ever hath she raised her
shrines

To mark the meaning of her pilgrimage.
Her memories are the memories of to-day.
But wrought with dreams of pre-historic
Night;

Whose mighty ruins, in the brightest glare

Of day, confronts her deepest thought,
And startles it with light whose promise
points

A clear vision through the trackless night.

Oft hath her hot impatience scorned
Her keenest vision as a dreamer's shift,
And in a turmoil, all her fevered zeal,
Hath built her glories in substantial
things;

But these have faded when a calmer eye
Evoked the measure of their worthiness.
Then hath she strayed, unmindful of her
steps,

E'en to the verge of general doom, with
eyes

Enamored of the very dust;
Insidious Desolation bound its weeds
Of dank despair around her, and imbued
The rebels' turbid strife; till all her bands
Were loosened and her wistful thought
Grew fleet with longing, and impelled her
back

Where all her hopes, and yearnings, and
her joy,

Had bloomed in latest splendor;
And the Dawn breaks o'er her once again.

Yet long her wont hath been to watch her
sun

Repoise and grow intenser in its height
Above her eye's domain; wherein her
soul's

Too eager quest hath long foregone
The milder light whose calm persistence
lights

Her darkened purpose as the day.

Another Dawn is shadowed in her soul.
But in her heart she loves the grisly
brood—

The misbegotten of her frenzied pride,
Whose name is Legion, and whose dwell-
ing place

Is her inmost citadel.

Here, in the fastness of a sunless age,
Her strange perversion wrought with grim
delight,

Constraining Duty as her lawful lord,
And binding Love to doom her purest
born

As slaves to serve her tainted progeny.

New hopes and old affections strive in
her,

Which fill her soul with yearning pain:

A murmurous music in whose mystic throes
 A language labors, and a sense is born
 Estranged from time-inured deformity.

A deep enchantment holds her dreaming soul;
 Oblivion broods deep in her darkest gloom.
 Where Unbelief uproots his blackest fears
 And hurls them on the head of wandering Doubt.
 Two voices fill her ears with clamorous noise:
 One prates of suns and stars and mortal clay,
 Compounds them and resolves them into dust;
 The other **speaks** of endless bliss which **lies**
 One step **beyond** the mortal reach of Death.

Amid these fragments of an ancient love
 Her memory works, remote from Babel-sounds,
 Uprearing height on height, till once again
 Her unveiled splendors rise and light anew
 Her darkened purpose as the day,
 Her high behest hath gone abroad
 E'en to the earth's remotest ends: All lands
 Are one, and in their hoary shrines
 A spirit lingers, like a sphinx of thought
 Hewn with laborious skill
 From out the vital adamant of life—
 A quick memorial of a vanished age,
 Whose subtle presence breathes essential life
 Through venturesome nations in whose spirit lives
 The master purpose and the means withal.

ANCIENT SPIRIT OF GREATNESS! ARISE!

N. D. DUNLOP.

Something tells you and me that we are here for some great purpose: that we did not pass three hundred million years in the mineral and vegetable worlds for nothing: that we meant to arrive at something somewhere, when we set out on the path of human development eighteen million years ago.

That divine light, which we are, though shining so dimly and often nearly going out, has yielded naught of itself in facing immensity.

Whoever has said that man is not great is mistaken; forgive him. Book-learning does not convince, nor instruction about this and that. The soul sees and knows. Its knowledge becomes part of our every-day-selves in the moment "when we have more or less issued forth from ourselves, and have been able to halt, be it only for an instant, on the step of one of the eternal gates, where we see that the faintest

cry, the most colorless thought, and most nerveless gestures do not drop into nothingness; or if they do indeed then drop, the fall itself is so immense that it suffices to give an august character to our life."

Think of the resistance we had to overcome in making our appearance during the carboniferous age. We passed safely through the deleterious gases and the hardly consolidated crusts, and took no hurt from it all.

Then we patiently waited for our human forms after our life in plant and animal shapes, following without complaint the evolutionary law. In due time our patience was suitably rewarded; our struggles were not in vain. Nature, assisted by intelligent forces, came to the rescue, and evolved the ethereal forms to which were attracted, in time, the particles from the protoplasmic world which made up our human bodies.

Our life is not "a pinch of salt." We come from no anthropoid ancestor. We find proofs, for those who require them, that man lived in a geological age when no single specimen of the now known species of mammals existed. Our primeval forms were evolved by gods, and even if the mists of life's beginning hang round us still, we have successfully passed through planet haze and lambent globe, through leaf and bud, from chaos, until to-day, and will pass on and on forever.

It has been truly said that analogy is the guiding law in Nature. The simple physical form, and the evolution of species shows how she proceeds, and in terrestrial life we find spontaneous generation in full swing. Mere rising to a civilized state does not account for evolution of form.

Forms change because the informing soul moves eternally onward. The tendency is upward, although in the midst of confusion, and changing conditions, this is not always apparent. The prophetic wisdom of the master-mind is needed, to evolve from the fragments of the old, the order that should be. Emerson hinted at the fact that every advancing mind has, at each expansion to a larger circle, a teacher given, as if sent by God. The work of construction is the work of the few, and the need evokes them, for they stand in eternal service "at the fount of life."

Man is great. He can do what he will. A mystic has said that events are afraid of lofty souls. And the loftiest soul is he who, seeing furthest, has the deepest love for humanity. Great things pass us by daily because it is not in their nature to stop for entrance to the commonplace man, who could be great and lofty if he so willed. We must realize our greatness, and in the words of an expressive American "stiffen our vertebrae," be loyal to a trust so noble, concentrate our energies,

dare to act promptly, to save a world, still half barbarous, from impending doom.

Move on the wings of intuition; do not wait for hesitation. Paralyze destiny by the mighty god-like power which awaits your call at all moments, not in the storm only, but in the tranquil moments of twilight.

The soul is ready always. Use its power. Your great ideas will give birth to great institutions. If the laws are silent their force is nevertheless resistless. They await your action, and go no faster than you.

We are living in a momentous period. The possibilities are endless. It is good to be on earth right now. All the conditions of life are changing—in the innermost depths of life, as well as in the material world, to which men devote an undue share of attention, overlooking the fact that its most profound achievements are evanescent, and in a thousand ways unworthy of man, lulling the god to sleep so that destiny may run riot.

"I see a great day coming—a great day for America. The great American republic will stretch from pole to pole." So says a French prophetess. Well, indeed, that it should be so if spiritual greatness follows the emblem of freedom. If this is too much to say to-day, it will be true to-morrow. Ancient spirit of greatness, arise! With you we witnessed the first faint gleam of light at the dawning of time when the fire-mist, in ball-form, began its roll through space.

Men and women of America let the spirit of your noblest hours be yours always. Hasten to apply to all the troubles of this ancient land, the infallible formula of brotherhood. Then shall the rock-bound globe thrill responsive in every particle, and all the stars in space reflect the radiance of its spiritual beauty, rejoicing in the return of its ancient glory.

THE SOKRATIC CLUB.

BY SOLON.

(Continued.)

One thing had become very marked lately about the meetings of the Club and that was the sympathetic feeling of true comradeship that pervaded them. After the meetings, even those at which formal addresses were the main feature, the members would remain and chat just as though they were at home. A group would gather around the piano singing snatches of song and sometimes three or four or more, as might happen, would sing some well known part-song. The invitation was always given to our visitors to stay for coffee and music. It was all so spontaneous that any stranger coming in would think that he had found some big happy family. And it had all come about so naturally and without any effort or straining, that it was not until long after this condition of things had become customary that any comment was made upon it. Perhaps it has come more forcibly to my mind as I am accustomed to chronicle the doings of the Club and to express in words, as well as I am able, the growth and changes that are characteristic of its career.

The old saying, "Charity begins at home," so often quoted, but I think also so often misunderstood, seems to have acquired a new meaning. We have usually thought about home in such a limited sense, but the word must have its wider meaning, too, if Universal Brotherhood be a fact in Nature, and that we know to be true. Some years ago I read a beautiful passage in Albert Pike's "Morals and Dogma," which runs as follows:

"That I can be a *friend*, that I can *have* a *friend*, though it were but one in the world; that fact, that wondrous good for-

tune, we may set against all the sufferings of our social nature. That there is such a place on earth as a *home*, that resort and sanctuary of in-walled and shielded joy, we may set against all the surrounding desolations of life. That one can be a true, social man, can speak his true thoughts, amidst all the janglings of controversy and the warring of opinions; that fact from within, outweighs all facts from without."

It is a beautiful thought; but now—it is nearly ten years since I first read it—I think something more is needed than is there stated, to make it complete and indeed to make it fully realizable. There is needed the sense of the wider home, the world-wide home, not yet understood alas, save by few, but yet existing as a *fact* in the purposes of Nature. Not that that which is our home is to be less so but that the love and tenderness we feel for the members of our own family should flow out to the whole world. But "charity begins at home," in the little "home," and beginning there in very truth must widen out and end by including every member in the wider home—the home of man as man—the Universe.

In a conversation not long ago with Dr. Wyld, the subject of charity came up and he spoke of a letter he had received commenting on the use he had made of the word "charity" in an article written by him. The writer of the letter said: "What we need is justice, not charity." But, said Dr. Wyld, "He failed to see that I used the word in the sense in which St. Paul uses it and in the sense which the word itself originally bore. It comes from the same root as the Latin 'carus,' which means

'dear one.' And charity is that treatment which we accord to those who are dear to us. If my critic understood the real meaning of the word and the sense in which I used it, which was plain enough from the context, he would know that justice is not far off where true charity is practiced."

Mrs. Miller—"What a pity it is that so many words which originally expressed such beautiful ideas have become so twisted through usage."

Miss Holdey—"How perfectly lovely it would be if we could bring the word 'charity' back to its original meaning. It is so hard sometimes to help others because they think it 'charity' in the common acceptance of the word and you don't intend it in that way at all. But I wonder how it came originally to be misused."

Mrs. Miller—"I think it must have arisen somewhat in the same way as some people speak of their poor relations or of those whom they dislike or perhaps even hate. I had rather see a man sincere in his likes and dislikes than to play the hypocrite."

Mr. Berger—"But one thing is sure, and that is that what is called charity nowadays will have to be transformed into the love and tenderness which we bestow on those who are near and dear to us. When we can help, and, thanks to our Leader, I think we are learning to, with true love as the basis of our actions, then Universal Brotherhood, as a living factor in the life of humanity, is not far away. I don't mean in any weak, sentimental way, but with the love of the Good, the Beautiful, the True, in our hearts, that does not flinch when need comes to use the surgeon's knife and inflict pain that disease may be driven out and the inner life grow sweet and strong. In this sense true 'charity' and Universal Brotherhood go hand in hand, and the world truly becomes the Home of the great human family."

Mrs. Cromer—"No one who has had any wide experience in what is called 'charitable' work but knows that no lasting good can be done by sentimental kindness. But

I don't like the word charity—unless we can make it mean what Dr. Wyld says it did mean originally. And I do think the only real good can come when we learn to treat those whom we are privileged to help, as our younger brothers and sisters and our children."

Mrs. Miller—"For my part I find out that the more we can bring the true home feeling into our own home and into the wider home of the Sokratic Club does it become possible to realize that the world is really our great big Home and all men and women our brothers and sisters."

Mr. Berger—"Mrs. Cromer, you were telling me a dream a little while ago which showed how necessary it was sometimes to inflict pain if we really wished to help people and to awaken them so that they might learn to help themselves. I wish you would tell it again. I am sure we should all like to hear it."

Mrs. Cromer—"Well, just let me think a moment and it will all come back to me. It was so vivid that even now it seems an actual experience.

"I dreamed I was going across a very large field with a fellow-student and we met a man—a foreigner—who was carrying a large box in both hands. The bottom of the box was wider than the top and it had a square hole in it. He called it his peep-show. He had invented it himself and was so taken up with it that he could think of nothing else. He held it in front of him as he went along and so could not see where he was going and ran against everybody and everything in front of him, knocking people and things down that were in his path. He seemed quite un-mindful that he was doing a great deal of mischief and harming a lot of people.

"We stood and watched him a long time and could see that he was not really a bad man, and so we determined to try to help him, and waken him out of his delusion that he might see how much harm he was doing. We spoke to him and tried to get his attention, but he wouldn't listen to us

but went tearing along just like a crazy man, always holding the peep-show in front of him. At last, we made up our minds that the best thing to do was to destroy his peep-show, for he could not see anything else so long as he had it. So we knocked it out of his hands and broke it. When he saw it was broken he sat down and cried like a child. We tried to console him but couldn't in any way and so had to leave him.

"Then my dream changed. I lost my companion, but soon met another, who took me to the house of the Great Mother and we went into the kitchen to find her. It was a very large, long room. At one end were two windows and across them was a long kitchen table, where she was preparing food to be cooked on the big range that ran the whole length of the room and reached up to the ceiling. About three feet from the floor it had a wide smooth top in which fitted a lot of stove lids, but there was nothing cooking on the top. At this I was very much surprised for I could smell the odor of cooking; so presently I looked underneath where the grate would be in a range, and I saw countless little gas stoves all afloat and on them were small round pans in which were all kinds of fruit, from all climates and every country. Some of these were cooking in sugar and I could see the syrup was bubbling up around the fruit:

and some were cooking in other ways. I turned to my comrade and asked the meaning of all this cooking and why there were so many different kinds of fruit. He explained to me the meaning, but just then I awoke and could not remember a word he said—but I had such a strong feeling of being near the Great Mother which lasted all day long."

"Thanks, thanks, Mother Cromer," came from all of us as soon as she had ended.

Mr. Berger—"Your dreams, Mrs. Cromer, always have something in them for all of us. I think nearly all of us at one time or another have invented our little peep-shows which prevented us from seeing any thing else and it was pretty hard for some of us to have them broken, but those who have been through this experience know that the pain was a blessing in disguise."

Miss Holdey—"Oh! Mother Cromer, I have an idea! I think it must have been because you wanted to help that poor man to see that there was something else in the world besides his little peep-show that the Great Mother let you see another kind of peep-show that took in the whole world."

Mrs. Cromer—"Perhaps so, dear. The dream certainly made a great impression on me and I think we can often learn things while we are asleep."

After this the conversation became general and the meeting soon closed.

"The spirit it is, that, under the myriad illusions of life, works steadily towards its goal; silently, imperceptibly, irresistibly, moving on to divinity."

Gems from the East

THE JOURNEY OF THE PILGRIM.*

BY BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD.

There is One Life without beginning and without end, the source and essence of all things, pervading all and working through all. It ensouls and contains the manifested universe. The cyclic going forth of the emanation or Ray of the One Life into material existence is called its pilgrimage, and the Ray itself is the Pilgrim; while every life, however small, being a spark of this Ray is a pilgrim also. This pilgrimage covers myriads of cycles of activity with their intervening periods of rest. It is a spiral of progress winding first downward into lowest material forms, then upward to self-conscious godhood.

At the beginning of the pilgrimage, the Ray of the One Life may be compared to the light of the sun shining with equal radiance everywhere, and the purpose of the pilgrimage seems to be to form within the light, self-shining centers that shall grow in brightness, send out rays for other centers, and know themselves as light-givers. As the sunlight passing through a lens forms a center of light, a little image of the sun, so the light of the One Life journeying through material existence forms self-shining centers, each an image of its source. This passes first through the very finest forms of matter, such as we can not see or know in our present state, then gradually on to grosser and grosser forms by slower and slower rates of vibration till it enters the forms we know. Each form of matter imprisons the Pilgrim to the extent of its grossness, and dims his knowledge of what lies beyond his present abode, but he has to get

the mastery over every form of matter, win his freedom in all, learn to know all and to use all as he wills and to help all to higher levels. Only while dwelling in each form can he acquire this knowledge and this mastery, and only by such acquisition can he help on the progress of the whole.

So the Pilgrim goes through all forms on his long journey. The first three grades through which he passes are called elemental kingdoms. In these he is gradually getting used to material existence, learning to handle matter, taking the easiest lessons first, and as he learns these taking others still harder, till he has finally fitted himself for the fourth grade which is the mineral kingdom. A part of his work is the perfecting of organized vehicles of consciousness, and for this mastery over matter is essential.

The Pilgrim enters the mineral kingdom by gradual steps from the more ethereal substance of the elemental kingdoms, dwelling first in gaseous and liquid minerals, or in soft stones which hardened. He has to refine the matter in which he dwells and mould it into fit instruments for his use. Many ages he dwells in the stones, entering every atom and working from within. Wonderful patience he must have for such long waiting and slow working; but by patient work, he conquers all difficulties, and is enriched by his experience. He grinds the hardest rocks to powder, and from formless masses he builds the most beautiful forms. From clay he makes a sapphire, from sand an opal, and from the black dust of carbon a diamond. He marshals all the atoms in perfect order in the building of crystals. Each one knows his place and takes it because the Pilgrim himself works within. So pyramids and cubes and countless vari-

*This article is written to give to the readers of Universal Brotherhood an outline of the simple philosophy taught in the Lotus Groups for Children—a department of the International Brotherhood League. For the children leaflets are provided giving the lesson in very simple language abundantly illustrated by fairy stories and beautiful pictures.—Ed.

eties of forms are built, transparent in clearness, or tinted with colors of every hue. Through all these transformations gross matter is becoming more pliable to the moulding power of the Pilgrim and better able to show forth his hidden life and light, and he builds for himself better abodes. This work, however, is not always easy. There are often many difficulties to overcome and he has to make the best of hard conditions, but out of the hardest he brings forth beauty. So painted marbles and variegated agates but gles and trials bravely met and victories give record in their markings of strug-won.

When the mineral kingdom has been mastered and its lessons learned, the Pilgrim is ready to pass through the doors of the rocks to the lichens that grow on their surface. Yet he could not take this step without the help of the Life on the plane above him; but this help he has. Throughout all his darkened pilgrimage in the rocks, a thread of light from the unimprisoned Life reached down to him and guided him. Though the light was little, it was ever enough for the next step that had to be taken. And now he has come into a little more light and liberty in the lichens. He works on patiently and faithfully in his new abode, and is not only fitting himself to take another step on his journey, but is helping to free the pilgrims behind him in the rocks, as he himself was helped, that when he goes on to live with the mosses and ferns, they may take his place in the lichens.

So the pilgrim passes on, helping forward those behind him and being helped by those ahead, through the threads of light that bind all the pilgrim sparks together. In time he comes to dwell in the beautiful flowering plants, in the climbing vines and in the great trees that live for centuries. In all these homes he learns lessons, acquires more freedom, and climbs a little farther upward by the thread of light between himself and the Great Life

that ever watches over him. In the stones, he wrought in hard crystals beauty of form and color and brightness. Now he moulds the delicate plants into grace and loveliness of countless shapes and hues, giving them fragrance and a power to grow from within and to produce seeds for other plants. He was awakened to greater activity of life, and is now the food-maker for forms of life above him, helping at the same time to refine the matter below. He causes the grass to be sweet and wholesome for the animal. In roots and seeds he lays up food for plant and animal and man. He fills the honey-pots of the flowers, and stores up luscious juice in the fruits. He has learned to build for himself dwelling places in and through which he can act more freely and to which he can sense to some extent impressions from without. He responds to touch in the sensitive plant. In the vine he senses a support, though at a distance, and causes the vine to grow in that direction. In plants generally, he senses the sunlight and turns them toward it. He has met and overcome difficulties and so developed latent strength. He has learned lessons of patient endurance and gentle service, and has done all his work so well that he can now pass up the shining ray to the kingdom above.

He enters the animal kingdom first in its lowest forms. His past experience remains with him as instinct, and the first new homes he fashions are much like the old ones. He dwells in star forms, in branching corals, and in the lilies of the sea, for a time attached to one spot as in the old days of plant life, but becoming free to move as he desires from place to place. So he goes on to greater freedom and energy of action, and to fuller consciousness, making for himself better instruments through which to act; for within him, through the One Ray, there is the dim moving of the impulse of that purpose that started him on his long pilgrimage, and above him is the help of the pilgrims

farther along on the journey. All through the pilgrimage of animal life, desire is the ruling principle, and intelligence is awakening more and more, consciousness approaching self-consciousness. Courage, skill and loving sacrifice are shown in caring for and defending offspring. Even brotherhood principles are carried out in communities, and to some extent in individual cases, as when a cat adopts and cares for a motherless kitten.

When the Pilgrim in an animal form comes to dwell near man, then his progress is much more rapid, for the touch of mind in man helps to kindle the same in him. He is faithful and devoted to the master he serves. Through his human contact he suffers more and enjoys more, his experience is richer and more varied, the knowledge gained is greater, and the time comes when the point of self-consciousness is almost reached, and he awaits his turn to enter the kingdom of man.

Having gained all the experience and development the animal kingdom can afford, the Pilgrim needs a better organism and the help of more advanced beings in order to unfold the still latent powers within him and to become fully self-conscious. Only those who have already taken a step can help others to take it. Only the Sons of Mind can kindle the flame of mind. But the organism must first be made ready. So, when the time comes for it, the building of a new body is begun. The ideal plan already exists, but the process of building goes on by degrees through forms that are memories of the past, yet ever approaching the ideal type, the human organism. The Pilgrim, working from within carries out this plan first in astral matter and then in matter more dense, till finally after long periods of time, the temple of man is complete. This is the temple built without sound of hammer or any tool of iron.

The body is now ready and the Pilgrim has brought over with him all that was gained in the past, but he still awaits the

touch that shall make him man, that shall waken the sleeping soul, the Thinker within, that shall kindle the spark to a flame. This touch is given by a Son of Mind, a Thinker, one in whom the flame is already alight, one who has traveled the difficult way before. He is the Prince Royal who wakens the Sleeping Beauty with a kiss. He sends down the ray that kindles the lower light, He sacrifices himself, undertakes throughout long cycles the guidance of this lower light through the darkness, temptations and struggles of many earth-lives, for the Pilgrim, though now man, is only at the beginning of his progress in the human kingdom. Before him lies a long, weary, winding, up-hill road. He has yet to perfect himself as man, to become conscious and active on all the planes of his being, to so refine and purify every part of his nature that the divine Light of the One Life may shine through all. As he goes on through the dark and dreary ways of the wilderness of material existence, the Ray from above guides him, and if he holds fast to it and will not let it go, he is sure of finding his way back to his home in the One Life, enriched by all the experience of his long pilgrimage. This shining Ray is the Ariadne's thread that will lead him out of the labyrinth, but he has first to slay the monster in the midst, the animal man. When he has done this he has made the strength of the monster his own, has eaten the heart of his enemy; has conquered his own lower nature and turned its energy to the service of the higher. Then he has ceased to work for the personal self and has come to work for the good of all. In this service he becomes a conscious co-worker with the One Life, and its Light illumines him. The dark veils that shut it out fall away, and as he goes on helping to higher levels all the lives below him, he himself is drawing ever nearer to the goal, the perfect man, master of himself, helper of all—a divinely self-conscious creator, a god, before whom rise still more glorious heights.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS.

THE BLOSSOMING AND THE FRUIT.

E. A. NERESHEIMER.

There was but one trend, one aim, one song throughout; its burthen was the philosophy of hope.

The Leader promptly touched the Key-note at the very beginning. It soon transpired what the Congress was to be and it proceeded thereafter on these lines in ever accelerated motion. That Keynote was: the cognition, cultivation and realization of the limitless powers of the soul.

A new page in the book of life has been opened there. Fear of gods, men or things was thrown to the winds. Here was the opportunity to become conscious of one's own power and importance; learn positiveness, self-reliance, faith in cosmic realities. One turn of the key was given and it unlocked the gates to the fulfillment of long cherished hopes.

Have you had a sister, brother, father or mother whom you dearly loved; or perchance a sweetheart in the contemplation of whom you saw the beauties of nature unfold, moments when all was bloom and joy, magnificence, happiness?—If you have had these then you may know what it means to have a thousand such! Heart rushed to heart; a conscious picture of the *world to be*, when the vesture of clay falls away and the shining Self unites all in sublime harmony.

Then there was—as if revealed by the gods in natural unfoldment—a simple plan, Wisdom-born, which shall take discouraged Humanity out of misery and lead it to the haven of peace and happiness. A community of Brothers indeed, guided and governed by power of enlightened despotism which no failure can retard because it

shall not be subject to human weakness, design or speculation.

Time was not—night being as day in the continuance of work—it served only as a mediator to evoke new meanings, new possibilities, new duties. But there was joy.

It was not possible to do more than merely touch on these gigantic problems during the appointed time from April 13th to 19th, therefore the Congress was extended. First for three days, then for fifteen days, then infinitely. It goes on—though unperceived by the form which bears its message—like the life-thread goes from one form to another.

Many a despairing one drank deeply of the refreshing draughts of hope and freedom. It seemed as if we had suddenly found the path to the soul's greatness, discovered the goal of our aspirations and become as One in love, harmony, power and purpose.

The proceedings, ceremonies, performances of Drama, succeeded one another like an ever increasing wave of inspiration never dropping for one moment in vividity.

Then was born from the inextinguishable flame of Love, the desire to essay a practical application for the benefit of our fellow-men, and behold: there arose the picture of the *City of Light* as a centre radiating spiritual influence in concentric circles over all the earth. The city of *Esotero* shall rise a guiding sun to innumerable lowly worlds of darkness. A thousand Christs will go forth as teachers and rulers from that central fount of wisdom and power.

Though there be but a handful of true Helpers as compared to the population of the earth these will nevertheless sway the currents of thought of the whole race. One of the natural factors aiding this will be the manifestation of the spiritual wave, now approaching, in the natural course of progressive evolution. Moreover, the condi-

tions which will prevail in the City of Light are alone capable of making possible an earlier return of purified exarnated souls; thousands being eager and awaiting the opportunity to work among and help mankind to its glorious destiny.

(To be Continued.)

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

Many people believe that the consequences of sin can be escaped or mitigated by prayer. Is there any analogy to this in the doctrine of Karma, or is not the comfort of prayer entirely denied to a Theosophist?

One of the best authorities on the subject of prayer has told us by way of advice to a young bishop that there are four varieties of this form of devotion, and as he elsewhere enjoins a perpetual participation in it, it appears clear that the conventional ideas on the subject are capable of modification. The fact that true prayer consists in an attitude of mind rather than in the repetition of verbal forms or in petitions for temporal benefits, if properly understood, will tend to disperse the difficulties that arise in the minds of some people when they undertake to determine the propriety of the methods of spiritual development adopted by others. Now, a mental attitude, whatever else may be said of it, is a strictly interior condition, and is not to be found apart from the man himself, his thoughts, and his actions. Consequently, we are prepared for the injunction proceeding from one of the very highest authorities that when we pray we are to seek the Divine Presence in that inner kingdom of Light and Holiness, the golden door to which is only to be opened in a man's own heart. What may be meant by this it is of course open for every one to decide for himself, but it seems

unreasonable to suppose that the exact opposite of what is expressed could ever have been intended. Notwithstanding this great stress still appears to be laid on external forms. As a matter of fact the external forms are frequently of much assistance to immature minds unable to control the natural unruliness of the brain consciousness. Various means of artificial restraint have been devised and are recommended in such cases. Once the difficulties attending the subjection of the lower mind have been surmounted, however, the devout soul naturally falls into the exercise of its own faculties along such lines as ancient writers have indicated.

There is the devotion of aspiration which implies a sense of need or insufficiency upon the part of him who aspires. To suppose that these needs are of the physical being is to miss the spiritual aim of all true prayer. No one who has given the subject any consideration fails to recognize the manifold interior shortcomings for the remedy of which this form of prayer is relied upon. As spiritual growth proceeds and the weaknesses and downward tendencies of the mind are conquered the sense of the Divine Presence becomes clearer, the veil of the temple is approached, and the devotion of worship and "rational sacrifices, pure from soul and heart intent upon the Unspeakable, In-

effable One" follow as natural tributes. Coming in this way to the Inner God there is begotten the strong confidence of the soul which discovers its own nature, free and boundless, akin to that to which it draws near with solemn awe and reverence, and as the veil is lifted, and the Mediator soul stands in the Presence, the rapture and glory of Divine communion and intercession fill it with that consummation of Life and Love for which earth-consciousness has no parallel. Such pacans of joy as thrill from the abysses of being into which the metamorphosed and transfigured soul thus passes, constitute the thanksgiving and honor and praise of the real eucharist.

It will be readily understood that these four forms of prayer are impossible to any one impressed with a sense of separation from the Divine nature such as the ordinary conception of sin implies. Sin, as separation from God, is not so frequent as the careless thinkers of the sects would have us believe. Ignorance of God, transgression of the Law, wilful following of the lower nature to the neglect of higher and possibly well-recognized possibilities, are all common enough. And after the soul turns again homeward, while there may be lapses and stumblings, yet facing towards the holy place, there is no gulf and no barrier to hinder attainment. The results of sin in this sense of separation cannot, therefore, be mitigated by prayer, since separation from God and prayer are incompatible. Before prayer is possible to such a one thus separated, the divine gift, the act of grace, is necessary, which establishes the relation of Godhood and service. Then by Prayer, prayer without ceasing, prayer rising like a fountain night and day, the soul finds strength and vigor to take up the battle of life, to overcome in the struggles with the lusts and desires, to meet with fortitude and patience the trials and sorrows, the disappointments and bereavements, the disillusionments and sufferings by which we are brought to a realization

of the truth, and are fitted to wield the power of our self-divinity.

We are told by the Teacher already quoted that "he that doeth wrong shall receive again the wrong that he hath done; and there is no respect of persons." Feeling this to be the just law of the universe, and knowing that it is in dealing with the results of our sins that we are enabled to develop the strength of our virtues, so that every error may become a blessing and every evil thing be touched with mercy, we turn from the ignoble wish to have our burdens borne for us by another, our follies and vices eliminated otherwise than by such means as will teach and impress upon us the highest lessons, the opportunities of our experience deprived of all value, and our very existence on earth robbed of all reasonable meaning.

As we take up the task of our lives in this spirit, prayer, in the forms indicated, becomes the breath of our nostrils, the inspiration of every moment of thought and act. Karma merely asserts that as you reap, so must you have sown, and that the conditions of your present life are the result of actions, right or wrong, in past lives. Prayer becomes the basis of action, and the comfort and solace of life itself in the most ordinary circumstances consists in actions well done and rightly ordered. The theosophist, more than any other, should enjoy the happiness of a comprehension and use of these things, spiritual in their essence, of the world of our bodies and our common life in their application. It is true that the satisfaction felt by many worthy persons in instructing the Almighty how to conduct the affairs of the Universe under the guise of what is called prayer is denied to the theosophist, but he asserts his independence in a more real and in a far more reverent manner in his acquiescence with the divine decrees under which he is enabled to control his own destiny.

The old Zuni prayer, with reverent fearlessness voices this freedom of the soul,

so dear to the mystic spirituality of the Keltic heart; on this independence, this brave harmony of life in Life, alone can rest the Brotherhood of Humanity. "This day we have a Father, who from His ancient place rises, hard holding His course, grasping us that we stumble not in the trials of our lives. If it be well, we shall meet, and the light of Thy face make mine glad. Thus much I make prayer to Thee; go Thou on Thy way."

BEN MADIGHAN.

The first thing to be done, I think, in discussing questions like these, is to try and make clear to ourselves what is really meant by the words we use, and if we truly wish to take things in their highest aspect, to discover the divine that is hidden everywhere, we may often find an intimate connection between things that are seemingly quite apart from each other.

Karma is usually explained as the Law of Retribution, and as most of us are constantly doing a great many things about the value of which we feel not altogether sure, it may easily take on a character of gloominess and sternness. Prayer on the other hand, is associated in many minds with the belief in a Being who acts arbitrarily, who may be fawned upon, whose nature is in flat contradiction with the modern idea of justice we have so painfully acquired. Seen in that light, Karma and prayer appear to be extremes.

Yet, both these conceptions are false: prayer may be taken in a widely different sense, and Karma has many brighter aspects than the one mentioned above. This is soon found out by those theosophists who try to put their theories into practice, to whom Karma becomes the guiding star in every action. They find out that their faith in the existence within themselves of a divine force has the *Karmic* effect of awakening that force, of calling down into their lives a new divine element. The Karmic Law for the Gods within us is the Law of Compassion, which compels him to answer whenever the cry of distress is raised by the lower Soul. Then is Karma the Saviour, not Karma the Nemesis.

There comes a time in the evolution of every one of us when the connection with God is made, when we have only to draw back within ourselves to get into touch with a higher force. Then the old formal prayer acquires a new and sacred meaning—as it must have had in ancient times, and as it must still have for the real followers of Christ—it becomes the Communion with the higher part of our Nature. True prayer is another name for tone meditation; it is the most holy act of our life, the union of the every-day man with his Soul, the commanding of the divine forces we have a right to command as Children of the Light.

B. JASINK.

"Let every man first become himself that which he teaches others to be."

"Every tree hath its shadow, every sorrow its joy."

"To obtain the knowledge of self, is a greater achievement than to command the elements or to know the future."

"Whoso cannot forgive wrong done to him shall learn to know how his good deeds are undone by himself."

"Those who prefer to swim in the waters of their ignorance, and to go down very low, need not exert the body or heart; they need only cease to move, and they will surely sink."

Gems from the East.

YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

A STORY OF A LITTLE ELF.

Adapted from the German.

BY H.

ONCE upon a time a traveler was going through a great wood, almost a forest, so large was it. He was journeying to the city which lay on the further side and whose spires and domes could be seen here and there far away through the spaces of the trees. It was a very beautiful wood, and the green sward, studded with flowers of every color, was watered with little sparkling streams, whilst the rich foliage above shielded it from the heat of the sun. So on this morning the traveler's heart was filled with joy and happiness.

As he wandered on, his eye fell on a mossy bough of a grand old tree, and, sitting thereon, he saw a beautiful little elf. He stopped and watched it. The little creature would sit a moment singing to itself, and then spring joyously from bough to bough and from tree to tree, laughing in the sunshine like a little silvery peal of bells.

So the traveler spoke to this little elf and asked him why he was so joyful.

The little creature replied that he could not help but be joyful; the sun was so bright, and the forest so cool, and the sward so green, and everything around so beautiful that joy came up of itself in his heart.

Then the traveler felt happier and more joyous than ever, and he smiled kindly to the elf and went on his way. When he had finished his business in the city he returned to the wood on his way home, glad to be once more in sight of old Mother Nature and her works. And as he passed again by the little brooks and the

old trees and the green, cool sward, he remembered the happy little elf and hoped that he might see him again, singing and playing on the mossy boughs of the trees.

Sure enough, there he was, on the branch of the same old oak! But he was no longer singing and playing about among the branches; he sat quite still and was weeping as if his little heart would break. So the traveler asked the little creature what had happened to him; had his comrades left him alone, or why was he not as happy in the sunshine as before?

And the little elf after a while looked up and answered through his tears. He said yes, he had been happy because he knew no better; it had seemed natural to be happy. But since that time a soul had grown within him and now everything seemed changed. He had learned that nothing which has a soul is happy any more, and now the sun did not seem so bright, nor the sward so green, nor anything so beautiful. And then he fell to weeping again. So the traveler smiled gently and said, "You foolish little thing! Now that you have a soul, you ought to be happier than ever before, for your soul will make you understand and see better than you ever did before how beautiful is the sunshine and the sward and the moss and the little brooks. And it will make you able to hear the singing of the trees and the little flowers and the ferns as they wave in the soft wind, as they wake in the morning and go to sleep at night; happy every moment and growing every moment. So be happy again, my little creature, and remember that as your joy and singing

and gambols helped me to be happy when I was on my way to the dismal old city, so you can make everyone happy in the same way whenever they see you and hear

your silvery songs." So the little elf dried his tears and in a few minutes made himself happier than he had ever been before.

LEGEND OF THE WHITE CAMPION.

BY THE LOTUS EDITOR.

(Reprinted from "The Crusader" April 13, 1899.)

Once in the deep morning time of the earth, a lame boy, named Campion, lived at the foot of Parnassus in the sacred vale of Delphi. It was almost a crime to be ugly and mis-shapen in the golden days of Greece. So Campion's lot was not a happy one, for his limbs were so crooked that he could not join in the sports of the other boys, boxing, wrestling, and throwing the javelin, and he could not be up betimes bathing in torrent and pool when the morning was spread upon the mountains. All he could do was to sit on the marble steps of the temple and catch flies for Athene's owls.

Every morning, the Sun, royally seated, drove his chariot up the arch of blue just glinting the heights with sparkles of fire as Campion opened the temple doors and began his daily task. Every evening the doves cooed divinely as they brooded in the clefts of the rocks and Campion closed the temple doors and turned him again to sleep. No change broke the stillness of his life except when some warrior from the wars, covered with dust and scarred and seamed with the seams of victory, came to dedicate his arms at the altar, or to bring an offering. Then, how Campion envied him. How he envied him his look, strange and kingly, his stride, the set of his mouth, and his hair more golden than the flowers of March; and because every warrior whether in Greece or elsewhere is truly brave and gentle, Campion was never laughed at for his lameness or his crooked limbs—and Campion's soul was white as

the white Lychnis at evening.

One day the great goddess Athene came to Delphi, not in the blaze of her Olympian beauty, but plainly like a Greek maiden, with her gown looped up and a pitcher of kindness on her shoulder to fill at the spring.

She wished to see how her work was done, and as ill luck would have it, Campion was asleep in the sun, weak and suffering and worn out with his pain. It was the sacred hour of noon when Athene drew near. She saw the result of the work, she saw Campion and wondered why he was sleeping. She stooped down and bent over to see for herself what was going on. She only kissed the sleeping boy, and as she kissed him he awoke with a start and saw the eyes of the dread goddess looking straight into his own. Straight into his very soul those clear eyes looked, searching and peering into the inmost corner and rifling the secrets of his heart, but for all their search they could only see the suffering and the patience of many years. At that, large mists of pity gathered into Athene's eyes as she wondered what she could do; there was nothing more to do, for her kiss had done its work and Campion was with the immortals; and where the boy was sleeping only a fair white flower was seen, with clear pure petals and knotted limbs, and little pitchers of kindness on its stems.

And so to this day Campion sleeps in the sun.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS.

LETTER FROM E. A. NERESHEIMER.

POINT LOMA, April 21, 1899.

DEAR COMRADE:

The Congress has been a great success from every point of view. Over 400 delegates took part in the exercises and there was continued and increasing enthusiasm from the very start and every day following.

At the opening meeting there was an immense gathering; the whole amphitheatre, which had been especially erected, was filled to the utmost capacity. The fanfares heralded the motif of the descent of the gods among men and there was breathless attention to the proceedings. The Leader struck the keynote, "Truth, Light and Liberation to all Humanity," this was seconded in chorus by the Cabinet and then by the multitude, the sounds vibrating in the magnificent natural surroundings and touching all present to the very marrow of their being.

It soon became apparent that a great time was at hand. That a force which was mightier than the spoken word was in evidence to instill the seed of hope and liberation to discouraged humanity.

The sacred ground upon which the Congress was held is a generator of spiritual ideas in no small degree, and this fact is in no way a vague imagery, for all who are here, the meanest and the greatest, have come to realize considerable inspiration in the lofty ideals which have drawn them into this Movement. Soon after the opening it became evident that a practical realization of Universal Brotherhood was not only possible in the future, but that the actual steps which will accomplish it are here and now. Many a struggling soul, who has been so fortunate as to be present at this Congress, has had his life filled to one of indescribable joy at the immediate prospect of becoming one of a colony of workers whose endeavors may be devoted to help others to a similar transformation, and whose own life may become one of happiness and absolute freedom from care.

Who would have thought this possible within so short a space of time? While we were in the midst of toil and anxiety we did not know that the goal was so near. With a comparatively small amount of money which everyone has more or less under command within a certain space of time, it is possible to obtain this important privilege, and later on, when we shall have done a little more pioneer work under the direction of our Master Leader, it will be possible to enter without money consideration.

The School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries is the *home* which will receive the tired brethren to its bosom and teach them to become truly useful and thereby happy. All that has been said, and more, has become realizable. The rejoicing over the developments is so great that some of the members are in a continuous state of ecstasy and grieved at their inability to give adequate expression to a high flood of joyous feeling.

Our Leader and the Cabinet have been at work almost ceaselessly in order to accomplish a practical prospectus of this overwhelmingly great problem.

A City of Learning will rise here first, where those who can join at an early day will become teachers according to certain systems and regulations vastly differing from present methods. Greater simplicity of life will be inculcated and a closer approach to the sublime beauties of nature made possible by each individual becoming more himself. Each will realize the greatness of his own being, which would not be possible under the conditions imposed by the conventionalities of our civilization, and each will find his own way to teach to others what leads to the greatest usefulness. The problem touched upon above, though new to you, at such great distance from this point (the real center of the world as you will learn later) is not near so difficult of accomplishment

as you and your comrades may suppose. Once that the actual practical step is taken you will see that thousands, yea millions, will rush in to avail themselves of this Utopia in fact, and, no matter how sanguine you may be, you can hardly estimate the wisdom and foresight with which all has been provided for.

The whole scheme bears the stamp of superhuman wisdom, and our Leader has accomplished it with remarkable precision, but not without superhuman toil.

The drama, "Eumenides," was successfully performed during the Congress, and is being continued every day during the special session, which began on the 20th and will last until the 23d. In spite of the extraordinary efforts which were made by the Leader and Cabinet to conclude the Congress during its appointed time, it was not possible to do so on account of the magnitude of the issues. Faithfully yours,

E. AUG. NERESHEIMER.

LETTER TO THE COMRADES FROM POINT LOMA.

Dear Comrades:

On board the train just to arrive at San Diego.

All is stir and bustle; the cry is for "the bag with the chain, the brown bag," and that Bag that never can be found; "My coat! My umbrella! And my book! Where! Where! Where!"

Such a rushing, such a brushing, and all the time the fierce struggle to listen to everybody and find everything; at the same time keeping your eye out, lest you might lose some flame of yellow poppies, some wall of climbing roses, some stretch of sparkling sea, the snow-crowned peaks and laughing valleys and miles of Orange groves; to draw deep breaths of the sweet air, heavy with fragrance; to catch the picture of the golden fruit glorifying the scene, while bushels and bushels are gathered in piles beneath the trees. Everywhere Oranges, Oranges, Oranges; methinks it is just at this point one needs a "rubber neck." "Look! Did you see?" is heard on every side.

We reach San Diego, and gathered on the platform are hosts of comrades. Such a greeting for all; flowers! flowers! flowers! There are not hands enough to hold them, and "Purple" is half hidden in a bank of Roses, in her hand a huge bunch of Orange Blossoms, and all of us helping to bear her sweet burden.

We stagger along, literally treading on flowers. A fine large conveyance with four horses awaits us. Dr. Wood has made all arrangements for our comfort, and no more joyous party was ever seen before. We are in and off, actually on the road to Point Loma; slowly we ride at first, for every foot of the way discloses a new landscape, and we drink in great draughts the vibrant air.

It is so charged with "nature's finer forces" it makes the head swim at the first draught, but soon the body responds to the new life, and we glow with its elixir.

The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea; the crescent Bay, enfolding the Point whose high bluff stands boldly forth as if in defence of the sacred spot; over all the brilliant glow of sunset, and Point Loma seems as a rich Opal set in a silver Sea. As we climb up the steep, we look back upon the city, one by one its lights flash out, and as the twilight deepens into night, San Diego is a blaze of light.

We turn our eyes toward Point Loma, and we see a radiant Star; it is the beacon light for the S. R. L. M. A. that, lighted Feb. 18, 1897, burns on steadfastly for all time.

The face of the Leader glows with a sacred love, as she calls to us to look, and to realize its meaning. Faithful Brother Neill has this in charge, lest the hope of the world should die out and the promise of the Ages be lost. All bent their heads for a moment in meditation, and in silence thoughts arose of the great Messengers whose coming had made this possible; of the vast work of each, through bitter toilsome years of struggle and hardship, all leading to this great fruition, the founding of the S. R. L. M. A. to insure Humanity a priceless knowledge of Truth.

As we reach Point Loma House, it flamed its welcome; we are greeted by host and hostess, and many others, Mr. and Mrs. Neill from New Zealand among them.

We are wonderstruck, to see the spacious and well-appointed house, and while yet in the wonder of it all, supper is announced and the hungry do justice to it. Things seem to settle themselves easily, the Leader's foresight and wisdom providing for all the movement; even the smallest little detail is under her direction, and after a time we are stowed away for the night.

Sunday morning we were aroused by the songs of the birds, a whole orchestra it seems, and they are never weary. In the morning Point Loma was wrapped in fog, significant of the veil of the mysteries, screening the glories beyond, lifting here and there, showing ever and anon gleams of sea and sky.

It was so refreshing, so fascinating; here a glimpse, and there a bold outline, alternately revealing and obscuring; at last it was caught up by the Sun and rolled off. The first impress we receive at Point Loma, is of Space; so grand is the distance. This remnant of an ancient continent stands proudly crowning the crescent Sea which sweeps at its base.

It was a precious privilege to go alone with the Leader to the Holy Shrine—the corner-stone. There in the silence and freshness of the morning she stood, illumined with a great hope for the children of the earth; from that Point so lofty all sense of limitation vanishes; on the west gleaming in the morning light, the Ocean rolls and tosses; east the sapphire Bay stretches and seems to embrace lovingly Point Loma, and on its bosom the white wings of a hundred boats are skimming along.

There seems no point at which we join the land, but we do, far off at the northeast, behind that hill crowned with Olives. "Some time," the Leader said, as she looked toward the connecting strip of land, "Some time Point Loma will be an Island!" Many things prophetic fell from her lips that hour, for you as well as for me, but not as yet to be given.

She led the way to the shed which protected the Corner Stone. What a glorious sight, how representative of the great work done in twenty-five years; it is enormous; here they stand, each a record in itself of the fight and the victory. Talk of your Napier and Pompeii; the archeologists have opened up for us old worlds, and changed the chronology which seemed fixed; but only a great Occultist could read aright the records on these stones, or unveil the heart of their mystery.

You are all here, dear Comrades; your thoughts are crystalized in these corner stones sent by your loving hearts, from Egypt and Maine, from Tacoma and from Australia, from all points of the compass and every shore.

In the afternoon a drive with the Leader through the sweet woods and meadows; the birds lead the way, flying before us from bush and tree, filling the air with sweet music. Very rich was the air with the perfume of a thousand flowers, the sacred plant "Yerba Santa" gave of its virtue as we passed, and our hearts brimmed over with joy, and the Leader laughed like a schoolgirl, and we were happy, and a positive happiness hers, for she had won it.

This was Sunday; in the evening a Cabinet meeting, and much work was accomplished. Each duty of each member was clearly defined; duties I should say, as the Comrades well know, there were many for each; and always enough to go round. It is a part of the duty of the students of Occultism, to realize the energizing Force of the Leader and her methods.

Vast it is, to see her handle these forces of the Sun, the Tatwas are her playthings, and she uses them without gloves, too; under the mantle of her modesty she would fain be hidden. Those who would know her well must be pure in heart, true, obedient, not to her, but to the highest Law which she stands for; then and then only will the scales fall from their eyes; then and then only may they see face to face.

The days pass filled with work, invitations to be written, costumes to be made for the "Eumenides," arrangements to be completed for the great Congress, and all the while crowds are arriving and there are pleasant hours of greetings to members from everywhere in the known world. All are so happy and the faces of the Comrades

look peaceful and serene; they have lost—we hope, forever—that look of questioning anxiety that once they wore, as if they were always saying mentally, “Well, what’s up?” It is more than a look of peace I see in these Comrades’ faces; it is a look of perfect reliance on the Law.

Faith has crystallized into knowledge; the group of Delegates shows a solidarity of thought that nothing can disrupt; we can begin to understand the word “Unity,” and all the glory of a Hierarchy becomes possible to the mind.

We work, work, work; it is often 1, 2 or 3 o’clock before we can retreat for rest.

The very air here is filled with opportunities for occult study. We are allowed also to both see and feel the power that is quickened by the coming into touch with the energizer—the Leader. That which is asked of us we do, “without cavil or delay,” and find the power awakened within us to do it all. We *Will* to do it, we *Trust* we can, and we *Do* it, no matter what is asked.

The members from all over the country are so interested in the Crusade to Cuba. They gather in groups wherever they hear one speaking of it, and show by their attitude of mind they have followed with deepest love and interest all the way. We hear of no disturbed or unhappy members, we are in very truth one united family.

Congress convened Thursday, 13 April, at the site of the S. R. L. M. A. Such a day and such a scene! The soft mist, that veiled mountain and sea and sky, seemed the real veil of the mysteries, and the Sun-gods themselves gathered it up and rolled it away, unveiling at high noon a scene of such glory that words are vain to reproduce it here. They touched the soft veil with mystical enchantment, lifting it and disclosing the sublimity of this space, its power and its glory. The palpitating air seemed almost to betray to the eye its secrets of form and force and process, while to the ear came the music of the spheres, from the vast workshop whose dynamo is the sun and whose transmitters are the children of men. All-flaming with the fire of life and motion rolled the vast ocean, and the crescent bay, a ring of sapphire blue, encircled the might shore. The mist still rested lovingly upon the mountains, but at the moment when the great message of Truth, Light and Liberation sounding in trumpet tones from the tower, then repeated by the members of the Cabinet and reverberated once more by the great gathering, the mountains stood unveiled, range beyond range disclosed, reaching to the borderland of sky.

Days and days had been spent by the Leader on the site of the school creating a scene of grandeur, adding that touch of the art-force in man which, close to nature, and following obedient to her silent teaching, can make the desert blossom as the rose.

A natural amphitheatre presented itself on the hill-top, more commanding than high Olympus from the Acropolis. Here, our great one had reared the temples of Apollo and Athena. Colossal they stood, trees and palms waved over and about them, whose living branches swayed and whispered in the breeze, and through the spaces gleamed and tossed the eternal sea. It was to us a reality. No theatre in the wide world could so influence the human mind; no enchantment or spell could be wrought more potent than this. And as there we sat in the silence before this scene whose impress was so deep the weak personality was lost for a season and time itself was not. We only knew we were. All limitations were thrown down; we were of Athens gathered to hear the Law.

Mr. Neresheimer was temporary chairman, Mr. Harris was appointed permanent chairman, and the business of the Congress proceeded in regular order.

The foreign delegates were first received and welcomed. Greetings by telegram and letters were read. A letter from New Zealand, from one of the Elders of the Maories, so noble in its principles, so lofty in its attitude of mind, it swept away, then and forever, all the thin and narrow prejudices of man, as to the so-called savage nations. If the Great Crusade around the world had accomplished no more than this, it had reached a mighty consummation. To make this rift through the walls of ignorance and selfishness is the finding of the Grail.

Then came the Leader forward to greet all. Free, untrammled, at home, she fitted into the scene and hour as the sun and the moon in their spheres. Glorious as they, was she. As the sun to the earth—so stands our Leader to the Universal Brotherhood; its life-force, its energizer. Grandly she spoke to us; higher and higher she lifted us; and all the philosophy was fused by her fine alchemy into soul-force. Surely we may realize through our great one that "God hid the whole world in each heart."

She told us of the Great Crusade and the Maoris; of their possibilities, their devotion to the law; of their suffering and despair; and then she told us of their joy on finding that there was a band of workers in far America who clasped hands with them and called them brothers. We felt how the Leader had inspired them to rekindle their altar fires; with the wine of hope she cheered them; and with tenderest sympathy she healed their wounds and quickened their flagging spirits. Very great was our Leader; colossal was her power, and the presence; and we no longer thought, we *knew*—we were on high Olympus, and feasting with the gods.

She told us of the lofty service, the steadfast courage, the immovable trust, the unchanging attitude of mind towards the Helpers rendered by E. Aug. Neresheimer, through years of effort and struggle. This blessed recognition seemed recompense enough for all his trials passed, *to stand so level in her heart and brain*. Very much he has deserved, and all the Comrades rejoiced at his richly merited happiness—his place of peace.

I cannot pass on to the movement of the Congress, I must pause here to write of the Leader.

It comes to me as never before, how cruel has been her crucifixion. As the process of separating the pure metal from the dross takes a mighty force of fire, so she has fused and smelted the dross from the nucleus formed for Universal Brotherhood. She has kept her furnaces blasting at white heat all through these scorching years. But now, the time has come when as the eagle soaring, bearing the eaglets on her back, swoops down over the cañon where the raging torrent roars below, there shakes them from her back that they may find their wings, or fall below into danger and certain death; so proudly she has borne us high above the dust-world, bearing us ever into higher, purer realms, and bade us taste of bliss eternal, now into the midway soaring she shakes us from her sheltering care, and thrown upon the Self, some fail to find their poise; but watching from her eyrie far above, she looks down on those who spread their wings and ever try; some she sees who, ever struggling, patiently trying, soar at last, and fly to meet her as she broods and watches from her heights.

Mr. Neresheimer responded to the Leader, and with heroic courage touched his own wounds and made them bleed afresh, as to the Comrades he spoke so bravely of his trials, laying them upon the altar with frankincense and myrrh. The greatest lesson of occultism ever given by one Comrade to another; in all our hearts he lives; his bravery gives us new courage; his determined action for principle casts out our fear.

Mr. Henry T. Patterson, member of the Cabinet, spoke with much power and grace. Mr. Iverson L. Harris, also of the Cabinet, lent his Southern grace, and once more resounded his penetrating voice, "I call for the previous question." He presided with both dignity and force. He spoke with an eloquence and heart-touch all his own, and very dear and near is he to the hearts of all the Comrades.

Next came Dr. Jerome Anderson, of the Cabinet, who has been the life-blood of the Pacific Coast, sending the currents of his thought all over the world, yet always centralized in San Francisco. He wakened the echoes of the ancient Temple and sounded the full chord of harmony for Universal Brotherhood.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Mayer, the Superintendent of the Children's Work, then spoke of the department and the responsibility of motherhood. "Woman is the matrix of the future, the hope and courage of the world."

The assembly expressed an undivided attention, a solemn interest, a growth and solidarity, a poise and attitude of mind that can be felt and realized as a bulwark of

strength for all time to defend our great Leader, a guardian wall indeed. It is quite evident that so the Leader feels, for these rich chords of harmony from the members call forth her full power, and like true soldiers we respond with all our being to her *voix* as it sounds forth the message of Truth, Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity.

H. K. R. G.

REPORT OF THE CONGRESS.

(Reprinted from the San Diego Union.)

Continued from last issue.

THIRD SESSION.

The Saturday session of the Universal Brotherhood Congress being held on Point Loma was called to order by Chairman Harris at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Leader and Official Head, surrounded by the members of her Cabinet, occupied seats on the platform.

After a rendition of classical music the Chairman called upon F. M. Pierce, Secretary-General of the organization, for his annual report. Mr. Pierce stated that, on account of the wonderful increase in the duties of his office, the time consumed by him in his trip with the Leader to Cuba, the rush and whirl of things in arranging for this Congress in a short space of time, and from the very nature of the activities coming under his direction, it would be impossible for him to make a written formal, detailed report. He then made an informal report, in which he brought to the attention of the representatives present a rough outline of the matters of importance coming within the circle of his office during the past year. The facts enumerated by him in his speech were eloquent with hope and promise for the speedy success and rapid development of the principles which the Congress is engaged in promulgating. These facts showed that the organization has made tremendous progress within the year; that its membership was more united and devoted to the common cause than it has been in the past; that the number of Lodges was greatly in excess of the number a year ago, and that his office was receiving a constant stream of applications for membership.

Mr. Pierce's address was received with enthusiasm, and was greeted by round after round of applause. The scene while he was delivering his report gave unmistakable evidence of the earnestness of the members of the body.

The Chairman next called upon E. A. Neresheimer, Treasurer-General of the Brotherhood, for his annual report. In his capacity as Treasurer-General Mr. Neresheimer made four reports covering respectively the financial affairs of the Universal Brotherhood, International Brotherhood League, the Theosophical Society in America, and the Emergency Fund.

These reports showed that the Treasury had a balance on hand, and showed further that the receipts and disbursements had reached a much higher figure than in any previous year during the progress of the movement.

The next report was by H. T. Patterson, Superintendent of the International Brotherhood League, which furnished a glowing description of the interesting work of the League during the last year.

Chairman Harris then introduced Mrs. Elizabeth C. Mayer, Superintendent of the Children's Work throughout the world. Mrs. Mayer gave a charming and inspiring account of the work of her department among the children in different sections of this country, Europe and Australasia. Some of the scenes and incidents mentioned by her were calculated to warm the heart, and some of them were the very poetry of pathos. She gave an elaborate account of work among the newsboys and bootblacks of Toledo, O., the children of the Lotus Homes in New York and Buffalo, and the "Do-Good"

mission of the East Side of New York. It will be of interest to learn that Mrs. Mayer is at present a resident of San Diego, having recently arrived here for the purpose of doing some work as the Directress of the Isis Conservatory of Music.

The next order of business was a report by F. M. Pierce, representative of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, of the present status of the School. In this report Mr. Pierce made a word picture of the scene stretching out before his vision from the eminence on Point Loma on which he was standing. The picture was painted in living color, and his application of it to the purpose of the School was extremely graphic. Mr. Pierce declared that the day was fast approaching when the Temple to be erected on the Point would be an accomplished fact, when the light and influence radiating and flowing from its open portals would illumine the night of ignorance and shed a blessing and a benediction on everything within its reach.

Address by Mrs. Tingley.

The event of the session of yesterday's Congress was an address by Katherine A. Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of the organization, in which she gave the audience a clear, definite and profound interpretation of the Greek play "Eumenides," which is to be presented to the members of the Congress and to the public generally on Monday and Tuesday afternoons. It is unfortunate that it was impracticable for San Diegans who will attend these two presentations of the play to have listened to the interpretation. Such an opportunity would have been of immense advantage to them in receiving a fuller benefit from seeing and hearing this classic drama.

The Leader then gave an extensive and detailed account of the work which she and her fellow crusaders had recently done in Santiago de Cuba. This account was so vivid that the harrowing scenes and experiences through which the crusaders had recently passed were made almost actual before the eyes of her hearers. She said the destitution and suffering were pitiful, and so pathetic was her narrative that many of her audience shed tears of sympathy. Among other things mentioned was the fact that about 1,500 people gathered in front of the International Brotherhood headquarters the morning after her arrival. This happened although her arrival and her intention to distribute food, medicine, clothing and words of love and encouragement had not been announced by bulletin or through the newspapers. She immediately commenced the humanitarian work of relieving the distress and suffering around her, which labor of love continued for a period of five weeks. Mrs. Tingley declared that the most distorted reports and erroneous conceptions in regard to the Cubans were prevalent in the United States. She says that they have some noble and substantial qualities, that they are kindly, tractable and appreciative, and if helped in the proper spirit, will soon develop into an attractive and progressive people.

Another interesting fact in connection with her trip to Cuba was the planting of two Liberty Trees, one representing Cuba and one the United States, by the children of Santiago. At her suggestion and under her direction the authorities dedicated the day on which this event transpired in *perpetuum* to the spirit of that beautiful occasion.

Still another interesting fact referred to by her was the grant of thirteen acres of land by the Mayor of Santiago to her for the purpose of erecting an orphanage. This land is situated in the most beautiful and accessible spot near the city. Mrs. Tingley announced that she intended to erect the necessary buildings as soon as she could command the time to attend to the matter and as soon as sufficient material was in hand.

Chairman Harris then arose and said that there were thousands of acres of virgin timber in his home, the State of Georgia, and that his State was full of generous lumber and mill men; that the ports of this State were within easy reach of Cuba, and that whenever Mrs. Tingley made the call he felt sure that Georgia would furnish a ship-load of lumber on a week's notice for such a sensible, benevolent work. This tender seemed to send a thrill through the hearts of all members, and from the abundant

evidence of thorough endorsement of Mrs. Tingley's intention concerning the orphanage there is no doubt that it will be speedily built whenever the Leader says the time for building it has arrived.

The Famous Greek Drama "Eumenides" Presented on Point Loma.

The site of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity presented a busy scene yesterday. The last preparations for the presentation of the great Greek play "Eumenides" were in progress. Workmen were finishing the staging, scenic effects were being erected and arranged, and people were engaged in decorating and other work. Many finishing touches were being given—all showing a lively activity.

New features have been added by Mrs. Tingley in the last few days and even during yesterday, to better develop the beauties and power of the drama, so that the members of the Isis League of Music and Drama have needed to use every possible exertion to get these into execution. Mrs. Tingley was everywhere, seeing even to the minutest detail, that in no respect should the general artistic effect or the harmony of the dramatic action be marred. A last rehearsal was in progress yesterday morning. Notwithstanding changes, new ideas and suggestions were still in order. Each one made, heightened and increased the effect. It is said that not until an undertaking is actually done does Mrs. Tingley desist from developing and improving its possibilities; so long as a touch can be given, it must be accomplished.

But the moment finally arrived at which there was only time enough for those taking part to dress for the play. The large audience was collectively prepared, more or less, some by study, some by natural instinct, some by curiosity, to receive its meaning. To say that it was a great success would by no means convey an adequate conception. After witnessing it there is no danger of mistake in stating that a new era in the drama is being inaugurated, and that it will become, is already coming to be, as it was originally designed to be, a powerful instrument in the interest of human advancement and progress.

The presentation of "Eumenides" as given last night by the Isis League of Music and Drama, demonstrates beyond all dispute the capacity of the drama as a purifying influence, its ability as a forceful method in the higher education and as an effective agency in the unfolding of a deeper understanding and realization of those truths, a comprehension of which is necessary to wise living of the individual and in national life. Man's nature, his origin, the purpose of his life, the many-sided powers of his being, the true relationship which must be maintained among those, one to another, are all not simply touched upon, but to an extent that is truly wonderful, actually brought out into the understanding. To say just now such is accomplished by the play would be extremely difficult, if not altogether impossible. None the less the effect is produced. It is a fact the advantage and the benefit to be derived therefrom can hardly be over-estimated.

The "Eumenides" is the last of a trilogy or set of three plays, with one plot running through the set. In the first, the "Agamemnon," Agamemnon returns home from the siege of Troy, bringing with him Cassandra, a native prophetess. He finds that during his absence his queen, Clytemnestra, has been ruling the kingdom in conjunction with her lover, Ægisthus. Clytemnestra welcomes her returned lord, but when she discovers Cassandra she treacherously murders her husband and also Cassandra.

In the second play, the "Choephorae," Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, is ordered by Apollo to slay his mother, Clytemnestra; and does so, urged on by his sister Electra.

In the "Eumenides," the Eumenides, who are the agents of the avenging Nemesis, appearing as hideous hags, pursue Orestes for the murder of his mother. But Apollo protects him, Orestes being Apollo's suppliant and having acted under the god's orders. The Eumenides being obdurate, the matter is tried before a jury of Athenian nobles with Athena, the Goddess of Wisdom, as judge. The votes for and against Orestes are equal and Athena casts her vote in his favor, declaring that in future all people shall

be similarly acquitted. The Eumenides rage in baffled spite and vow to blast the earth with barrenness and pestilence. But Athena soothes away their anger by promoting them to be the agents of prosperity and beneficence, so that henceforth these avenging furies become the bestowers of happiness and peace.

Mr. Basil Crump essayed the part of Apollo and would have received the commendation of the god himself. Mrs. Southwick of Boston was Athena in person.

The most striking feature of the production was the entrance of Athena in a chariot of blue and gold drawn by a magnificent pair of pure white horses, in answer to the supplication and invocation of Orestes, who was on the verge of being overcome and torn to pieces by the furies. Mr. H. T. Patterson, of New York, one of the students of the Isis League, as Orestes gave the decided impression that he had had experience with furies and could appreciate the joy of being released from their pursuit. The judges were dignified and all minor parts well sustained. All the actors are members of the Universal Brotherhood, except three ladies of San Diego to whom the *Union* is asked to publicly extend the thanks of the Isis League.

The scenery was symbolism in color, and was painted under those laws an understanding of which is necessary to give the desired results. Under the lamp light the effect of it was very beautiful. The music was archaic, and though somewhat unusual in some parts, was peculiarly attractive. In fact, in this play the combined forces of color, music and dramatic action are needed to fully express the underlying principles of the play.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Mayer, Directress of the musical department of the Isis League of Music and Drama, deserves much credit for the manner in which she and her department performed, under the guidance of Mrs. Tingley, its function in helping to develop the conception of the old Greek master.

The presentation will be repeated to-night at the same place and hour.

Lecture on Wagner.

Admirers of Wagner, musician, poet and dramatist, have seldom listened to a better and more comprehensive lecture on the great man than that which was delivered Sunday evening in the amphitheatre on Point Loma by Mrs. Alice Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump, both celebrated members of the London Wagner Society, who are now here as representatives to the Universal Brotherhood Congress. The lecture was thoroughly enjoyed by an audience of nearly two thousand persons.

Mrs. Cleather spoke of Wagner as poet, musician, dramatist and mystic. As poet he was no mere concoctor of opera texts, but an epic poet, to be placed in line with Æschylus, Goethe and Shakespeare. His poetry and music depended upon each other; were twin-born in his mind. He used music as a means of enforcing dramatic action, the fault he found with modern opera being that "a Means of Expression—Music—had been made the End; while the End of Expression—the Drama—had been made the Means." He said: "Music cannot think; but she can materialize thoughts," pointing out also that she was "a language understandable by all the world alike."

As dramatist the genius of Wagner was much akin to that of Æschylus and like him, he chose mythical instead of historical matter, for he said: "The incomparable thing about mythos is that it is true for all time." His dramas are a revival of the Greek symbolical tragedy, with the addition of fully developed music. In him was a wonderful combination of arts, and especially the ancient faculty of tone-speech, which he showed to be the early speech of man.

In Greece, music was used by Æschylus and others, chiefly chorally, but it underwent a great development in Germany, up to the point where Beethoven burst into a great song of brotherhood in his "Ninth Symphony," "Hand to hand, ye mortal millions; this one kiss to all the world!" Wagner carried on the work thus indicated and began a new era in dramatic art.

As mystic (*i. e.*, one illuminated from within), he taught the divinity of man, the

growth of the soul through re-birth, the law of cause and effect, and the brotherhood of man.

Mrs. Cleather quoted passages from his dramas and prose works in support of these points.

Wagner's dramas were a revival of the ancient mystery plays which were performed under the direction of mystics who taught in the schools of the mysteries. It is stated that Æschylus was initiated into the mysteries. Prof. Henry Morley says: "Æschylus was born among the mysteries and felt God's presence in the very earth he trod." Originally pure, these mysteries degenerated with the fall of the race into materialism. They will be revived in their pristine purity at the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, founded on Point Loma, by Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley.

Mrs. Cleather concluded her remarks with a description of the Temple of Art on the Bayreuth Hill, and her impressions of the performances of the "Ring of the Nibelung" and "Parsifal" there in 1897. She read Wagner's descriptions of the playhouse and its hidden orchestra, which he called "The Mystic Gulf," because it "parted reality from ideality." These performances, with the perfect conditions, have a very elevating effect upon the mind.

Sketch of Wagner.

Basil Crump began with a sketch of Wagner's early life, showing the development of his poetical, musical and mystical faculties. His visions of sound forms at the age of sixteen were illustrated in a striking manner by actual sound figures on the screen. The first part of Mr. Crump's speech led up to the point when Wagner wrote an opera called "Rienzi," on conventional lines, hoping to win fame on the Paris stage. It failed and he was reduced to almost poverty. It was then that he flung away ambition and worked unselfishly for art and for humanity. He turned to the legend of "The Flying Dutchman," which, he said, like Ulysses and the Wandering Jew, represents "the human soul longing for rest from amid the storms of life."

In his second address Mr. Crump went on to trace the "Thread Soul," or inner connecting link between the various dramas in Wagner's own words, illustrated with scenes from each upon the screen. Wagner said in "Tannhauser" the plot evolved more definitely from its "inner soul motives;" "the whole interest of 'Lohengrin' depended upon an inner working within the heart of Elsa, involving every secret of the soul." In "Tristan and Isolde," he said, "life and death, the whole import and existence of the outer world here hang on nothing but the inner workings of the soul."

In the "Ring of the Nibelung," the slaying of the dragon by Siegfried was shown to be symbolical of conquering the lower nature. St. George and the Dragon, and Apollo and the Python were other forms of the same idea. The male and female heroic figures in all these dramas represented the two great aspects of human nature—the eternal manly and the eternal womanly—in all the phases of their struggles and experiences. Wagner expressed it in the words: "Nor is Siegfried taken alone—the male alone—the perfect being; only with Brunhild becomes he the Redeemer; and the suffering, self-offering woman becomes at last the true, the open-eyed Redemptrix; for love is in truth, the eternal womanly itself." In the final drama of "Parsifal" we see the union of these two elements in the ideal figure of Parsifal, the Redeemer and Saviour of humanity through the power of sympathy and compassion.

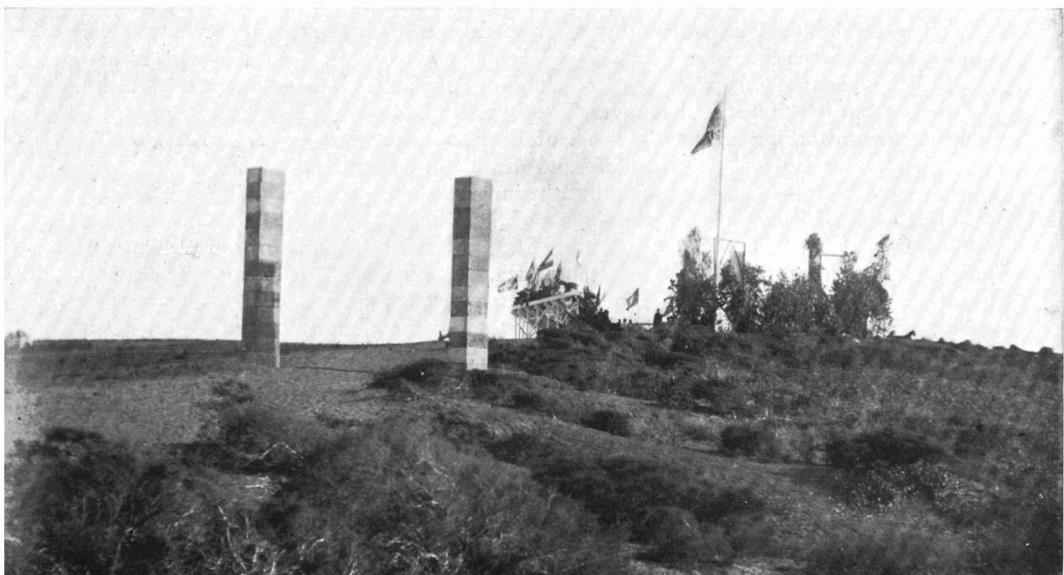
Five musical selections were played during the evening on a piano and American organ, hidden behind the screen in accordance with Wagner's ideas, the screen being occupied by pictures all the time.

It was pointed out in the course of the lecture that the Isis League of Music and Drama, which was giving the "Eumenides" on Monday and Tuesday, would carry forward the works of dramatic reform which Wagner had begun so well.



F. M. PIERCE,

Secretary-General of Universal Brotherhood, Addressing the Congress at Point Loma.



ENTRANCE TO THE AMPHITHEATRE.

Where the Sessions of the Congress were held. The two pillars are formed of stones sent from Universal Brotherhood Lodges from all over the World.

TO PREPARE CUBANS FOR CITIZENSHIP.

Universal Brotherhood Hard Sense School—True Meaning of Liberty—Practical Life to be Taught at Point Loma—Cuba's Patriots to be Educated in American Ideas and Methods and Taught the Blessings of Labor.

Down at Point Loma, right across from San Diego, the Universal Brotherhood is preparing a school, where Cubans will be taught the hard practical lessons of life. The institution is now in process of erection, and Mrs. Tingley, who is the moving spirit in the work, hopes shortly to have there a band of twenty-five ardent, anxious Cubans, who will profit by a practical course of instruction in American ideas and methods.

The object of the Universal Brotherhood school is to teach the liberated Cubans the true value of freedom and what liberty really means. It will be the aim of those in charge of the institution to instill into their followers the spirit of thrift, and industry and the regularity of habit. When they have thoroughly conquered these lessons of life they will be sent back to their native land to proclaim broadcast the noble doctrine of work.

The Cubans will be educated in relays at Point Loma, and very little "book learning" will form part of the school course. All the luxuries and comforts that the "hard sense" pupils will enjoy will be the result of their individual efforts and labors. There will not only be talks on the manifold blessings of labor, but practical experiences to illustrate the same. Iverson L. Harris, superintendent of the International Brotherhood League colony work, will take charge of the Point Loma Institution. Mr. Harris is an attorney of national repute and eminently fitted to be "practical life" instructor of the institution. W. F. Hanson, secretary and treasurer of the League, will assist Mr. Harris in the work.

The League of the Universal Brotherhood claims that up to the present the Cubans have not been in a physical condition to labor, but that they have capacities in that direction that are worthy of development.

Point Loma is also the site of the "temple of the revival of the lost mysteries of antiquity," and contributions are now being received from all parts of the globe for the completion of that building.—*San Francisco Call*, May 10, 1899.

A PEN PICTURE OF THE FIRST "COLONY" ON THE POINT.

THE "CUBAN COLONY," POINT LOMA, Cal., April 27, 1899.

DEAR COMRADES:

You already know that this wonderful Brotherhood Congress was brought to a close last Sunday afternoon, but perhaps you may not have heard that our Leader brought quite a number of her workers down to the house here—already purchased, and destined eventually for the Cuban Colony—for another week's work. Work, do I say? Well, it *is* work.

What do you think of this picture? The house stands about a mile from Point Loma Hotel, on the way to San Diego, off the main road, on an eminence. It has been unoccupied for some months, and is a pretty little cottage, surrounded by a fair attempt at cultivation. The view on all sides is superb, with almost more variety than that from the hotel, upon which we were feasting our eyes last week.

At noon yesterday might be seen a number of the Cabinet and others workers—"operative Masons" in very truth—clad in the coarse blue overall of the Californian ranchman, armed with spades, rakes, hoes, and one (Mr. F. M. Pierce) with a scythe even, working for dear life, clearing the rough ground in the immediate neighborhood of the house. Weeds and general disorder disappeared in a trice, literally in about two hours' time, from nearly half an acre of the land. Our Leader herself took part in the clearing up process, and the rest of the sisters were equally busy, some weeding at the neglected flower beds, others in the kitchen preparing the meal.

The rest and real refreshment of such work is indescribable. Under the open sky, in close contact with Mother Nature and with one ever at hand who knows her inmost secrets. Think of it!

We came down here from the hotel about noon yesterday, and soon afterwards had our first meal—a cup of milk and some slices of dry bread. Then to work, and the picture I have tried to give you was by no means the whole of it. Back of the house another and smaller one had been begun, and some of "the boys" were told off to continue the building. It is only 24 hours since they have been working there and the wooden skeleton is nearly completed—but some of us go hungry? We are learning some of life's simple lessons, one of which is to eat to live, and not *vice versa*. Our meals are taken in the open air, at plain wooden tables, with one tin plate and mug each, and only one course, except at our mid-day dinner and this morning, when we had the luxury of a pudding. No private stores of food allowed, and general self-control and a healthy abstinence inculcated. Silence, too, is recommended. "Talk only of the work," said the teacher. Needless to say the work is that of the I. B. L., the practical humanitarian side—a department of the U. B.

Another picture before I close. After dark some one started a bonfire, to get rid of some of the accumulating rubbish.

A few of us gathered round, and before we quite realized what was happening we were a huge circle joining hands round that fire, which was fed by one of the band, and after a sonorous chanting of "Truth, Light and Liberation," one of the party began to speak (at our Leader's suggestion) and before the last tones had done vibrating on the still night air, the next had taken it up and the next, and the next, and so all round the circle. The speaking was in nearly all cases perfectly inspired. The symbolical fire, the gathered band of devoted workers, all served to waken old memories, which came welling back up from the far-back past. Then back to the veranda to see the moon rise over the perfect scene, one which it would be almost impossible to equal in any part of the world. The far distant semicircle of mountains, from behind which rose "the mystic moon," slowly and stately swinging herself up into the sky. The peaceful little town of San Diego shining white across the bay, to the left the great sweep of waters out to the ocean, and the Point with its one of two twinkling solitary lights, one of which seemed to shine out more brightly than the rest, a beacon star for the centuries to come—our S. R. L. M. A. light, which has never been absent for one night since the laying of the corner stone in 1897. Greetings to all Comrades. Fraternally yours,

ALICE L. CLEATHER.

BROTHERHOOD ACTIVITIES.

Last month just before going to press we received the report of the first two days of the Universal Brotherhood Congress at Point Loma. In this issue we give the continuation of the report of the proceedings, and also copies of some of the Greetings received. During the Congress the Lodge meetings were kept up as usual in New York and have been well attended and very successful. The enthusiasm which prevailed at the meetings at Point Loma was also felt here, and there has been throughout a feeling of harmony during the whole time both at the Headquarters and in the meetings.

The first to return to New York after the Congress were Bros. Fred. J. Dick and D. M. Dunlop, on April 28th, Bro. Dick having to return to Ireland. Some of us went with him to the steamer, which sailed April 29 at 9 a. m. On Sunday, April 30th, the Aryan Hall was packed to hear the first accounts of the Congress from Bro. Dunlop and also from Mrs. Tyberg of Brooklyn, Miss Hall of Bridgeport, and Mrs. Loomis of Meriden, Conn. Bro. Albert E. Smythe arrived in New York on Tuesday, May 9th, in time for the evening meeting. He will remain here for probably six weeks, and give a course of lectures. On May 14 he will lecture in Harlem on "Occultism in Daily

Life' in the morning, and in the evening at the Aryan Hall on "The Purpose of Existence."

To-day, May 13, Mme. de Neuville and Bro. B. Jasink arrived and will sail for Holland on the 16th.

White Lotus Day, May 8th, was commemorated by the Lodges throughout the country. In New York a union meeting of members from Brooklyn, Harlem and New York was held in the Aryan Hall.

The platform was beautifully decorated, being covered with white cloth and the table also covered with white, while on the latter was a profusion of flowers--Easter lilies, blue violets and daisies, in front of H. P. B.'s picture, which was placed upon an easel and wreathed in smilax. Bro. Col. H. N. Hooper of Brooklyn, presided, and immediately after opening the meeting a telegram of "loving greetings to the Lotus Mother" was sent to her at San Francisco. Miss I. Gribben of Brooklyn read from "The Light of Asia," D. N. Dunlop gave a short address on the work of H. P. B., Col. Hooper read some of the verses selected by H. P. B. under the title of "Gems from the East," and J. H. Fussell read from the "Voice of the Silence." The meeting closed with music and a few minutes silence, but after the meeting nobody wanted to go home, but all stayed for a long time chatting.

A letter just received from Pittsburg states that the Wilkesburg and Pittsburg Lodges held a joint meeting on White Lotus Day. The hall was decorated with flowers and there was a full attendance.

News has also been received from the Leader of large and enthusiastic meetings held in Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Francisco. From there she will visit Portland, Oregon, and probably other Lodges in the Northwest, and on her return trip across the Continent.

J. H. FUSSELL.

MILWAUKEE LODGE, No. 5.

We seem to be running apace with Mother Nature in her efforts this spring to awaken all creatures to the new life of beauty and activity, and as the sunbeams are now busily engaged in arousing by their magic touches the consciousness slumbering under, on, and about the earth, so the members of Milwaukee Lodge are also engaged in work, the details of which are too numerous to mention.

A peep at the books of the North Side Lotus Group reveals the names of some 75 dear little children, as many as 50 of whom are usually seen at the Sunday afternoon meetings, expressing by their happy faces and prompt participation in all the exercises, that they know the meaning of their name, "Harmony Lotus Circle," and that they have learned to love the dear Lotus Mother.

Lotus Group No. 1 is content no longer to entertain the heretofore small number of members, and this coming Saturday, the 13th, they will give a Brotherhood Supper, to which fifty needy and friendless children will be invited, hoping by that means to find an opportunity of using the magic touch of Brotherhood and thus entice their guests into the Lotus Garden.

Mrs. Artie Stowe and L. H. Cannon have just returned from Point Loma, bubbling over with the many good things which they want us to feel with the same intensity as they do; especially would they have us appreciate more than ever our great Leader, as to whom one delegate said: "Well, I simply can't tell you what a wonderful Leader we have. It can't be expressed in words. You must feel it."

L. B. L. meetings also show signs of the awakening of spring life and activity. All this activity, however, showing clearly that during the past winter the Lodge has not been sleeping, but that a steady "keeping at it" has kept the fires burning, and therefore it now takes but a gentle breeze to fan the already live coals into heat and action.

ISABEL HAYDEN, Secretary pro tem.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.



"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it."

UNIVERSAL Brotherhood or the Brotherhood of Humanity is an organization established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.

This organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in nature. The principal purpose of this organization is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in nature and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

The subsidiary purpose of this organization is to study ancient and modern religion, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of nature and the divine powers in man.

This Brotherhood is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

Every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, each being required to show that tolerance for the opinions of others which he expects for his own.

The Theosophical Society in America is the Literary Department of Universal Brotherhood.

The International Brotherhood League is the department of the Brotherhood for practical humanitarian work.

The Central Office of the Universal Brotherhood Organization is at 144 Madison Avenue, New York City.*

*For further information address F. M. Pierce, Secretary General, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(Unsectarian.)

"Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means."



THIS organization affirms and declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and its objects are:

1. To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.
2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.
3. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women, and assist them to a higher life.
4. To assist those who are, or have been, in prison, to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.
5. To endeavor to abolish capital punishment.
6. To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them.

*Address all inquiries to H. T. Patterson, General Superintendent, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.