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— { *"Seek out him who knows still less than thou; who in his desolation sits starving for
the bread of wisdom, without a hope or consolation, and—let him know the truth."* } —

BABYLONIS IMPERATRIX.

Clothed in her robes of purple and of scarlet,
Seeking new victims for her burning lust,
She sits and smirks—the all-compelling Harlot,
Though Babylon be crumbled into dust!

Aye, Babylon has fallen. But the nations
A thousand heirs have reared to that foul name.
For she hath lain with them. Her fornications
Shame them today with an unutterable shame.

* * * * *

The Nazarine raised high his holy banner—
She writhed into his Church's inmost seat.
Religion fled. With stolen robes upon her,
Its blinded votaries see not the cheat.

She courted Power, and the flattered giant,
Yielding, made carnage to delight her eyes.
And "holy wars," (O, blasphemy defiant!)
Filled God's fair earth with horrified surprise.

She danced before a drunken world. What matter
That kings repent? They must their vows repay.
Her Inquisition thus became a gory platter
Whereon the heads of hosts of holy Baptists lay!

* * * * *

She hath debauched philosophy. Her Schoolmen
 Were the first offspring of the unnatural crime.
 Then came a horde of sophists to befool men—
 Her Dogmatists—the Esaus of all time !

*Credo quia impossibile est** ! The fetters
 Of hells and devils, of eternal bliss or woe,
 Benumbed and dwarfed the world of thought and letters—
 Yahveh's black shadow loomed and threatened so !

Great Bruno burns because he dares to reason—
 Gallileo recants lest a worse fate befall;
 The Huguenots in hecatombs served for a season
 The saint and heretic alike to appall.

And Catholic burned Protestant, if his the power ;
 If not, the Protestant burned him instead.
 While both brought witch and Quaker as their dower
 To grill on fagots which the Harlot fed !

Aye, strong souls bowed before the awful torrent,
 Nor dared to brave the mighty Harlot's wrath
 Who mocks at reason—freedom deems abhorrent,
 And sweeps them both from her accursed path !

So Kant, Des Cartes, and many a thinker regal
 Shackled their souls, and forced their themes to fit
 The Creed of Nice. Aye, e'en the giant, Hegel,
 The Absolute's dark throne dragged forth and—placed Yahveh
 on it !

* * * * *

But men rebelled, and turned them earthward, groping
 For light in matter's rayless, somber caves ;
 Brought forth Materialism; knelt and worshiped
 Their Golden Calf—blind as old Egypt's slaves !

The Spencers, Maudsleys, Huxleys, Bains, and Buchners,
 Enforce their dogma of eternal death.
 A glimpse of life, and then—annihilation!
 One kiss of love, and then—the passing breath !

*"I believe that which is impossible!" Shibboleth of the Schoolmen.

"Live nobly that a nobler race may follow,
Nor lift to God nor nature bootless prayer,"
Say these. O, fools! O, mockery hollow!
A Perfect Race—facing the same despair!

For suns and earths, these say, are surely dying;
The Kosmos waits but for its vaster doom.
Death swallows all. Man's life is but a sighing
Of Time before Eternity's dark gloom!

The Perfect Race must die! The toil, the sorrow,
The hopes, the joys, that human life befall
May bring perfection on some dim Tomorrow,
And then—annihilation ends it all!

O, Harlot Church, these strong ones may disown thee,
Deny, bemock thee, to thy shame and grief,
They are thine offspring—these who would 'st dethrone thee!
Thou art the mother of their Disbelief!

For thou hast sown the wind of blind believing,
And thou shalt reap the whirlwind of blind doubt;
Thou totterest to the end of thy deceiving
As these (thine own!) encompass thee about!

The world turns from thee. Desperate, unforgiven,
Thou sittest 'midst the grave-stones of thy dead.
Thy tortured victims, like sad souls unshriven,
Haunt all thy days, and fill thy nights with dread.

Yet these, thy slain—the rebel lion-hearted—
Are but a drop within that ocean wide
Of souls from whom all faith and hope departed—
The Jobs, who cursed God and, despairing, died!

For Yahveh's shadow loomed between man and his Saviour,
Shut out each ray or glimpse of the divine;
Justice was blind. Men sought but Yahveh's favor,
Were cringing sycophants—knew but the beggar's whine.

* * * * *

Thy priests wax fat, upon the spoils of Mammon
 Wrung from earth's toilers, through their slavish fears ;
 While all around them stalk Despair and Famine,
 Growing more gaunt as grow the weary years.

"In heaven," say these, "all woe shall be forgotten,
 And God himself shall dry each weeping eye."
 But this same Yahveh cursed his first begotten,
 Nor heeds today his tortured children's cry.

And if the few, the sycophants, win heaven,
 What of the many who descend to hell ?
 The devil wins ! To black despair is given
 The hosts of souls who, god-like, dare rebel !

And how can one endure this selfish heaven,
 Saved (and enslaved) among the favored few,
 Whose heart with thought of friend, or child, is riven—
 Who hears their shrieks the endless ages through !

The meaningless, unceasing adulation
 Of His false heaven needed add but this—
 The wail of hell's eternal desolation
 To make complete His "saved saints" perfect bliss !

The eternal lost we may not breathe a prayer for—
 No hope that cruel Yahveh will relent ;
 "The sin was 'gainst the Infinite, and therefore
 Is *infinite* the eternal punishment* !

Has not Omnipotence indeed all power ?
 Is not Omniscience infinitely wise ?
 Then why does Strength give weakness as its dower,
 And Wisdom look but out of Folly's eyes ?

Had we the Devil, mayhap, for our father ?
 (Instead of brother, as the Scriptures say,) Omnipotence ?
 Nay, impotence seems rather
 The source from whence such weakness first did stray !

*The Theological apology for eternally punishing a finite, and often trivial, offense.

For Yahveh we are taught made, too, the devil ;
 Yet he his Maker ever fights and foils
 Souls are the guerdon. Has not ever evil
 The larger share in these, the helpless, spoils?

For as I write and as you read, each moment*
 A damned soul sinks to its eternal doom!
 To hopeless woe, to never-ending torment—
 The flames of hell alone light its despairing gloom!

Plunge! plunge! plunge! plunge! The dread procession
 Age following weary age can but repeat.
 Still, still they sink. Christ's piteous intercession
 Fails still to mend Jehovah's first defeat!

Oh, better than this wail of woe eternal
 That Yahveh send once more a watery grave!
 Let none escape! Better the pangs infernal
 For all, if thus th'unborn accursed we save!

Let no Ark float upon the vengeful waters
 To keep the record of Creative crime!
 Let death (and rest!) o'ertake Sin's sons and daughters—
 Be earth a grave-stone at the Tomb of Time!

For Yahveh, looking on his work with terror,
 Outwitted by his Devil's shrewder mind,
 Can find no better way to mend his error
 Than drowning, like superfluous kittens, his mankind!

* * * * *

The curse of these false dogmas blights the ages ;
 Makes selfish cowards of the sons of God!
 A trail of blood and crime befouls the pangs
 Whereon is writ the ways that men have trod!

On all our souls the curse of that sin presses
 Which Adam did within his Paradise ;
 Vile and unclean, each soul the taint confesses
 Who feels the joy of life within him rise.

*Vital statistics show that about one person dies each moment; "religious" statistics, that not one in a hundred of these are "saved."

"Believe! Have faith!" proclaims the wily Harlot;
"Pray, pray unceasing! Fear dread Yahveh's frown!
Pay tithes for heaven," cries out she in Scarlet;
"Bring gold, bring Jewels—for your future crown!"

"Work out in fear and trembling your salvation;
Leave all behind—leave parent, wife or child!
Save first yourself from Yahveh's dread damnation;
Forget all loved ones—lest you be beguiled!"

Oh, Creed of Self! Oh, dreadful, lonely heaven!
Oh, mad search for some far-off holy land!
Here, here is God! This earth to us is given
To make it heaven by our own right hand!

For here the Son of Man—the efflorescence,
Of lives of toil, of growth long ages through—
Came but to show by his benignant presence
The goal that lies before the humblest toiler's view.

He is but one of countless Sons. The pages
Of many a Holy Writ record the time
When other Sons stood forth. The Sages,
The Chrishnas, Buddhas, are of every clime!

The old, old truth that each man is our brother,
The old, old Crucifixion of the flesh,
The old, old Message: "Love ye one another!"
Through this our brother came to earth afresh!

The world leans out today to love him—
So grandly human was the path he trod—
Alas! the God-like Man has been betrayed, and of him
Naught now remains but a weak, man-like God!

Oh, Harlot Church, *thou* wert the first betrayer!
The rock—the "Peter"—on which thou art built,
Dids't thrice deny the Christ, to win men's favor,
And thou today dost share thy Founder's guilt!

Aye, thrice ten thousand-thousand times hast thou denied him—
The stain of blood which flows from Calvary's tree,

Is on thy forehead. Thou dost stand beside him
And daily mock his dying agony!

With rite and creed and dogma thou hast hidden
The sacred truths that he so clearly taught;
The rich—not Lazarus—to thy feasts are bidden,
And pomp and power with his name are bought!

The dread of Yahveh's terrible damnation,
Thy promise to forgive the vilest crime
Through Christ's atonement—cheapening thus salvation—
Have chilled and killed the olden faith sublime!

"Save thine own soul," emblazoned on thy banner,
Has grown and widened until "Live for self"
Is now the world-cry. Power or empty honor
Share as ideals with the greed of pelf!

"Do unto others as ye would that they
Should do to you"—who heeds or holds it true?
'Tis obsolete, forgotten. Now men say
"Do unto others as they *do* to you!"

Each man, an Ishmael, faces all men frowning,
Trained from his cradle for the devilish fray;
Sails reckless on, nor heeds the sinking, drowning—
The helpless derelicts who clog his way!

Love, honor, pity, sympathy, compassion,
Are dreams, are like a story that is told;
Men are but wolves, and with a wolf's mad passion
Devour their wounded in the fight for gold!

* * * * *

Oh, Church of God! cast off this mockery hollow,
From out the Wilderness let Baptists come
Foretelling Christs; and let these swiftly follow
And drive the Harlot from their sacred home!

Again the money-changers throng the Temple,
Again doth Mammon rule that holy shrine;
Oh, come, meek Nazarine! Our need is ample,
Thy love undying, and thy peace divine!

Let Buddha's wisdom calm the raging ocean
 Of wars and strivings which so mar the earth;
 Let Christs, let Chrishnas, still the fierce commotion—
 Let shepherds shout the tidings of a grander birth!

For, lo, from out the East the dawn is breaking,
 The Prince of Darkness from his throne is hurled;
 To one glad faith men's hearts are fast awaking—
 The Brotherhood of Man redeems the world!

JEROME A. ANDERSON.

NATURE'S SECRET OF BEAUTY.

HOW to become Beautiful? Millions ask the question daily, while others continually enquire, How to retain beauty? In each case the answer is the same, and may be stated in three words, **THINK BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.**

Lest there be some who doubt, it may be well to amplify the matter a little.

What is beauty—of mind, face, or form? It is harmony. It is the individual expression of nature's divine harmony. Of what does beauty consist? Of merely the absence of physical blemish? Of merely a strict conformity to the lines of physical symmetry? Assuredly not, for then a wax doll would be the type of human beauty. Rob the Venus de Milo of a soul, and you will seek in vain for her beauty. There is not a classical model, nor a modern beauty of the stage or drawing room, that would hold the attention of one for a moment were the expression of the soul stricken out of the faultless face or form. Beauty is more than skin deep. This is so very ancient an adage, and so commonly employed to adorn a moral disquisition, that it has become trite and threadbare as the text for an essay on ethics.

But this is not an essay on ethics. This is a sure recipe for the production and preservation of human beauty—nothing more and nothing less—let the text be what it will. The formula comes from nature's own laboratory, and is infallible.

We must reason a little to get at the heart of the secret. What is the human form? Is it a haphazard aggregation of physical cells drawn together by a fortuitous chain of circumstances over which chance alone presides? Or is it the outward expression of an inner intelligence, an inner guiding consciousness? If it is the first, then nature is a vast chaos, nature's harmonies are a delusion, since all is disorder, nothing is anything, and the sooner some chance comet drops by accident on the earth and blots it out of existence the better for all of us.

But no one seriously believes this, or ever can. We live in a law-governed universe, where not a blade of grass grows nor a planet revolves in the heavens without adequate cause. All the universe, seen and unseen, is governed immutably by the uncompromising law of cause and effect. If a tree is

distorted we know there was an impelling cause. If the rosebush does not blossom we seek for the reason. If the kine are lean we increase the feed. If the milk has a grassy flavor we change the nourishment of the cow. If one is ill we try to remove the disorder that produces the illness. If we suffer pain we look to the wound. If there is grief a sorrow lies back of it. If there is peace contentment lurks in the background. Look where we may, high or low, from the infusoria in a drop of water to the circling of the planets in the Zodiac—all are governed by the law of cause and effect. In Sanscrit it is called Karma; Emerson has named it the Law of Compensation. Men are born and die under the iron hand of its immutable decrees, universes come and go by its unerring operation. Pleasure and pain are the weights on its scales—scales that register each act and thought with a nicety passing human conception. Joy and grief are the products of its mathematical calculus. This is the law that has no exception, no opposite, no antithesis. An effect without a cause is unimaginable; a cause having no effect, impossible.

Human beauty, then, or the lack of it—cannot escape the operation of cause and effect. If a face is homely there is an antecedent cause for it. If the form lacks symmetry seek out the cause. It is important to remember this. Do not seek to change the effect while the cause remains unchanged—discord, chaos, distortion and death will be the only rewards of such efforts. You cannot break a natural law, and you cannot *try* to do so with impunity. It is the law itself that to seek to break it brings swift and ill results. Work with the law. Search out the cause; change it, or remove it, and the effect will vary accordingly. The law is harmony. To seek to break it does not produce discord in nature, for nature is always harmonious; but it produces discord within yourself. For you are that part of nature at once in nature, yet gifted with the power of viewing yourself as apart from nature. You are soul, and soul has will, and soul and will have always the choice to work harmoniously with nature or to throw themselves into discord with nature's divine and unchanging harmonies. Do not make the mistake of viewing yourself either as all of nature, or as separate from nature, nor of supposing that nature lacks harmony because there is discord in your own heart.

And now we have reached the point where the natural inquiry must be? What are the causes of physical unloveliness?

A lack of harmony within, is the true answer. But the question was of *physical* unloveliness, not of mental or spiritual? True; yet the answer is the same.

Let us get as near to the root of the matter as we can. It is impossible, even in metaphysics, to do more than postulate a first cause, and this is far from a metaphysical discussion. It will be sufficient, then, to start at the beginning of this life, with the building of the forms that we now inhabit.

Suppose the palace of marble and granite is beautiful; to whom does the merit belong? To the architect. And if the building proves unsightly or hideous, does not the blame attach to the architect?

Now who is the architect of the human form? The parent? Only in a very narrow and limited sense. In the true sense, in this law-governed uni-

verse of cause and effect, you are the real architects of the forms you inhabit. The mason, the carpenter, and the contractor are not held responsible for the general outlines of the building. Nor, indeed, is the architect to be blamed if you choose to make your abode in an unsightly dwelling. It is true that parents who are themselves beautiful and symmetrical in form will usually and quite logically (other things being equal) give birth to physically beautiful forms—in other words, that like produces like. But with the birth of the living form the responsibility of the parent ends. The parents did not force you into the body you now inhabit; you came, unsolicited by them, and dwelt in it. There were thousands of other forms, but you came to this one, beautiful or homely as it may be. And you came to it—unconsciously, it is true, but nevertheless in submission to the unalterable dictates of the law of cause and effect—because it was a fit and proper form for the degree of development you had already attained and was cast in that particular race, family and environment peculiarly adapted for the kind of experiences needed for your further development and progress toward human perfection. It appears then, that you and you alone are responsible for the kind of body in which you find yourself. It is well to remember this, for it will take the sting of fancied injustice out of life for those who find themselves in bodies, families, or conditions that appear to be unfavorable. Remember that the form in which you dwell is the one best suited for your growth.

Let us suppose it to be one lacking somewhat in physical beauty and symmetry. Well, you can change it, and the sooner you begin the task, and the more force and strength of will you throw into the task, the sooner it will be accomplished.

Thought molds matter. Do you grasp that truth? What is it which builds a palace or carves a statue? Thought. The chisel of the sculptor and the tools and materials of the mason are mere details that, without the guiding power of thought, would be utterly impotent. The palace is built upon the model created by the thought of the architect. Without thought the sculptor could not even lift his mallet.

At this point the similitude between the architect and sculptor and the real man dwelling in his body, ceases. For the sculptor and the architect deal with very dense and gross materials, the molecules of which are in such a comparative state of rest that solidity and hardness is the result. The architect of the human body has a more plastic substance to deal with. In flesh and blood and bone the substance is warm with molecular action. Moreover, it is constantly changing of its own accord. It has been demonstrated that all the molecules and cells of the body are completely renewed every seven years. The human frame is plastic and easily molded by thought. It is far easier to mold one's own flesh into beautiful contour than it is to carve out a beautiful statue. Even as a man thinketh, so is he, and this is true whether his thought molds the body consciously or unconsciously—true to the last cell of his molecular frame.

But this is not all of the story. The physical body is built upon something—

a model, for instance, and in truth as well. Everything is built upon a model—an astral form, as it is called. Now this astral body, though still made of physical substance, and in rare cases visible to the naked eye, is much finer in texture than its outward and visible shell, the physical body. It is still molecular and organic, but its molecules are held in suspension by a more rapid rate of vibration. This astral body, therefore, is more plastic and more easily molded by thought. It is, indeed, continually being molded by thought, and as it is molded just so are the outward lineaments of the more gross face and form expressed or patterned around it.

In this astral body lie all the nerve centers and the seats of all the so-called physical sensations. Herein dwells the purely animal part of man—the life force and the centers of passion and desire. Above it and beyond it all, yet, in a sense, reaching down into it, and at certain centers actually contacting it, are the mind, the soul, the spirit—the human, immortal and divine—the higher triad, the real man, the human ego.

So man, we see, is a septenary being—not arbitrarily so, but easily and naturally divided into seven component parts or principles. These seven principles are co-existent in all normal human beings, and one can scarcely be considered apart from or independent of any or all the others. Nevertheless, when grouped properly they fall naturally into two classes, making of man a very pronounced triad. Indeed, it requires no very great amount of philosophy to convince one that there are really two men within him—one the Higher, one the Lower; one the real and lasting, who is ever battling with the lower; one the passional and mortal, who is ever striving for the mastery.

There are men and women—and many of them—who function almost entirely in the Lower Being. With these men and women passion and desire—with their envoys and servants, deceit, anger, sensuality, jealousy, selfishness, envy, hatred—have constantly the upper hand. These mold the outer shell or garb and stamp it unmistakably with the character of its real master. There never has been an exception to this law, and there never can be—for it is the law of cause and effect. Appearances are never deceptive to those who can see. A rattlesnake can never be mistaken for a dove by those who know the difference between them. Doubtless the rattlesnake admires most its own style of beauty, and has contempt for the loveliness of the dove. This is a simile we can take home to ourselves. If we are living in our lower selves we will find our ideal of beauty in the passionate and sensual types. That explains, does it not, why we are sometimes sadly mistaken in the person whom we once thought was beautiful? Real beauty is never deceitful, never sensual. Those who are sensual and deceitful (and these two vices include all others) are never beautiful and never can be beautiful. This is the law of the universe—the law of divine harmony. When the contrary appears to be true, our own perceptions and our own lives are at fault.

Those who are crippled and misshapen at birth, though they find themselves in forms which cannot be greatly changed in so short a time as their allotted span of life and with so meager an expenditure of will and soul power as the

best of us are willing to devote to the purpose, can always make themselves beautiful in spite of the deformity. They have the power of molding the face and its expressions as they will. A pure and unselfish life will make even the hunchback a beautiful and lovable creature. The recipe is unfailing.

This, then is the only formula for beauty: Think beautiful thoughts. *WILL* to think beautiful thoughts. This kills the passional centers, or, better, sublimates their force and transmutes it into aspiration. This reacts upon the astral or model body—with just as much or little force as we put into it—and as the astral body is molded so will its outward expression, the physical form, become its exact counterpart.

Lead a beautiful, pure life, and beauty will of necessity come into your face and form. This is the royal road to beauty. It is unfailing. It will bring happiness into your life as well as beauty. You will be loved and admired by all.

Think these beautiful thoughts *ALL* the time, if you would gain the end. Nine-tenths—yes; far more—of all the people in the world are neither ugly nor beautiful, but just a cross between, which is signified by the word “homely.” But it is better to be one or the other than neither. Be beautiful. *Will* to be beautiful. Be constant and unceasing. Keep trying, always trying. Rise above each failure—and in that way make each failure a success. It takes effort, will, to accomplish anything. An enemy is better than a half-hearted friend. Be a fiend altogether, or else give all your best efforts toward being beautiful. Don’t expect anybody to do it for you. Don’t go to a “beauty doctor.” He can’t aid you. You yourself must make yourself beautiful—or remain homely.

Now, what are beautiful thoughts?

A long list of them might be enumerated, and yet not the half of them be named. They all have one general characteristic, however; there is one test that may be applied to every thought and act of life, should you be in doubt whether it will make for beauty or ugliness. *UNSELFISHNESS* is the test, the characteristic that every beautiful thought or deed must contain. One might add to this cheerfulness as a test, for, indeed, that is a powerful factor in beauty. But this will follow as a matter of course; cheerfulness is really inseparable from unselfishness.

Think of yourself last, or not at all, as yourself. Find yourself in the hearts of your neighbors, who are your brothers, whether their skins be black or white, their station high or lowly, aye, if they be sinful or pure.

Never wear a long face and never be sentimentally silly. These kill beauty as quickly as evil thoughts. Be strong and positive, or be nothing. Think your own thoughts and let nobody do your thinking for you.

Nature’s law is Unity, Brotherhood, Harmony. Act and think in accord with nature; then nature will make obeisance to you and shower upon you her richest blessings. She will make you beautiful. This is not sentiment nor gush. This is hard commonsense—scientific fact and philosophic truth as well. But don’t accept it because someone else says so. Try it for your-

self and prove it beyond peradventure. Give it a fair trial, and be assured that if it does not prove efficacious to the last degree, Dame Nature herself will refund your money. Never mind how you feel or think or act on Sundays. Guard closely the other six days and Sunday will take care of itself. If your thoughts are pure, helpful, cheerful, and unselfish on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, it will be permissible to relax a little on Sundays—if you can or should be inclined to do so.

Yes; you have troubles, griefs, pains, sadness, illness. True; all have these. But think kindly, brotherly, peaceful, harmonious, unselfish—in a word, beautiful—thoughts just the same, if you would be beautiful.

If you are of an over-cautious disposition, then be careful before you try this formula. If you take hold of it with strength and vigor it is quite liable to fix itself upon you as a habit, and when it once becomes a habit, it's a "terribly awful" habit to get rid of. Such a habit would disqualify one utterly for a position as a professional mourner or a first-class hypocrite.

Remember that unselfishness is the word and the test. This is the most important point in the whole formula.

And now if someone tells you that it is selfish to become unselfish for selfish reasons, tell them that they are word jugglers—tell them so kindly, but firmly. For a selfish unselfishness is a good deal like a voidless void and a nothingless something.

I said "unselfish." That is plain enough. You cannot be selfish and unselfish at the same time; it would make you cross-eyed to try it.

Keep on being unselfish. Keep on thinking beautiful thoughts. At the end of the first seven weeks during which no selfish or impure thought has been allowed to remain seven seconds in your mind—not before then—look into the mirror. You will see a beautiful face there.

ADAM KADMON.

PRACTICAL BROTHERHOOD.

THE unity of all life, and therefore the brotherhood of all humanity, has been scientifically demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt. Ideally we are all ready to accept all humanity as our brothers. But we are not yet on the ideal plane, therefore our realization of this fact is as unsubstantial and almost as unprofitable as any other "Castle in Spain." This is a practical age, we are practical people, therefore our acceptance of the scientific fact must be susceptible of practical application or our knowledge avails us nothing. Then, how can we harmonize our lives with this fact in nature? This is the question of the hour; one that many philosophies have attempted to solve, for which many wise teachers have formulated rules which seem simple and easy, but in the practical application of which only dire failure has resulted. At this epoch in the evolution of humanity that portion of the race which professes Christianity as their code of ethics leads in scientific attainment, and these leaders of thought accept the doctrine of vicarious atonement which has

thus become the root-idea which permeates all Christian thought. One can readily understand by even a superficial observation of the trend of thought of average humanity how the doctrine of vicarious atonement came to be adopted and so widely accepted. Did not Adam, when accused of raiding the apple tree, excuse himself by using the natural formula, "The woman gave it to me and I did eat?" Tommy and Jimmy have been in mischief. Question either of the culprits, and the part which the other performed will be told readily; but a corkscrew is required to extract information in regard to his own part of the affair. The man of business considers sharp practice on the part of his friends as highly culpable, but in himself merely an evidence of superior sagacity. The house-mistress loudly bewails the inefficiency of domestic servants, while requiring as nearly as may be twenty-four hours' service in every day, while the domestic renders the minimum in quality and quantity of service for the maximum of wages. That this state of affairs prevails in all departments of labor and all conditions of society cannot be denied. That it is the natural corollary of vicarious atonement must be patent to the superficial observer. If admission to Heaven can be secured by mere passivity, and without active effort, why not other and more material desired things without the rendering of an equivalent? So has arisen this monstrous system, in which every man's hand is against, instead of for, his brother.

What is the remedy for this state of affairs? The remedy has been and is being applied in this now generally accepted fact of unity of origin, unity of substance, difference only in the plane of manifestation. But nature works slowly, and as diseases of the body that have been long progressing require time in the same ratio before yielding to the effect of medicine, time for the diseased molecules to disintegrate and to be replaced by others healthier, so in this mental and moral obliquity that afflicts humanity time enough is required for the thought currents to adjust themselves to a new rate of vibration. When mankind thoroughly realizes the truth of the occult saying, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap," and its natural sequence, "as ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," then each man will judge himself as he does his neighbor, and no one will sow wild oats expecting to reap wheat, or render lip service and expect heavenly manna in return. It may be argued that doing right to avoid the consequences of wrong doing is only another form of selfishness. True; but nature works in a steady rate of progression, never by jumps; and this form of selfishness is less selfish than that which now prevails, and will be replaced in time by some other form which will be a still nearer approach to selflessness. Is it not so that children are trained—one step at a time? And are we not children in the development and use of our higher faculties? It may be said that honesty is impossible at the present stage of the world's progress and that only humbug is successful, and the greater the humbug the greater its measure of success. This seems to be, if not entirely, in a great measure true. It is hard to accept the hardships and deprivations of honest poverty while dishonest wealth flaunts its magnificence in our faces. Yet this is one of the lessons we must learn; ever remembering that "the mills

of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small," and that our envious thoughts will bring their harvest at some future time. Now, at the beginning of this new cycle, when all nature is trending toward greater tolerance, it is time that nobler thoughts and more loving acts should prevail. Let us all try as much as may be to hold before our eyes lofty ideals of honor and justice, and in our dealings with our brothers to act kindly, justly, as we would that others should act towards us. Once an old Dutch city found itself with dirt in its streets, and no money in its treasury. Dirt was abhorrent to these worthy Dutchmen, debt more so, and the honest burghers smoked many pipes and drank much schnapps while they considered the dilemma. At last the Frauen were called in consultation, and one young frau timidly suggested that each house-wife sweep the street before her own premises. The suggestion was unanimously adopted and the fame of that Dutch city's cleanliness went abroad over the world, and is known even to this day.

E. M. POOLK.

WAS IT MEMORY OR PROPHECY?

I STOOD in the midst of a seemingly impenetrable jungle of tall, coarse grass, reaching far above my head, and so dense that I could not see the sky above nor any possible pathway through it. I knew I had to make my way by some means, and while wondering how to do it, it came to me that only by the exercise of a strong will could I extricate myself. When I realized this I concentrated all my will upon the effort, and at once the way began to open before me of itself; the giant growth swayed to either side as though parted by a strong wind—although no breeze was blowing—and along this opened pathway I walked a long distance until at last a light began to glimmer through, both above and before me, and as I looked I saw branches of great trees through the lessening foliage, with the blue sky beyond, and twinkling stars.

I soon reached an open space and found myself in a grand old forest, with no undergrowth; but giant oaks spreading their great strong arms above me everywhere. In all my journey through the jungle I had been conscious of the presence of some being whose form was human, and yet more than human. A form that seemed to float beside me, not erect like one walking, but as though reclining on the air, as a strong swimmer reclines on the water. It was always close to, but a little to the left and behind me, but near enough to continually whisper in my ear, encouraging or directing me as I seemed to need.

My journey thus far had been a gradual ascent, and always towards the East, but the highest point was in the midst of the grand old forest. I would gladly have remained in this Temple of The Most High, but my invisible, though ever present, companion whispered me to go on, and so we journeyed together down a very gradual descent among the trees, and came at last to what seemed the entrance to some great cave in the side of a mountain, into which we entered. After traversing it a little way I discovered that it was no

longer a natural cave, but a covered way rather, that had been opened and embellished by the hand of man. There were niches and openings on either side, and as I passed them strange faces looked out at me, some beautiful, and all pleasant to look at. This covered way was not straight, but curved in and out in a free and easy sort of way.

I walked on and on through this strange thoroughfare, always accompanied by my strange but pleasant companion, and at last began to catch glimmerings of a soft but strong light in the distance, and after traveling a long time, came into an immense auditorium, to which this strange path had led, with great circular galleries surrounding it, and in the center a large stage with boxes on either side like those in a theater.

The place was filled with people, and those in the space immediately in front of the stage were seated at tables on which was food; a strange kind of pastry it seemed to be, of a rich golden color, of which all were eating. I was seated near the stage and supplied with some food. While here my attention was attracted by some strange looking instruments which were lying about the stage, and particularly by two massive plates of steel standing upright in the middle of the stage, which were hinged at the back and connected with cranks and levers by means of which they could be opened and closed. My companion, who was still by me, whispered in my ear that these were instruments of torture, and that I was the destined victim, and soon I found myself, I know not by what means, on the stage and in the hands of my executioners.

Never in my life have I had so deep a conviction of the fact of immortality as came to me at that moment. I *knew* they could only touch the body, the form in which I lived: that the real *I* was not a thing that could be destroyed, and that all their instruments of torture could not touch it. And so, while my poor body was crushed between their plates of irresistible steel, I was not conscious of pain even, but found myself, my *real* self, standing outside the terrible instrument, uninjured, knowing that my body was within it, but that I was alive and unharmed. Thus ended the vision.

B. C. MARKEL.

THE SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY.

The present stock-holders of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity are Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, E. Aug. Neresheimer, F. M. Pierce, Clark Thurston, and H. T. Patterson. Mr. A. H. Spencer and E. T. Hargrove are no longer connected with the School.

The most important recent event at Point Loma was the anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of the School of Antiquity.

The exercises began with selections from Chapter Fourth of the Gita read by Dr. L. F. Wood, followed by a few moments of silence. Dr. Partridge gave a short address saying that the meeting was to commemorate the anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. He then read the address made by the Foundress on that occasion. The flag was raised and the Selections from the Sages which had been read at the laying of the corner-stone were read by Dr. Wood. The exercises closed with five minutes of silence, and those present felt themselves, in thought, in touch with the whole world.

Editorial.

SELFISH OR SELFLESS?

THE incoming of the new Cycle is a good time for a kind of theosophical "stocktaking." Most of us have now been in the movement for years. Almost all of us have seen our motives for joining the Society—or, rather, for still belonging to it—slowly change with the changing years. So subtle is the alchemy of its vibrations that this has come about quite imperceptibly to us, for it has been wholly due to the influence of the philosophy it teaches permeating our own being. Very few entered utterly without hope of reward. Dim visions of future Adeptship floated before the eyes of the most unselfish of us, "powers" we craved almost unconsciously to ourselves. The unperceived hope of reward was hidden beneath our recognized motives; very few, indeed, were entirely selfless.

As the years slipped by, and as the teachings were more and more assimilated, this was gradually changed. Adeptship was pushed off for a future incarnation; we began to recognize our present unfitness for the exercise of magical powers and gifts. But this constant looking forward for personal reward, whether in this life or some future one, has retarded our real progress more than we recognize. There has grown up amongst us a kind of feeling that we "deserve" recognition; that the "esotericists" on the whole "have behaved very well," as was said to me recently by a member. We are beginning to demand reward, and this takes the form of feeling that we have "rights" which must be respected by even Those behind the Movement.

All this is wrong, and shows that we have made little, if any, progress along the true path of Occultism. Take our Esoteric Section. We have, from the very first assumed the open-mouthed attitude of fledgelings in their nest, and if the worm was not promptly forthcoming our twitterings have been heard. If our "degrees" and instructions were issued on time, we have felt that the machinery of the universe was jumping cogs, and that we were abused martyrs.

Now, this Movement was never intended as an Adept manufactory nor a Saint-shop. Its first, last, and only object was and is to bring a recognition of the fact of the brotherhood of all that lives home to the hearts of men. Except as it subserves this purpose, the Esoteric, or any other department of Universal Brotherhood, is useless. It is worse than useless if, through its action the subtle hope of reward shall enter our hearts. We must be utterly selfless. Adeptship does not concern us. Instruction and degrees belong not to us. If we are anything, we are the martyrs of humanity—those martyrs who are declared to be "the seed of the Church." We must be prepared to see men and plans change and fail; to have Esoteric Sections shelved, if more urgent work is demanded of us. We must be content to see even our Society

perish, (and may it perish, if it ever betray its trust!) without feeling that one jot or tittle of our duty to work for the salvation of the race has passed away, or has been cancelled by its destruction.

Such I believe to be our plain duty. Let us face it like men. "He who gives his life to humanity," declares a Master, "can never claim it back." If we have given our lives to this service, let us give them wholly, not in part, nor grudgingly. Let us banish even the subtle hope of future reward from our hearts. We believe in the Great Law, let us trust it, "unexpectedly." We have entered upon a great fight, in which we have renounced all hope of personal reward; whatever we earn goes to the race. Let us renounce; let us sacrifice; let us demand nothing of the Law, except it be permission to fall upon the field of battle, and with our face to the foe!

A telegram from New York, dated 25th inst., gives the welcome intelligence that the suit instituted by the handful of disaffected ones to gain possession of the title, archives, and property of the T. S. A. has failed. The telegram reads: "Complete victory. Court decides the T. S. A. Ours!"

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGE REPORTS.

Alameda, Cal., U. B. L. No. 17.—Sunday lectures: "The Dual Man," Mrs. H. H. Semens; "The Perfect Man," H. B. Monges; "The Practical and Ideal," C. H. Woodruff; "Reincarnation," Miss Anne Bryce. During the month three new applications were received. C. B. WOODRUFF, Secretary.

Denver, Colo., U. B. L. No. 104.—The members have energetically taken hold of the new work. March lectures: "Buddha," Charles B. Wells and Mr. Knoblack; "Brotherhood," Miss Charlotte Ramus; "Ethical Teachers of the Past," Sydney F. Smith; "The Recent Change in the T. S.," Miss Alice G. Herring; "Effect of Memory on Character," Fred King; "What Becomes of Us?" Frank D. Clark. The two Lotus groups gave a rainbow party at the T. S. rooms on March 13, which was a great success. Meetings of U. B. L. are well attended. During the past month excellent lectures were given by Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford, Mrs. Scott-Saxton and Miss Grace Potter, State Superintendent of Schools. ALICE G. HERRING, Secretary.

Los Gatos, Cal., U. B. L. No. 138.—This Lodge starts work in excellent condition. Headquarters have been opened and meetings held every Friday night. Members are zealous and attendance good. Dr. J. A. Anderson gave a lecture April 3 on "Brotherhood." J. W. RUPERT, President.

New Whatcom, Wash., U. B. L. No. 93.—The Lodge is studying "Brotherhood." Members all take an active interest in the work. Lectures have been: "Loyalty," Miss Groff; "Echoes," J. P. Farnung; "True Position in Life," P. L. Hagg. The Lotus Group was organized February 13. The children are interested and it is quite a success. VICTOR FARNUNG, Secretary.

Oakland, Cal., U. B. L. No. 85.—The work at present seems to be attracting more strangers than usual. U. B. L. meetings are held on Friday evenings. The Lotus Group is doing good work among the children. MISS CARRIE S. BERWIN, Secretary.

Olympia, Wash., U. B. L. No. 108.—Our Lodge voted unanimously to endorse the action of the convention. Mrs. Amelia R. Shimmons and Mrs. Hattie E. Ogden have taken dimits and removed to Spokane. Have gained one new member. MRS. MARY L. BURNTRAGER, Secretary.

Pasadena, Cal., U. B. L. No.—Lotus work is growing. All members stood by U. B. Lectures: "The Force of Love," A. B. Clark; "Brotherhood," Dr. Mohn and Irving Clark; "Talks About the Convention," H. B. Leader and Edith White; "The Source of Theosophy," Mrs. Egbert; "One Life in All," A. B. Clark; "Magic," H. B. Leader; "The Trinity," Adalene Wheeler; "Brotherhood: a Law of Nature," P. S. Heffleman; "Ethics of Theosophy," Mrs. Neill.

Petaluma, Cal., U. B. L. No. 6.—The monthly lectures by Mrs. M. M. Thirds are always well attended. Her subject for March was "Reincarnation," and for April, "Does Justice Rule the World?" Branch study for the month was "Brotherhood," with a paper by each of the members, and "Kama Loca," with a paper by Mrs. M. A. Ellis. MRS. I. ANDERSON, Secretary.

Portland, Or., Prometheus U. B. L. and New Century U. B. L.—H. A. Gibson has been with us since March. Prometheus Hall, 228 Sixth St., has been enlarged, and is now occupied by the two Lodges, one meeting on Tuesday, the other on Wednesday evening. Union meetings are held on Sunday. Miss S. J. Niles has charge of the Lotus work. April 10 was observed in commemoration of Mr. Judge's birthday, and there was music, recitations, talks to the children and Easter offerings. Lectures: "Devotion," H. A. Gibson; "The New Cycle," Rev. W. E. Copeland; "The Way to Peace" and "How Theosophy Helps," H. A. Gibson; "Signs of the Times," Dr. E. O. Barton; "Aims of the Brotherhood League," J. H. Scotford and Dr. E. O. Barton; "The Theosophical View of Spain and the Duty of the United States to Cuba," Rev. W. E. Copeland; "Man's Many Worlds," H. A. Gibson. MRS. L. D. DURKEE, Secretary.

Redding, Cal., U. B. L. No. 20.—"Brotherhood" has been taken up for Branch study. Meetings are held every Sunday, at 2:30 p. m., in the parlor of Hotel Del Monte. MRS. S. S. ENGLAND, Secretary.

Riverside, Cal., U. B. L. No. 8.—The work goes on as heretofore. Public and Lodge meetings are held Sundays at 3 p. m. "Brotherhood" being the basis of study. "Universal Brotherhood" seems to have met with the approval of the public, and has overcome some of the prejudice existing here against Theosophy. MISS JESSIE MAYER, Secretary.

Sacramento, Cal., U. B. L. No. 12.—Burcham Harding's interesting lectures on "Brotherhood" and his stereopticon views have aroused quite a little interest. We have new rooms at 806 J. Street. Public meetings are held Sunday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and the rooms are open from 2 to 7 every afternoon. The Beginner's Class has been reopened. Our Lotus work is in splendid shape. J. C. EGEBERG, Secretary.

San Diego, Cal., U. B. L. No. 29.—We have added nine new members to our roll since February. All are in harmony with the Brotherhood action at the last convention. Lectures for March: "Universal Brotherhood," Mrs. Alice L. Cleather; "Heredity and Rebirth," Ernest Harrison; "Adepts and Universal Brotherhood," Stanley Fitzpatrick; "Methods of attainment," Mrs. Julia Bessac. MRS. J. Y. BESSAC, Secretary.

San Francisco, Cal., U. B. L. No. 7.—Burcham Harding gave a fine stereopticon entertainment on March 29, to a crowded house; the scenes were descriptive of Mrs. Tingley's crusade around the world. One of the members has sent a number of books on Theosophy and Brotherhood to Kotzebue Sound, to form the nucleus of the Arctic Library. One of the pilgrims to the Hyperborean Region has been appointed Librarian, and will look after the replanting of Theosophy in its ancient home. Branch study for March: "Science of the Soul," "Death," "Masters and Disciples." Sunday lectures: "Finding of the Perfect Way," Mrs. F. E. Wait; "Beliefs and Knowledge," Mrs. S. A. Harris; "What Is the Soul?" Dr. J. A. Anderson; "Hidden Powers," Dr. Allen Griffiths. Children's Day, April 13, was celebrated by a social entertainment at headquarters for the children. A. J. JOHNSON, Secretary.

San Jose, Cal., U. B. L. No. 4.—Burcham Harding is with us and is doing good work. Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Varian, two of our earnest workers have gone to Washington, D. C. to make their home.—MISS L. S. MORGAN, Secretary.

Spokane, Wash., U. B. L.—New officers have been elected as follows: President, O. W. Parker; Vice-president, Mrs. J. Dunning; Secretary, Mrs. M. F. Bishop; Treasurer, Miss Anita Dunning. Considerable propaganda work is done by the members.—MRS. M. F. BISHOP, Secretary.

Stockton, Cal., U. B. L. No. 3.—We were lately favored with a visit from Burcham Harding, and had lectures by him on "Aims and Objects of Brotherhood," "Objects of the U. B. L.," and "Brotherhood the Religion of Jesus." Branch study: "Astral Light," "What Is Mind?" and "Necessity for Earth Life." The Lotus Group is interesting and well attended; it celebrated W. Q. Judge's birthday, now known as Children's Day.—MRS. ELMIRA F. WEST, Secretary.

Vancouver, B. C., U. B. L. No. 11.—The Lodge has now got down to solid work in connection with which it is holding regular meetings Sunday and week evenings, Subjects: "Jesus of Nazareth," "Divine Masters," "Adepts and Universal Brotherhood," "Universal Brotherhood," and "The Lost Soul." On March 20, Burcham Harding addressed a full meeting, and met the members on Saturday and Sunday evenings. T. PARSONS, Secretary.

Victoria, B. C., U. B.—Following is a report of lectures during the month: "The Masters," F. C. Berridge; "Universal Brotherhood," Burcham Harding; "Question Meeting," H. W. Graves, W. Stewart and W. H. Berridge, "Question Meeting," G. F. Jeanneret, F. C. Berridge and H. W. Graves; "Steps Toward Freedom," H. W. Graves. W. H. BERRIDGE, Secretary.

AMOS J. JOHNSON, Secretary P. C. U. B. C.



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