

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by Students of the Râja Yoga School and Academy

Published by and under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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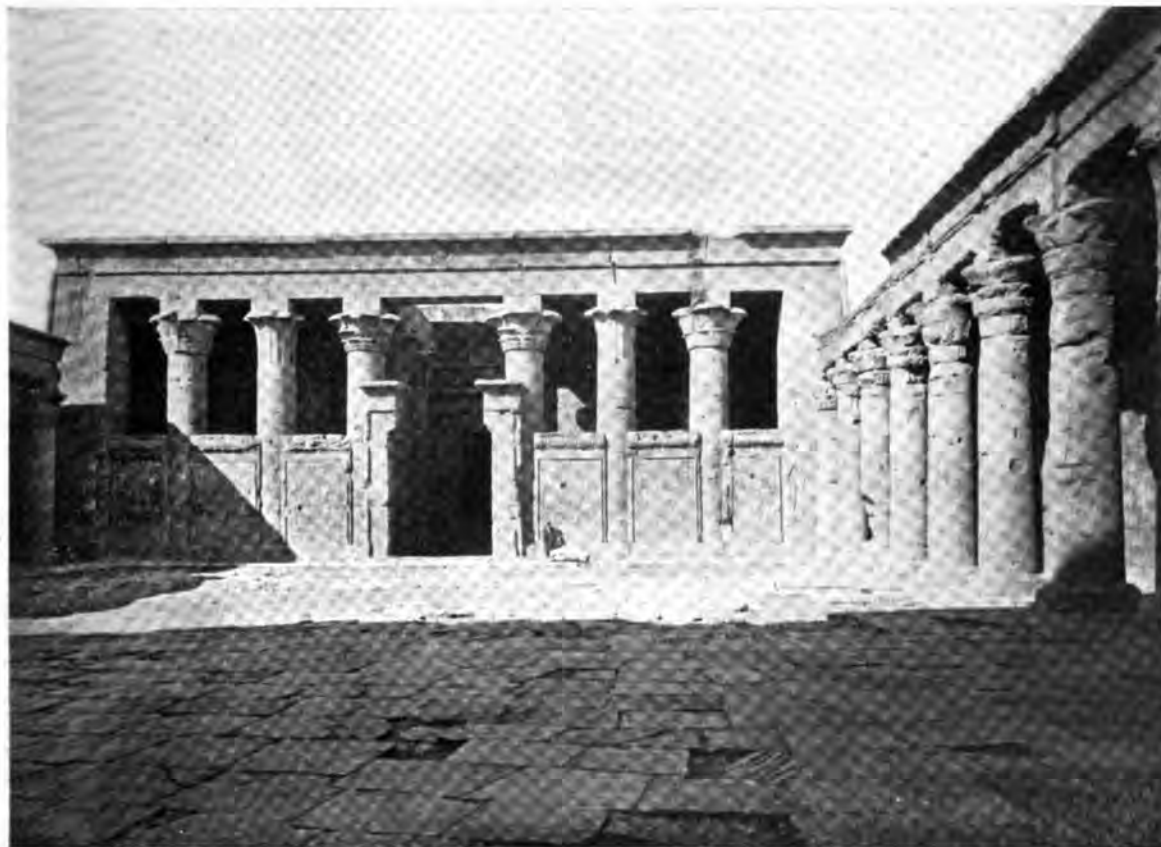
Subscription 50 Cents; Copy 5 Cents

Foreign Postage 25 Cents extra, Canadian 12 Cents

VOL. IX

JANUARY 1913

No. 1



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INTERIOR COURT IN THE TEMPLE OF EDFU, THEBAID, EGYPT

The Builders

WHEN you look at a stately building, or even at the picture of one, your mind turns with admiration upon the mind of the architect who conceived and designed its proportions; and then very naturally your afterthoughts linger with those who worked upon it. There is still another person for you to consider when you are studying a famous theater, castle, fortification, or temple. He is *the builder*. He, standing between the man who planned the edifice and those who put its stones into place, by consulting with the one was able to direct the others, and thus became the actual creator of it, responsible for its faults and worthy of praise if it ap-

proached accuracy and received the approbation of men.

It is easy to think thus of ourselves: as builders standing between the Great Architect, sometimes named Conscience, and that other forceful side of our natures that enables us to work to order. We are the builders, who by making use of the excellent materials that are ever to be found all about us, and by faithfully taking counsel with Conscience, are able to raise up a structure more enduring than the Pyramids of Egypt, and more lovely than the Taj Mahal. We call our edifice *character*.

Which gives the building the more, which enters the more into its perfection: the plan, or the execution of the plan? Looking at the faultless temples of antiquity

do you wonder more at the minds that thought than at the dexterity of the fingers that, down to the final detail of intricate traceries on pillar and screen, perpetuated the thought? Every building is a monument to the architect. Back of it all was his plan. Until he thought, of what use were all the materials in the world and all the skill that scores of years of toil could develop? Both had to be, the idea and its working out; but both it seems awaited the builder, who, understanding the meaning of the design, knew what substances would best lend themselves to the interpretation of that meaning. The builder was one who translated the ideal of the architect into terms intelligible to the men with bent backs and hard hands; who, before he set his laborers to work, awakened in them some definite understanding of the glorious vision.

The world is full of unused building material. There are stones and iron enough to house, luxuriously, the race; and there are mental qualifications present to shelter it from ignorance. It is a world populated with men having the strength and skill and concentrative energy to work over the materials into noble compositions; but until the architect appears, and either calls into action the builder, or himself turns builder (if need arise), the precious substances and gigantic strength go to waste.

Economy and adaptability are necessary qualifications for a successful builder. The builder is the superintendent. He chooses here and he rejects there. He decides what shall be done and who shall undertake it, and if the plan should change or a necessity come in, he moves his men away from what they were hired to do and puts them down in new places. His presence at all times is an obligation. Were he to absent himself, or forget for one moment to work according to specifications, irregularities, inharmonies, and the like would surely lead to an architectural failure. So stand we, the builders, so choosing, so rejecting, filling a necessity every moment, and so must we remember the divine plan steadfastly.

The builder of a house is responsible for waste and



RĀJA YOGA BUILDERS

The Builders

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between.
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble where they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world, as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

unnecessary expenditure. He must count the minutes as they pass, for a limit has been set for its completion. He makes the daily regulation for work to be begun and ended, and he orders resting periods in between. In some such way we character-builders must act before we shall be conscious of real progress. There must be no wastes. Time must become very valuable to us. We must conserve, yet in our watchfulness we must not forget the noble plan. It is not that we are building in order to save moments and materials, but that we may erect an everlasting memorial that shall do honor to the Architect whom we represent.

Modern concrete construction affords an example of many of the facts about the elevation of character. It seems as if the laborers who handle the liquid stone were working with the most common of materials, and that the ingredients had been chosen almost indiscriminately. One sees a hopeless litter of sand, gravel, lime, rough lumber, and iron; and even after the smeared molds have been removed from the solid blocks there are evidences still apparent of crude workmanship. Yet the days bring perfection, the roughness is smoothed, the confusion disappears, and one must acknowledge that a builder has presided over all and that the work has been good. The life-purposes of many great men have emerged from just such seeming disorder, strong and specially adapted to the needs of the age. American children never tire of citing the characters of Washington and Lincoln, but there are many others who, like them, have been noteworthy builders of national greatness, and have used the materials that lay at hand, with which to fashion that which the hour called forth.

As there are seasons which are favorable to building, and others in which, because of inclement or unsettled weather, or some such matter, progress is more slow, so it is with us in our lives. We approach fixed times, such as at the New Year, when all humanity makes a tremendous effort to bring that which lies on the brick-and-mortar side of our natures into conformity with the divine

original Plan. All are building, but few are aware of the design. Many tear down almost as fast as they put together, so that when the New Year arrives, with its mighty impulse carrying all along towards immense possibilities for permanent construction, they find that the flying timbers that they have knocked about have actually buried their very tools. Putting together has then to wait over until they have finished pulling to pieces and setting in order the materials of that which, they have the sense at least to know, was poor work, hastily done.

How to become real builders, how to hold loyally to the Architect's plan, how to utilize the materials so abundantly scattered about us, how to know when to work and when to rest: this we are approaching, as the years show. We go on quietly directing the placing of stone upon stone. Then comes the necessity to clear away rubbish. It is the New Year, and we study with fresh zeal the first drawings that were long ago given us. We put our tools into good order, and again advancement sets in. At New Year the builder recognizes himself. He can see the foundations solidify, and then sometimes the whole structure of life comes out definitely true, in a way not always possible to be observed at other times.

The New Year is a significant time to all, but to the children of Lomaland it comes with an ever deeper meaning. They feel that they are building, to the extent that they seek to understand the daily lessons of Rāja Yoga and to apply them to life. They know something of the Plan, for a portion of the specifications for the building of their character-temple has been written out in the words of their Teacher, Katherine Tingley, where she says:

While the bells are ringing on the outer plane, calling men to a recognition of the New Time, the soft, silvery tones of the compassionate Heart of Life are sounding forth their sweet music to the souls of men, calling them away from the paths of darkness, unrighteousness, and despair, to the ever-abiding Glory of a Truer and Better Life, and the Hope and Peace of a New Day.

"CHECK up your balance sheet with Life, not by the calendar, but by your achievements."

The House of the Year

"WHERE is my list of New Year's resolutions?" asked Floy Roddman, laughingly making fun of herself as she searched.

"Did you have so many to make that you wrote them down?" asked her room-mate, Luella Thorp.

"Indeed I had!" replied Floy with energy. "They filled a page and a half, and the list was incomplete when I lost it. I added the last only this morning."

"Evidently you are turning over a large leaf this year," Luella remarked, as she joined Floy in her pursuit of the missing paper.

"My dear—*two leaves!*" exclaimed Floy. "And I intended to glue down all of the old pages so that I should never be obliged to look at them again!"

The girls continued to rummage among their books and other belongings until darkness set in, but the list persisted in staying lost.

"Never mind," said Floy at last. "I know what they all are, really."

"Of course you do," agreed Luella. "There's the supper-bell anyway."

"And one of my hardest-to-write resolutions concerned punctuality! Where are my wraps?" Floy's voice indicated that she did actually know her list by heart, and Luella, catching something of her room-mate's new firmness, stood up to go at once with her to the dining-room.

It was the last night of the old year. When the girls returned to their room they set in order their scattered books and boxes, making ready for an effectual new beginning upon the next day. When they had finished, Luella said:

"Floy, it seems to me as if we were stepping into a new little

house every time we begin another New Year."

"A house of our own, that we build?" asked Floy, trying to get her companion's meaning.

"Yes, and that we help each other to build, too."

"Who plans it?"

"That's the matter that makes me wonder. When I think of my ideal it seems as if a wonderful architect had planned it, yet somehow we must have an intimate knowledge of what the house ought to be, because the one we each live in seems so particularly adapted to just us, as though it were made for our *real* needs."

Ring Out, Wild Bells

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
The ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.



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STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE AND ACADEMY IN DIFFERENT NATIONAL COSTUMES

"Not mine to me," Floy said emphatically. "I'm disgusted with my house. I wish it to be elegant and artistic, and yet most of my time is spent in clearing rubbish out of it!"

"Yet you would not exchange with me, or with any of the other girls. Would you, if you could?"

"Well—I had not thought of a change, exactly. But oh, to live as one wishes to live, without the hindrances of these everlasting little faults! It was to get rid of them in a body that I made out my long list."

"You have set yourself to build a palace perhaps."

"And must content myself with living in a hovel!"

"Oh no! No, the house you live in is not that! It is a fairly good house, a better dwelling than the one you lived in a year ago."

"Yes, I can see you building day by day, and you've helped me often to try to make my house a good one, Floy."

"Have I, really and truly, Luella? Oh, thank Conscience that I have tried sometimes, and tried hard!"

Bedtime came and the girls were soon asleep. At midnight both were awakened by the loud pealing of New Year bells.

"Luella," said Floy in a cautious voice that meant to

carry across the room and no farther, "are you awake, dear?"

"Yes, the bells woke me," answered Luella.

"Well, I wish to announce that I've moved into my new house."

"I congratulate you upon your prompt decision," laughed Luella.

"I'm in earnest, dear," said Floy, and her tones confirmed the words. "Luella, it has all come clear to me. It seems as if we had received plans for our houses long ago, and that as we try to build true from moment to moment, we come closer and closer to the ideal that was put into the first design."

Luella did not speak, and Floy continued, "I suppose we shall all build palaces some day, and live in them like the members of a real royal family."

"Or temples," said Luella, quietly.

"Yes, temples. Thank you. Good night once more!" Floy said.

"Good morning, rather," corrected Luella. "A Happy New Year! May you find your new house in order, and rid of the encumbrance of those everlasting little faults!"

"The same to you," said Floy. "May the house of the year never grow old!"

ZELLA

*Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.*

BRINGING IN THE CHRISTMAS GREENS AT LOMALAND

The Adventures of the Newest Fairy

GLIDING out from between the jingling of the sleigh-bells and the crowd of joyous wishes that thronged around merry old Santa Claus, as he dashed recklessly from housetop to housetop, on the evening before Christmas, amid the glory of starshine and good cheer, the Newest Fairy slipped into a cradling moonbeam. Not long after she was rocked to sleep on the topmost branch of a pine-tree that stood as if on guard before the door of a great house.

She was so new that she had not a name; at least, she could not recall who she was. That she was alive and here, and it was now, and that there was something for her to do, satisfied her for the time being; so she slept and dreamed, awaiting the coming of a remembrance that should set her right.

When she awoke it was Christmas morning in the world, and she looked with big eyes at the golden sun, the blue sky, the green trees, the brown earth, and the white house near by; and all day she listened with increasing wonder to the sounds that were about her. They were sweet, those sounds, even to her delicately sensitive

ears, and she fancied at some moments that she almost understood the words they were forming.

"Where am I, I wonder, I wonder!" she repeated many times over that day, for in her surprise and delight at her surroundings she had forgotten that her first problem had been to find out who she was. That question seemed to have disposed of itself. Whoever she was, she was glad.

So, between listening to happy voices and dreaming through peaceful silences, the Newest Fairy passed her first bright Christmas day. It came to be dark and the moon sent her a fresh pillow. Tucking it comfortably under her head, she smiled her thanks to the thoughtful Queen of the Night. Just then three little Râja Yoga girls came to the window of their bedroom.

"Oh, look, look!" cried one of them, clapping her hands.

"What do you see?" asked the others eagerly.

"I see a moonbeam swinging on the top of the pine-tree," said the first little girl, and she pressed her face close to the window-pane, as if to squeeze nearer to what she was trying to see. "Oh, do look!" she exclaimed.

The Newest One saw and heard, and, being an adventuresome little creature, she sat up in order to see and hear the better.

"I see it!" said the second little girl. "It is like the Christmas tree and the star come alive."

"I see it, too!" exclaimed the third child. "It looks to me like a fairy's wand that turns all things to silver. Look how the pine-branch glitters."

The child who had first spied it out was still pressing her face to the glass. She said, after a minute, "It is like the Spirit of Christmas shining upon the earth."

At the sound of these words the Newest Fairy sprang to her feet. "It is my name, my name!" she sang out, joyfully. "It is my name, and I have come to earth!"

With that she made up her mind, for she knew now exactly what she had to do and why she had come. Balancing from moonbeam to moonbeam, in full sight of all three pairs of astonished eyes, she came and stood on the sill of their window.

"It is the Spirit of Christmas," they all agreed in hushed whispers as they studied her smiling face and the sound of her sweet little voice; and they threw open the sash and let her into their room; and if you will believe what is told you, there she remains to this day, happy and content and very glad to be a part of Râja Yoga's perennial Christmas life. D. W.

The Color-Fairies

L. D. B.

THE color-fairies are abroad
With all their paints and brushes;
These apples, that were green last month,
Now glow in streaks and blushes.

They've hung the birch with golden shields,
They've steeped in wine the brambles,
Yet you will never catch the sprites
However wide your rambles.

Some of them have a dainty touch
(The red edge on this clover)
But on that hill, a saucy imp
Just kicked his paint-pot over,

And let the yellow run in streams
O'er poplars, maples, beeches,
To where the pine-wood, somber still,
Its spires toward heaven reaches.

Chocorua, 1894. (Contributed)

Notice to our Subscribers

BEGINNING with Volume IX the foreign subscription to the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER will be 75 cents; Canadian subscription, 60 cents. This will admit of mailing foreign copies in a more protected manner, and will insure the paper reaching foreign subscribers in better condition.

Subscribers who have sent in their subscriptions for this year, are requested to forward the additional amount without delay, to insure their receiving the twelve issues.

"The Angel of the Crimea"

THE month of August, two years ago, marked the close of a long and noble life—a life spent in ceaseless efforts to alleviate human suffering, and in constant labor to bring about better conditions in hospitals. We refer to the passing away of Florence Nightingale, the "Angel of the Crimea."

Perhaps some of our readers may remember the short résumé of her life and work in our number for May, 1908. In any case, there is so much that is helpful and inspiring in her life-story that it may be interesting to many to read a further account of her noble work.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Her great sympathy for all creatures and her practical skill in caring for the sick and suffering were manifested in her earliest years. At one time we hear of her saving the life of a poor wounded dog, whose master was about to kill him, thinking him useless. Again, she is visiting the cottages of the poor at her beautiful home in Derbyshire, where she won all hearts by her gentleness and kindness.

Although very well educated, having made a thorough study of mathematics and the languages, still the subject that interested her most was nursing. She visited several hospitals in London, gaining a great deal of useful knowledge which stood her in good stead in later years. She finished her training at a training-school for nurses on the Rhine, in Germany. Having gone through a severe course there, she returned to England and turned her attention to helping an institution for impoverished women, which was in a state of financial collapse.

All this time she had been gathering experience for her great life-work, so that when she heard of the terrible sufferings of the soldiers in the Crimean War, and of the total lack of the simplest means of caring for them, her heart was immediately fired with a desire to do something to mitigate the distress of those who were dying for their country.

With Florence Nightingale, to desire a thing was to see it carried out as speedily as possible. She accordingly wrote to the Minister of War, and, by a strange coinci-

dence, he at the same time wrote to her, asking her to take the position of head nurse in the British camp in the Crimea.

Few can realize the noble heroism of this woman in taking a position so difficult and so fraught with danger. For in those days women had not the freedom that they have now. It was thought proper for a woman to stay at home and attend to her domestic duties, and as for being a trained nurse, that was thought to be entirely beneath a gentleman's daughter! Then, too, the reports of the fever-stricken, unsanitary conditions in the Crimea were enough to shake the stanchest nerves.

But, in spite of all difficulties, Miss Nightingale set out with thirty-four helpers and arrived at Scutari just at the beginning of the terrible winter campaign. There she met with dogged opposition at first, but with her dauntless courage she promptly took effective measures for bettering the conditions of the men, laboring under the most adverse circumstances. Lack of clothing, lack of food and medicine, even lack of adequate shelter, had to be contended with, but by indomitable will and determination all these conditions were removed in a few weeks.

What a benediction it was to those suffering men to have this heroic-souled, noble woman come just at their hour of greatest need! No wonder they almost worshipped her as she passed from ward to ward, with a gentle word and a loving touch for each and all.

At last, when she had seen thousands of soldiers safely through the severe crisis, her own health gave way and for many weeks her life was in great danger. The news of her recovery was received with joy by thousands of people at home and abroad, and a splendid reception was planned to greet the return of the heroine, but, with a characteristic dislike for all public display, she set out for England incognito, and on her arrival went quietly home.

Until her death she devoted much of her time to the training of young nurses, to whom she was able to give the benefit of her experience. She remained continually active until her ninetieth year, when she passed away, loved and honored by the grateful souls to whom she had been in the deepest sense a ministering angel.

FRANCES S.

Holland's Young Princess

PRINCESS Juliana of the Netherlands, though but three years old, is already the subject of several interesting and amusing anecdotes. As the future ruler of the Dutch people, she has a great responsibility before her, and as a preparation for this she is receiving a whole-some training.

A large part of the year is spent at the Loo, in Gelderland, and here the little princess has a dog, two ponies, and a deer, besides a doll-house and poultry-yard, to demand her attention. Quite a number of pets for one small person, is it not?

These are not Juliana's only playmates, however, for it is Queen Wilhelmina's wish that her little daughter should grow up with a kind heart for all; so at both the Loo and the Hague different children are invited by turns to play with her. In the games Princess Juliana is one with all the others, and it would certainly seem that they feel no awe in her presence.

On one occasion a little maid with patent-leather shoes noticed that those of the Princess were plain, and she did not hesitate to tell her hostess that she thought her own much prettier. But such has been her training that we may be sure that the polite Princess did not dispute the point.

H. O.



FREDERIC CHOPIN

Chopin

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

AH, what celestial art!
And can sweet thoughts become pure tone and float,
All music, into the tranced mind and heart!
Her hand scarce stirs the singing, wiry metal—
Hear from the wild-rose fall each perfect petal!
And can we have, on earth, of heaven the whole!
Heard thoughts—the soul of inexpressible thought;
Roses of sound
That strew melodious leaves upon the silent ground;
And music that is music's very soul,
Without one touch of earth—
Too tender, even, for sorrow, and too bright for mirth!
—Selected

MUSIC is the universal language of mankind.—*Longfellow*
THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds.—*Cooper*

Architectural Styles and their Meaning

WE have all noticed, as soon as we began to learn about foreign countries and to look at pictures of large buildings, that there are great differences in the design of many of the churches, palaces, temples, etc. Some of them have round arches over the windows and doors, others pointed ones, and some have plain square-cornered openings. Some have steep-pointed roofs and tall steeples; others have flat or nearly flat roofs, and no towers or spires. Some large, handsome buildings have only one story, with large pillars reaching up to the roof; others have two or more stories, with no pillars of any size. Some are made of stone and marble, others of brick and wood, and some new ones of iron and concrete. The study of architecture makes known to us how all these different styles came about, and tells us a great deal about the people who built them.

In Europe, where there are many buildings of all ages, ancient and modern, it is very much easier to compare the different styles of architecture than it is in the United States, where nearly everything is new; but even here there are many houses and churches and other buildings copied from the older ones in Europe, and we can always look at good photographs of the fine structures of other countries. Then too, many people have the opportunity of going abroad at least once in their lives and seeing for themselves.

Nowadays we have no special style of architecture belonging to the present century alone, and in America and Europe architects generally copy the various styles of building of past centuries, according to their own fancy. It was very different in former times. In Egypt, in Greece, in Rome, in Persia, the ancient inhabitants had special styles of their own which gradually changed in details as time passed. We can tell almost to a few years, in some cases, the exact time when many of the great temples of antiquity were put up. In Christian Europe the same rule held until about a hundred years ago. There was a general resemblance between the cathedrals, churches, castles, and other public buildings of each cen-



HALL OF COLUMNS, KARNAK, EGYPT

tury, but each country had its own distinct peculiarities also. Today all is confusion, and people in the future will be greatly puzzled to tell the date of many of our buildings. In the East — in India, China, Japan, etc. — the builders keep up their old styles, but few of their buildings are as good as the ancient ones. You see the same thing with clothes; all the European and American people dress very nearly alike, while in the East the Orientals generally keep to their native costumes, different in each country.

There are several things which have created the various styles of architecture we are going to talk about. First of all comes the nature of the people who invented them, that is to say, what purposes they had in designing their buildings. In architecture, as in everything else, thought comes first. Then there was the kind of material most convenient to use — stone, wood, brick, concrete —

to be considered. The design suitable for a wooden building would never do for a brick one. The climate also had much to do with the form of the building; steep roofs to throw off the rain and snow, and large windows to let in plenty of light, were not wanted in dry climates with continual blazing sunshine, where thick walls to keep out the heat, and flat roofs to sleep on were more desirable.

The beginning of architecture is unknown. There are traditions of great cities existing on lands which have now sunk beneath the oceans, in which there must have been buildings which would have deserved admiration. Upon the most remote islands of the Pacific Ocean, such as some of the Carolines and Easter Island, there are stone remains of such great age that not even a tradition remains about them. They are so large and well-made that it is clear the people who carved them must have been highly civilized and needed fine buildings. An archway on Tongatabu Island stands more than twenty feet high and is made of three enormous stones only, two uprights and a cross-piece or lintel, very neatly fitted together by a hole and socket arrangement; but all the rest of the building has vanished. In South America, Europe, Northwest and South Africa, as well as Asia, there are scattered remains of ancient structures of which nothing is known. Most of these are built of enormous stones, and when they were new and perfect they must have been very wonderful.

But we must not linger over these fascinating ruins as we might like to, because that would carry us too far from our subject. The grand and well-preserved architecture of ancient Egypt will be the first style for us to learn about.

R.

Items of Interest

THE church of Santa Croce in Florence, Italy, is to the Florentines what Westminster Abbey is to Londoners. Among the illustrious names to be found on the tombs there are such as Michelangelo, Galileo, Alfieri, Machiavelli, Cherubini, and Rossini, the great operatic composer.

AMONG the centenaries of noted men celebrated this year was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Flemish novelist Hendrik Conscience, who was born in 1812 and died at Brussels in 1883. He attained distinction as a writer of historical tales of Flemish life.



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TEMPLE OF THE SUN, PALENQUE

Built on a truncated pyramid, and containing well-preserved tablets on which are carved a central figure of the sun, with figures on either side making offerings.

(Photograph by courtesy of F. A. Markley.)

The Ruins of Palenque

THE ruined cities of Honduras, Guatemala, and of Southern Mexico are coming to be recognized as the last remnants of what was once a brilliant and widespread civilization. But buried as they are, and hidden from sight in the dense tropical vegetation of the Central American jungles, they have remained until comparatively recent times unvisited and almost unknown to any one but the native Indian inhabitants. The timely investigations and preservative measures instituted by a few modern explorers and archaeologists are all that have saved them from utter ruin and decay.

Among these groups of ruins are to be found many and various types of buildings, differing in details of finish and ornamentation, but all partaking of the so-called "Maya" style of architecture. Of these, the ruined structures of Palenque are remarkable both for beauty of style and for great profusion and richness of decoration.

The ruined city bearing this name—which is of Spanish origin—is situated on one of the upper reaches of the Rio Usamacinta, in the Mexican state of Chiapas, and includes some six or seven large ruined structures and numerous high mounds. The buildings are built entirely of stone and cement, and bear the marks of great age. The dense vegetation and large amount of earth and other debris accumulated on the buildings and in the enclosed areas and courtyards seem to prove an enormous antiquity for these ancient ruins.

Each of the buildings is situated on the summit of a lofty mound of earth, originally faced with stone, and

contains numerous rooms and chambers of different sizes. Though rarely consisting of more than one story, they are surmounted by tall superstructures of stone, which are embellished, as are also the roof and walls, with rich ornaments and moldings of stucco.

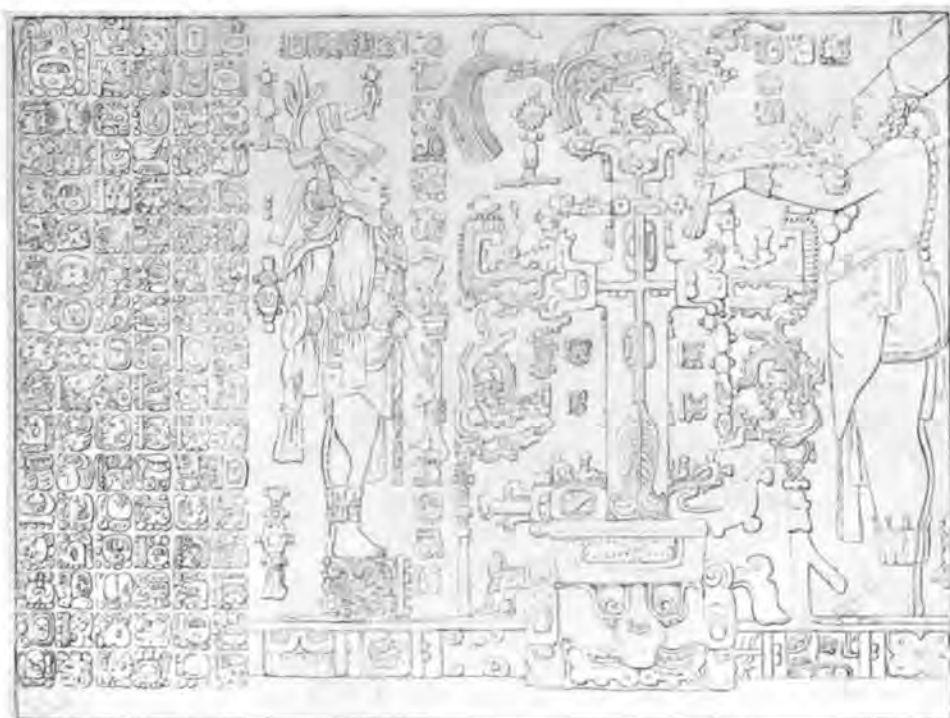
The buildings, in every case, are profusely adorned with elaborate designs, bas-reliefs, and moldings, and in some of them the walls still bear traces of paint, which, in spite of the destructive action of the elements, is still bright and glowing. Black, yellow, green, light blue, and red of many tints and shades, are the principal colors used, and the brilliant effect of these in contrast with

Brave Descent into the Crater of Vesuvius

MANY have stood near the rim of great Vesuvius and looked down into that yawning mouth of darkness and peril, made more dread by the rising clouds that partly hide it; many on looking down would surely draw back at the thought of danger; and yet, to all comes a strong wish to go inside that mystery, to surmount the difficulties bravely, and to see the wonders that it hides from human eyes. Treasures may be found, which may be approached by miraculous means, but another look into the threatening mouth completely banishes all such thoughts, and the idea is given up.

There are no miraculous means; the only way to get there is by hard work.

It takes courage and determination to carry to completion a lofty ideal, and although there are real treasures in our lives that might be discovered and won, yet many are those who draw back from fronting the difficulties, and give up the idea at the dreaded aspect of the battles to be fought. But let us hope that, just as Professor Malladra looked into the crater of Vesuvius and boldly dared to conquer its dangers and difficulties, so many will look into their natures and conquer the clouds, the heat, and the sulphur that is to be found there.



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PICTURE-WRITING ON THE BACK OF THE ALTAR, PALENQUE

the large panels of stone and cream-yellow stucco can easily be imagined.

Stucco of a fine, hard texture is found throughout the ruins, sculptured and molded in the form of bas-reliefs, hieroglyphic tablets, and decorative designs and moldings. The hieroglyphs, at present undecipherable, are found in great profusion in some portions of the buildings—a single tablet on one of the temple walls containing no less than six hundred separate glyphs.

The vast amount of artistic and historical data to be gained from the thorough investigation and study of these ruins make them of great value, and worthy of more care than has hitherto been expended upon them. But with the growing interest for American archaeology now awakening, it is to be hoped that more effective measures will be taken for their preservation. H. B.

The descent into the crater of Vesuvius is not easy, as may be seen by the description given in *The Scientific American* of June 15, 1912. Here follow, in brief, some of the most interesting points about the descent.

Professor Alessandro Malladra, of the Royal Observatory of Vesuvius, succeeded on May 14 in reaching the floor of the crater after many attempts. He was accompanied by an old servant of the Observatory, Andrea Varvazzo, who had acted as guide to Dr. Corrado Cappello, who made the first descent, September 15, 1911.

It was only after many trials that they at last found a way to descend. They tried four times and had to give up each time owing to insurmountable obstacles. Once they had gone down two hundred feet when they came upon a perpendicular wall of one hundred and twenty feet. Five days later they tried the route taken



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VESUVIUS REMODELED: THE CRATER'S NEW WALL

These illustrations were reduced from reproductions of Professor Malladra's photographs published in the *Illustrated London News*, June 8, 1912.

by Dr. Cappello, but the crumbling of January 21, 1912, had made this way impossible. Professor Malladra was not discouraged, however, but went to the crater every day, searching for a good path. At last he thought he had found one, and they attempted a descent, but in vain. A second attempt was also unsuccessful. The third one, though, on the same day, was promising. They descended for two hundred feet and returned on account of the late hour (3 P. M.). But they saw that the way was passable, to the great delight and excitement of Professor Malladra, who told the reporter that he could not sleep that night.

The next morning they started, provided with all the necessary instruments, such as ropes, a barometer, a thermometer, a camera, fusible wires in case the temperature went higher than the thermometer could record, a compass, a hatchet, a stick and plummets. Food, of course, was provided. They had several ropes, one being four hundred and fifty feet in length. With this they managed to master most gigantic walls and dangerous inclines formed by the terraces. On reaching a sloping ledge of lava that plunged to a depth of three hundred and fifty feet, they turned towards the south, coming to an incline with a 90 % gradient. They slid down, aided by a three hundred and fifty foot rope, and landed on a huge mass of debris caused by the upheaval of March, 1911.

It was a brave descent, every minute full of perils—bare walls of enormous height, covered with *fumaroles* (vents from which vapors issue in a volcano), which threw up their noxious vapors wherever the explorers set their feet; the breaking and crumbling and falling of masses, which made every square inch insecure and filled the air with dust and ashes as they went thundering to the bottom. Professor Malladra's hands

were cut several times, while a great stone went hurtling by the brim of his hat and grazed the head of Varvazzo, though not so seriously as to prevent his proceeding. Towards the end a perpendicular wall, a sheer drop with no projections of any kind, opposed itself. After a few minutes of uncertainty Professor Malladra discovered a passage between two ridges of lava, only to come to another gigantic drop of three hundred and fifty feet, the face of which was as bare as the last had been. Here they found themselves without a rope, having used all except a hundred and fifty foot length which they had left at the top, thinking they had no need of it and desiring to facilitate their movements. To go back was not to be thought of by Professor Malladra, so his determination was taken to abandon themselves to the slope. Fortunately, in spite of all the stones, pebbles, and landslides, and clinging to the slightest projections, they slid to the bottom, where they arrived, bruised and exhausted.

The bottom reached, Professor Malladra remained there for about two hours, making very careful examinations and taking instrumental readings. The thermometer varied from 187° to 200° Fahr.—a terrific temperature. The depth of the crater is approximately one thousand feet, while the diameter at the bottom is some fifteen hundred feet. The bottom is full of small hills and valleys. There are many *fumaroles*, some very close together, which show the existence of smothered fire. The smell of sulphur was suffocating and almost unbearable; indeed, they were nearly suffocated by the poisonous gases and all but overcome by the frightful temperature while making their observations, collecting salts and minerals, and taking photographs. Before leaving, the Professor fixed a flag on the floor of the crater.

The ascent, as usual, was more taxing than the descent, and these intrepid explorers had to struggle with all their might. Their researches will be published later. R. L. M.



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A GROUP OF FUMAROLAS ON THE SOUTHWEST WALL

The Peaceful Indians of the West

ONE evening last January, while driving from Point Loma to San Diego, we caught a glimpse of Indian life that stimulated imagination to create many another similar scene, such as, not many years ago, must have typified this place; for the Pacific Coast Indians, enslaved and abused as they were by the Spanish missionaries, yet retained old customs to a larger degree and for a longer time than the Eastern and Northern tribes.

The picture we saw was that of an Indian woman crouching over a little fire that had been lighted in a narrow cañon beside the road. A child huddled close beside her, and she held a cooking-pot over the blaze. Woman and child and fire were in sight but a few seconds, yet they remain vividly painted on memory's canvas. As though they too belonged to something vast and incomprehensible, they answered the red sky, the veiled hills, and the darkening sea. The solemn dusk and the somber group seemed each a part of the other; and, contrasted with them, the occupants of the gay automobiles that passed seemed irreverently forgetful of old days and carelessly indifferent to the meaning of the present.

In these two wayfarers we saw the past. We pictured the Indians of the Pacific Coast as they had lived hereabouts for centuries. They were different in many ways from the other tomahawking and war-painted tribes. They were able to maintain life without great hardships. They fished and hunted as the need for food came. They covered their bodies only as the winds from the snow-capped mountains compelled. They lived most simply, but their lives were ceremoniously ordered. Everywhere they saw symbols that they held sacred, because, through them, they were reminded of something very high and divine that guided them always. They had wonderful explanations to make of natural occurrences; and they lived as though conscious of being the shadowy reflections of a star-born race of men.

Some of the Western Indians attained a great age. In his *Two Years Before the Mast*, Richard Henry Dana tells of a San Diego Indian who was more than a hundred and twenty-five years old. In order to look at the faces of those about him, this old man was obliged to prop up his eyelids with his fingers. To this day there are in the back districts of Southern California many Indian men and women who have long since passed their hundredth birthday.

When the Spanish priests and explorers, coming up from Mexico, found the beautiful harbor to which they gave the name of San Diego de Alcalá, they saw, in the friendly red people who welcomed them, tools which they could use to their own excellent advantage. That they did so use them is attested by the fact that the Indians whom they left behind, upon their departure for Spain, were considered, and their descendants are still considered, as being "worthless members of the human race."

Representatives of a noble type of men, they were treated as though all the years that preceded the arrival of the white man had but added sin to the red man's old sins and made him exceedingly vile. The Pacific Coast tribes, however, were noted for being peaceful. They were gentle, soft-voiced, docile and patient, and they must have been the repositories of a fund of



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WE'WHA, A ZUNI INDIAN WOMAN
(Photos by Dr. George Wharton James)

information regarding America's hidden past. Perhaps it was needful for them to become the servants, the slaves even, of the Spanish missionaries, but that servitude of theirs will seem to many what a daub of black paint would be that obscured a priceless work of art.

The Spaniards seem not often to have considered the Indians as other than simple-minded; but we must regard with growing wonder those Indian minds that kept so well the secret of California's gold that Spanish priest and Spanish alcalde forsook the country in disgust and went back to Spain with never so much as a hint having reached them concerning the richer yellow that Califor-



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NATIVE DRESS OF THE PUEBLO INDIANS
AND A CIVILIZED DRESS

nia's poppy-covered hills contained beneath the surface.

Just a few months after California had slipped off its Spanish fetters, gold ore was discovered by Sutter and Marshall. There is no doubt that the Indians knew of the existence of gold here and they must have known the white man's greed for the precious metal. What a remarkable quality in the Indian's character is shown by that long silence of these Pacific Coast redskins! What other secrets do you suppose they kept? M. W. D.



Hive-Bees

FLORENCE HOARE

SING while you work, as the hive-bees do,
That is the way to get through, through, through;
Gathering honey,
Or earning your money,
Sing while you work, as the hive-bees do.

Build your cells well, as the hive-bees do,
Ev'rything perfect and true, true, true;
When you are working
Be sure there's no shirking;
Build your cells well, as the hive-bees do.

Search for the best, as the hive-bees do,
Deep in the bud lies the honey-dew;
Then will life's hours
All be like the flowers,
And you'll find sweets, as the hive-bees do. — *Selected*

An Hour with a Bee-Hive

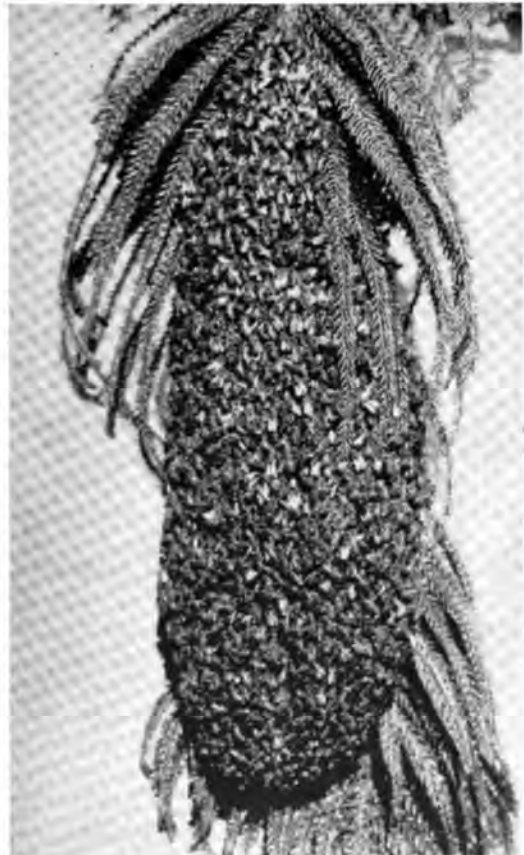
MOST of us have thought and wondered, while eating honey, how it came to be in that state, with wax mixed with it, and where could the bees have found such a sweet fluid, and how did they make it so thick and clear?

Now let us imagine ourselves out in a yard with the "bee-keeper," as the owner of the hives is generally called. We wear mesh masks around our heads, and some kind of gloves on our hands, for protection.

On looking into the first or bottom floor of the bees' residence we see nine wooden frames, each filled with thousands of small wax cells. The frames are spaced exactly even and run lengthwise of the hive. Looking closely, we see that some cells have a door over them, some, a kind of translucent window, and still others have no covering at all. We will examine the latter first.

We shall have to look very close indeed; then we shall see a tiny white speck at the bottom of each of the open cells. This is an egg, which, when fed by the older bees, grows into a short, fat worm, and then into a bee.

Now, what do the old bees feed the eggs with? is our first question. It is "bee-bread," a mixture of pollen and honey from the flowers. The nurses of the hives



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A SWARM OF BEES



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A CLOSER VIEW OF THE SAME SWARM

do all the mixing, kneading, and distributing of this fine-textured bread.

After a few days this small worm spins a web around itself, and its nurses put a wax door over the cell. This wax door has many holes in it to admit plenty of air. While in its cell the worm passes through a magical transformation. Twenty-one days after the laying of the eggs by the queen or mother bee, a perfect bee eats its way out of its cradle without rockers, and begins to help around the hive by feeding and nursing other young bees.

All this time we have been seeing bees almost exactly alike in size, shape, and coloring; but presently one of us notices on the detachable frame he is holding, a bee nearly twice as long as any of the worker bees. Asking the bee-keeper, we are told she is the queen of the hive. She does not wear a crown; neither does she rule in any way whatsoever. The only things she does, is to lay eggs in the empty cells as fast as the young bees hatch out of them.

We also notice that scores of worker bees are coming in with great loads of brightly-colored pollen on their legs, to be stored away in cells exactly like those in which the baby bees are reared. This pollen is the stock of food for the winter, when all the flowers are asleep.

But what is going on in this upstairs or, rather, dome portion of the hive, for bees need no steps to get to the second story of their home? Here we see the honey in the process of being stored in the small blocks so familiar to all of us.

Where do the bees get such a thick, clear fluid as honey? They bring it to the hive in the little pouches each bee has in her for the purpose. When first brought in it is as thin as water. It is put into cells where bees stand and fan it with their wings, thus making a current of warm air which gradually evaporates the extra water and leaves thick, clean honey. These ventilation workers relieve each other every now and then. Sometimes one strong hive will bring in one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds of honey in one spring and summer.

When a hive flourishes and becomes over-populated, the queen goes away with a lot of the old bees to seek another home and start a new hive. This is called a swarm, of which we have two illustrations here: one, of a swarm resting on the bough of a tree, before they go farther; the other, a closer view of the same swarm, showing how they cling to each other, making one solid mass of bees, like so many peas in a basket.

The bees that stay at home rear another queen, and the bee city continues to increase its population. N. L.

“So Work the Honey-Bees”

SHAKESPEARE

SO work the honey-bees,
Creatures that, by a rule in Nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burden at this narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Deliv'ring o'er to executors pale,
The lazy yawning drone.—*Henry V*, Act I, Scene 2.

THE gum trees of Australia enjoy the reputation of being the tallest trees in the world. Some have been measured which were between four hundred and seventy-one and four hundred and eighty feet high, according to the report by Baron Mueller. The redwood trees of California are the largest in respect to diameter.

THE calendar has certain peculiarities of its own; for example, a new day does not always begin a different month. January and October are content to begin on the same day, and April and July, September and December, follow their example. February, March and November seek to make no change.



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POLLY'S TURN TO HAVE A LESSON

Coco, one of the Rāja Yoga pets, is a remarkable parrot. She talks in French and Spanish, as well as in English, and even sings one of the children's songs.

The Gray Parrot

THE gray parrot is brought to Europe from its home in Africa in great numbers.

It seems very wonderful that a bird with a horny beak and a tongue like a rubber bottle-stopper should be able to imitate the human voice so exactly. Once some ladies were being hoisted to the deck of a ship, when a parrot suddenly called out, "Let go." The sailors hauling in the rope obeyed, and the ladies fell into the sea.

These parrots are very fond of peach-stones and walnuts, but meat makes their blood so hot that they pull out their feathers. From time to time they greatly enjoy a piece of rotten wood to tear into pieces. A gray parrot once lived to the age of ninety-three, but his memory failed him at sixty. One pair reared broods of young ones for five consecutive years in a tub partly filled with sawdust, which was a good imitation of this bird's native nest in a hollow tree. The color of this parrot is a pale, ashy gray, except the tail, which is a deep scarlet.

A tame parrot once noticed that the members of the family to which she belonged were in the habit of feeding a wild goldfinch that was sitting on a nest of eggs, and, not wishing to be behindhand in doing good, she brought some sopped bread from her cage and gave it to the sitting bird. When the eggs were hatched she frightened the parents away by her interest in the young

brood, and, seeing they were left orphans, she undertook to look after them herself. She refused to be shut up in her cage in the evening, and stayed with her family day and night. When they were able to hop about, four of them would get on Polly's back, and with the fifth fledgling seated on her head she would walk up and down on the lawn. Sometimes she would rise in the air, and then the young goldfinches had hard work to keep on their seats. When the young birds flew away and left her Polly was very sad, until she got possession of a nest of young hedgesparrows.

In the old days when parrots were brought north in sailing vessels, they had time on the voyage to get used to

a colder climate gradually. Nowadays they travel by fast steamships, and the change from the tropics to the temperate region is made so suddenly that many of the poor birds catch cold and die on the voyage. P. L.

✽

The Solar Heart

WE must not think that when the sun appears with sparkling rays above the eastern mountain tops that he is just beginning his day's work. He pours a never-ceasing stream of sunshine on the earth; but as the earth rolls round, the different countries pass from sunshine into shadow, so that the people in the shaded portions of the globe no longer feel his rays. In fact we could not live a single moment of the day or night without his past or present help.

There goes puss across the road. How does she get the strength to move her legs? "We give her bread and milk," you say. That is quite true; but how could the wheat grow, of which the bread is made, without the sunshine? So a cat cannot walk across the road without the help of the sun.

A train of cars is rattling by the fields. What makes the wheels go round? "The engine," you reply. But the engine is driven by steam, and the coal in the furnace boils the water, and coal is simply fossil wood and leaves which grew by the help of the long-forgotten sunshine

which poured upon the forests millions of years ago.

Where does the wind get its power to turn the windmill? The sun shone on the ground and made it warm. The ground heated the air above it, which, being lighter, rose higher. The cold air from the ocean rushed in to take its place, and air in motion is wind. The wind drives the windmill, but it is really the sun at the back of it all.

The sun causes our heart-beat. The sun makes baby smile, and the same force lifts the water from the sea and lets it fall in showers of rain upon the thirsty ground.

The sun *produces* light; but the moon is only a reflec-



LAST GLIMPSE OF THE SETTING SUN

tor. The sun is like a lamp, while the moon is like a mirror. If the whole sky were covered with moons so thickly that you could not see a bit of blue sky, even then they would not give as much light as the sun.

Some people tell us that the sun is a dead, senseless ball of glowing white-hot gas, and say that no life is possible in such a furnace. But as we owe our power of thought and motion, even our very life itself to the sun, can we believe that the source and fountain of it all is a dead and senseless thing?

The sun has no favorites. He warms the patient donkey and the fierce tiger. He shines on the pigeon cooing to its mate, and on the hawk, which has been called "the pirate of the air." If the gopher and the mole choose to burrow in the darkness under ground, that is their fault; but there is plenty of sunshine for them too, if they want it.

We have lately discovered that the sun changes shape at regular intervals, like the human heart. Every eleven years, when sunspots are most numerous, the two poles of the sun are a hundred miles farther apart than when sunspots are fewest. There seems to be a regular pulse in the sun.

P. L.

Beaver-Meadows

WHEN beavers build their dams across the streams and make their pools, they are doing work which in the course of time will quite alter the face of the country. When a running stream enters the calm water of a beaver-pool the mud and sand suspended in

the current quietly settle to the bottom, and when it trickles over the edge of the dam to continue its journey, it flows away pure and clear. Vast quantities of splendid soil, which would have otherwise been carried out to sea, are thus held back by beaver-pools. As the centuries roll by, the whole pool is completely filled with rich, deep earth, and the stream winds its way through the center of a fertile plot of land called a "beaver-meadow."

There are thousands of square miles of beaver-meadows in North America and Canada. The old Indian name for Montreal is Hochelaga, which simply means beaver-meadow.

The pools of beavers also stop destructive floods after a heavy storm of rain. The flood water is trapped and held back by the dam and is allowed to run slowly away, and thus the flow of the stream is equalized.

There are many places in Great Britain which were named from the beavers which once were to be found there, such as Beverley. Beavers are most useful citizens and have done their part to make America what she is today.

P. L.

AN illustration of the power of a mother-love in animals occurred in the menagerie of a circus. An ape, whose baby had died, grieved for her dead little one so much that she was rapidly losing her own life through continually refusing to take food. The keepers did not know what to do until they hit upon the idea of replacing the lost baby with a kitten. The ape, contented and happy once more, adopted the kitten and brought it up in her cage.

A CLOVE TREE begins to bear at the age of ten years, and continues until it reaches the age of seventy-five. There are two crops a year, in June and in December. This tree is an evergreen, and grows from forty to fifty feet high. It has large oblong leaves and crimson flowers, which must present a very handsome appearance. The cloves, which are the undeveloped buds, are at first white, then light green, and finally, bright red.

E. E. NEVILL has stated that the heavy rains occurring in South Africa every nineteen years, the interval of the lunar cycles, are due to the moon's influence. He says that the moon draws along with it a permanent cloud-mass, and as the moon reaches its farthest northern point the clouds are brought against the mountains of Natal and forced to yield their heavy rainfall.

Râja Yoga Messenger

THIS publication for Young Folk is under the direction of a staff of the students of the Râja Yoga College at Lomaland. This periodical makes a beautiful gift—a gift that renews itself twelve times a year. What more acceptable gift could you make a child than this?

Address: BUSINESS MANAGER,
RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER,
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by Students of the Râja Yoga School and Academy

Published by and under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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Subscription 50 Cents; Copy 5 Cents

Foreign Postage 25 Cents extra, Canadian 12 Cents

VOL. IX

FEBRUARY 1913

No. 2

Duty

THERE are few things more inspiring in human character than an exalted sense of duty. In those natures wherein this conception is the governing element we are conscious of a splendid reserve strength, a strength which in reality can be readily analysed and accounted for.

The man to whom a pure sense of duty is the guide of life, has fastened his talents and energies to the eternal and constant part of himself. This constant part of human nature is not only firm and enduring, it is also reliable and capable of guiding his energies into the right channels, so enabling him to pursue the wisest and most beneficent course of action. It is the taking hold of this part of the nature, the casting anchor upon the bed-rock of human character, which endows with that reserve strength the man who has a real and active sense of duty; he is strong because his energies are linked to and allied with the *real* source of strength.

We are often confronted with two aspects of Duty which seem to conflict—the duty we owe to ourselves, and our duty to others. These are two phases of one subject which must always exist, yet which need never conflict with each other, for they are absolutely interrelated. H. P. Blavatsky says:

Duty is that which is *due* to Humanity—to our fellow men, neighbors, family—and especially that which we owe to all those who are poorer and more helpless than we are ourselves.

Here we have the aim and object of Duty—that which we owe to our fellow-men. This is an obligation for the proper fulfilment of which just one quality is required, common sense, the practical common sense which reveals how much we depend upon each other for our happiness and well-being. We can only give to others that which we possess ourselves, and if we have neglected the cultivation of our own talents and faculties, if we have allowed the metal of our natures to lie in a

crude, untempered state, then we are not qualified to help others to reach a higher level of life. Hence it is plain that we have an imperative duty of self-improvement and self-culture, the fulfilment of which alone qualifies us to perform our full duty to Humanity. This should be the great incentive to the performance of all duty; to render *effective* aid to those who need our help.

To carry out what we know to be our duty to others is really the entrance into larger and fuller life. We *become* that which we serve. To shirk the call of Duty is moral starvation that leads in the long run to emptiness of heart and mind. There is no poverty so great as that

which comes to a selfish man. And his fellow-men instinctively shrink from his touch, until, friendless and alone, he sinks from sight. On the other hand, the man who has valiantly performed his duty to race and kin reaches the autumn of life possessed of untold riches. Rich in wisdom and the love of others, he actually knows the larger life that enfolds the many souls he has come in touch with *through service*. He, then, who would really and truly know the strength and the true happiness which comes in the per-

The Year

H. S. O. (A Râja Yoga Student)

THE Old Year's gone! . . . The New Year's come!

And what shall its message be?
The answer is yours, dear little one,
Think well ere you tell it to me.

Search deep in your heart for the secret there,
Doubt not that 'tis waiting for you;
Keep tryst with yourself, have courage to dare,
That the New Year may find you true!

And when the Year is turning gray
And is old and ready to go,
Be faithful still from day to day
That all years may find you so.

formance of Duty, must ally himself with the adamantine foundations of his nature, must compel himself to realize that the performance of Duty "which is due to Humanity" is in itself the fullest expression of *Life*—the only real life. When this discovery is made and fully realized, then there will be but one channel through which all the life interests of his nature will flow; then all hopes and aspirations will merge themselves into a common aim, and the possession of this single purpose will refashion his whole life. The character of such a man will then become the broad channel through which there sweeps a vast and resistless tide of mighty and uplifted purpose, the service of Humanity.

"To live to benefit mankind is the first step."

Any unselfish effort leads in this direction, and every such effort helps to make the path of Duty clearer.

Two Noble Patriots

AMONG the many great men who were leaders in the building up of this nation, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine stand, not only as helpers of a nation, but as workers for humanity. Both were writers, inventors, and initiators of helpful institutions; both were wise and prudent, as well as noble and unselfish.

Of Franklin we have heard much. Who does not know the story of his trials as an apprentice to his brother the printer, of his running away to Philadelphia and eating rolls of bread in the street, and the story of the whistle? During his long life of eighty-four years he occupied many high positions, and was famous throughout the world as a scientist and a statesman. He was minister to England just before the Revolution, and did his best to make a peaceable arrangement of the troubles. War, however, could not be prevented, and Franklin, having returned from England, was sent as ambassador to France, where he brought about an alliance between that country and the American Colonies. He remained for a number of years in France, where he was held in high esteem by people of the highest rank. But no amount of flattery or adulation and attention could change his simple, kindly nature, and his habits remained as they had always been, unassuming and conscientious.

Franklin founded the University of Pennsylvania, the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, and the first fire department of that city. He was the chief founder of the Philadelphia Library. It was he who discovered that lightning is the same thing as electricity, a most important discovery for science.

When a young man he was a printer; he published an almanac called "Poor Richard's Almanac," which was full of wise sayings. He put these maxims into practice in his own life, and was always trying to make his life clean and worthy. These are some of his maxims:

Eat not to dulness; drink not to elevation.

Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Thomas Paine also lived at the time of the Revolution. He was one of those great souls who, in the midst of



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THOMAS PAINE

persecution, are resolved to serve humanity in spite of every opposition and all obstacles. His early life was spent in England, where he was born; but later, at Franklin's suggestion, he came to America, and here he became the editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*. Thus he had the opportunity of putting his noble thoughts before the people. When the war broke out he joined Washington's army, and many a time his words awoke new hope and courage in the hearts of the soldiers during those dreary years of hardship. Paine had to endure constant persecution from enemies, who did all they could to counteract his influence for good and made him suffer till the end of his life, but could not make him give up.

Before leaving England Paine wrote a book called *The Rights of Man* and was outlawed for it. Then he went to France, where he was recognized as one devoted to liberty, and was received with great honor. But as soon as he saw the people there going to extremes in their love of liberty — when, in fact, they were supporting not liberty, but tyranny — Paine stood against these conditions. Then he was thrown into prison and threatened with the guillotine. When he regained his liberty, he founded a society that was really a Universal Brotherhood — it was called the Theophilanthropical Society; but the society was not allowed to continue its work. His last days which were spent in America were saddened by the slanders of his enemies.

Paine tried to introduce international arbitration instead of cruel war. He was the first to think of forming societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. He was not understood and appreciated in his time, but there never was a truer or braver helper of humanity. In his writings he expressed the highest ideals of life, as the following selections from his works indicate.

Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; i.e., waste nothing.

Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

A Winter Palace

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleaved boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slept
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond-drops,
That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

— *The Vision of Sir Launfal*

Today

THOMAS CARLYLE

So HERE hath been dawning another blue day!
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this new day was born;
Into eternity at night will return.
Behold it aforetime, no eye ever did;
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.
Here hath been dawning another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

IMAGINATION — the plastic or creative power of the soul. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

The Snowy Blanket

S. E. SPRAGUE

A MILLION little snow-flakes,
Were hov'ring in the air,
When suddenly a message came,
"The earth is brown and bare,
And flowers now are dying
Because they are so cold;
Oh, snow-flakes, make a blanket,
And all the earth enfold!"

Who sent the message to them,
They never stopped to ask,
Nor did they idly spend their time,
But set about the task;
They'd made so many blankets
They knew just what to do,
And all began the weaving
Before the day was through!

To make the blanket warmer
'Twas lined with the softest wool
That could be found in cloumland;
To make it long and full,
They bordered it with swan's down;
For fear it might be thin
They picked the poor old sky-geese,
And wove their feathers in!

And so they made the blanket
And spread it o'er the ground,
To cover all the flowers
And keep them safe and sound;
And if you'll take the trouble
To go where 'tis displayed,
You'll find this selfsame blanket,
And see just how 'tis made! — *Selected*

Jack Frost's Visit

MORNING after morning Anna, on awakening, had looked out of her window and had seen signs of Jack Frost's mysterious visits. For it was autumn, and the trees, sidewalks, and fences were glistening white. This and the exquisite designs on the windows puzzled Anna. Being of an inquiring mind, she determined to try to catch Jack Frost and win from him the secret of his wonderful art. She puzzled over it until she was quite tired of puzzling, so she made up her mind to find out in some other way. She could hardly wait until her simple duties were done and she was ready to hasten to the library. There she pored over volume after volume. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Ah, here it is!" and became absorbed in reading the contents of her treasure.

"Ha, ha! I thought you would come soon," exclaimed a voice. Anna, looking up, beheld the appearance of a man, tall in stature, and clad in a frosty coat trimmed with icicles and sparkling with little crystal-like jewels. "I was just waiting for you to make your appearance," he said by way of apology and introduction.

"Ah yes," Anna gasped with delight. "You are really — Jack Frost, then! Pray sit down and tell me all about your wonderful secrets. How I have longed to fathom the mysteries of your doings!"

"Yes, child, I understand. I belong, you see, to the great workshop of Nature. I have much to do in fulfilling my duties and obligations, as have all who belong to our fraternity. But, however busy, we are only too glad to satisfy people's search for knowledge, if they will but come to us humbly and in an agreeable way. But I suppose you wish me to begin."

Anna was absorbed and listened attentively.

"To begin is a difficult matter," he continued. "You can hardly speak of a beginning or an end to anything in Nature, and much less to a work that I have been carrying on for millenniums and will continue to carry on for millenniums to come. But I will do my best to tell you a few things you wish to know. In the first place, when it is time for me to begin my work I send a

ed, are thick with the jewels of the gleaming frost.

"Wait till winter comes and you will see some wonders. As yet it is too early for any of the heavier work. Most of what has hitherto been done has been accomplished by my helper, the Hoar-Frost Fairy. All the delicate, fantastic designing is her work. I will tell you something about this early hoar-frost. When the temperature has fallen below 'freezing-point' all the little invisible sprites of the air get to work. The particles of moisture freeze and collect, and then form upon every surface they can encounter.

"It would be impossible to describe to you every shape they assume. You know what they are—trees, ferns, flowers, feathers, scrolls, and what not. Sometimes the frost astonishes people by appearing under pieces of wood which have been lying outside during the night. That is because the moisture in the ground has been frozen and converted into crystals. Then, too, we construct queer little stalactite growths from two to six inches in height, in gravelly soil, which sometimes support upon their points bits of earth and stones. These are formed from the moisture rising from the warm soil and freezing in the atmosphere. But this cannot happen, you must understand, after the ground has become frozen to a certain depth. It serves only as a preliminary pastime for the sprites, and makes a not unattractive decoration for the early autumn.

"I dare say you have examined the hoar-frost crystals. They are prisms with hexagonal bases, and look very much like unset jewels.

"We sometimes cover rails and fences with miniature forests of crystals, and again whole clusters of white crystallized butter-

flies look ready to flutter their wings and fly away. If you go out early enough in the morning, before the sun has had a chance to melt them, you might see enough to call forth your admiration and surprise.

"Ah, but all this is mere fun! Wait till the winter time. Then the gentle Hoar-Frost Fairy retires and leaves the field clear for my grand artistic display, and—well, perhaps I needn't add the rest. You probably know what it is to get frost-bitten. Hurray! the fun I have!

"Let me tell you a secret. If some time in passing through the wood, you hear a loud report like a rifle, or any very mysterious noises, I beg of you do not be startled. Be assured it is only my target practice. Perhaps the ice on the pond is breaking, or some large tree has been cleft in twain.

"I have mighty blasting powers, too," he proceeded. "I perform many remarkable changes in rock formations, splitting and reconstructing them. I also help to



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COME AND JOIN US; WE'RE HAVING LOTS OF FUN

warning message about. When they feel the touch of my icy wand, the leaves of the trees begin mysteriously to change their color; and the flowers, as though for support, lean towards each other, awaiting the summons which is to send them off to their winter beds. And did you see the grass all heavily powdered with frost this morning?"

"Yes, that I did," cried Anna. "But please go on, tell me more. How did you do it?"

"Patience, my dear. I will get there as fast as I can. Oh! but you ought to have been in the woods this morning. I waved my wand over the chestnut-burs, and you should have seen them burst! The plump, brown nuts tumbled to the ground, and the eager squirrels were chasing here and there, gathering them to store away as winter supplies. If you children want any nuts, you had better hurry. A glance over the fields in the country will show you what I have been doing there. The withering sheaves of corn and the golden pumpkins, yet unharvest-

convert much rock into soil. It is these acts of mine, year after year, which help to make mountains and valleys. My services have in some cases proven so useful that man sometimes employs them for blasting rocks. He pours water into crevices, allows it to freeze, and lo! the rock splits asunder.

"There is but one variety of vegetation I cannot blast, and that is the evergreen! But I do not mind that. A few powerful adversaries only serve to spur one on. The manner in which the plants succumb is this: when I touch them, the juice naturally expands, the life vesicles burst, and the plant dies.

"But what are the most favorable conditions, or rather what determines my manner of sketching, you ask? Well, for one thing a heated room and double windows are unfavorable. A cool room is the most convenient to serve my purpose. The kinds of designs I make depend upon several things: namely, the thickness of the glass, the arrangement of the minute, invisible scratches, and the accumulated dust particles. Man has lately classified and photographed my beautiful etchings, and done it well, too. But perhaps I shall startle them with new wonders by-and-by. There is no knowing.

"But my dear child, look! The sun is already melting my pretty figures. Let me get away before he tries to melt me. What would happen if he succeeded?"

Jack Frost jumped up, turned on his heel, and was gone. Do you think he froze little Anna because she remained so quiet? Not at all. She was too much absorbed in his narrative to talk. And as to freezing her, my! it's true it was pretty cold outside, but within the library there was a glowing fireplace. But—Jack Frost, how did he get in? Do not be frightened. That is a secret, little Anna's secret. Perhaps the book told her everything, and her vivid imagination made her see it in an interesting light. Or, it may be that Jack Frost *did* come in. Who can tell?

RUTH

THE lightning and thunder
They go and they come;
But the stars and the stillness
Are always at Home.—George Macdonald

HAPPINESS is a butterfly, which, when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but when you sit down quietly, may light upon you.—Selected



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THE TOTS AND THEIR FRIENDS OF THE GARDEN

A Letter from the Tots' Botany Class

DEAR Big Brothers and Sisters: Did you have the pleasure of studying botany when you were little folk? If you did not, perhaps you would like to hear something about our botany class at the Rāja Yoga School, and what we have learned about the flowers. You know, in sunny Lomaland we have flowers all the year round, although of course each comes in its own season, and we eagerly look forward to finding their smiling faces out on the breezy hillsides or down in the shady cañons. What fun we have scrambling up the cañon sides, to see who can find the first of those dear little spring ferns, or the dainty manzanita blossoms.

There are about thirty of us in the Tots' Group, and we all, even the tiniest ones of three years, love to learn about our flower friends. You, see, we know that the flowers think and feel in their way just as we do in ours. Besides, we know many big words that are the names of the different parts of the flowers. But although we know what these big words mean, what we like best is to study the flowers at home, and find out all their secrets of growing.

Have you ever watched a bean growing? One day our teacher brought one to school, and we planted it in a little pot. We watched it carefully to see what would happen, and in a few days a little green stem began to shoot up through the soil. It came up in the shape of



HOW A BEAN GROWS

of our plant, and you can imagine what happened. Well, never mind. We had learned many things about beans, and maybe some day we can watch one grow up to be a real big bean-plant.

We have studied many other things besides beans. Right outside our Assembly Hall the wall is covered with ivy, and we can see the little roots, just like tiny brushes on the stems, clinging to the wall. We used to think all roots grew under the ground, but we know better now. The ivy is very strong, so strong that one piece actually found its way through the wall, and came peeping into our schoolroom!

Eucalyptus trees do that too, sometimes. Not long ago a lady planted some geraniums in a box outside her home. Of course she watered them every day, and they were growing beautifully. But there were some eucalyptus trees near by, and, as the weather was very dry, they sent out their roots in search of water, and when they reached the box they pushed right up through it, and drank up all the water!

That is the principal duty of the roots of a plant, for, you know, every part has its own duty to do, just as we have our duties. The roots also make plants able to stand firmly in the ground, so that the wind will not blow them away. This does happen sometimes in a hard windstorm, though.

Then there are the leaves that help the plant to breathe. They have tiny, tiny holes on the under side, so small

a tube. Then, when it was about an inch high, one end of the tube came right out of the earth, and straightened out. But what do you think was on the end of it? Why, the very bean that we had planted in the earth. In a few more days the bean split in two. You know, the two halves are called cotyledons, or seed-leaves; and right in the middle there was a tiny baby bean plant. When it became bigger the cotyledons dropped off. But one day Pussy got hold

that we have to use our microscope when we want to see them. They breathe in the air that we breathe out, and we breathe in the air that they breathe out; so you see we help each other, and that's brotherhood.

The calyx has a very pleasant duty to do. It wraps itself around the baby buds, just like a little green coat, and keeps them, oh! so warm and safe. Then when the bright sun comes and unfolds the pretty petals, the calyx turns back, and in some flowers it drops right off. What pretty shapes a flower calyx has! Some of them look like little crowns of green, while some have little fairy caps, like the poppy-calyx, for instance, which pops right off when the bud opens.

The petals, too, have very pretty shapes. The sweet peas look like gay butterflies, the morning-glories look like pretty bells, and others are like stars.

Sometimes we play we are bees, and try to find out just where each flower keeps her honey. Each one has a special place where the honey is stowed away, and there are also little pathways painted along the petals to show the way for the thirsty bees. You know, the flowers could not live if it were not for the bees, because, besides getting honey from the flowers, the bees get pollen too. Some of it they use to feed their babies with, but some they carry from one flower to another. We have watched them brush their velvety legs and coats against the anthers, and then fly swiftly away to another flower, always of the same kind during one journey, and then, in sipping the honey, rub the pollen off on to the sticky pistil. You see, flowers need pollen from the same kind of flower if they are to be fertilized.

There is just one more thing we should like to tell you about, and that is about how the stamens turn into petals. Isn't it wonderful to think that the beautiful roses in our gardens were just little wild roses once, with five petals? But as people have taken care of them for so many years, the stamens have changed into petals. Nearly every rose has some that have turned half-way. We have often seen them, and not only roses, but in carnations, dahlias, and many other flowers.

Well, there are many things that we should like to tell you, but it would take pages. So good-by.

Your little friends of
The Tots' Botany Class.

LITTLE SEED TRAVELERS
READY TO FIND NEW HOMESHOW A SWEET PEA
BEGINS LIFE



A STREET IN ROTTERDAM

The White Wings of Holland

HOLLAND is the quaintest and, in many respects, the most interesting country of Europe to the traveler, and few who visit the Old World countries fail to stop in the land of windmills and dikes. An English visitor wrote these lines:

What land is this that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea?
This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes?
Where over fields and pastures green
The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and everywhere
The sails of windmills sink and soar
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore.

Fifty years ago its windmills were one of Holland's most characteristic and picturesque sights; then there were over twelve thousand; but today there are not nearly so many, steam-pumps having displaced them. Most windmills are of wood, one story high, but some are of brick, two or three stories, with balconies around them.

In Zaandijk Museum is a model of the first windmill built in Zaandam.

Nightfall in Dordrecht

EUGENE FIELD

THE mill goes toiling slowly around
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
The voice of the old mill speak.
While round and round those big white wings
Grimly and ghostlike creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
And, over his pot of beer,
The fisher, against the morrow's dawn,
Lustily maketh cheer;
He mocks at the winds that caper along
From the far-off clamorous deep,—
But we—we love their lullaby song
Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Old dog Fritz in slumber sound
Groans of the stony mart—
Tomorrow how proudly he'll trot you round,
Hitched to our new milk-cart!
And you shall help me blanket the kine
And fold the gentle sheep
And set the herring a-soak in brine—
But now, little tulip, sleep!

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes
That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies
And scolds at the stars that wink;
Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And rocking your cradle she softly sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"—*Selected*



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IN A DUTCH GARDEN

A Glimpse of Holland

PROFESSOR and Madame Daniel de Lange, of Amsterdam, Holland, are spending several months at Coronado, California. Professor de Lange is the Founder-Director of the Conservatory of Music at Amsterdam. Both he and Madame de Lange are intensely interested in the life and musical work of the students of the Râja Yoga College and they are frequent guests at Lomaland. Upon request Madame de Lange kindly wrote for the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER the following interesting account of that fascinating land, Holland.

DEAR Children: I will try to describe in a few lines some of the peculiarities of a very small country in Europe; namely, of Holland, a land with six million inhabitants; including the colonies there are about forty million. Is not this proportion a most astonishing one?

Though small in numbers this nation has a most important history. The period which I now have to mention commences in the second part of the sixteenth century, when Charles V, Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, abdicated the throne, and Philip II, his son, came to the throne of Spain and succeeded his father in the Northern and Southern Netherlands. It was at the same time that the Reformation exerted a great influence, especially in the northern countries of Europe, and the Dutch, who clung to these free and liberal ideas, would not submit to the decrees of the severe and fanatical Roman Catholic Church, nor be subdued by the tyranny of the Spanish Government.

This is to be considered as the principal cause of a long war of eighty years, which gained the freedom of our nation under the guidance of Prince William of Orange (the Silent) who raised himself from the beginning as chief of this State, and was the founder of our nationality. Since that time, with the exception of the few years that Napoleon Bonaparte was the usurper of the greater part of Europe, when he appointed his brother Louis Napoleon to be king of Holland, it was the dynasty of the princes of Orange and Nassau that reigned over the Dutch Republic or United Provinces. Primarily,

these princes had the title of Stadholder. After Napoleon's fall, William, Prince of Orange, returned from England to Holland and was proclaimed King of the Netherlands. There were successively three kings on the throne; the present queen, Wilhelmina, succeeded her father in the year 1898.

As is often the case in history, it happened in our country that in the years of greatest distress our nation had the period of greatest development, and many persons of extraordinary intellect in many ways then lived. There were famous statesmen: Oldenbarneveld, the two brothers de Witt, Huygens; naval heroes: Admiral de Ruyter, Maarten H. Tromp, van Galen, Kortenaer; cele-



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QUEEN WILHELMINA WITH HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS JULIANA
(Her Majesty's latest portrait; photo by H. Deutmann, S. Gravenhage)



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A DUTCH HOUSE COURT, BY P. DE HOOCH: B. 1630, D. 1677
(NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON)

brated painters: Rembrandt, Gerard Dou, Frans Hals, Ruysdael, van der Helst; poets: Vondel, Huygens, P. C. Hooft; composers: Jacob Obrecht, J. P. Sweelinck; architects: van Campen, Hendrik de Keyser; philosophers: Erasmus, Boerhaave; bold navigators: Houtman, who first sailed round Africa's south coast (the Cape of Good Hope), and Hoorn, who was the first to go round the most southerly island off the lower end of South America, which island was named Cape Horn in his honor. Moreover, it was Willem Barentz who led the first Arctic expedition and dis-

covered Nova Zembla, and Jan Pieterszoon Koen, the founder of Batavia, who made our country one of the greatest colonial powers.

Though the period of glory is in the past, we have at present men of great eminence. We may mention, for instance, some renowned painters, as Israels, Bosboom, Mauve, the three brothers Maris, and many others. Three scientists were awarded the Nobel prize within the last few years, and one famous sculptor, Pier Pander.

A great part of the country is below the level of the sea. It has been wrested from the waves, and at some places the land is protected by the dunes, and at others dikes have to replace them. This peculiar situation of the country has given many hydraulic engineers a great field of practice, and they are renowned all over the world.

In former days windmills were used to carry off the superfluous water from the drained lakes. Now this is done by steam engines. But even in these days the windmills have not yet disappeared entirely, and in some parts of the country they are used for sawing, husking and flour-mills. Fishing is important, but commerce is our principal business; besides we are an agricultural and cattle-raising



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COUNTRY SCENE, COEVORDEN, PROVINCE OF DRENTHE, HOLLAND



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HIGH SLUICE AND PALACE OF INDUSTRY, AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND
At Amsterdam a stone arch bridge is called a sluice.

nation. Horticulture and plant-nurseries are on a high level.

There are eleven provinces. Amsterdam is the capital of the whole country, and the Hague is the residence and seat of Parliament.

Education takes a prominent place in our national life. School attendance is compulsory for children over six years of age.

Our language being so little spoken, we Dutch are obliged to learn foreign languages; in general English, German, and French are mostly studied. In some schools Italian is added to the others.

It is interesting to see the different costumes which are still used in the various provinces. A great many strangers visit the Isle of Marken and have a look at the village of Volendam. Here they see the interiors of typical homes, and watch the children dressed in their national clothes. To see the gay and happy peasant girls with their caps in the province of Zeeland is not less attractive, and when seeing a Friesian woman with her golden cap with fine lace and diamonds, one would not be astonished to know that ladies of the aristocracy are somewhat jealous of these tasteful riches of their country sisters. When Queen Wilhelmina, still a young princess, visited the northern provinces for the first time, she appeared

in this national costume. A photograph was taken on that occasion.

Most of the Dutch towns are built in peculiar styles; in this particular Amsterdam should be mentioned first. The different canals, the patrician buildings, the many trees which adorn both sides of the canals, and several places with their stepped gables and façades in regular Dutch style, give a unique character to this town. It is often called the "Venice of the North." The Hague, Delft, Dordrecht, Haarlem, Utrecht, and many others are not less picturesque.

Again, Holland has another reputation for its pottery and silver-chasing art-works. In the last century the manufactory "de



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A STREET SCENE IN HOLLAND

Amstel" (now closed) produced the finest specimens of porcelain, of which many objects are still to be seen in museums and private collections. The different objects were made with polychromatic decorations of flowers and



PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF BY REMBRANDT

landscapes, in the manner of the well-known Saxon porcelain. Nowadays the best pottery is made at Delft and in the manufactory "Roosenburg" near the Hague. The decorated Delft ware is more specially in blue and white, or sepia color, though the polychromatic decorations, of the ancient style are still followed for vases and plates, and are in great favor. "Roosenburg" is remarkable for its so-called eggshell pottery. Its vases and other ornaments are works of art of the most charming designs, decorated with the finest colors on a cream-tinted ground. The different designs are most exquisite, each one having an entirely different character from the others, in modern style.

Orpheus

ORPHEUS, according to the Greek myth, possessed the divine gift of harmony. His voice was so melodious that birds ceased singing when he sang, and wild beasts followed him about when he played upon his harp, and forgot their natural instincts of hunger, desire of prey, cruelty and revenge. It is said, too, that even the trees came and stood in orderly array about the place where Orpheus sat making sweet music on his lyre.

Eurydice, the wife of Orpheus, was one day stolen away and taken to a dark far-off place under the domin-

ion of a powerful, tyrannical ruler. Orpheus at once followed her there and, after having charmed the ruler by his music, obtained permission to bring back his lost one. A single condition was named: that he should go before her and not once look back until they had reached the open day.

They started, Orpheus playing and singing, Eurydice following in his foot-steps. All went well with them until it seemed as if daylight were at hand and Orpheus, full of care and affection, could no longer forbear to look upon Eurydice. At once she disappeared and this time forever!

Disconsolate now, Orpheus went into the solitudes and played and sang, drawing great crowds of attentive beasts and trees about him, until there came a time when those who love confusion surrounded Orpheus and blew such blasts upon deep, hoarse-sounding horns that all his lovely music was drowned; the creatures of the woods returned to their wild ways; the trees went back to their scattered places; and Orpheus was destroyed by the fury of his enemies.

Then the sacred river Helicon hid its waters underground and rose again in other places far from this sad scene.

Do you suppose the impatience of Orpheus had anything to do with his unhappy fortune? And do you suppose that Eurydice might have helped to strengthen his music until it drowned the noises of his enemies? D. W.



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A HOUSEWIFE OF NORTHERN EUROPE



THE GREAT PYRAMID AND THE PYRAMID OF CHEPHREN

Architectural Styles and their Meaning

II. EGYPT

LONG, long ago, as far back as we can trace the remains of man, there was a civilization in Egypt.

No one knows how long that pleasant valley of fruitfulness, irrigated by the Nile in the midst of deserts, has been inhabited. Some think it may have been half a million years. But most of the buildings of which I am going to tell you were put up within the last five or six thousand years. We can trace the history of Egypt, more or less correctly for that length of time. The ancient Egyptian Empire lasted longer than any other, and it was so completely shut off by deserts that it kept its own customs without change for at least four thousand years, perhaps much longer. The style of building did not quickly change in the manner that we find in ancient Greece or in the Middle Ages.

There is not much to describe in the earliest Egyptian architecture, for it is very simple, but it shows forth the true nature of the people. It is dignified and stately, solid and enduring. We shall find these qualities in all the works of the Egyptians, though later on they decorated their buildings with rich carvings and columns of various interesting kinds. Egyptian architecture was capable of the lightest and most fanciful, as well as the most severe and grand effects.

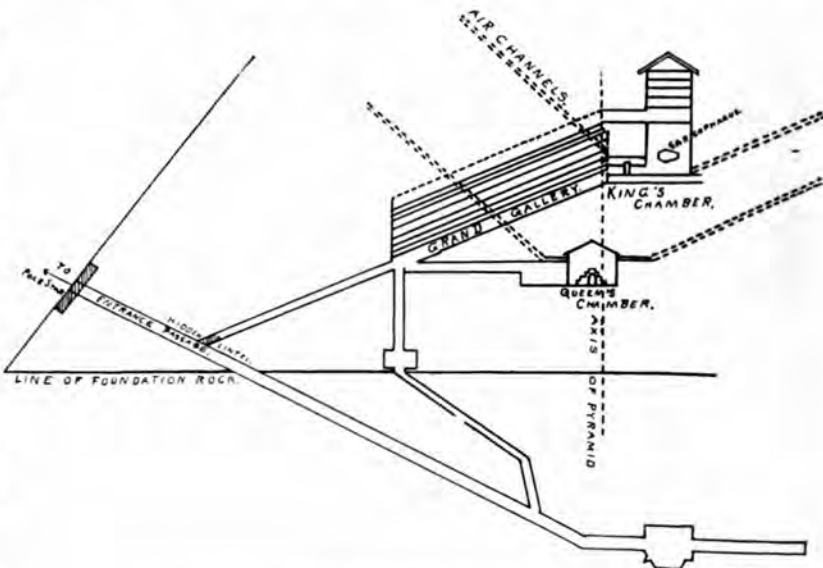
The Pyramids are the glory of Egypt, and the Great Pyramid is the wonder of the world. We be-

lieve it is one of the most ancient buildings in the world, as it is the most massive. It is so solid that it seems to be going to last as long as the hills. The outside must have been beautiful when it was covered with brightly polished casing-stones which have now been taken away by plunderers. The ancients called it the Flame.

Its principal interest now is inside, where we can explore many curious and mysterious passages and rooms. There are no large rooms, nor any pillars in any of the pyramids, and the passages are very difficult to climb through. The Great Pyramid was used for very sacred purposes connected with the Mysteries of the ancient Wisdom-Religion.

The other Pyramids, of which there are about seventy near Cairo, are much simpler in their interior arrangements. They were used as tombs for the kings and great people of the early days of Egypt. In later times the Egyptians built no pyramids, but buried their kings in chambers cut out of the living rock and hidden away from the sight of men.

The most wonderful thing about the Great Pyramid is the perfection of the stone-cutting. No mortar was used, and yet the stones, which are very large, are so beautifully squared and fitted together that you cannot slip a sheet of thin paper between the joints in the most finished parts of the interior. No one knows how the ancient Egyptians lifted up the great stones to the great heights to which the pyramids rise, but the splendid work-



SECTION OF THE GREAT PYRAMID FROM NORTH TO SOUTH
Showing the mysterious passages and chambers

manship of the Great Pyramid particularly proves that they must have been a highly civilized people for long ages before the Pyramids were built.

The Great Pyramid is four hundred and eighty-four feet high and covers thirteen acres of ground. The second, the pyramid of Chephren, is a little smaller, and the third is only two hundred and eighteen feet high.

Many famous explorers have spent months and even years in examining and measuring the Pyramids, especially the Great Pyramid, which is the most interesting of all by reason of the beauty of its workmanship and the curious problems presented by its mysterious passages and chambers. One intuitive student has compared the interior arrangements with the description of the progress and trials of the soul after it leaves the body, and of the candidate for initiation into the Egyptian Sacred Mysteries which are described in the Egyptian Bible called *The Book of the Dead*. R.

The Great Pyramid

THE following is from Robert Hichen's *Egypt and its Monuments*:

"The wonders of Egypt man has made seem to increase in stature before the spirit's eyes as man learns to know them better, to tower up ever higher till the imagination is almost stricken by their looming greatness. Climb the Great Pyramid, spend a day with Abou on its summit, come down, penetrate its recesses, stand in the king's chamber, listen to the silence there, feel it with your hands—is it not tangible in this hot fastness of incorruptible death?—creep, like the surreptitious midget you feel yourself to be, up those long and steep inclines of polished stone, watching the bloomy darkness of the narrow walls, the far-off pin-point of light borne by the Bedouin who guides you, hear the twitter of the bats that have their dwelling in this monstrous gloom that man has made to shelter the thing whose ambition could never be embalmed . . . Now you know the Great Pyramid. . . . It is familiar to you. . . . No, it can never be that. . . . It has the power . . . of holding itself ever aloof."

An Ojibway Legend

WAS the country of the Ojibways fair? Ask Iagoo, the story-teller. He will say it was the fairest of all lands; for did not a Star-maiden once make her home there?

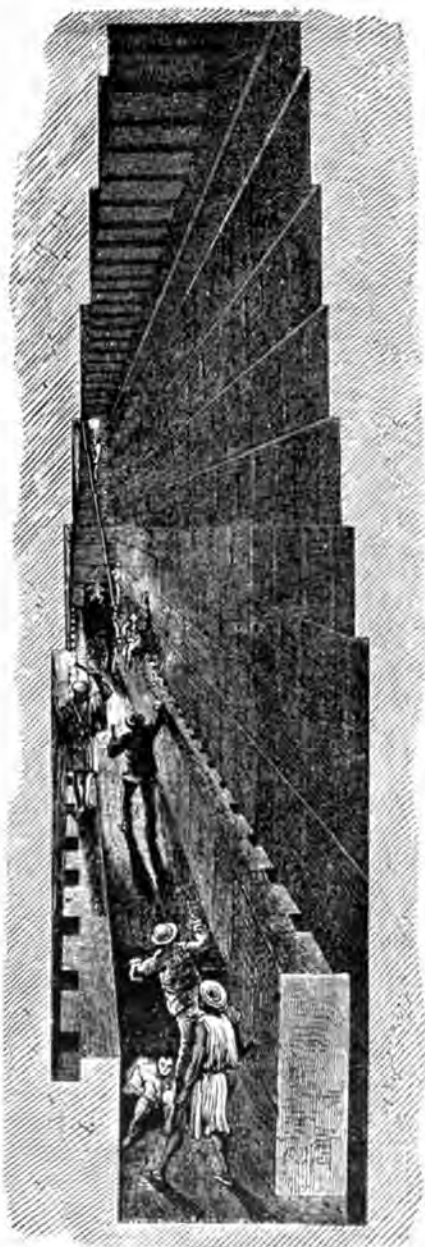
The Great Sun-God smiled upon the land, and under his loving care flowers blossomed everywhere. Birds made their nests in its deep woods, and the butterflies skimming over the plains were the messengers from the Nature-Spirits to the Ojibway people.

Those were the days of peace and plenty, and one night as the chiefs sat in council about the fire they saw a beautiful star glowing above the dark pines of the forest. They wondered that it should seem so near to earth, and the elders rose to seek the cause. Great was their amazement to find the star fastened to the tallest of the pines; though why, no man was wise enough to say.

A week passed, and every night the elders sat in council, but on the seventh night no more was known than on the first. It was growing late when a young warrior walked into their midst and told them of a dream that had come to him. While he had lain asleep the West Wind had drawn aside the curtains of his lodge, and then a beautiful maiden had stood before him. She said her home was in the star that they had seen, and told him of her travels and the wonderful lands that she had visited. "But none," she said, "was so fair as that of the Ojibways. If the people were willing she would always make her home with them." Then the warrior awoke, and a soft light was shining in his lodge.

The chiefs were greatly pleased when they heard of the dream, and leaving the fire sought the pine tree and the maiden. She was waiting to receive them, and smiled with joy when they thanked her for the honor she conferred.

Where should she live? The prairie flowers pleased her first, but scarcely had she nestled among them when a great herd of buffaloes frightened her. The noise of their feet was like the thunder, and as they raced by the flowers



GRAND GALLERY IN THE GREAT PYRAMID

swayed and trembled. This was no place for a home. Perhaps the mountain-rose would give her more protection. Thither the maiden went, and indeed the rose was beautiful, but so far away that the Ojibway lodges seemed no more than pebbles.

As the Star-maiden sat looking down from the lovely pink petals she saw a beautiful lake on the plains below. Upon its shining surface was a snow-white flower with leaves of glossy green. Soon a canoe shot out from the banks and in it was the young warrior who had taken her message to the chiefs. At last she had found the flower that was meant to be her home. The lily was like her own dear star, and on the quiet lake she was always near the people that she loved.

Do you wonder that the water-lily is so pure? How many other golden-hearted blossoms may not have been the homes of helpful spirits? We love them all, but some are held in greater reverence than others.

HAZEL

Love

Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven
returneth.—Robert Southey

Volcanic Disturbances in the Aleutian Islands

A RECENT number of *The Technical World* gives some facts about volcanic and similar disturbances among the Aleutian Islands that will prove of interest to our readers, inasmuch as they point to the fact that important changes are taking place there.

In fact, this magazine points out that the last link in a new World Highway, extending through the Americas to Alaska and on through Asia and Europe to the Atlantic, may be nearing its completion. What is still lacking is a passage by land from Alaska to Siberia, and happenings within recent years indicate that a chain of islands from North America to Asia may be completed, or that the whole of the ocean floor in that vicinity may be raised, forming a new continent or adding to the old ones.

Soundings and surveys of the floor of Bering Sea have shown that a great part of it is quite level and, moreover, that it is slowly rising. In some places this rising has taken place by jerks, so much so that the Government's Alaska cable has been snapped in two at various times, and on one occasion with such force as to leave the ends separated by more than a mile.

This elevation of the sea-floor is most likely a part of the general movement that is taking place all along the western American coast, which is characterized by the gradual rising of the land. In the Bering Sea this is helped by the vast amounts of sediment that are

brought down yearly by the Yukon and other Alaskan rivers.

According to *The Technical World*, no fewer than forty-two volcanoes exist on the Aleutian Islands, which are active nearly all the time and are of great interest to travelers passing that way;

while the famous Bogoslof Islands, just off the route of steamship travel into Bering Sea, rise high in the air and sink again into the sea with an attendant demonstration of such grandeur and awe-inspiring magnitude as eye-witnesses declare will be their most vivid remembrance until their dying day.

The Aleutian Islands are a continuation of the eleva-



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CHERNABORO VOLCANO, COOK INLET, GULF OF ALASKA

tion of land that curving up to the northeast forms first the Alaskan peninsula, and, attaining higher altitudes, the mountains of the same name.

A violent eruption of Chernaboro volcano (see illustration), on an island in the mouth of Cook Inlet, destroyed an Indian village and drove the survivors to the mainland, never to return. Ever since that time, about seventy-five years ago, they have told how the warring gods of fire and water in their displeasure drove them away.

One of the most active and well-known volcanoes among the Aleutian Islands is Shishaldin, near the mainland. Seven or eight years ago there was a violent eruption, during which the fires could be seen for one hundred miles around. In 1910 this mountain again broke forth about the same time as the Bogoslofs, and there are various evidences of a connexion between several of these volcanoes.

The crater of Shishaldin is one thousand feet across and noxious vapors are constantly rising from it, so that any one desirous of ascending it must wait for a favorable wind. The slopes are covered with streams of flowing lava, and everywhere there are holes from which flow boiling sulphur streams.

Another interesting volcano is "The Noise Maker of the North." This is Akutan, on the island of the same name, lying in the main line of the Aleutians. The reports of this volcano can be heard far away and sound like a heavy cannonade. The explosions always come in

*Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.*

WOODS NEAR ARNHEM, HOLLAND

pairs; in the words of one who has passed them many times:

With a tremor of the mountain, and then a crash, comes the first of the two explosions, and the puff of smoke shoots up from the crater, tearing a hole in the thick fog blanket that engulfs the summit of the peak. The larger report and puff of smoke follows, spreading the mist even wider, and disclosing for an instant the peak of the noise-making mountain. The fogs then settle slowly, shutting out all sight of the mountain top until the next explosion. These demonstrations occur with precision, and sometimes extend over a period of days, accompanied by earthquake shocks of greater or less duration.

It will be interesting in future years to watch the changes that occur in this part of the world, and to see if they carry out present indications.

There are many connexions between man's work and Nature's that we do not suspect, or of which we vaguely know but little, and concerning which we are not in a position to dogmatize; but it may be happening now—right before our eyes—that man's energy, transferred to a place where very little has been happening for centuries, is arousing a corresponding energy in Nature.

C. M. S.

The Friendly Giants of the Forest

PEOPLE who only think of their own profit and advantage look upon standing forests merely as so much lumber to be chopped down and turned into hard cash as soon as possible. But Rāja Yoga makes us take a wider view and bear in mind the rights of millions yet unborn. We should consider those who will be

living a thousand years from now, who would be made to suffer much in many ways if the green giants of the mountains were chopped down and sawn into planks.

A mountain range stripped of its trees, looks as unsightly as a skeleton without its covering of flesh. A forest should be valued not for its beauty only; but because it offers food and shelter for innumerable living things. The seeds of pinecones are the food of those delightful little acrobats called squirrels, which food they share in common with the crossbills, who extract the savory kernels with their curious twisted beaks. Deer with soft, gentle eyes browse on the foliage of certain trees, and owls make nurseries for their owlets in the hollow trunks. Bees also store their honey in the trees, and bats with leather wings hang dozing peacefully within the dark, moist cavities till twilight calls them forth.

Besides affording food and shelter for their own inhabitants, the forests render valuable service to the valleys far away. Upon the ground beneath the trees there lies a soft absorbent carpet of decaying leaves which, with the roots below that interlace the soil, combine to form a sort of sponge which soaks up almost all the rain that falls. Instead of rushing down the mountain sides like rain upon the bare roofs of houses, the showers are caught and held back, and long after the last rainfall the water slowly trickles down and finds its way into the rivers. But for the forests our rivers would be like the gutters on the roofs; brimful and overflowing while the rain is falling, and then dry and empty till the following rainstorm. Stored up by the spongy leafmold and absorbed by the roots, the rainwater is slowly fed

into the natural drainage channels; floods are avoided, and the river level is kept at a fairly constant height. After a forest has been burned or felled the rain flows down the slopes with terrible violence. The soil is carried off the land and poured into the rivers, where it chokes the channels and forms dangerous shoals.

When wood is really needed the old trees only should be felled, leaving the saplings uninjured to take their place. Seeds should also be sown or seedlings planted. There are many parts of the country too steep and rugged for farming where millions of beautiful trees would grow without needing any attention, once they were planted.

Trees also check the fierceness of the wind. Each leaf that flutters in the breeze acts as a drag to moderate the onward rush of the impetuous gale. The foliage of trees also gathers in quantities of water. In driving through the country you will always find that where the road is bordered by an avenue of trees the traces of a shower may easily be seen long after the ground is dry in other places not so sheltered. Some people say that trees attract the rain; but this remains as yet unproved. Well-wooded countries are certainly more moist than treeless regions of the earth; but this is partly because the drying winds are retarded by the forests, and partly because of the invisible water vapor given off by the leaves day after day. A white oak it is said "transpires" one hundred and fifty gallons of water in a single day.

Let us try to hand down our forests to our great-great-grand-children, and we may even add to their extent by steadily planting waste lands with the calm and beautiful and useful giants of the hills. P.

Taming the Wild Birds

BIRDS are not naturally afraid of mankind. It has often happened that sailors landing on oceanic islands where the birds have never seen the face of man, find the birds so tame that they will perch upon their shoulders. A young bird may be quietly removed from its nest and fed with earthworms and soaked bread, and so long as the parents are not near to teach it fear by their cries of terror, the nestling will feel quite at home in your hand.

Even grown-up wild birds will often hop quite close to people who sit out of doors, and if food is scattered near and the watcher is careful to make no sudden, jerky movements, the wild birds soon become quite tame.

One day a gray shrike hopped into one of the boys' homes at Point Loma, and by his actions announced that he had decided to be their friend. He flew about the grounds all day, and found his own food, and amused himself in his own fashion; but every now and then he would pay a visit to the home. If he was within hearing distance, he would come when called for at any time, and perch upon an outstretched hand to eat the insects that were offered.

It was in the same home that a wren built its nest in a hat that hung upon the wall.

Many of the smaller birds prefer to build their nests close to human dwellings because hawks, crows, and magpies dare not venture near, and thus their nests escape the visits of these pirates of the air. L.

Showers of Frogs

OFTEN do the newspapers record a shower of frogs and as often some one writes to the editor to say that the frogs did not fall from the sky, but were lying hidden under stones and in the grass, and were tempted to take a walk in the open to enjoy the warm, moist shower of rain. Certainly young frogs are very plentiful near ponds about the time they have passed the tadpole stage, and it may be that some of these, promenading in Nature's shower bath, have given rise to the accounts of showers of frogs. But one sometimes reads of showers of fish. And from what we know of the habits of fish we should not suppose that they were ever tempted to leave their ponds, however heavily it might rain, and flop and jump upon dry ground for pleasure. It is surely quite possible that fish and frogs are sucked up from the marshes by tornadoes and then, when the force of the twisting column has spent itself, its load of livestock would naturally be scattered over the surrounding country. Once, while building a chimney, a mason was driven from his work by a heavy rain-storm. When he returned he found the masonry covered with small frogs that must have been sprinkled down from above. P. L.

Rāja Yoga Messenger

THIS publication for Young Folk is under the direction of a staff of the students of the Rāja Yoga College at Lomaland. This periodical makes a beautiful gift—a gift that renews itself twelve times a year. What more acceptable gift could you make a child than this?

Address: BUSINESS MANAGER,

RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER,

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., OF THE RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA.

(As required by the Act of August 24, 1912.)

EDITORS: a Staff of Students of the Rāja Yoga Academy, Point Loma, Cal.

MANAGING EDITOR: Professor William A. Dunn, Point Loma, Cal.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Raoul López-Marín; Point Loma, Cal.

PUBLISHER: Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, Cal.

OWNERS: Rāja Yoga Academy, Point Loma, Cal.

Raoul R. López-Marín (Business Manager)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of Jan., 1913,

[Seal] J. F. KNOCH

Notary Public

(My Commission expires February 15, 1915.)

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by Students of the Râja Yoga School and Academy

Published by and under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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Subscription 50 Cents; Copy 5 Cents

Foreign Postage 25 Cents extra, Canadian 12 Cents

VOL. IX

MARCH 1913

No. 3



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WHERE THE BREAKING WAVES DASH HIGH, AT POINT LOMA

Loyalty

LOYALTY is one of the noblest qualities of human character. It is not only the binding force which unites us with Humanity, but is also the building power of human life. Everything we attain is ours only through our loyalty to some given ideal; for, whatever the line of life we may follow, we succeed only through holding true to the loftiest aspect presented by that particular work which is ours to do. Loyalty to our highest convictions, to the knowledge which belongs to our Nobler Selves, is like a mighty steed, mounted upon which it becomes possible for us to ride over all obstacles, and to redeem mistakes that were made when we were less fitly equipped for the battle of life, thus enabling us to reach beyond obstacles and mistakes and attain to some greater

victory than had ever been ours if we had not found loyalty.

The loyal carry with them an atmosphere, a genuineness, a sincerity and power, which are expressed in the smallest acts. They who are loyal to something, within or without, which is higher than themselves, grow and grow, as do the flowers, obeying the urge of the inner life to reach out and become one with the sunlight. With loyalty in the heart, failure or defeat cannot come. Who does not admire the one who is never really defeated, but is ever eager and ready to get up and go forward again? What is the quality that heartens one to make a new beginning, if it is not this feeling, even though a mistake has been made, through forgetfulness or weakness, or some other flaw in the character? The love for

principle or for the ideals manifesting in the life of a teacher brings out the thought that ripens quickly into new purpose: "I must be true!"

We all admire the characters of history who have shown loyalty to their country, sovereign, or leader; we praise the man whom we know to be loyal to his highest sense of honor; but above all we give a high place to the man who is not only loyal to country, honor, and the like, but besides all this, is constantly loyal to his sense of duty to his fellows; that is to say, he is one who lives not as a separate unit, endeavoring alone to climb upward, but who realizes and practises the highest ideal of Brotherhood, taking all his comrades with him in thought and feeling as he goes along.

Loyalty accompanied by perseverance is a combination indispensable to the making of any sort of real headway in life. If we make up our minds to accomplish anything lofty and noble, it will be our steadfast and unfaltering devotion to that which inspired us when we took our resolution, when we made up our minds, which alone can bring true results.

A great many are enthusiastic and willing to advance, but without constancy and loyalty this enthusiastic eagerness alone will be of little use. Real strength is shown by that which we *do well* from day to day. There are young people whose capabilities are greater than the average, but who, not having the disposition to work out their ideals, seem to be making ready to go through life in a self-satisfied manner, allowing the powers that should be put into active development to remain inactive. Then in later life such an individual often slides back and joins the ranks of the onlookers, who talk but do not act. The great characters of the world have gained all they have by constant striving along lines of self-mastery, of unflagging, loyal service to an ideal. We know that we, like them, cannot afford to let go the reins—that is, to become disloyal and waver, even for one moment.

One who has not yet found his ideal betrays the fact by his uncertainty as to what is right and what may be wrong. "I don't know what to do—this or that," is the attitude of one in whom loyalty has not yet awakened. Let a human being once find something to *be true to* and he will no longer hesitate in duty. He will move from act to act with his purpose clearly set before him. To him his ideal is what the sunshine is to the flower, and he seeks to blend his life with his bright hopes just as the flower lifts itself into the golden rays.

Before we go far in any right direction we must develop this noble quality of loyalty in our characters. BE TRUE! It is an injunction given by all who honestly teach. Rāja Yoga gives a beautiful opportunity each day to set the student in the way of moving loyally towards his highest ideals. If the young person has come to study Rāja Yoga without having found in himself the light of an ideal, he will be given many splendid chances to discover a path of action that he will be willing and glad to follow with earnest loyalty; for Rāja Yoga balances the

character and opens the way that unerringly leads the courageous pilgrim to his true place among the great souls of Humanity, fully equipped for the battle of life.



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YOUNG RĀJA YOGA PHOTOGRAPHERS

Tyre on the Sea

A SHORT distance south of Tyre the mountains of Lebanon run down and overhang the Mediterranean in an abrupt cliff. Here was the "Tyrian Ladder," the road carried along a gallery hewn in the cliff until it met the sea-plains beyond, of Philistia, or Palestine.

The ancient city of Tyre was built upon two small islands, half a mile from the mainland. Do you remember how Alexander the Great extended the city of Alexandria to a little island in the sea? Well, Alexander also connected, in the same way, the Phoenician city of Tyre with the mainland.

Tyre was never a large city, but so important that she was credited with inventions which were but remembrances and borrowings put to good use. From Tyre the first great sea-adventures set forth; in Tyre the famous royal purples were made; in Tyre were some of the first glass-works; to the Tyrians was ascribed the invention of arithmetic, measures, weights, even writing.



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POLLY IS SITTING FOR HER PICTURE: CAN YOU FIND POLLY?

The brave men of Tyre knew the sea not as a fearful foe, but as a friend to be trusted; not as a severer, but a uniter of men. The art of navigation builds up a strong, fearless manhood, and the Tyrians taught other nations (accustomed to the ways of the warlike) how much more valuable is strong manly peace. So, out of Tyre came the beginnings of modern commerce (that is, *mutual reward*), for the ships of Tyre exchanged up and down the seas the wares and wealth of distant lands.

Tyre is mentioned in an old papyrus manuscript, now in the British Museum, one of the very oldest known. This seems to be a letter to a friend in Egypt written by an official sent by Pharaoh to inspect the Syrian military posts. It is quite modern in its complaints of poor roads, the breaking down of his chariot, his spending a day in a dull village while the blacksmith repaired the damage, the theft of his baggage while he slept; and then it mentions his having visited "Tyre on the sea, to which water is carried in barks, and which is richer in fishes than in sands."

D. W.

Childhood

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

OH what a wilderness were this sad world
If man were always man, and never child;
If Nature gave no time, so sweetly wild,
When every thought is deftly crisped and curled,
Like fragrant hyacinth with dew impearled,
And every feeling in itself confiding,
Yet never single, but continuous, gliding
With wavy motion as, on wings unfurled,
A seraph clips Empyreal! . . .
But Heaven is kind, and therefore all possess
Once in their life fair Eden's simpleness.

Aspirations of Youth

JAMES MONTGOMERY

HIGHER, higher will we climb,
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story:
Happy when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge:
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence, true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth;
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather;
Oh! they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

The Sisters

THE little brown leaf and the tiny green one were sisters and lived close together on the sky-pointed branchlet of the north garden maple-tree. Some queer accident had made the brown one look old even in her youth, but she was strong, none the less, and she clung to her duties as faithfully as the greenest of all the thousands of members of the family. Perhaps, truthfully, the brown sister worked a bit more thoughtfully than some of the others, for she had added to her tasks that of looking after the small sister at her side. This tiny one had pushed out of her cradle very late in spring and for that reason never could grow very sturdy.

"Are you safe and sound? little sister dear," asked the brown motherly caretaker on a sharp morning in October.

"Yes, thank you," answered the tiny one cheerfully, but she fluttered restlessly about for a long time before she said: "Brown sister!"

"Yes, little one." The older leaf was all attention.

"I have a secret to tell you, but cannot find the beginning of it for you," faltered the green leaf.

"Shall I begin it then?" asked the other.

"How can *you* begin, when you cannot possibly know what it is?" The tiny green leaf was not cross, but her voice certainly sounded as though she had for the moment forgotten that dear brown sister's tender care and love.

"It's about a yellow dress, little sister. I guess that much of your secret!" The brown one knew, you see, something about the green one's vanities and fancies.

In her excitement to tell all, the tiny, pretty, silly leaf just missed being astonished at what her sister had said. She whispered rapidly: "Sister, I dreamed it all last



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ON THE GROUNDS OF THE RĀJA YOGA COLLEGE

night. I was dancing for ever so long after you had gone to sleep, and when at last it grew very cold and still and lonely in the moonlight, I dozed away into dreamland, and even there I thought that I was still dancing, but oh — how differently! My dear, I was all dressed up in the most beautiful yellow dress that ever was, and there were two red roses fastened on my shoulders! Ah, how gay I was, and how happily I danced then!"

"Y-e-s?" The brown leaf sighed as she spoke. Once only she sighed, and then very softly so that not even the excited sister so close to her knew that she had uttered the sad little sound. She knew well that she was ugly and old in appearance at least, and that she would never be like her tiny sister in adding bright color and gaiety to autumn's festive picture. Then quickly she just made herself happy in planning for her dainty sister's happiness.

That very night the great wonder came. In the morning the smaller leaf was more beautiful than ever she had been, wearing a golden satin robe that was adorned with two bright spots looking like wee, wee roses — just as she had dreamed it all.

"How very lovely you look, my little sister!" exclaimed the brown leaf when the late-rising sun sent light enough by which to see.

"Do I, dear?" replied the other soberly, as though she had suddenly grown very wise, in spite of her party dress. "Do you know," she murmured very gently, "I feel old and tired. I feel as sleepy as though I never were going to be wide awake and dance again for a long time."

"My dear, my dear! What has come over you so quickly?" The brown leaf bent anxiously above the pretty little one, as if to shield it still more closely, if she could.

"Why, don't you know, my good sister?" The sleepy one yawned. "It seems as if I had always known. You have been so busy attending to your work and taking care of me that you've missed the best part of your lessons. All the leaves have been told that the summer's duties and pleasures come right in the middle of our lives. There's all that went before and there's all that's coming after. Oh, goodbye — goodbye — dear brown sister! I didn't think this would come so suddenly!"

The gaily dressed, tiny, yellow leaf fluttered away out of sight. Then all winter long the faithful brown sister clung to her place and wondered what had become of her duties; and at last she, too, understood. She too fell asleep and had a happy dream, and when she awoke it was easy for her to let go, flutter away, and begin her work in another place.

ZELLA

A Stork's Autobiography



EAR READERS: It seems to me that the day before yesterday was the most remarkable in my life. I dare say there will hardly ever be a more important one in the short lifetime of a simple stork.

For just fancy how I must have felt at the moment of receiving my first letter!

Before opening this curiosity I examined it closely; what interesting message could bring a human being into contact with me — an ignorant stork? An American stamp! The postmark of Point Loma! I was puzzled more and more.

The letter contained a few lines: "Some children of Lomaland beg you so kindly for an autobiography. We are good friends with all the animals; why don't you come and live with us? We wish so much to make your acquaintance. Many greetings and thanks."

The request was simple, though for a young Dutch stork difficult to comply with.

I was born in the month of June, 1911. My two sisters and I were three tiny, ugly-looking creatures, at least in my opinion; father and mother were delighted when watching our unskilled manners. They both exerted themselves in giving us a good education. During the first weeks we had it quite easy; father took care of our feeding, and mother shared in our sorrow and joy, and covered us with both wings to keep us warm and protect us whenever it happened to rain.

After having grown a little, our poor, grayish, flecked garments improved a great deal. Mother Nature gave us a more stately garb. We were attired in white, and later we got black wings and a tail to match, just like father and mother.

We were somewhat proud of our new costumes, standing on the edge of our nest, looking from the very height over the meadows into the distance. But soon we were told that we had much to learn. We had our daily lessons in flying. That was a great event in our young lives. I still remember what a coward I was. Happily a stork seems to have much patience in teaching, and I dare say father set a good example, so he had great success.

We enjoyed the summer weather. We loved the blooming Dutch meadows, and the water-sides covered with forget-me-nots and ranunculus, and also the frogs, which we, somewhat naughtily, deceived and consumed!

So time ran quickly; summer passed, and autumn came with cooler nights, rains, and falling leaves. We young storks noticed, at that time of the year, a continually increasing activity. Not only was it in our own family, but our fellow-storks seemed to exhibit the same unrest. They met one another daily; we saw them discussing over and over again, and soon we learned that they were speaking of a long journey to Egypt, our winter resort. Some of

them considered the time for departure too early in the season; others told us that the swallows had already started off; so a few days later, when the last meeting closed, all the members voted unanimously for "departure."

It was a merry journey to the southern regions, though at first very fatiguing for a young bird. There was a commander, a strong comrade flying in front to clear the way, and the young ones following. Sometimes mother had to encourage me, and she taught me to be very attentive, that I might remember the way and not be led astray next spring when returning to dear Holland (which might happen should she be no more with us). So I remembered all her advice.

We had a daily rest in different places; the old ones knew quite well where to choose a bivouac where some food was to be found. After many days we heard a joyful cry: "Egypt! Egypt!"

Father was somewhat surprised that so many good things change and vary; he looked quite grave, and said in a most solemn tone: "Children, you must always show great respect to human beings; they are much wiser than we. We are always in great favor with them." I did not quite understand what he meant, but I knew when father was speaking to us that it was true.

In my opinion men have less veneration for the great works of their ancestors than we have. We storks build our nests in the regular stork-style, as grandfather and great-grandfather did, and we admire them still. But here in Egypt, where father noticed so many transformations, I could not appreciate the steady development of humanity.

Father had often told us of the island of Philae with



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BEAUTIFUL PHILOE FLOODED

its ruins of magnificent temples and monuments, and of the Nile and its borders; but now many sights did not correspond to his description. By so-called improvements these splendid monuments are threatened with destruction—to be washed away by the great river Nile. Now I must ask you, is this veneration? To me it is a vexed question.

Some storks were discontented at not finding the dear

old places as in days of yore. They determined on leaving Egypt, to continue their journey to the Congo. But we were happy as before—a pleasant retreat, a quiet pool with small fishes and other dainty bits, was all we wanted. We had months of rest and pleasure, of bathing in warm sunshine, of sniffing fresh air.

Mother was the first who advised our return; she was anxious to see Holland again. "Do you know," she said, "that the farmer near Drenthe is looking out for us? This little ring round my leg proves his wish to see us again. He says a stork gives a place a homelike air, and home means happiness. When the winds are more propitious we'll leave." She looked quite cheerful at the idea.

Our return journey was much easier. On the way I had made the acquaintance of Nelly Long-legs. She was of my age, and most charming in her way of flying; by mutual agreement we resolved to build our nest together. We very soon found a pole put up in the middle of a beautiful garden belonging to a farmhouse. The children were playing gaily, and shouted for joy when they saw us settling down on the high pole. We stayed there and were very busy during the first days, arranging our nest and making it soft and warm. Nelly assisted in every way. At this moment we have three eggs; she keeps them warm most patiently. Only once a day, in the afternoon, she goes out for some exercise and food. In the meantime I keep watch and turn the eggs, each of them, once over quite carefully with my long bill. So we are living in happiness, awaiting the future without any fear.

There is but one sad event to mention in this little story. Mother died soon after our return to Holland. We feel she must have been esteemed by every one. Her nobility of character and loving care of us has been appre-

ciated ever since. I believe this must have been the reason that the farmer sent her up to town to have her stuffed, and now she is the chief ornament in the museum of the Zoological Gardens at Amsterdam. Truly a great honor.



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A PEASANT'S HOME, DRENTHÉ, HOLLAND

To prove how the stork family has been esteemed in Holland for many centuries, I can tell you that the arms of the Dutch capital, The Hague, bear our image—a grown-up bird, standing on one leg, an eel in its bill.

Now, dear children, I hope you will be satisfied with the few events that have happened in my short but happy stork-life. I am very sorry to send regrets for your kind invitation to come over to the wonderland of California, but I fear I should miss the marshes and pools. Still worse, I should fail in my duty. Yours, REX STILT

The Snow-Clouds

KATE S. KELLOG

LITTLE white cloudlets, up in the sky,
Say, are you snowy ships, sailing on high?
Or are you downy sheep, running to find
Shelter away from the rude blowing wind?

Dear little cloudlets, I know why you're white.
Did you not drop all the snowflakes, last night?
Or was it wool that fell from the sheep,
Turning to white snow for us in our sleep?

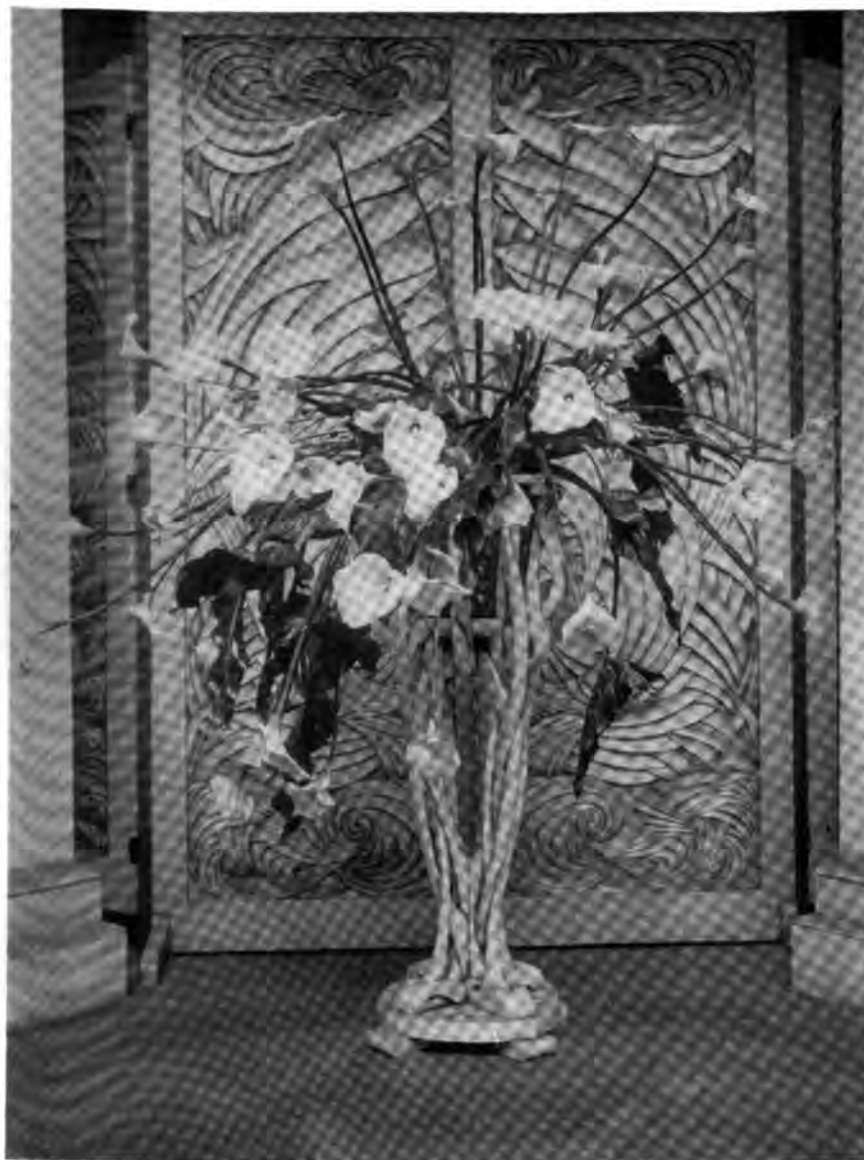
Dear little snowflakes, I know why you fly,
Gladly to us from your home in the sky.
You weave a mantle, soft, warm, and white,
To cover the flowers, that bade us, "Good night!"
Selected

I KNOW that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature.—*Charles Lamb*

A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment until there is a child in it rising three years old.—*Southey*



NELLY LONG-LEGS AT HOME



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

NATURE'S AND MAN'S HANDICRAFT
A CORNER OF THE ROTUNDA NEAR THE RÂJA YOGA LIBRARY

In the Râja Yoga Library

IF you go into the Râja Yoga Academy through the front door, on one side of the entrance-hall is a beautifully carved wooden screen. Pushing aside one of its panels gives access to a room lined everywhere with books, books, and books. This is the Râja Yoga Library, one of the favorite rooms of the Academy, for it holds the promise of many happy hours of pleasure or quiet study.

When once you are inside, with that carved screen drawn to, you feel as if in another world, and indeed you can transport yourself in thought to any quarter of the globe, or any period of time, if you only know how to find

the way—which lies through some of the choice books there.

One of the first things that one notices on entering a library is the outside of the books. Story-books nearly always have bright covers, often scarlet, with figures of gold, and fancy titles; the history-shelf boasts many series of similarly bound volumes in sober brown and tan; the poets are often blue, or green, suggesting the blue skies and the green fields within. Books can be worn out as well as anything else, and it sometimes happens that a number of old favorites will suddenly disappear—and will then come back in what seems to be the Râja Yoga Library uniform, neat brown, ready to last, and looking so spick-and-span. We find it hard to recognize these old friends sometimes, and have to look carefully, or we may miss them.

After you have been a few times, you soon begin to be acquainted with the fund of interesting information of all kinds that lies before you. Recently the Râja Yoga girls had for their Lotus Group subject, "Bees," and it was really surprising to count the number of books either entirely about these interesting little creatures, or that devoted a chapter or two to them. The nature-lover soon learns that if he goes to a certain corner, the wonders of Nature's realms will lie open before him. The water-world entrances one with its beautiful forms of crystals or

frozen snowflakes; another reads in wonder of the strange plants and animals of the ocean. On another shelf you find the pathway that leads to the dark interior of the earth, with its strange, mighty forces silently and powerfully at work, and oh, the flowers, and the birds and butterflies! You could fill a fairy garden with them, they are so beautiful. The book-traveler can go from one country to another in a very short time, filling his mind with pictures of other lands and learning to appreciate their peoples. Those of a scientific turn of mind, poetry-lovers, animal-friends, students of music, history, or literature, or even if you are of an inventive turn of mind—whatever your taste, it may be gratified here.



A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY
IN A LOMALAND HOME

A library is really a wonderful thing, viewed from several standpoints. In the first place, it represents so much human labor and knowledge. Take for example a book with the title *Acoustics, or the Phenomena of Sound*. Think of the careful study one must go through to be competent to write such a book, or one on the vast questions of astronomy that deal with the immensity of the Universe. One learns to value what the great minds of the world have done, in comparing their extensive knowledge with what we have learned. It helps us to realize the power of thought and concentration developed in such minds.

Then, too, our love of Nature must surely be deepened and our interest quickened when we begin to study how perfectly and accurately she works, never stopping, never rushing, but in all good time bringing forth the perfect forms, the strange and beautiful things that are the delight and inspiration of those who know how to appreciate them. Again, we learn of the beauties of other countries—what their ancient races have left, what they did, and what part they played in helping to write the story of man's past history. The places of the earth famous for their beauty and majesty become known to us, and we love them, and our own countries reveal what is every girl's and boy's pride to know—the natural monuments and places of interest in their own land.

For one who loves history and biography, what a mine of riches is a library! If we know how to choose rightly, we can people our thought-world with the great men and women of all times, whose lives constitute the

greatest legacy of our human family. If we always have the thought of these noble souls in our minds, think how like a talisman it acts against all wrong and falsehood. Besides, our ideas of patriotism are thus enlarged and uplifted; we do not bind it with the geographical limits of one particular country, but it spreads out, and our lives are enriched by the pictures of the heroic deeds of other races and times.

Christmas is a great time for our library, for it brings so many new arrivals, and there is the greatest joy when we look through the new books and see some that we had longed for, others that are new, and perhaps a new and splendid edition of some great author like Scott. We love books and have only those in our library that are worth reading, either for what they treat of in the way of instruction, for their literary worth, or for their portrayal of human life in ways that teach helpful lessons. The Rāja Yoga Library received nearly two hundred and fifty new books this last Christmas. Among these there are ten and twenty volume sets of the "old favorites"—Dickens, Thackeray, Stevenson, the Brontë sisters, Irving, Hawthorne, and Cooper—in beautiful bindings and superbly illustrated. In addition there were sets of biography, travel, and science. KATE



A QUIET HOUR AT THE RĀJA YOGA SCHOOL

Schubert

ZITELLA COCKE

Who would know thee, a loving heart must bring,
And hear with his heart's ears; else shall he miss
Thy perfect message and his own true bliss,—
As bird that fain would soar on single wing,
But faints and falls in its unequal flight;
For deepest depths of human tenderness
Are thine,—the mother's love and dear caress,
The wanderer's longing for the blessed sight
Of home and Fatherland, the lover's heart,
Wild despair, or thrilled with joyance sweet
Of happy souls who full requital meet.
Thus nature's yearnings find in thee a part;
O gentlest Master of them all,—since pain
And joy do live, thou hast not lived in vain!—Selected



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THE SPHINX AT THE FOOT OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE
ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LONDON (MODERN)

Architectural Styles and their Meaning

III. EGYPT (Concluded)

THE Egyptians had not much wood in their country, but had plenty of stone, so they quickly learned to use the latter. They also made bricks, but stone of various kinds was the favorite material for the temple buildings. The long, stiff stalks of the papyrus plant, a reed which grows in the Nile river, were sometimes bound together and used for temporary houses. In the dry climate of Egypt the papyrus did not quickly perish.

The Great Pyramid was a kind of temple. Most Egyptologists think that it, and all the other pyramids, were built for tombs, but nothing has been found in the Great Pyramid to prove that it ever was a tomb; it is impossible to understand why the builders should have gone to the immense trouble to construct the curious passages with which it abounds, particularly the Grand Gallery, if the purpose of the Pyramid was nothing more than to hold the king's body in safety.

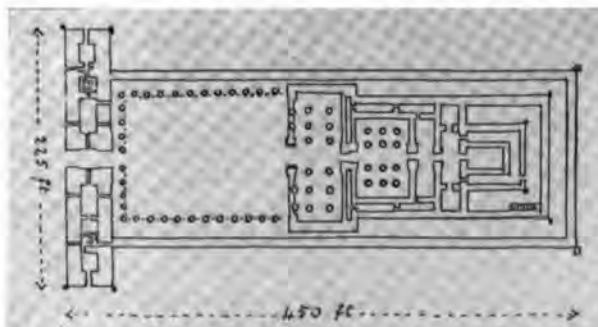
But the Pyramids are not what we usually think of when we speak of an Egyptian temple, and so we will leave them now. Hardly two countries agree in detail about the purpose to which they put their temples. The Egyptian temple was very different from a Greek temple or a Christian church, both in purpose and construction. The Greek temple was little more than a small chamber

to hold the statue of a divinity and sacred or valuable objects belonging to the city or state; the modern church is chiefly a place for large assemblies of people to meet in for worship; but the Egyptian temple partook more of the nature of a great college or dwelling-place for the learned men, though it included the mysterious "holy of holies," where the power of the divinity to whom it was dedicated was supposed to be concentrated, and where the sacred emblems were kept. It also contained large halls of handsome, colored pillars, and great courtyards where the public could be admitted on special occasions.



VIEW OF AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE AND GROUNDS
(Restored)

We will now imagine ourselves walking through an Egyptian temple of the most characteristic kind. Let us note the principal points that are important. The engravings on this and the next page will help you to understand what we shall speak about. From the outside the temple is very plain, but impressive. There is *not one window* to be seen, and only one door, as a rule—the great entrance portal, flanked by two high towers called pylons. A massive wall, generally covered with interesting carvings which told a wonderful story to those who could read them, surrounds the temple. Entering the great gateway, we find ourselves in a large court surrounded by colonnades of sturdy pillars; beyond this there is a covered hall of pillars, always very magnificently decorated with colored sculptures of the gods and royal personages. Passing through this Hypostyle Hall, as it is called, we shall find, in some temples, another large open courtyard with two more pylons. If there is only one court, the Hypostyle Hall leads to a maze of covered apartments surrounding the most secret and sacred cham-



PLAN OF TEMPLE OF EDFU, UPPER EGYPT
Built between B.C. 247 and 222, under Ptolemy Euergetes

ber, in which mysterious ceremonies were conducted. No ray of sunshine ever penetrated these secluded parts.

The outer rooms were used for various purposes connected with the general temple activities. In front of the temple tall flagpoles were fixed in grooves in the pylons, and rows of sphinxes bordered the road for a long distance. Staircases led up to the flat roof, and occasionally stately processions of priests and royal personages would be seen marching there to music, and carrying banners. Of course we know very little of the actual ceremonies and studies of the Egyptian priests, but, to judge by the limited information the papyrus manuscripts and the hieroglyphs give us, they must have been very remarkable.

Now that we have obtained a general idea of the temple, we may examine some of the details a little more closely. The first thing we shall notice is that nearly all of it is built in one story. The pylons have upper rooms, and in some temples there is a little pavilion on the roof, but the Egyptian style never developed many-storied buildings in stone. Wooden houses and palaces were probably of two stories only.

The next thing of importance is the shape of the openings — doors, and spaces between columns, etc. All these are flat. The Egyptians hardly ever used the arch, either the round or the pointed form. All their work is very square in design. Later on we shall have to learn something about the different kinds of arches, for that is a very important part of architectural study; but for the present it is enough to remember that the Egyptians pre-



A NATIVE WARRIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA

David Livingstone

The Explorer of the Dark Continent

JUST one hundred years ago there was born on March 19, 1813, in Blantyre, Scotland, a man who was destined through his journeys and researches in Africa to become famous as the greatest modern explorer.

David Livingstone when a boy was very able physically and intellectually. His parents were poor, so at the age of ten he was put to work in the cotton-mills, where his duties kept him from six a. m. until eight p. m. He was fond of books, so after his regular evening lessons, he would continue his reading and studying at home until midnight, or until his mother came to put out his candle.

His reading, however, was confined to poetry and religious and scientific books; for his father, a very pious man, would allow his son no novels. So eager was he for knowledge that he would not part with his books even during work hours, but kept one always open, to read a sentence now and then as he passed in his work.

Before the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace easily; but, much as he liked Latin, he found his chief delight in science. An ardent lover of Nature, when a small boy he would wander about the Clyde banks, collecting and examining flowers and shells. On one of his exploring rambles David once came upon a limestone quarry, and with his customary interest in things pertaining to Nature, he exclaimed: "However did those shells come into those rocks?" A quarryman who had been watching his eager investigations, considering him somewhat insane, replied: "When God made the rocks He made the shells in them." 'Tis this display of the quarry-



THE TEMPLE OF EDFU, UPPER EGYPT
General view, showing Pylons and first Court

ferred the flat form of opening to any other. This choice gives a very solid look to their buildings, particularly in connexion with the thick walls and stout pillars, and the enormously large stones they often used. Some of the stones are more than twenty-five feet long.

In ancient America, particularly in Peru, there are remains of great buildings made of enormous stones, and it is believed that they may have been erected by people who had some connexion with the Egyptians as there are many points of resemblance between them. R.

man's remarkable scientific lore did not, however, dampen David's enthusiasm. He continued to gather specimens and make his observations in the physical world, of which he afterwards became so earnest and profound a student. It was unfortunately not very often that he could spare the time from his work to devote much to these delightful pursuits, but on his Saturday half-holidays, and when occasional floods of the Clyde stopped the mill, he made the most of his opportunities and rambled off to revel in the pages of Nature's wonderful and interesting book.

Livingstone also became learned in the art of medicine, and his knowledge served him in good stead when working among the natives of Africa, where he was in such great demand as a physician that patients walked one hundred and thirty miles for his advice.

He took advantage of the missionary work being carried on at the time, and joined the London Missionary Society. His admiration for the medical missionaries was very great, and he finally resolved to go himself as one to China, where, until the eve of his departure, he intended to go. He was at first disappointed when it was decided that he should go to Africa instead. But once there, he found African traveling very fascinating.

Livingstone landed in Africa on December 8, 1840. It was his aim in this first journey to open up and explore new territory for the benefit of those who would follow him. He pushed northward from Algoa Bay through the Mabotsa Valley. Some of his discoveries in this period were Lake Ngami, which had never before been seen by a white man, and the Zambesi River. He also gave the first detailed account of the Kalahari Desert, which he crossed. To mention every discovery would be impossible, but in this period alone they were inestimable, for it must be remembered that he was traveling through regions hitherto unvisited and unknown to any but the savages who lived there.

He was trying to open up routes from Central Africa to the West and East Coasts. Following the Zambesi, he discovered the Victoria Falls which, after examining, he concluded to be caused by a fault in the bed of the river. He reached Kilimane on the southeastern coast after two years' journeying.

He then returned home to England, only to start out again for Africa shortly afterwards. His second visit was not so remarkable as his first or last, but was not entirely unfruitful in geographical results.

Before starting for his third and last trip, Livingstone was appointed H. M. Consul to Central Africa. The principal objects of this third expedition were to suppress the slave-trade in Africa, and to ascertain the watershed about Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. He wished also to inquire into the source of the Nile, which he believed to be farther south than hitherto supposed to be.

It was about this time that Livingstone, worn out with fatigue, opportunely met Stanley at Ujiji. Supplied with provisions, cheered, and inspired with new life, accompanied by Stanley, he explored the northern end of Lake

Tanganyika, and then went westward to Unganyembe. Here they separated, and Livingstone proceeded to Lake Bangweolo, and thence on through other yet unexplored regions.

It is said that no other African explorer ever did so much for African geography as Livingstone during his thirty years' work. His travels covered one-third of the continent — from the Cape to the Equator, and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean.

Through his work as a missionary Livingstone was brought into close contact with the natives. He lived with them in their huts, partook of their food, and sympathized with them in their joys and sorrows; all the while he was studying their languages and ways. By his gentle, courteous, and winning manners he won the hearts of the fiercest tribes among them, and was looked up to by all with the greatest respect and reverence. He was sincere in all his work, and lived up to the principles he held before the natives. It was a great shock to him when he found out that all missionaries were not equally true and honest, and that their lives and characters were not consistent with their words and positions. He always took the part of defending and sympathizing with the natives against the encroachments of settlers. He only presented to them, as far as he felt capable, what he understood to be the real teachings of Christ, that they might live better and more peaceful lives.

Many stories are told of his generosity and forgetfulness of self in his eagerness to do some kindness to some one else. At one time, being told that a party of hunters had been attacked and one man wounded by a black rhinoceros, one of the most dangerous of the wild beasts of Africa, Livingstone, although urged not to go, risked the danger of riding eight or ten miles alone through the wilderness to the aid of the unfortunate hunter. When he reached the place the man had died, and his companions had gone. Livingstone was left to return through the dangerous wilderness.

He was much beloved by all, and after his death, on May 1, 1873, he was carried by his faithful servants through the forest- and swamp-covered country and hostile tribes to the coast, thence to be taken to England, where he was laid in the central nave of Westminster Abbey.

David Livingstone was, in all his undertakings, whether in his home in Scotland, or in the midst of an African wilderness, ever the same honest, industrious man, and his life is a beautiful example of true self-sacrifice, courage, fortitude, and noble simplicity.

It is interesting to know that he never regretted his hard early training, but in after years, when he had become famous, he declared he felt very thankful for that early part of his education, and were he to begin life over again he would like to pass through the same discipline.

The family precept which his father held up before him was: "Be honest," and the motto which he constantly lived up to was, "Work hard." This gives us



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A SYLVAN LAKE AMONG THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN MONTANA

the keynote in Livingstone's life. He seemed never to spend an idle moment, and in his dealings with his fellows he was ever just, tender-hearted, and as simple as a child.

Livingstone's biographer, Judge Hughes, well known to all boys as the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, says:

What Livingstone did in order to keep his word to his poor attendants was a wonder in Africa, as it was the admiration of the world. His way of trusting them, too, was singularly winning. He would go up to a fierce chief, surrounded by his grinning warriors, with the same easy gait and kindly smile with which he would have approached his friends at Kuruman or Hamilton. . . . The noble conduct of the band that for eight months carried his remains towards the coast was a crowning proof of the love he inspired.

RUHI

The Lost Lake

M. G. G.

LOW in a trough of seas
Of emerald green it lay,
And near the marge huge trees,
Festooned with mosses gray,

No human being's trace
Of blaze or trail was there;
Pure magic ruled the place,
And held one unaware.

Deep slept and dreamed the mere,
Glassing yon summit high,
Shielded from winds austere
By fir trees standing nigh.

Over the mirrored blue,
Recalling fancies light,
The fleecy clouds o'er drew
Their wondrous patterns white.

A little brook, snow-fed,
Sent from the sombrous deep
A lilting note that sped
Over the lake asleep.

A stone's throw from the dell,
'Neath green, and blue, and gray,
No sound disturbed the spell,
There brooding night and day.

Oh mirror of the soul,
So ravishingly free,
Long mayest thou slumber whole,
Enwapt in phantasy!

(Written for the
Râja Yoga Messenger.)



Red Cedar

EVERY boy and girl may be interested in knowing something about the tree from which comes the wood used in lead pencils. Now that the slate and the slate pencil are rapidly going out of use, we are becoming more and more familiar with the lead pencil. And this is true of all civilized peoples, the world over.

Of course, to be made familiar with the lead pencil is to be made familiar with its wood. And it is of interest to know that nearly all this wood comes from one particular kind of tree. This tree, which is really a juniper, is known as Red Cedar, and also as Virginia Cedar. But to the botanist it is universally known as *Juniperus virginiana*. Its native home is the United States, where it is found all the way from New Brunswick to Southern Florida, and from Texas to Wisconsin.

No other wood has been found so well adapted to this use as Red Cedar. And so, whether you are sharpening a pencil that has "Made in Austria" printed upon it, or one that you know to have been made in New York, they all give off that delightful odor which we have

so closely associated with the sharpening of lead pencils.

But to return to our tree: To the forester it is remarkable on account of its wide distribution. And one reason why Red Cedar grows over such a large part of the country is, that it is not at all particular about the climate, or about what kind of soil it has. This is why it is usually found growing side by side with other trees, whether in the hardwood forests of the north, or among the southern pines.

In common, however, with all trees so widely distributed, there are regions in which it reaches greater perfection than in others. One of these is in Tennessee,

prepared for market. Shavings, sawdust, and other refuse which used to be burned, is now made into paper, to be used in underlaying carpets, lining trunks, etc., as it has some of the properties of camphor in protecting woolsens and furs from the inroads of moths and other injurious insects.

So limited is the supply for future uses of the pencil mills that many miles of Red Cedar fences, built by the earliest settlers in Tennessee, have been bought up. In some instances the fences have proven as valuable to the farmers as the land itself, a thing that must have been far from the minds of the original settlers. G.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ICEBERG OFF NEWFOUNDLAND COAST, NEAR ST. JOHN'S

between the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers, and another is a strip of country about half way down the west coast of Florida. In these parts the tree is seen at its best. This is particularly so in middle Tennessee, where the heavy limestone soil is rich, and where there is an abundance of rainfall. Here the Red Cedar covers large patches. Some of these extend for several miles. But even these are only remnants of vast virgin forests that once covered nearly the whole of central Tennessee.

As pencil material calls for the choicest parts of the best trees, the supply comes mainly from these few remaining patches; patches which are becoming smaller each year. Over 500,000 cubic feet of the choicest material is needed each year for the manufacture of pencils in the United States alone. But little or no waste is now permitted in the mills where the finished product is

The Birth of an Iceberg

IN Greenland enormous glaciers, composed of consolidated snow, creep slowly down their rocky beds into the sea. The huge tongue of ice juts out into the waves, growing longer every day and rising and falling with the tides, for it is elastic to a certain extent.

As we watch the floating promontory of ice one day from the deck of our vessel, we hear a loud boom like the roar of some great cannon. A mass of ice as big as eight city houses has split off the end, and, as the hollow sound reverberates among the cliffs, the new-born iceberg slowly plunges out of sight beneath the waves. As it sinks it pushes a high wall of green water before it, which wave rapidly advances towards the ship. The ponderous block of ice rolls over and rises again, while waterfalls pour over its steep sides into the waves. Once more it

dips and disappears from view, and as it rises it rocks and rolls uneasily from side to side. Again it sinks, but this time does not go entirely under. And now for nearly half an hour it rocks and rolls upon the water, finding its true position by degrees, until at last it settles into equilibrium and floats away on the tide.

No two icebergs are alike in anything except having the common property of being very cold. They are seen in the most wonderful variety of shapes, and show a great diversity in coloring. Some look like Arabs' tents, others like yachts in full sail. Sometimes they resemble castles or chalk cliffs, or even the forms of familiar animals. The high peaks shine in the sunlight with dazzling whiteness, while the side that lies in shadow is often a beautiful blue, the reflection of the sky. The precipitous sides are frequently of a lemonade green. Dark blue in an iceberg shows that it has been formed from fresh water, and sometimes icebergs of a chalky whiteness have bands of cobalt blue running through them, caused by streams that have run over the surface, or by snow that has melted and frozen again. Sailors in need of fresh water land on the blue icebergs to replenish their water-casks; but it is dangerous work, because, unless the icebergs are very large, they are apt to turn over with the men's weight and tip them into the cold water.

Seagulls may frequently be seen perched on the cliffs of icebergs, while on the lower levels a large population of seals lie dozing at their ease. Polar bears are known to make long voyages on these ice-ships. Twelve or thirteen polar bears in a season have been known to visit Iceland by crossing the strait that lies between that island and the western coast of Greenland. What becomes of the bears when the icebergs drift into the mid-Atlantic and melt in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream? It is supposed that the bears strike out for home before the distance is too great for them to swim, and as they have been known to keep afloat for two hundred miles at a stretch, we will hope that few are drowned at sea. Besides their living passengers, icebergs often carry a cargo of rocks which rolled upon them as they made their way down the Greenland valleys. The bed of the Atlantic must be strewn with rocks which have sunk to the bottom on the melting of the icebergs during hundreds of thousands of years.

Icebergs have about eight times their visible height below the waterline, and therefore can easily drift against a head wind when they are borne along on a strong current.

In warm weather cascades of water, formed by the melting of the ice, pour down from the higher parts of the icebergs; but the melting chiefly takes place under water in the warm currents. The loss of substance from below alters the iceberg's center of gravity, and as it rolls over it is apt to overwhelm any ship that happens to be near. Even on nights of heavy fog and black darkness, captains can always tell if icebergs are near by the falling of the thermometer. In Newfoundland, when an

unusually large number of icebergs are stranded on the beach, the opening of spring may be delayed for many weeks by the chilly presence of these monsters from the frozen north.

P. L.

How an Iceberg Helped a Ship

SOMETIMES a vessel crossing the Atlantic Ocean meets an ice-floe, which is simply a vast sheet of ice caused by the freezing over of the surface of the sea in the Arctic regions. The vessel cannot force a passage through, and if there is a great expanse of floe much precious time is lost in going round its edge. The ice-floes being merely the frozen crust of the polar sea, extend only a few feet below the waves, and so the ocean currents have little effect upon them, their motive power being mainly derived from the wind.

One day a captain who had sighted a vast floe lying directly in his vessel's course, noticed shortly afterwards a huge iceberg charging directly at the floe at a speed of about five miles an hour. Impatient of delay, he decided to do rather a venturesome thing. He tied his vessel to the iceberg and was taken in tow. Steadily the floating mountain of ice bore down upon the ice-floe and struck its edge with a grinding crash. Impelled by the strong under-current and carried forward by its own momentum, it ripped a passage for itself right through the floe, and the vessel following in its wake got safely through.

Icebergs have done such damage to our shipping that it is pleasant to know that they sometimes do the sailors a good turn.

L.

The Great Alpine Tunnels

AMONG the most interesting engineering feats of the last hundred years are the great tunnels through the Alps.

Before the days of long tunnels the Alps had always kept the peoples in that part of Europe separate to a great extent; notwithstanding the fact that splendid roads had been built across them long ago by the Romans, and in modern times by Napoleon. Finally, when railways had reached the foothills of these mountains from all directions, but could not get over them, tunnelling was attempted, although it then seemed impossible and was full of unknown dangers and difficulties.

The first railway to cross the Alps was the Semmering Railway in Austria, built to give direct communication between Vienna and its seaport, Trieste, during 1848-54. This was mostly a surface line, and had a tunnel one mile long at the crest of the mountains.

The next one was the first of the great tunnels. It was the Mont Cenis double-track tunnel, planned and built by the Italian and French Governments. As no tunnel of this length (seven and a half miles) had been attempted before, it was impossible to foretell the difficulties that might be encountered while boring so far under the peak of the mountain, and twenty-five years were allowed in

*Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.*

CHAMONIX AND MONT BLANC

which to finish it. At first it seemed as if it would take at least that long, but a compressed-air drill, invented at that time, made it possible to work so much faster that the tunnel was finished within thirteen years, and not long afterwards trains were running through it.

Since that time, as more experience has been gained and better tools invented, tunnels have taken less time to construct. For instance, the St. Gothard, although nine and one third miles long, only took seven years and four months, and the Arlberg, a little over six miles long, was built almost at the rate of two miles a year.

One of the most interesting things about these tunnels is that they are started from both ends at the same time, and generally slope upwards very gradually towards the center of the mountain, so that it is easy to see that most careful observations and measurements are necessary. However, so well are these made, that in every case there has been little or no error. For instance, in the Mont Cenis tunnel there was no error in direction, and the length of the great Simplon tunnel was calculated to within half an inch of the actual length!

The general method of boring a tunnel is to open a "heading" or hole smaller than the actual size of the

tunnel, install some system of hauling away the rock and earth, and then enlarge the heading until it has the proper dimensions.

Besides difficulties from falling rock, springs of water are often met with, sometimes hot, and the question of ventilation has to be solved. So that the engineer who undertakes a task such as the building of a long tunnel is beset with problems, often unexpected, which have to be solved before the work can proceed. C. S.

✱

The Inspiration of Bird-Life

HOW much of joy and the real soul life is taught us by the birds! They are always making harmonious and beautiful sounds, always happy and content. The air, the water, the land is equally their home, and there is never a soul so hardened but will be more or less touched with the happiness of the parent birds when building their nests and caring for their young. What other creatures will sing night and day as do the mocking-birds and nightingales at times? Some other birds will occasionally sing a trill in the middle of the night, and all birds unfailingly begin to sing at dawn and

greet the rising sun with a full-throated song of joy.

In their plumage is found every gorgeous tint of rainbow colors, of sky tint, or the pleasing green and neutral tints of nature; the soft blend and shadings of flowers are copied in the thousands of species in every clime.

Their motions are full of grace and beauty, besides being the swiftest of all earth's creatures in locomotion. They have a fondness for the upper air, the topmost branch of a tree, and the sky-lark soars up into the azure depths until out of sight, singing as he mounts.

In their selection of foods most birds prefer fruits, seeds and grasses, and the minute insects that destroy the food crops that man cultivates, thus making it possible for him to live, as otherwise the insects would destroy everything. Few birds show any carnivorous tendencies. Each species or group of birds seems to have leaders among them which they obey and follow. This is especially noticeable at migratory periods, when hundreds of birds fly in flocks, and stop to feed, or go, as the leader directs. No matter how busily they are feeding, when the leader suddenly darts away, they follow; even if some lag behind until the flock is out of sight, they never fail to start off soon in the same direction, flying more swiftly until they catch up.

What mathematicians and meteorologists birds are! They can beat any aviator in directing their course when they wish a change of climate or feeding-ground, and they speed as directly and with as true a sense as does the magnetic needle to its Pole. William Cullen Bryant took therefrom a lesson of trust when he wrote his ode *To the Waterfowl*.

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air
Lone wandering but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height the cold thin atmosphere
Yet stoops not, weary, to the welcome land
Though the dark night is near.

Thou art gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

STUDENT

A New American Bird

(*Sturnus vulgaris*)

THE common starling, found in all the countries lying between Kamtchatka and the Cape of Good Hope, has recently been introduced into America. Although a small bird—scarcely as big as a mocking-bird—he is a member of the highly respectable family of crows.

His plumage, when examined in the sunlight close at hand, is seen to shimmer with a bright metallic luster, flashing one moment with a gleam of vivid purple, and on a sudden changing to a glorious green. Every feather is tipped with cream-buff, and his plumage has been poetically described as "A garment of shot silk garnished with pearls."

It was in 1890 that the first imported starlings were set free in New York City, and for the next few years they settled down in Central Park, nesting very appropriately in the American Museum of Natural History. In 1909 they were reported from Lawrenceville, and soon after from Princeton, N. J., and Philadelphia. As they still further multiply they will no doubt extend their range over the whole continent.

The starlings will probably do more good than harm, as they are very fond of wireworms, and if they congregate among the cherry trees when fruit is ripe, we must consent to spare a few handfuls, bearing in mind the ancient proverb that the laborer is worthy of his hire. They are brisk, lively birds, and a little flock of starlings marching on a lawn in eager quest of wireworms and earthworms is a very pretty sight. Why do the sparrows and canaries hop with both legs at once, while crows and starlings march with a regular stride? Their bones and muscles have the same formation, but their gait and carriage are entirely different.

The English sparrow has been living in this country now for many years; but though a cheerful, active bird, he is not generally liked. Perhaps they begin to be cheerful too early in the morning for people who prefer to sleep late, and when their activity takes the form of excursions to the grain fields in the autumn, the farmers think themselves entitled to complain.

It always is a risky thing to introduce new animals and birds from foreign countries, and the Government has acted wisely in prohibiting the practice. We wonder what the Californian fruit-growers would say if the "Kalongs" or big frugivorous bats of Asia, should set up house-keeping among the apricot and fig orchards. The growers would be sure to make their feelings known. Sky-larks, brought over from Europe, have comfortably settled near Brooklyn and in one locality in Virginia; but no complaints have yet been made against them. P.

Rāja Yoga Messenger

THIS publication for Young Folk is under the direction of a staff of the students of the Rāja Yoga College at Lomaland. This periodical makes a beautiful gift—a gift that renews itself twelve times a year. What more acceptable gift could you make a child than this?

Send the RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER to your young friends.

Address: BUSINESS MANAGER,
RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER,
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by Students of the Râja Yoga School and Academy

Published by and under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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Subscription 50 Cents; Copy 5 Cents

Foreign Postage 25 Cents extra, Canadian 12 Cents

VOL. IX

APRIL 1913

No. 4

William Q. Judge

"AND the desert shall blossom like the rose." So has Lomaland blossomed, and in its spring beauty is a fitting tribute to the memory of William Q. Judge. He knew that such a beautiful land would be, and often spoke of the great school that would arise in the far west; and his noble and unselfish efforts helped to make it possible.

Mr. Judge was born in Ireland, that beautiful land with its wonderful past, and from his earliest years he showed a warrior's spirit. It is of his life after he came to America that we love to think most, though, for it was then that he met Madame Blavatsky and became acquainted with her great work. Her life had been devoted unselfishly to the cause of humanity, and when she saw Mr. Judge she knew that she had found a true friend. He was a friend, indeed, and remained faithful through every trial; and these were many, for those who come as the messengers of light must ever do battle with the powers of darkness.

Mr. Judge was devoted to duty; nothing placed in his hands was ever allowed to escape his attention, and it is this very devotion that gives us one of the most beautiful pictures of his life. He bent every energy to spread the teachings of Theosophy, and to guide people to a better and nobler life. Then there came a day when Madame Blavatsky knew she might leave Mr. Judge to carry on the great work she had begun, and that he would always be found at his post until another was sent to

take his place. The warrior-spirit stood forth more valiant than ever in those days, and no moment was left unguarded, nor one opportunity lost. More battles were fought and victories won, though the trials were as bitter as before.

Mr. Judge was a wonderful writer, and in *The Path*, a magazine which he published and edited, he gave to the world a wealth of literature. And sometimes he wrote wonderful stories of the old temple days in Ireland, stories that seem to bring those far-off times very close to our beautiful Lomaland.

Mr. Judge was the friend of little children, and it was he who began the Lotus Groups. The children all loved him too and love him still; and with each spring-time their thoughts turn again towards that unselfish life, a life that was one of the noblest fulfilments of pure and lofty ideals. It is in very truth a challenge to us, and calls us to awaken to the realization of our opportunities, opportunities that we never lose if we are always faithful to duty. So Mr. Judge seems very near, and though we perhaps never saw him, we still feel that we know him.

Now Katherine Tingley is carrying on that work,

for when William Q. Judge was called she stood ready to take his place, and through the results of her untiring efforts to aid humanity do we learn to love more and more those who first made it possible for the desert to blossom like the rose — those who planted the seeds that today are flowering in the Râja Yoga Schools.

H. O.



WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE



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BEAUTIFUL LOMALAND

Where the desert has been made to blossom like the rose.

A Curious Tale

A STORY OF OLD, OLD IRELAND IN PREHISTORIC DAYS

AS TOLD BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

(First published in *The Path*, Vol. III, p. 284, under the pen name of *Bryan Kinnavan*.)

SOME years ago I ran down to the Lakes of Killarney, but not for the purpose merely of seeing them as any other traveler. During my boyhood the idea of going there had always been before me and in dreams I would often find myself on the water or wandering near by. After this had occurred many times, I procured photographs of the scenery and was quite surprised to find that the dreams were accurate enough to seem like recollections. But various vicissitudes took me to other parts of the world, so that I passed my majority without having visited the place; and indeed, the decision to go there at last was not made until one day, while looking into a shop window in Dublin, my eye fell upon a picture of Killarney, and in an instant I was filled with a strong desire to see them. So I went on the first train and was very soon there, quartered with an old man who from the first seemed like an old friend.

The next day or two were devoted to wandering about with no purpose nor with great satisfaction, for the place as a bit of country did not interest me after all my wanderings in many different climes. But on the third day I went off into a field not far from the shores of one of the sheets of water, and sat down near an old well. It was still early in the afternoon, and unusually pleasant. My mind had no particular object before it, and I noticed an inability, quite unusual, to follow long a definite train of thought. As I sat

thus, drowsiness came over my senses, the field and the well grew gray but still remained in sight; yet I seemed to be changing into another man, and, as the minutes flew by, I saw the shadowy form or picture of a tall round tower, rising some fifty feet high, just beyond the well. Shaking myself, this disappeared and I thought I had fought off the sleepy feeling, but only for a moment. It returned with new intensity.

The well had disappeared and a building occupied its place, while the tall tower had grown solid; and then all desire to remain myself disappeared. I rose with a mechanical feeling that my duty, somehow or other, called me to the tower, and walked over into the building through which I knew it was necessary to go in order to reach the tower. As I passed inside the wall, there was the old well I had seen upon first coming into the field, but the strange incident did not attract my attention, for I knew the well as an old landmark. Reaching the tower, the steps wound up before me to the top, and as I mounted them a voice quite familiar called my name—a name not the same that I owned to upon sitting down near the well, but that did not attract my attention any more than the old well inside the wall. At last I emerged upon the top of the tower, and there was an old man keeping up a fire. It was the eternal fire never yet known to have gone out, and I out of all the other young disciples alone was permitted to help the old man.

As my head rose above the level of the low rim of the tower, I saw a calm and beautiful mountain not far away, and other towers nearer to it than mine.

"You are late," said the old man. I made no reply, as there was none to make, but I approached and showed by my attitude that I was ready to go on watching in his place. As I did this it flashed across me that the sun



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ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE

Erected in 1900 to the Memory of Helena P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge.

was nearing the horizon, and for an instant the memory of the old man with whom I lodged came before me, as well as the express train to be reached by cart, but that faded out as the old watcher looked into my brain with his piercing eyes.

"I fear to leave you in charge," was his first remark. "There is a shadow, dark and silent, near you."

"Do not fear, father," said I; "I will not leave the fire nor permit it to go out."

"If you do, then our doom is sealed and the destiny of Innisfallen delayed."

With those words he turned and left me, and soon I heard his footfall no more on the winding stairs that led below.

The fire seemed bewitched. It would hardly burn, and once or twice it almost paralyzed me with fear, so nearly did it expire. When the old man left me, it was burning

flame up, but all my efforts were vain—it was dead.

A sickening dread seized me, succeeded by a paralysis of every nerve except those that aid the hearing. I heard the stranger move towards me, and then I recognized his voice as he spoke. No other noises were about, all was dead and cold, and I seemed to know that the ancient guardian of the fire would return no more, that no one would return, and that some calamity had fallen.

"It is past," the stranger began. "You have reached a point where you failed to feed the fire ages ago. It is done. Do you want to hear of these things? The old man has gone long ago and can trouble you no more. Very soon you will be again in the whirl of the nineteenth century."

Speech then returned to me and I said, "Yes, tell me what this is, or has been."

"This is an old tower used by the immediate descend-



LAKES OF KILLARNEY, IRELAND

brightly. At last it seemed that my efforts and prayers were successful; the blaze sprang up and all looked well. Just then a noise on the stairs caused me to turn around, and to my surprise a complete stranger came upon the platform where none but the guardians were allowed.

"Look," said he. "Those fires beyond are dying out."

I looked and was filled with fear to see that the smoke from the towers near the mountain had died out, and in my sudden amazement rushed to the parapet to get a nearer view. Satisfied that what the stranger said was true, I turned to resume my watch, and there, oh horror! my own fire was just expiring. No lights or tinder were permitted there; the watcher had to renew the fire by means of the fire. In a frenzy of fear I leaped to bring new fuel and put it on the fire, fanned it, laid my face to it and strove with maddened gasps to blow the

ants of the White Magicians who settled on Ireland when England's Isle had not arisen from the sea. When the great Masters had to go away, strict injunctions were left that no fires on these towers were to go out, and the warning was also given that if the duties of life were neglected, if charity, duty and virtue were forgotten, the power to keep these fires alive would gradually disappear. The decadence of the virtues would coincide with the failure of the fires, and this, the last tower, guarded by an old man and a young man, would be the last to fail, and that even it could save the rest if its watchers were faithful.

"Many years elapsed, and the brilliant gem placed upon the mount of Innisfallen blazed both by day and night, until at last it seemed to fade a little. The curious sounding-stones, now found in Ireland, were not so easily

blown; only when a pure and faithful servant came down from the White Tower did the long, strange and moving sounds float over the mountains from the stone placed near the mount on which was the gem. Those stones had been used by the great magicians, and when the largest of them all, lying near the great White Tower, was sounded, the fairies of the lake appeared; when the stone of the mount was blown together with that at the White Tower, the spirits of the air and the water ranged themselves obediently around.

"But all this altered, and unbelief crept in, while the fires were kept up as a form.

"You were relied on with the old man. But vain dreams detained you one hour beyond your appointed time on this fatal day, now in the past, but shown you by my special favor. You came, but late. The old man was compelled to wait, but still feared to leave you, for he saw with prescient eye the dark finger of fate. He descended the stairs, and at the foot fell down and died. Your curiosity then drew you at the exact fatal moment to look at yonder tower, although you knew the prophecy and believed it. That moment decided all—and, poor boy, you could not hold back the iron hand of destiny.

"The fire has gone out. You returned to the floors below; at the foot of the stairs you saw them carrying off the old man and—"

At this point I saw the shadowy, waving shape of the tower; the building had disappeared, the well was beside me, and I was in the field again. Oh!—

✽

"Teacher and Friend"

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, the second Leader of the Theosophical Movement, died on March 21, 1896.

In the July issue of *Theosophy* Mr. J. H. Fussell, his private secretary, paid a loving tribute to his chief, from which we select the following:

Most of us who came into close association with William Q. Judge used to speak of him as the Chief, and here I wish to speak of the Chief as a Teacher, for there were hundreds in the Theosophical Society who looked upon and wrote to him as such. I speak particularly of this as I acted as his private secretary in such matters. . . .

In fact, William Q. Judge's method seemed always to be to help us to help ourselves, to know ourselves, to understand our own imperfections and also to know our own possibilities. . . .

For courage and fearlessness, for indomitable will and untiring energy, for unflinching performance of duty, for self-sacrificing love for the Society, whose great object is the uplifting of humanity, I have not met the equal of our Chief. More than that, he with H. P. Blavatsky stand out and in later centuries will stand out as two of the Great Souls of the ages, as two of the helpers, saviors, friends, of humanity.

We have had one of the great heroes of the world with us and I count it the greatest of privileges to have served under him and to know him as my Friend.



ANCIENT ROUND TOWER, CLONMACNOIS, IRELAND

The Dead at Clonmacnois

T. W. ROLLESTON

IN a quiet watered land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair;
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest
Of the Clan of Conn,
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven kings of Tara,
There the sons of Caibre sleep—
Battle-banners of the Gael, that in Kieran's plain of crosses
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffia,
And right many a lord of Breagh;
Deep the sod above Clan Creide and Clan Conaill,
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn, the Hundred-Fighter,
In the red earth lies at rest;
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers;
Many a swan-white breast.—*Selected*



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A CLUSTER OF LOMALAND ROSES
ON A SINGLE BRANCH

A Lomaland Flower-Play

DEAR Children: The tiny tots of Lomaland recently gave a charming flower-play, which afforded them, as well as those who saw it, so much pleasure that they wish all who did not see it to know something about it.

A beautiful garden greeted our eyes when the curtain rose. It looked as though fairyland had suddenly sprung up before us. The little children, dressed like flowers, were grouped about the stage, sound asleep.

Will-o'-the-Wisp, peering out from among the bushes, sees the flowers asleep, pauses in the center of the stage, and speaks.

"Hush!" he cries, "the flowers are sleeping! See them one and all—Mignonette, Iris, the tall Lily, and drowsy crimson Poppies—nodding by the wall."

He tells how he wanders about with his lantern on summer nights, guarding all the sleepers by its elfin light; how he feels the night wind passing by, hears the crickets chirping, and the gray owls' cry. He is free to wander where the fairies play, but must always vanish when dawn appears. Then with a low bow, he trips lightly off the stage.

Dawn begins to break, and Mignonette, who is the first to awaken, calls the other flowers, who wake up one by one and join in a fairy song. Stories follow, and

while all are busily talking Wild Rose strays unperceived into their midst.

Lily sees her first and calls the attention of the others to her intrusion. Wild Rose timidly explains that she strayed in by mistake in the dark, and begs them not to think her bold, for gardens, she knows, are very exclusive. The flowers eye her with wonder, and when she tells them that she grows by the roadsides, Lily throws up her hands and exclaims, "By roadsides, where every one sees you! Dear, dear! There's little seclusion in *that* life I fear!"

Wild Rose replies that all flowers are related, and that she is a cousin to fair Mistress Lily. At which Lily very haughtily calls her but a mere country cousin, and begs her to stay in her place. Wild Rose then tells them of the beauties of the country.

The meadows are starred with the Buttercups' gold;
The bee hovers and hums, the bobolink sings;
The swallow flies by with a glad rush of wings;
The fields stretch away to clap hands with the sky,
And—

"There!" Lily cries, "hush your chatter! Here's Prince Butterfly." On turning around Wild Rose sees Butterfly fluttering in. The flowers greet him cordially, and Butterfly admires each one in turn. Sweet Pea then asks him the news, and Butterfly, astonished that they have not already been told by some gossipy little bird, tells them that the great Fairy Queen will soon be there to choose from the garden the loveliest flower.

When they hear this all the flowers anxiously examine their petals. Poppy declares hers are charming, and Lily with anxious eye looks up and says she hopes it won't shower.

Suddenly Prince Butterfly sees Wild Rose for the first time and asks who she is. The flowers reply that she is only a weed that grows wild in the country. But Butterfly soon discovers who she really is, and then indignantly turns to the others and tells them that *they* were all once wild. Whereupon the flowers hang their heads in shame.

A flutter of wings is heard and in flies Bumble Bee, breathless and excited. He sounds his trumpet and announces the Queen, who appears in the background. Accompanied by her attendants, she passes through the garden, examining all the flowers—Lily, Sweet Pea, Mignonette, Poppy, and the rest—but says they all fail to please her. When at length she reaches Wild Rose, she praises her beauty and declares her the loveliest flower there. Attended by Butterfly and Bumble Bee, the Queen, leading Wild Rose by the hand, passes up to her throne, and looks about at the repentant flowers, who feel very much ashamed and ask Wild Rose to forgive them. Wild Rose tells them there is nothing to forgive, and bids them live in peace henceforth, content to grow, without envy or rancor, for they are all sisters. She then joins them in a goodnight song to their Queen.

RUTH



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SIR WALTER RALEIGH PRESENTING THE DEATH WARRANT OF MARY STUART TO QUEEN ELIZABETH
PAINTING BY JULIUS SCHRADER, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

Some Great Women of the Sixteenth Century

WHEN I read history and am impressed with any great deed, I feel as if I should like to see the woman who is concealed behind it as its secret incentive. — *Heinrich Heine*

AFTER you have studied history for a long time, you will find that one of the most important centuries, for every country, has been the sixteenth. Many things were done then which have had great influence on progress, and probably more great men and women lived then

than during almost any other century. Poets, artists, scientists, reformers, and military leaders flourished in every country. New and better ideas about education were introduced, and the fight for religious freedom began. So, you see, it was really a very important century.

I shall tell you about the great women who lived then. That is, about a few of them, for there were many, and we can say only a little about each one. We should all know about them, for they were splendid examples of

what noble women can do to be a blessing to those around them.

Queen Elizabeth was one of these women. Have you not heard how her people called her "Good Queen Bess" because she was so beloved? She was perhaps the greatest queen that England has ever had. Elizabeth was queen during one of the most trying periods in her country's history. The Protestant faith had just been introduced into England, and there were many changes. Elizabeth firmly maintained Protestantism, and in this way quieted many of the troubles of the preceding reigns, and guided the country safely through its religious difficulties. England was at peace during much of Elizabeth's reign, and so had a chance to prosper internally. The English were the foremost nation of that time, and boasted many famous men of different callings. Statesmen, writers, scientists, and dramatists were busy in their various ways, and



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MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

way, declared himself master of England, in Church and State. Catherine, who had been true to Henry all her life, refused to be set aside merely for his caprice, and by her taking such a dignified womanly position, the King was driven to a great step, which fortunately was a blessing to his country.

Mary, Queen of Scots, is another famous woman of that time. It may be that she is one of those misunderstood characters, whose true lives have never been known; therefore we must not judge her harshly.

Isabella of Castile may be considered in this group, although she died at the beginning of the century. She helped Columbus to secure ships for his voyage of discovery, and did so many things for her country that she is dearly beloved to this day. She planned many necessary improvements in her country. She established courts

of justice, even presiding in them personally to be sure that justice really was done, and she improved the trade of Spain. The laws were improved and regulated, the oppression of the nobles ended, and much greater order and peace were enjoyed by the long-suffering people.



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LADY JANE GREY

all were recognized and encouraged by the Queen, who favored and protected every movement that was of benefit to her country. Being herself a scholar, the Queen knew what a blessing education was.

Catherine of Aragon, the wife of Henry VIII, and Lady Jane Grey, famous for her learning and unhappy fate, were also in England during this period. Catherine was really the cause of the Reformation being brought into England. Henry wished to be divorced from her, but the Pope, when appeal was made, would not allow him to do so, and Henry, being determined to have his own



ISABELLA OF CASTILE



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THE MOTHER OF WILLIAM THE SILENT

In France was Margaret of Angoulême. She was the sister of Francis I, and the grandmother of the great French King Henry IV. She has been called "the Fine Flower of the French Renaissance." She was a patroness of art and science, and herself a writer. It is said of her that everything in France has felt the touch of this beautiful Princess, whose pure and unblemished character is in contrast with many of the women of that time who had most brilliant intellects but not her unstained character and womanly heart. Margaret favored all broad and liberal ideas. She could not endure persecution, and she had such an influence on her brother that the real government of France was in her hands for many years. At one time Francis was a captive in Spain, and Margaret, who loved her brother dearly, went there and finally secured his release. Towards the close of her life she devoted herself particularly to maintaining schools and to helping the poor. It is said that there was hardly a widow in Paris but wept at her death, in memory of some personal kindness received from the Princess.

Renée of Ferrara was a French princess who became the Duchess of Ferrara. Her court was a center of art and learning, and was a refuge for distressed reformers. The Duchess was banished

from her son's court on account of her religion, and she even endured persecution for the sake of her beliefs. The life at her court was so pure that people said of her that no evil could find a place there. She was a very spiritually-minded woman. She was the intimate friend of Vittoria Colonna, that sweet and lovely lady of sunny Italy, whom we all love for her life of helpfulness and unselfishness, and her appreciation of and friendship with Michaelangelo — the one friend the great sculptor had.

Juliana of Stolberg deserves our admiration for the way in which she trained her son, William the Silent, so as to foster in him the qualities that made him capable of liberating his country in the face of such fearful odds. All during the life of her son she was his most trusted adviser, and he always looked to her for counsel and encouragement.

These are only a few facts about some of the great women of the past. There are others, whose lives you will study fully for yourselves, perhaps, and they will give you inspiring examples of true hearts who left behind them lives that make their countries proud to acknowledge such noble daughters. KATE

✱

St. Mark's Square and the Campanile

ONE of the most beautiful and attractive spots in Venice is St. Mark's Square, where is concentrated much of Venice's grandest architectural work, of which she boasts not a meager display. Here stands the famous Campanile, which has attracted unusual interest since its fall and restoration. But before we go into its history let us take a hurried view of some of the surrounding buildings, replete with historic interest.



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COURTYARD OF THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE



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THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE
IN THE FOREGROUND THE LION OF ST. MARK'S

The great Ducal Palace, after having been several times destroyed and rebuilt in the past, now stands the consummation of artistic ingenuity and skill, a structure of marvelous beauty. A magnificent gateway, the Porta della Carta, unites the Palace to the Cathedral of St. Mark, which is considered by some eminent art critics the most beautiful building in the world. It has been fitly described as "an oriental poem in marble, mosaic, and gold." One is struck by the beauty and magnificence of its vaulted domes, fluted columns, graceful spires, and the richness of the beautifully ornamented façade. Many of its exquisite columns have been brought from Syria, Armenia, and other eastern countries, as some of their inscriptions show. The interior of the cathedral is equally magnificent with its bas-reliefs, marble statues, columns, and its frescoes and mosaics adorning the walls.

Between the Ducal Palace and the prison is the Bridge of Sighs, one of some three hundred and fifty or more bridges to be found in Venice. The most famous, however, is the Rialto, on the Grand Canal, a structure of much grace and symmetry, built entirely of marble.

A very beautiful and striking feature of St. Mark's Square is a flock of tame pigeons always to be seen there. They are called the sacred birds of Venice and are cared for with great affection by the people. They show no fear and allow themselves to be fed even by visitors, perching on their hands and shoulders. Looking from the Campanile,

which is west of the Cathedral of St. Mark, one is able to see many beautiful buildings, and the view is a grand one, especially at sunset.

To return to the Campanile itself, the tower was founded in 888. Several centuries later it was injured by lightning and earthquakes, and on its restoration in 1417 was made more beautiful by the addition of a marble top. This, however, proved too heavy for the shaft of the tower and is believed to have caused its subsequent collapse.

On the day before its fall cracks were visible in the tower. A gathering crowd watched these as they gradually widened and branched out. They saw a column of dust issue from a huge rift in the top of the tower. Then a column fell, and the whole tower began to sway. The people beheld with dismay the fall of the golden angel which had been added to crown the summit of the Campanile, and finally, with tearful eyes, they watched the tower itself slowly sink to the ground. This occurred on July 14, 1902, after it had watched over and guarded the city for one thousand and fourteen years. It has now been rebuilt, and it is a joy and a comfort to the Venetians to hear its bell again.

Some wonderful work has been accomplished in its restoration. By the help of photographs and plaster casts the artists were able to make the new structure in many ways resemble the old one. Broken columns were skillfully fitted together; new ones were made from shattered



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ST. MARK'S, VENICE

remnants; its beautiful bronze gates were recast; statues, reliefs, and carved capitals were restored, and Sansovino's wonderful masterpiece, the group of the Madonna, St. John, and the Christ Child, has been pieced together. The head of the Madonna, however, was crushed to powder, and the Venetians are waiting for some genius to model another like Sansovino's original. Another feature of interest is the restoration of the vestibule on the east side of the tower, also built by Sansovino, which was a gathering-place for the nobility. It was at first thought impossible to restore it, but it has been made so like the old one as to deceive even the experienced eye of the Venetian.

The new Campanile, as was the old, is three hundred and twenty-two feet high. A new gilt-bronze angel has also been added to the tower. The shaft is built of the same size and color of bricks as it was before, but the inside has been made more secure, so as to avoid any further accident.

The Campanile has been the model for many towers throughout Italy, but none of them equals the one of St. Mark's.

R. W.

THE first days of spring have less grace than the growing virtue of a young man.

TO DO great things a man must live as though he had never to die.

GREAT thoughts come from the heart.—*L'auvengues*



THE CAMPANILE AND DUCAL PALACE FROM THE GRAND CANAL



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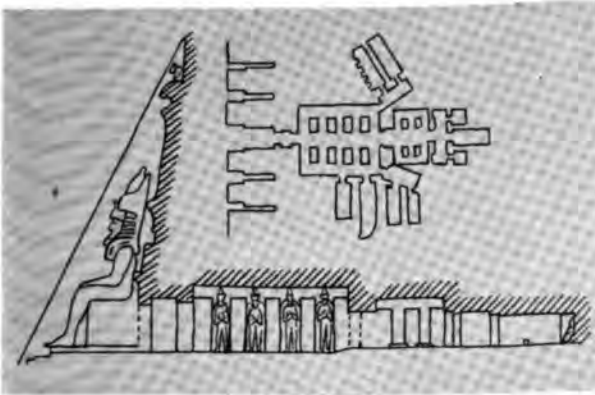
BRIDGE OF THE RIALTO

Architectural Styles and their Meaning

IV. EGYPT (Continued)

WE must now speak of quite another kind of temple which was built by the Egyptians, but, oddly enough, not in Egypt, but in Nubia, which lies south of the First Cataract on the Nile. These temples are cut out of the solid cliffs at the side of the river. Their "façades" or fronts are carved with wonderful sculptures out of the living rock, and the inner chambers are hewn out of the hills to a great depth. A few of the rock-cut temples have courts and pylons built in front of the excavated part, but the most splendid ones are entirely carved out. The entirely rock-cut ones have no courts nor pylons, but enormous and majestic statues fill up the façade.

The two finest rock-cut temples are at Abu Simbel on the upper Nile, near the Second Cataract, and were built for Rameses II, about fourteen centuries B. C. The figures outside the largest temple are seventy feet high; they represent Rameses, and are the most beautiful and dignified colossi in Egyptian art. They have no trace of vulgarity or exaggeration often noticed in colossal works of this sort. The temple penetrates the rock to a depth of one hundred and fifty feet and contains two large halls and three cells with eight side-chapels. The walls are covered with sculptures and paintings,



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SECTION AND PLAN OF GREAT ROCK-CUT TEMPLE
ABU SIMBEL, NUBIA

and in the grand hall there are eight immense figures of the Egyptian Savior, Osiris, twenty feet high. The entrance is towards the east, and the light of the sun at rising streams in and falls upon the altar at the end of the temple twice a year. The moonlight does the same once a month.

The Egyptians attached great importance to the preser-



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GIGANTIC STATUE OF RAMESES II
ABU SIMBEL

Before the sand was cleared away
from the Cave Temple.

vation of their mummies, and built various kinds of tombs at different periods. Few of these have any particular architectural features to detain us, being mostly chambers cut out of the rock, but there are some at a place called Beni-Hassan, on the eastern side of the Nile, which have great interest because of the strong resemblance their entrances present to the style of Greek architecture called Doric. They were made at least fourteen hundred years before the earliest Greek Doric temples were built, but, as the Greeks learned so much from the Egyptians, it is very likely that they got the general idea of the Doric from the tombs at Beni-Hassan.

The obelisk must not be forgotten in our sketch of Egyptian architecture. These monuments were placed,



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TOMBS AT BENI-HASSAN
Showing strong resemblance to Greek Doric

usually in pairs, in front of the temples, and were all made of single blocks of stone of immense size. They are square, slightly tapering pillars with pointed caps, and are inscribed with hieroglyphic characters recording the style and titles of the king who erected them. It is remarkable that, while all the pyramids are on the western side of the Nile, all the obelisks are on the eastern side. The greatest of all is at Karnak and measures one hundred and five feet in height. Twelve obelisks have been taken to Rome, where they can be seen in the public squares, and there are others in Paris, London, and New York.

Besides the obelisks, the approaches to the temples were decorated with rows and rows of sphinxes in granite. These sphinxes usually had animal bodies and human heads, but sometimes they had lions' or rams' heads; and, although they are really works of sculpture, they are such an integral part of the architectural designs that we may consider them to partake of the nature of architecture, at least as much as the great human figures which are so commonly used as architectural features both inside and outside Egyptian temples.

Egypt being such a rainless country, there was no need

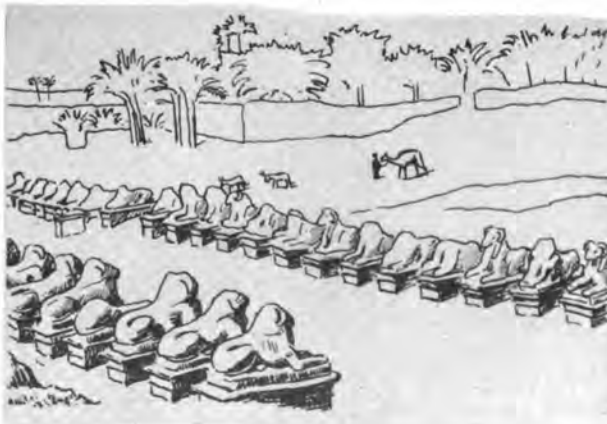


TEMPLE OF HATHOR AT ABU SIMBEL, NUBIA

for steep roofs to throw off water or snow, therefore we are not surprised to find that all the roofs were flat. There is so much sunshine in Egypt that large windows were not necessary; in fact, many of the temples have no windows at all. For the lighting of the more public parts they depended upon the great doors and upon openings above the pillars near the roof in the great halls. As for the secret chambers in the interior, they must have

been artificially lighted, though we do not know what kind of illumination the Egyptians used. There is no trace of smoke in the rooms. They may have had electricity.

The Egyptian builders had a clever trick for making the temples seem longer than they really were. This consisted in making the doorways of each part, as you look from the entrance, gradually diminish in size, so that the most distant one seemed to be much farther off than it really was. This artifice was easily carried out with success as the doorways were usually in one line. Builders in other countries have adopted similar plans to make their buildings look larger. In the Gothic cathedrals of the Middle Ages we find curious little tricks which quite deceive the eye in more ways than one. R.



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AVENUE OF RAM-HEADED SPHINXES AT KARNAK

In all art, structure is all important, felt, or painfully missed everywhere—that architectural conception of work which foresees the end in the beginning, and never loses sight of it, and in every part is conscious of all the rest. . . . Architecture, if it is to be rich and expressive, involves not only foresight of the end in the beginning, but also development or growth of design in the process of execution, with many irregularities, surprises, and afterthoughts. — *Pater*

THERE is no joy that equals the feeling of contentment that attends a life of well-performed duty.



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AMONG THE "BIG TREES" OF CALIFORNIA. ONE OF THESE SEQUOIA GIANTS IS 285 FEET HIGH

The Tree

JONES VERY

I LOVE thee when thy swelling buds appear,
 And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
 As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
 Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
 And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
 To veil from view the early robin's nest,
 I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
 With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;
 And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare,
 And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
 When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
 I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
 And through thy leafless arms to look above
 On stars that brighter beam when most we need their love.

Selected



ARE you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
 What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
 Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
 Only engage and then the work grows heated;
 Begin and then the work will be completed.—Goethe

Among the "Big Trees" of California

(*Sequoia wellingtonia*)

A KING'S jester, having offended his master by some impertinent prank, was sentenced to death; but as he had been a merry fellow, his royal master granted him the privilege of choosing the tree on which to be executed. The jester very wisely selected a gooseberry bush and so lived to die a natural death. There is no real difference between a tree and a bush except the difference in size. A tree is a giant bush and a bush is a dwarf tree.

The tallest tree in the world is believed to be the giant eucalyptus of Australia (*Eucalyptus amygdalina*) one of which is known to have reached a height of four hundred and seventy feet. The biggest of California's "Big Trees" measures three hundred and fifty feet, but they are more majestic by far than the Australian giants because their girth is in proportion to their height, whereas the giant eucalyptus, although taller has a somewhat straggling and weedy appearance.

Botanists tell us that probably some of the "Big Trees"

now living were seedlings five thousand years ago, and many of them are known to have lived four thousand years for certain, because we can count the rings on the stumps of some which have been felled.

However much he may have read about their towering height and their enormous girth, a feeling of awe and amazement overwhelms the visitor who enters the still depths of the forest home of these vegetable giants for the first time. He walks across a spacious platform and is told that it is the stump of a big tree. Perhaps he sleeps in a house consisting solely of a hollow trunk furnished and fitted up for human habitation. The lofty tree-tops are lost to view in a maze of interlacing branches and while he creeps upon the forest floor in the dim twilight caused by the foliage overhead, the topmost boughs lie bathed in the clear sunshine and are gently rocked by the free winds of heaven.

His pride is humbled as he walks beneath a tree which was already two thousand years old at the fall of Troy, and which braved the storm and drank the raindrops long before Rome was founded. Columbus is merely a recent intruder in the sight of one of these patriarchs, and the Pilgrim Fathers seem to have landed only yesterday. It is strange to think that these huge trunks are principally composed of invisible gases condensed by the leaves from the winds which pass over them. If you put a piece of wood into your stove, the greater part of it flies up the chimney unseen, in the form of hot gas, leaving a pinch or two of gray ashes behind in the grate. These ashes are simply the mineral matter that the wood drew from the soil; the rest of the solid matter was gathered from the invisible air, and to the air it returns again as it floats out of the chimney-top.

As the breath leaves the mouth of an animal it is charged with a poisonous gas, carbonic acid gas by name. The leaves of a tree possess the wonderful power of splitting up this gas into two parts as long as the sunshine is upon them. The carbon they keep; but the pure oxygen is liberated into the air, and is now fit for the animals to breathe over again. As you sit in a sunny room with a potted geranium standing on the table, a magical interchange is taking place between you and the plant, though very few people seem to know of it. The waste and poisonous gas from your lungs is seized by the geranium; the carbon is extracted and used to build green leaves and scarlet petals; while the oxygen, now fresh and purified, is given back for you to breathe once more. Who would suppose that the massive trunk of a forest giant whose fall would shake the ground like an earthquake, was built up from the soft and yielding breezes on which the leaves dance and flutter!

A child grows by the gradual elongation of his body and limbs, so that his knee, for instance, is a little farther from the ground every year that he continues growing. Many people believe that trees grow in the same way by the slow lengthening of the trunk and branches. This is a mistake. Trees grow taller as brick chimneys get

higher, by additions at the top. If you drive a nail into a tree exactly four feet from the ground and come back in one year or twenty years, you will find your nail still in its old place, exactly four feet from the ground. Of course trees grow in girth as well as in height, and add one ring of new wood around the trunk and every branch and twig in a season. In very wet years a broad ring will be seen; while in years of drought, when the flow of sap is scant and feeble, the ring formed may be so narrow as to escape your notice.

Millions of seeds drop from the "big" trees' cones every year—tiny seeds no bigger than a baby's thumb-nail—and it seems wonderful that such monstrous trees should grow from such small germs. Very, very few of all these millions of seeds ever become trees; but they have not been made in vain and are not wasted. The thrifty little squirrels nibble off the cones in the fall of the year and store the seeds for their use in winter. P.

The Measurement of Trees

IT is easy to measure a fallen tree with a tape; but unless you can climb like a squirrel, it is rather difficult to obtain the height of a standing tree in the same way.

There is another method besides tape measurement, however, which saves climbing and exercises your brain instead. Every one has noticed that the length of shadows varies according to the time of day. They are long in the morning; they are shortest at noon; and as the sun declines in the west they lengthen out once more. Suppose that a stick, standing exactly a foot high, is seen to cast a shadow two feet long at a particular time of the day, then it will be very easy to measure any tree at that time so long as the sun is shining. All you have to do is to find the length of the tree's shadow on the ground and divide the number of feet by two. It is quite plain that a tree which casts a shadow sixty feet when a one-foot post's shadow is twice as long as the post is high, must be thirty feet high. But sometimes the sum is more difficult. You do not need to carry a post about with you, because your father will do just as well, and if he measures exactly six feet, or exactly five feet, so much the better, as then you will have no odd inches to complicate the sum.

Suppose that you measure the shadow of a tree and find it to be seventy feet, while at the same time your six-foot father casts a shadow ten feet long upon the ground. Right before you lies a nice little sum in proportion. The height of the tree must be the same part of its seventy-foot shadow that your six-foot father is of his ten-foot shadow. Height of tree: 70::6:10, or $70 \times 6 \div 10 = 42$. Your tree then is forty-two feet high.

In Germany the foresters use a simpler method still. The forester stands with his back towards the tree, bends over and takes a look at the tree-top with his head between his knees. If he is just able to see the top of

the tree and no higher, he is standing at a distance from the tree exactly equal to its height, and all he has to do is to pace off the distance. He first makes a rough guess as to where to stand and then moves nearer or farther away until he gets the exact spot where he can just see the tree-top between his knees.

Or again, you can train your eye to imagine how many times your six-foot father could stand on his own head up the tree, and then multiply the number of times by six, when you will obtain a fairly accurate estimate of the height of the tree.

The next sunny day you walk into the country try all three ways and see how nearly they will agree. L.

To the Cuckoo

JOHN LOGAN

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants of the Spring.—*Selected*

The Artesian Wells of Australia

WATER is one of the prime necessities of life, as much for plants as for animals. The vast deserts of the world only need a supply of this life-giving element to become not only habitable, but rich and productive. Hence, whenever there is a river sufficiently near, men construct great irrigation systems, but if this is not possible the only remaining hope lies in boring artesian wells.

The ideal artesian basin consists of a layer of porous earth, with a layer of clay or other impervious material above and another below. The water sinks in at the exposed rim of the porous layer and is prevented from being absorbed into the earth by the two impervious layers. The pressure of the water contained in the porous layer is all concentrated at the lowest point, and if a well is sunk here the water will rise in it until it reaches the same level as the exposed edge of the layer.

In the case of Australia, the main artesian basin covers an area of some 560,000 square miles, being the largest

in the world, excepting the Dakota basin in North America. This basin is not perfect, there being considerable leakage, but scientists are divided in opinion as to whether the leak is only into the Gulf of Carpentaria, or also to the southward.

Assuming that one-fifth of the annual rainfall, which is twenty-five inches, sinks into the porous beds, it has been calculated that 13,580,000,000 gallons flow daily into the basin. As this basin is very deep in places, the temperature of the water is occasionally very high, the increase being at the rate of 1°F. for every forty-four feet of depth.

There are two main theories in regard to this particular basin. One is, that the waters are the accumulation



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A WATERFALL, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA

of several centuries, perhaps millenniums. Thus we have a vast, but nevertheless limited, supply of water. But the other theorists maintain that water standing for so long would absorb a lot of saline matter from the rocks, and that as the water which comes from this basin is quite fresh, it cannot be the accumulation of ages, but must be renewing itself continually from the rains.

It is interesting to note that the water is sometimes forced out of the earth by the pressure of gas as well as by its own hydraulic pressure. In one case, where this happens to be sulphureted hydrogen, the water has valu-

able medicinal qualities and is sold all over Australia.

There are two main systems of drilling the wells. In one, a long vertical rod bearing a cutting edge at the end is raised and dropped at the rate of thirty or fifty blows a minute, by this means gradually boring the hole. It is a slow task, the rate of advance in rock being from three to twelve inches an hour. This percussion system has been superseded in some cases by regular drilling, the drill consisting of a circular tool having a number of Brazilian black diamonds inserted in its face. This is turned continuously, gradually boring out the hole. The well varies from ten inches in diameter at the top to about five at the bottom, and is lined with wrought iron.

The deepest bore is at Binnerah, in Queensland, being 5045 feet deep, almost a mile. The well having the greatest flow is situated at Charleville, in the same state, its daily flow being over 3,000,000 gallons. In all there are between 1300 and 1400 bores. In one case, at Boomi, New South Wales, the pressure is so great that if the casing were carried up high enough the water would rise to a height of 350 feet above the ground.

If this immense supply of water is used economically it will be a most potent factor in the development of one of the richest farming and sheep-raising countries in the world.

C. M. S.

Each in Its Own Way

THERE'S never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird-wing fleetier;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart
His dawnlight gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.—*Selected*

Helping the Blind to See

AN invention which has aroused considerable interest of late, is an application of the properties of the metal selenium to an instrument which enables the blind to hear light. This substance conducts electricity better in the light than in the dark, so that if it is connected up in a certain way to a telephone, one may be enabled to hear the sputtering of a match, of a gas jet, etc. The instrument is enclosed in a small box, not unlike a camera in appearance, and by pointing the box in different directions, the direction of the source of light may be ascertained by the loudness of the sound in the telephone connected therewith. The passage of the hand over the opening in front will also give an indication in sound, but the nature of the object will not be indicated.

Although this instrument will not entirely recompense the blind, it will certainly be a great help, and may lead on to still more perfect instruments.

W. T.

The Winds

FLORENCE HOARE

THE winds of winter seem to me
A troop of merry boys,
The old earth is their nursery,
The land and sea their toys,
And when they shout and make a noise,
And break things ev'ry where,
Dame Nature cries "Boys will be boys"
And doesn't seem to care.

The summer winds are little girls,
And they behave quite well,
With daisy frills and clover curls
They play about the dell.
And if they often shed a tear,
Or quarrel for a while,
Dame Nature never stays to hear,
And only seems to smile.

And if they sometimes disobey,
And wander out of reach,
Or boys and girls together play,
The old earth does not preach;
She knows how dull her days would be,
How stript of all their joys,
Without Dame Nature's nursery
Of merry girls and boys.—*Selected*

A Picturesque Driveway

ON Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada, there is one of the most beautiful roadways of the New World. It is the Malahat Drive, which is at once a triumph of engineering skill and wonderful scenic beauty.

In some places it passes through wooded areas, and again is smooth and unbroken; along its pathway it brings the traveler to views of lakes, rivers, and mountains, and even the ocean and the white shore. Beautiful gorges, with sparkling cascades, are very frequent, and ferns and flowers are everywhere. Deer are often seen, and blue grouse and golden woodpeckers flit among the trees like winged flowers.

It is a favorite home of the dogwood, which grows among the dark-leaved firs and hemlock like fallen stars. Every season seems to be equally fascinating along this driveway. In spring everything is fresh and green; in autumn the leaves are a brilliant gold, and in winter there are all the lovely forms assumed by ice and snow.

It seems as if Nature had here placed some of her fairest treasures, and one can almost believe it might be a scene from her art-studio, so fresh and vivid are the eternal colors she has used to paint this living picture.

Rāja Yoga Messenger

THIS publication for Young Folk is under the direction of a staff of the students of the Rāja Yoga College at Lomaland. This periodical makes a beautiful gift—a gift that renews itself twelve times a year. What more acceptable gift could you make a child than this?

Address: BUSINESS MANAGER,
RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER,
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by Students of the Râja Yoga School and Academy

Published by and under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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Subscription 50 Cents; Copy 5 Cents

Foreign Postage 25 Cents extra, Canadian 12 Cents

VOL. IX

MAY 1913

No. 5

The Light-Bringer

"CHILDREN OF LIGHT, let us go forth into the world, and render noble service to all that live."

Such is the clarion call that is ever sounding to men, when the clouds of ignorance and materialism seem darkest and heaviest. To that call there is always a great soul ready to respond. Such a one was Helena P. Blavatsky, the Light-Bringer. She came in answer to the needs of the nineteenth century, an age of purely material progress, when men had become so carried away by the mad desire for the selfish control of Nature's forces, and at the same time so torn with vain questionings, that doubt and despair took possession of their very souls. The knowledge of the ancient Wisdom-Religion had been completely forgotten, and humanity, tossed hither and thither by the unrest of the time, either blindly sought for some ray of light, or remained contented with its own narrow aims.

To bring light to the world at such a time was a task requiring almost superhuman power, for it meant not giving humanity what it believed it wanted, but confronting it with Truth itself. To pursue such a course meant a fearless opposition to all established prejudices and existing conservatism. Its champion must have a lion heart, and the Warrior Soul of H. P. Blavatsky was fully equal to the battle. With the very first step she aroused the antagonism of the opposing forces, and they hurled themselves against her with the hatred they have ever held towards the Messengers of Light.

And what was her message? Why has it always been

that one soul among so many should have the strength to make itself feared, yet respected, by millions of others? Through the ages has come to us the written history of noble lives sacrificed to the world's selfishness. Yet those sacrifices have not been in vain, for the efforts made at such times deeply stirred and even unseated the most

firmly rooted misconceptions. Perhaps only a very little progress was made each time, but progress there was, and of a nature to endanger the powers of darkness, or there would have been no sacrifice. This history has also told us of unsuccessful attempts to better the terrible existing conditions, and there have probably been as many unrecorded efforts. But those who failed, even though they sought to help, knew not the truth themselves, and so could not give it to others; they were not Light-Bringers and their work differs as widely from that of the true messengers as the light of the moon does from that of the sun.

H. P. Blavatsky was a true guardian of the Light. The knowledge that she brought to humanity of its own divinity was a breath of the glory of the ancient days, for was not the injunction, "Man, know thyself,"



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

the very essence of Greek morals and philosophy? So, long ago, the secret of true spiritual growth was known; but the knowledge was no more welcome in those days than when H. P. Blavatsky came. Nor was it only the arousing humanity to the realization of its shortcomings that made this noble woman the object of its persecution. Through her writings was shown a startling future for the fields of science and history, facts then laughed at,

and unbelieved by many even now, though each succeeding year shows that she spoke with unerring truth.

Human nature loves comfort, and only too easily does it settle into a fixed and formal way of life. To disturb this quiet is to rouse the sleeping fury of a volcano, but it is nevertheless necessary if one generation is not to follow in the footsteps of another; it is necessary if humanity is to progress at all. In Madame Blavatsky's own words, "Selfishness is essentially conservative, and hates being disturbed. 'The crown of the innovator is a crown of thorns indeed.'"

Her glorious message was the promise of a nobler and better life for young and old. The seeds sown by her unselfish efforts have brought forth a rich harvest that increases with the years. Even to the little ones did she leave a priceless heritage. All children love myths and legends, but those which she left to the world are not only beautiful in themselves, with a magical touch of Fairyland, but are veritable treasure-houses of the wisdom of old. And so are all her wonderful works. Monuments to a noble, unselfish life, they alone would lay on the peoples of the earth a debt that only loving service to the cause of humanity could ever repay.

But the highest appeal to man's divine nature was her own pure life. To those who knew and loved her it was always an inspiration and an urge to strive still higher; to those who love her though they knew her not, the inspiration still lives on, and to its sweetness is added the benediction of those who stood by her in faith and trust.

H. P. Blavatsky

ALL children should be acquainted with the life of that great Teacher, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky.

The Râja Yoga students feel that their school, the fruition of the seeds of brotherhood planted by her, holds a great promise for the children of the world, and that we all therefore owe her a debt of gratitude. How better can we pay it than by taking the example of her own great life, by striving to live as she did, for the benefit of others. For this reason we love to study her life, to put ourselves back in the nineteenth century and try to get a picture of the world as it was when she lived. The tumultuous roar of business life, the material strife and contest, the great activities of education and learning, and in fact all phases of life, were making their impress on the general condition of things in every country of the world, all unconscious of the fact that on the banks of the river Volga, in a beautiful old house very much like a castle of the Middle Ages, there was growing

up a little laughing, yet serious-eyed, maiden, Helena Hahn, who in time was to become one of the world's great teachers. Spending her childhood days close to Nature on the edge of a mighty forest, becoming imbued with the spirit of Nature, she must have come close to its throbbing heart, to have understood, as she did, its secret depth and meaning.

Madame Blavatsky was born, according to our calendar, August 11, 1831, at Ekaterinoslaff, on the banks of the river Dnieper in Southern Russia, of a noble Russian family. Her earliest years were spent with her father, Colonel Hahn, traveling about with him from one military post to another. But as a military life was not just the thing for a girl of her tender years, she went to live with her grandparents at Saratof on the Volga, where her grandfather was governor. One wonders if she did not feel lonely in the solitude of that big house surrounded

by a large park and on the outskirts of a mighty forest. But Helena was a brave girl; she loved the solitude of Nature, and knew no fear. She would often be found in close companionship with flocks of birds, listening to their chirping sounds, and doubtless exchanging happy secrets with them.

Her grandmother, a great student of natural history, had a museum in which Helena learned about the minerals and stuffed animals. Each one told her a story, for everything, she said, had a voice of its own and she could hear it. It was also her delight to go on expeditions for collecting specimens, and to interest her companions in the history of some fossil from the bottom of the sea.

Thus she grew up to understand and feel the soul of Nature.

Another thing which this little child loved was fairy tales. Perhaps all children love fairy tales, but Helena Hahn loved them in an understanding way. She could interpret the meaning of them and see the wisdom hidden away under the allegory.

All this proved that there was something very unusual about her. People looked up to her and recognized a superior. They did not try to deceive her, for they knew they could not. She understood the dual nature of man, for it was her mission to revive such ancient teachings as would help man to strengthen his higher nature and not allow the passions and disintegrating forces of his lower self to obliterate the spiritual longings of the divine call within him.

In trying to turn men's minds to the helpful truths which Theosophy holds up before them, she was sorely persecuted. But this did not daunt her. Her big heart

Fountain of Wisdom and Light

GERALD MASSEY

STAR of the day and the night,
Star of the dawn that is dying,
Star of the dawn that is nighing,
Fountain of Wisdom and Light.

Purge with thy pureness our Sight,
Thou lamp of the lost ones that love us,
Thou lamp of the leader above us,
Fountain of Wisdom and Light.

How large is thy luster, how bright
The beauty of promise thou wearest,
The message of morning thou bearest,
Fountain of Wisdom and Light.

Shine in the Depth and the Height,
And show us the treasures olden,
Of Wisdom the hidden, the golden,
Fountain of Wisdom and Light.

Selected



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ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE, POINT LOMA, IN HONOR OF H. P. BLAVATSKY AND W. Q. JUDGE, WHOSE LABORS MADE POSSIBLE THE RÂJA YOGA EDUCATIONAL WORK (For an article on Mr. Judge, also one of his short stories, see last month's issue.)

but showed more sympathy. Perhaps it was because people did not like to face their own weaknesses that they blamed her when she pointed them out. But the true teacher cannot cease to teach because the lessons call forth effort and determination on the part of the pupil, nor the physician cease to cure because the patient shrinks from pain and endurance. Madame Blavatsky was a teacher and a physician ministering to the spiritual needs of her disciples. Truly worthy was she of the title they gave her, "The Lion-Hearted."

Madame Blavatsky spent much of her time traveling.

Her early life, as we have seen, was full of it. Again, after those first years, at the age of fourteen she accompanied her father to London.

In later life she visited many countries, gaining much knowledge of those countries and of human character. It was in New York that she first met William Q. Judge, who helped her so nobly and took up the thread of her work when she left us on May 8, 1891, now known and commemorated as White Lotus Day. But we feel that she is living with us yet, not only on that day, the name of which so fitly represents the sweetness and purity of her life, but at all times, for in the schools established by Katherine Tingley there are those who are making it their life's effort to fashion their lives on the beauty and sublimity of the ideals she had in view, and make them live forever in the hearts of men by passing them on to others.

R. W.



In Memoriam

MADAME BLAVATSKY expressed the wish that the anniversary of her death might be observed each year with readings from *The Light of Asia* and the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*. She also requested that no mourning should be worn for her.

In order to perpetuate this wish of the Foundress, the President officially declared May 8th as a recognized anniversary, to be known as "White Lotus Day,"

and to be observed simultaneously by the Branches throughout the world. This day has been so observed since 1892, and on these occasions bands of children, known as Lotus Groups, meet all over the world to pay loving tribute to her whose life's labor and constant thought was for the welfare and liberation of the coming generations. The floral decorations are always in white, and the general tone of these "memorial" celebrations is one of gratitude and rejoicing.

William Q. Judge, writing of the passing of H. P. Blavatsky, thus expressed the Theosophical view of death:

That which men call death is but a change of location for the Ego, a mere transformation, a forsaking for a time of the mortal frame, a short period of rest before one reassumes another human frame in the world of mortals. . . . So our old friend and fellow-worker has merely passed for a short time out of sight, but has not given up the work begun so many years ago—the uplifting of humanity, the destruction of the shackles that enslave the human mind. . . .

The influence of her work will vibrate through the centuries.



A Nursery Song

LAURA E. RICHARDS

OH, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout
Are two little goblins black.
Full oft from my house I've driven them out,
But somehow they still come back.

They clamber up to the baby's mouth,
And pull the corners down;
They perch aloft on the baby's brow,
And twist it into a frown.

And one says "Must!" and t'other says "Can't!"
And one says "Shall!" and t'other says "Shan't!"
Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
I pray you now, from my house keep out!

But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh
Are two little fairies light;
They're always ready for fun and chaff,
And sunshine is their delight.

And when they creep into Baby's eyes,
Why, there the sunbeams are;
And when they peep through her rosy lips,
Her laughter rings near and far.

And one says "Please!" and t'other says "Do!"
And both together say "I love you!"
So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,
Come in, my dears, and tarry awhile!" — *Selected*



The Voice of the Stream

THE stream behind the lonely farmhouse that stood on the side of the mountain, was always babbling about the wonderful places it had seen and the tremendous events it had witnessed. Anybody could be sure that it was very young and inexperienced from the way it magnified little happenings into mighty issues; so one summer's day we set out to explore for ourselves the winding path of its course down the mountain, thinking that a few hours spent in the company of older and more sedate persons might be beneficial to the chattering run-away.

The stream seemed overjoyed, for it fairly captivated us with attentions. We started early, walking not too rapidly in order that we might observe closely, as became a serious-minded investigating committee. We were there to see and learn all that the stream should reveal to us, for we wished to be just in our attitude towards our talkative host, knowing that we were likely to be neighbors for the rest of our natural days.

It was full of information and advice, and was very



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A STREAM IN WESTERN ONTARIO, CANADA

cordial, as you can imagine. It knew every inch of its road, it said, and could run just as fast on the darkest of nights as at any other time. We did not reply to this remark, not wishing to encourage its youthful boasting.

"Look out there, please! Do not try that green stone. It looks solid enough, I admit, but it will have been there two hundred and seventy years next floodtime, and it is getting a bit unsteady," the stream said.

We gasped, but the stream went on smoothly. "There is a row of stepping-stones that I have arranged a little higher up."

One of us was so impolite as to whisper, "Two hundred and — something! yet it prattles like a babe in arms!"

"Look at this moss-lined pool here, ladies," said the stream in the politest of tones, though we felt as if it were really reading our thoughts. "I'm quite proud of this pretty place, and keep it generously supplied even in the most drying weather. There is always a trout family or two down there, you see."

"It is a charming nook, stream," we acknowledged. It was indeed. It looked so finished, so artistically com-



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GATHERING WILD FLOWERS AT LOMALAND, CALIFORNIA

plete, that we asked the stream how long it had taken it to bring this work to its present state.

"Oh, let me think," the stream replied. "First—oh, a half-dozen centuries back it must have been—a tree was uprooted here, and as it decayed and wore away I discovered a means of completing the hollowing-out of the places where the roots had been. Are you interested?" it interrupted itself.

"Yes, indeed we are! Please go on," we urged.

"Every spring, when I felt most energetic, I worked here—oh, for a very long time—forcing a great volume of water from that high ledge above there into this place."

"Was it years of springtimes? Did you do that year after year?" we asked.

"Oh yes," it answered in its childlike voice, "it took quite a few *decades*, you call them, do you not?"

We nodded, for we could not trust ourselves to speak.

"They may have run up into the hundreds," continued the stream, "for these rocks are granite, you see, and the springtime does not last long. The records will show it all exactly, if you care to examine them."

"The records? Do you keep books then, you very interesting stream?" We could not believe our ears.

"Yes, indeed I do," it answered: "but I don't have time to write down everything as I go along. I have assistants always near me whom I direct. Don't you hear me dictating to them sometimes? I fear I often disturb my neighbors, for it is necessary to talk fast and continuously—there is so much going on always."

Again we looked at each other, this time shamefacedly.

"I said it was a silly babbler," whispered one of us. "And I, that it was too shallow, too superficial!" the other said, with regretful self-accusation. "But why do you busy yourself with all these details?" we asked the stream.

"My duty, ladies. What would have been the object of setting streams to run down hillsides unless they were to be of some use to the world?"

It all seemed perfectly simple to the stream; but we were not satisfied and continued to question it. "Isn't it enough to water the plants and turn the mill-wheels?"

"Those are temporary duties, merely incidental. There are larger matters to be looked after," it said, in a voice that was so gentle that we did not feel the rebuke until long after. "We are making history," it continued, "and everybody knows that deeds must be written upon the rocks if they are to be remembered and made use of by future generations."

We sat down to rest and to gather up our rapidly vanishing self-satisfaction. *We* were the young, the foolish, it seemed. *We* were the idlers, the shallow-minded, the superficial. We began to examine the little stream's stupendous monuments. Up beyond us, lost from sight in the dim and woodsy places, among vines and underbrush, we should somewhere find the stream's source. It seemed even here a very little, insignificant thing, yet we could believe that it had helped to rear hundreds of generations of pine-trees like that giant above our heads; and we could understand that it would probably bring up hundreds of generations more.

There it had written all over the smooth stones the fact that the world is extremely old; that days and nights by millions and millions had followed each other in solemn procession since this little stream began to run and to write.

In silence we arose at last and followed the mossy pathway down to the lonely old farmhouse where we lived our simple lives, lonely never again, however; for just outside the door there is the stream's happy voice, enthusiastically dictating its true history of the world. All night long we hear it, even in our dreams sometimes; and all day long, even in our busiest hours, we remember its lessons and try to be more earnest and cheerful, like the little stream.

ZELLA

✽

Accomplishments of Japanese Girls

AT the mention of a girl from "The Land of the Rising Sun" we invariably call to mind, first of all, her characteristic gentleness, obedience, and loyalty. Let us turn now to the less familiar and more personal aspect of her life—her accomplishments.

Among the accomplishments of a Japanese girl writing is one of the most highly prized and most admired. It is really nearer to what we call the art of painting than to writing. The writing outfit consists of a box containing several brushes of different sizes and an oblong black cake from which she mixes her ink every time she needs it. The manipulation of the brushes is done with the unsupported hand, very much in the manner of an artist. While learning this art she takes four lessons a week and practises one hour at home. There are two branches that she must master: first the simpler, the Japanese phonetic alphabet; after that, the more complicated, the Chinese hieroglyphics, of which there are thousands, one for each idea. Then she must learn to write her words vertically down a large sheet of paper, and her sentences from right to left. It is generally believed that writing shows the character of the writer, but in Japan it is, in addition to this, supposed to indicate mental capacity and



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JAPANESE WOMAN ARRANGING FLOWERS

education, so the young woman who writes a beautiful hand is often sought in marriage. The appreciation of correct writing by the Japanese is probably more markedly shown by the fact that the copybooks, from which the pupils learn, are poems and letters written by both ancient and modern masters of this art.

The much-heard-of arrangement of flowers is another accomplishment of a daughter of Nippon, as Japan is sometimes called. This art requires five years, having one lesson a week, to master it. There are special rules to be learned in connexion with the clipping and bending of branches, and the arrangement of these in the vase. There were in the last century about one hundred schools and as many different systems taught, but now there are only ten; among these the most used are the Yenshiu and Ikenobo or formal arrangements, which require much bending of the branches to make them look graceful; and the Koriu, which is the more natural, and only requires the superfluous branches to be cut away. The basis for the arrangements is set by the twist of the branches, and the flower is given merely a second thought. A simple and common arrangement is the representation of the three elements, heaven, earth, and man. These are distinguished by the size and position of the branches, the first occupying the middle and being the largest, the second being on the right and only one-half as large as the first, and the third occupying the left side and being one-fourth as large as the middle one. Only an uneven number of branches may be used, usually five, seven, and nine.



GOOD MORNING!

The last accomplishment, as well as that of serving the "Ceremonial Tea," is expected to be learned by all girls of good birth. A thorough course of the latter requires three years, having six lessons a month. This must not be mistaken for the ordinary tea-serving, for the former is considered as a formal ceremony. The most striking characteristic of all that is Japanese—simplicity—reigns supreme in the "Ceremonial Tea Serving." The spot where it takes place is a room made of special wood, constructed with a small door three feet in height, which is significant of humility; the room is decorated merely by a hanging scroll, a vase, and an incense burner. The utensils used therein, though of very costly material, are of the severest simplicity in design. The beverage is of two kinds, called the thin and the thick tea. While the tea is being partaken of there reigns in the little room supreme kindness and courtesy among the assembled guests, and the talking is carried on in a subdued tone, so as to allow the soothing music from the little kettle to be heard. Among the subjects there discussed are the impressions and appreciation of the utensils, surroundings, and mode of serving.

Another accomplishment is that of poetry-making, which is not only a moral duty, but also an amusement of the educated Japanese girl. The most common is the Tanka poem, which is thirty syllables long, arranged in alternate lines of five and seven. From ages past to the present it has been the custom to hold poetry competi-



JAPANESE LILIES

tions on New Year's Day, in which every subject of the realm, whether rich or poor, old or young, or of either sex, can try to write a poem on the theme set by the patron and judge, the Emperor, and to aim to have the honor of having his poem put before the public. The wife of the late Emperor gained her position of consort by being winner at one of these poetical contests held among the princesses of five families eligible to the throne. Here is an example of Japanese verse:

Would that my soul could drink
The dew upon the lotus-flower
Here at the water's brink.—*Taigi*

The last but not least of the accomplishments necessary for a Japanese lady to learn, is music. The instruments are: the Koto, which is a horizontal sounding-board six feet long, having thirteen strings, played by means of ivory tips which are put on the thumb and second and third fingers of each hand, and tuned by movable bridges; the popular Samisen, which is very much like the guitar, but rather square, and has three silken strings played by means of a wooden plectrum; and the Kokiui, which looks like a two-stringed violin, and is played with a bow, but held on the lap. Of these three, the Koto is the one most in vogue among the aristocrats, and the Samisen among the people. The method of teaching music is rather tedious, for there is no system of notation, and the pupil is expected to learn by ear, measure by measure, and by observing the teacher's fingers. To become proficient at the Koto it is necessary to pass three grades, covering a period of about five years.

The above-mentioned facts come from a most favorable source, being from an account given by the Mayoress of Tokio.

MARIA



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A DAUGHTER OF NIPPON



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THIS Japanese ring-dove lives in the midst of about thirty lively, happy boys. Although it enjoys the freedom of the house and of the open, it has never attempted to escape.

Japanese Lullaby

EUGENE FIELD

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,—
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.—*Selected*

My Song

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

OH, glad am I that I was born!
For who is sad when flaming morn
Bursts forth, or when the misty night
Carries the soul from height to height!

To me, as to the child that sings,
The bird that claps his rain-washed wings,
The breeze that curls the sun-tipped flower,
Comes some new joy with each new hour.

Joy in the beauty of the earth,
Joy in the fire upon the hearth,
Joy in that potency of love
In which I live and breathe and move!

Joy even in the shapeless thought
That, some day, when all tasks are wrought,
I shall explore that vasty deep
Beyond the frozen gates of sleep.

For joy attunes all beating things,
With me each rhythmic atom sings,
From glow till gloom, from mirk till morn;
Oh, glad am I that I was born!—*Selected*

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Pictures from Hawthorne-land

WHO, when reading a book, does not involuntarily form mental pictures of the story?—aye, whole galleries of wonderful pictures which, while one is reading the book, afford extreme pleasure and mental gratification, and which at some later time, when the details of the story are forgotten, spring up in one's mind and recall some tinge of past enjoyments, perhaps even helping to give pleasure to some one else. It is indeed a delightful experience thus to keep in touch with our favorite books and authors, to be able to retain the acquaintance of our old book-friends, and to ramble with them through scenes and experiences which not only prove a delight, but often teach us many helpful lessons.

There are so many authors whose books can give us this pleasure that one is apt to become slightly bewildered in attempting to choose one. Then, too, how is one to select from all the beautiful, sad, strange, amusing, weird, and mystical pictures, the most striking and picturesque from even one book? Perhaps in a moving-picture show, with an eloquent speaker to explain the scenes, one might hope to see something, but—well, why not try a mental performance of the kind? No sooner said than done.

See, we have entered Fairyland already. So this is to be a view of Hawthorne-land? That will be interesting, will it not?

The first scene is a house; oh, yes! the old manse where Hawthorne wrote so many of his wonderful tales which he called *Mosses from an Old Manse*, a delightfully interesting name. How strange, to call his stories mosses! They must cling somehow to the old manse which gave them birth.

There on the second floor, commanding a view of the river, is his old-fashioned study with three little cracked

windows which, to use his own words, "looked, or rather peeped between the willow branches, down into the orchard." The river is also there, still idling "its sluggish life away in lazy liberty." On its banks grow long meadow-grasses, flags, and rushes, and on its surface floats the fragrant pond-lily. These, together with the orchard and garden containing an abundance of fruit and flowers, and the wealth of natural wonders yet unmentioned, must have been a source of great inspiration for a sympathetic and nature-loving writer. Hawthorne must have come very near to the true and beautiful, which we undoubtedly find in his works.

Could we enter the sacred precincts of the romantic dwelling, what scenes might not present themselves to our imaginations! Ah, what treasures of thought still lingering about the place, might not envelop us in their misty atmosphere, and lead us



to the manse! What a luxuriant growth of shrubs! Ah, the delectable perfumes; the gorgeous coloring of rich purple and crimson; the sound of the fountain in its marble receptacle! These are indeed tempting delights. And behold! emerging from yonder sculptured portal, the figure of a girl, as beautiful to the sight as the very flowers themselves. "Beatrice! Beatrice!" Ah! now we know. Who is she but Rappaccini's daughter? There is her old father beside the marble fountain, masked, and not daring to touch the purple gems of that magnificent plant growing within it. His daughter plucks one, and fastens it in her bosom. Did you mark that lizard passing? Did you see that drop of moisture fall upon it from the stem of the flower? Yes; and what happened to the lizard? Oh, fatal poison! Oh, wicked Rappaccini, that he should thus have brought up his daughter amidst such poisonous influences!



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THE OLD MANSE IMMORTALIZED BY HAWTHORNE

through inner regions of the author's feeling and imagination, regions inaccessible through the medium of words!

The scene changes. Surely this garden does not belong

Might he not have foreseen the consequences of an unnatural experiment, and the fate of his innocent daughter?

But we have lingered too long. There are other pic-

tures passing before us. Whence that dainty butterfly with gleaming wings? Ah, yes! 'tis the workmanship of Owen Warland, the Artist of the Beautiful, as he was called. Can we refrain from tears when we see the ruin of a life's labor? Let us recall that it was but the destruction of the symbol of the beautiful in the spirit of which the artist still lived and worked.

Another! What most ridiculous-looking creature is this? He wears an embroidered plum-colored coat, a faded velvet waistcoat to match, and a three-cornered hat surmounted by a long feather. His head looks exceedingly like a pumpkin. "Feather-top!" You have it. This is indeed that queer creature whom Mother Rigby made out of a broomstick, a pumpkin, a hoe-handle, a pudding-stick, a meal-bag stuffed with straw, and what not. Withhold your merriment for a moment. Did she not breathe life into it, and if that is not sufficient excuse for its existence, perhaps we shall recollect that it well represents a certain type of young coxcomb not wholly unfamiliar. Let us grant it is a very fitting representation.

How can I describe that spacious Hall of Fantasy now before our view, with its lofty dome supported by long rows of pillars, reminding us of an old Moorish ruin or some enchanted edifice in the Arabian tales? There such things are to be seen as will suffice to gratify the most fanciful and exacting imagination. You must look at it for yourself.

How many scenes now crowd before us one after another! There is the "Christmas Banquet," with the strange guests seated about the table; "The Celestial Railroad," leading a trainful of merry passengers to the Celestial City; the extraordinary "Virtuoso's Collection," and ever so many more.

Dear readers, may these few pictures call up many more from that delightful book, *Mosses from an Old Manse*, and, if it be unfamiliar, there is much in store for you when you do come under the charm of its strange and beautiful stories.

RUTH

THANK Providence for spring! The earth—and man himself, by sympathy with his birthplace—would be far other than we find them if life toiled wearily onward without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit.—*Huxthorne*



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SCULPTURE AND HIEROGLYPHICS FROM THE TEMPLE OF SETI I AT ABYDOS
THE HAWK-HEADED DEITY IS RA

Architectural Styles and their Meaning

V. EGYPT (Continued)

THE walls in Egyptian temples were often magnificently decorated, both outside and within, with sculptures of historical and religious subjects. The people would study these to learn as much as was permitted outsiders to know, just as the people, thousands of years later, studied the carvings that decorated the cathedrals of Europe, before reading became general. Owing to the dry climate of Egypt most of the carvings that have not been destroyed by the hand of man are still clear and sharp, even after the passing of so many long ages. In a climate like that of northern Europe they would have perished, as was shown when Cleopatra's Needle, a great obelisk sixty-eight and one half feet high, was set up in London. It immediately began to decompose and a preservative varnish had to be applied to prevent the carvings being ruined by the moisture and smoke.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE TEMPLE OF DEIR-EL-BAHARI, CUT PARTLY OUT OF THE SOLID ROCK

The hieroglyphics—the sacred writings of the priests—are very ornamental and form a special feature in Egyptian decoration. They were most beautifully fitted in so as to make a part of the general design. Most of them can now be read, but many people believe that there is a hidden meaning concealed in them, as well as in the curious symbols which are carried or worn by the deities.

The Egyptian style of architecture lends itself to all kinds of purposes, both grave and gay, and no two buildings are exactly alike. There are even some temples that do not follow the general plans as described in a previous article. The interesting temple of Deir-el-Bahari, of which we give a picture, is one of these; it has no pylons and the courts are arranged in quite an unusual manner. Most of the pillars are square instead of round, and some of the chambers are cut out of the solid rock. The walls are decorated with fascinating pictures of the famous expedition the great Queen Hatshepsu sent to Punt (probably Somaliland), and they show the departure of the ships, the purchase of all sorts of curious things from the people of Punt, and the royal reception on returning.

The Egyptians had a wonderful understanding of the refinements of architecture, and the best methods of producing the effects they wanted. For instance, they found that in some cases if the straight lines running along the upper edges of the walls were built with perfect accuracy,

they would not look straight, owing to an optical illusion, but would appear to curve slightly; so they occasionally constructed the walls with a certain curve to correct this appearance. The Greeks carried this principle to great perfection, as we shall learn later, and in modern times it is often adopted by architects.

Little or nothing is known about the palaces of the Pharaohs or the houses of the people. There are a few paintings which show something of the domestic architecture, and there is a curious building at Medinet Habu, Thebes, called the Pavilion of Rameses I, which may be a part of his palace. The pavilion is three stories high and has rooms connected by long winding passages. It was very fanciful in design, and not at all severe like the temples. It is a great pity that the palaces and houses have all been destroyed, as they must have been very beautiful. From the drawings that remain, it is clear that the private houses, which were generally three-storied, were as carefully finished as the greater works, and decorated with equal taste, though made of perishable materials. Fergusson, a great writer on architecture, says:

Generally speaking, these houses are shown as situated in gardens laid out in a quaint, formal style, with pavilions and fish-ponds, and all the other accompaniments of gardens in the East at the present day. In all the conveniences and elegancies of

building the Egyptians seem to have anticipated all that has been done in those countries down to the present day. Indeed, in all probability, they surpassed the modern Egyptians in those respects as much as they did in the more important forms of architecture.

R.

From the Caves and Jungles of Hindûstân

IN 1892, the year following her death, a series of articles which Madame Blavatsky had written in 1879 and 1880 for the *Russian Messenger* were translated and republished under the title *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindûstân*, from which the following selections have

light, the red-hot globe, emerging on the opposite side from under the cape, leant his golden chin on the lower rocks of the island and seemed to stop for a while, as if examining us. Then, with one powerful effort, the torch of day rose high over the sea and gloriously proceeded on its path, including in one mighty fiery embrace the blue waters of the bay, the shore and the islands with their rocks and cocoanut forests. His golden rays fell upon a crowd of Parsees, his rightful worshippers, who stood on shore raising their arms towards the mighty "Eye of Ormuzd." The sight was so impressive that everyone on deck became silent for a moment, even a red-nosed old sailor, who was busy quite close to us over the cable, stopped working, and, clearing his throat, nodded at the sun.

Passing the island of Elephanta in their progress up



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

GREAT CAVE-TEMPLE OF ELEPHANTA, INDIA: THE FAMOUS ROCK-CUT SANCTUARY

been taken. A sunrise on the Bay of Bombay is thus described:

What a glorious daybreak followed this dark night! . . . There was not a cloud in the sky, thickly strewn with dying stars. Even the moonlight, which till then had covered the sky with its silvery garb, was gradually vanishing; and the brighter grew the rosiness of dawn over the small island that lay before us in the east, the paler in the west grew the scattered rays of the moon that sprinkled with bright flakes of light the dark wake our ship left behind her, as if the glory of the West was bidding good-bye to us, while the light of the East welcomed the newcomers from far-off lands. Brighter and brighter grew the sky, swiftly absorbing the remaining pale stars one after the other, and we felt something touching in the sweet dignity with which the Queen of Night resigned her rights to the powerful usurper. At last, descending lower and lower, she disappeared altogether.

And suddenly, almost without interval between darkness and

the bay, the fascination of its secret history is soliloquized upon in these words:

On the right was a group of islands with Gharipuri or Elephanta, with its ancient temple, at their head. *Gharipuri* translated means "the town of caves," according to the Orientalists, and "the town of purification," according to the native Sanskrit scholars. This temple, cut out by an unknown hand in the very heart of a rock resembling porphyry, is a true apple of discord among archaeologists, of whom none can as yet fix, even approximately, its antiquity. Elephanta rises high, its rocky brow all overgrown with secular cactus, and right under it, at the foot of the rock, are hollowed out the chief temple and the two lateral ones. Like the serpent of our Russian fairy-tales, it seems to be opening its fierce black mouth to swallow the daring mortal who comes to take possession of the secret mystery of Titan. Its two remaining teeth, dark with time, are formed by two huge pillars at the entrance, sustaining the palate of the monster.

How many generations of Hindūs, how many races, have knelt in the dust before the Trimūrti, your threefold deity, O Elephanta! How many centuries were spent by weak man in digging out in your stone bosom this town of temples and carving your gigantic idols? Who can say? Many years have elapsed since I saw you last, ancient, mysterious temple, and still the same restless thoughts, the same recurrent questions vex me now as they did then, and still remain unanswered. In a few days we shall see each other again. Once more I shall gaze upon your stern image, upon your three huge granite faces, and shall feel as hopeless as ever of piercing the mystery of your being. This secret fell into safe hands three centuries before ours. . . . Thanks to the fanaticism of Portuguese soldiers, the chronology of the Indian cave-temples must remain for ever an enigma to the archaeological world, beginning with the Brāhmins, who say that Elephanta is 374,000 years old, and ending with Fergusson, who tries to prove that it was carved only in the twelfth century of our era. Whenever one turns one's eyes to history, there is nothing to be found but hypotheses and darkness. And yet Gharipuri is mentioned in the epic *Mahābhārata*, which was written, according to Colebrooke and Wilson, a good while before the reign of Cyrus. In another ancient legend it is said that the temple of Trimūrti was built on Elephanta by the sons of Pāndu, who took part in the war between the dynasties of the Sun and the Moon, and, belonging to the latter, were expelled at the end of the war. The Rājputs, who are descendants of the first, still sing of this victory; but even in their popular songs there is nothing positive. Centuries have passed and will pass, and the ancient secret will die in the rocky bosom of the cave still unrecorded.

That Madame Blavatsky thoroughly understood and appreciated these great works of the ancient Hindūs, can be seen in the following:

It is not necessary to be either a specialist, an architect, or an eminent archaeologist, in order to be convinced at the first glance that such temples as Elephanta are the works of Cyclopes, requiring centuries and not years for their construction. Whereas in Karli everything is built and carved after a perfect plan, in Elephanta it seems as if thousands of different hands had wrought at different times, each following its own ideas and fashioning after its own devices. All three caves are dug out of a hard porphyry rock. The first temple is practically a square, 130 feet 6 inches long and 130 feet wide. It contains twenty-six thick pillars and sixteen pilasters. Between some of them there is a distance of 12 or 16 feet, between others 15 feet 5 inches, 13 feet 3½ inches, and so on. The same lack of uniformity is found in the pedestals of the columns, the finish and style of which is constantly varying.

Why, then, should we not pay some attention to the explanations of the Brāhmins? They say that this temple was begun by the sons of Pāndu, after "the great war," *Mahābhārata*, and that after their death every true believer was bidden to continue the work according to his own notions. Thus the temple was gradually built during three centuries. Every one who wished to redeem his sins would bring his chisel and set to work. Many were the members of royal families, and even kings, who personally took part in these labors. . . . The Brāhmins hold that such a holy place could not be deserted if men of the preceding and present generations had not become unworthy of visiting it. . . .

The following account of Nature's orchestra in a jungle and her vivid description of an Indian sunset, afford us some little idea of Madame Blavatsky's natural literary ability. Had she seen fit to devote herself to literature, she could easily have made her name famous; but hers was a more difficult mission.

When evening began to draw on, we were driving beneath the trees of a wild jungle; arriving soon after at a large lake, we left the carriages. . . .

The island was a tiny one, and so overgrown with tall reeds that from a distance it looked like a pyramidal basket of verdure. . . . In this virgin forest of thick grass there was no trace of human life. Seeing the word *grass* the reader must not forget that it is not the grass of Europe that I mean; the grass under which we stood, like insects under a rhubarb leaf, waved its feathery many-colored plumes much above the head of Gulab-Sing (who stood six feet and a half in his stockings), and of Narayan, who measured hardly an inch less. From a distance it looked like a waving sea of black, yellow, blue, and especially of rose and green. On landing, we discovered that it consisted of separate thickets of bamboos, mixed up with the gigantic sirka reeds, which rose as high as the tops of the mangoes. . . .

The sun had set. . . . As the last golden ray disappeared on the horizon, a gauze-like veil of pale lilac fell over the world. But as every moment decreased the transparency of this tropical twilight, the tint gradually lost its softness and became darker and darker. It looked as if an invisible painter, unceasingly moving his gigantic brush, swiftly laid one coat of paint over the other, ever changing the exquisite background of our islet. The phosphoric candles of the fireflies began to twinkle here and there, shining brightly against the black trunks of the trees, and lost again on the silvery background of opalescent evening sky. But in a few minutes more thousands of these living sparks, precursors of Queen Night, played round us, pouring like a golden cascade over the trees, and dancing in the air above the grass and the dark lake.

And behold! here is the queen in person. Noiselessly descending upon earth, she reassumes her rights. With her approach, rest and peace spread over us; her cool breath calms the activities of the day. Like a fond mother, she sings a lullaby to nature, lovingly wrapping her in her soft black mantle; and, when everything is asleep, she watches over nature's dozing powers until the first streaks of dawn.

Nature sleeps; but man is awake, to be witness to the beauties of this solemn evening hour. Sitting around the fire we talked, lowering our voices as if afraid of awaking night. . . .

Snugly sheltered by the high "grass," we had not the heart to spend this magnificent night in prosaic sleeping. Besides, we were waiting for the "concert" which the Takur had promised us. "Be patient," said he, "the musicians will appear before the moon rises."

The fickle goddess was late; she kept us waiting till after ten o'clock. Just before her arrival, when the horizon began to grow perceptibly brighter, and the opposite shore to assume a milky, silvery tint, a sudden wind rose. The waves, that had gone quietly to sleep at the feet of gigantic reeds, awoke and tossed uneasily, till the reeds swayed their feathery heads and murmured to each other as if taking counsel together about something that was going to happen. . . . Suddenly, in the general stillness and silence, we heard again the same musical notes, which we had passed unheeded, when we first reached the island, as if a whole orchestra were trying their musical instruments before playing some great composition. All around us, and over our heads, vibrated strings of violins, and thrilled the separate notes of a flute. In a few moments came another gust of wind tearing through the reeds, and the whole island resounded with the strains of hundreds of Aeolian harps. And suddenly there began a wild unceasing symphony. It swelled in the surrounding woods, filling the air with an indescribable melody. Sad and solemn were its prolonged strains; they resounded like the *arpeggios* of some funeral march, then, changing into a trembling thrill, they shook the air like the song of a nightingale, and died away in a long sigh. They did not quite cease, but grew louder again, ringing like hundreds of silver bells, changing from the heartrending howl of a wolf, deprived

of her young, to the precipitate rhythm of a gay tarantella, forgetful of every earthly sorrow; from the articulate song of a human voice, to the vague majestic accords of a violoncello, from merry child's laughter to angry sobbing. And all this was repeated in every direction by mocking echo, as if hundreds of fabulous forest maidens, disturbed in their green abodes, answered the appeal of the wild musical Saturnalia. . . .

There was a short interval, after which the invisible orchestra started again with renewed energy. The sounds poured and rolled in unrestrainable, overwhelming waves. We had never heard anything like this inconceivable wonder. Listen! A storm in the open sea, the wind tearing through the rigging, the swish of the maddened waves rushing over each other, or the whirling snow-wreaths on the silent steppes. Suddenly the vision is changed; now it is a stately cathedral and the thundering strains of an organ rising under its vaults. The powerful notes now rush together, now spread out through space, break off, intermingle, and become entangled, like the fantastic melody of a delirious fever, some musical phantasy born of the howling and whistling of the wind. . . .

Gulab-Sing, appealed to for an explanation, says:

"Don't you see that this wild music is a natural acoustic phenomenon? Each of the reeds around us—and there are thousands on this island—contains a natural musical instrument; and the musician, Wind, comes here daily to try his art after night-fall—especially during the last quarter of the moon."

Madame Blavatsky then further explains:

We were told that there are many such natural orchestras in India. The Brāhmins know well their wonderful properties, and calling this kind of reed *vinā devī*, the lute of the gods, keep up the popular superstition and say the sounds are divine oracles. The sirka grass and the bamboos always shelter a number of tiny beetles, which make considerable holes in the hollow reeds. The fakirs of the idol-worshipping sects add art to this natural beginning and work the plants into musical instruments. The islet we visited bore one of the most celebrated *vinā-devīs*, and so, of course, was proclaimed sacred.

"Tomorrow morning," said the Takur, "you will see what deep knowledge of all the laws of acoustics was in the possession of the fakirs. They enlarged the holes made by the beetle according to the size of the reed, sometimes shaping it into a circle, sometimes into an oval. These reeds in their present state can be justly considered as the finest illustration of mechanism applied to acoustics. However, this is not to be wondered at, because some of the most ancient Sanskrit books about music minutely describe these laws, and mention many musical instruments which are not only forgotten, but totally incomprehensible in our days."

An Ancient Musical Instrument

THE bagpipe is a very ancient instrument; it is as ancient as the drum and the organ. It is shown in the Chaldaean sculptures of B. C. 4000, and is also mentioned in the *Book of Genesis*, in the Lutheran version. The first country in northern Europe that adopted it was Ireland, then the Welsh and the Scots took it up. Many of the present Scottish songs and tunes are of Irish origin. The bagpipe was once popular in Germany, France, Spain, and Italy. At the close of the last century it seemed to decrease in the public favor, but it is now becoming popular again.

HERBERT P.

A GOOD DEED is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship; and he who plants kindness, gathers love.—*Basil*

Children, Get Up!

MRS. L. ORMISTON CHANT

CHILDREN, get up! It is morning,
Daisies have opened their eyes,
White in the beautiful morning,
Under the pearly skies.

Hark how the bees are all humming,
Calling the drones from the hive;
Bright as the day that is coming,
Workful, and songful, and live.

Children, get up from your pillows!
Woodbirds are saying their prayers,
Seagulls just dipt in the billows
Shout from the high-rock stairs.

Rabbits are running and leaping,
Wet with the dew of the fern;
Lizards are timidly creeping
Out of their holes for a turn.

Children, get up, don't be lazy!
Spring from your beds like a lark,
Open your eyes like a daisy,
Leaving your sleep till dark.

Hark! like a bugle is sounding
Clear, in the first of the day,
Call to the service abounding,
Duties of work and of play.—*Selected*

How Doth the Patient Spider Spin?

DEAR Boys and Girls: Have you ever watched a spider spin its web? If not you have without doubt seen a web after completion. They perhaps present the most beautiful appearance in the early morning, when the glittering dewdrops strung across the fine threads show off the beauty and symmetry of the web to the best advantage. You have probably also seen the less beautiful, though not less familiar, cobweb spun across the corners of ceilings and walls. These, however, do not give one a good idea of the shape of the web, because of the amount of dust which has gathered on them.

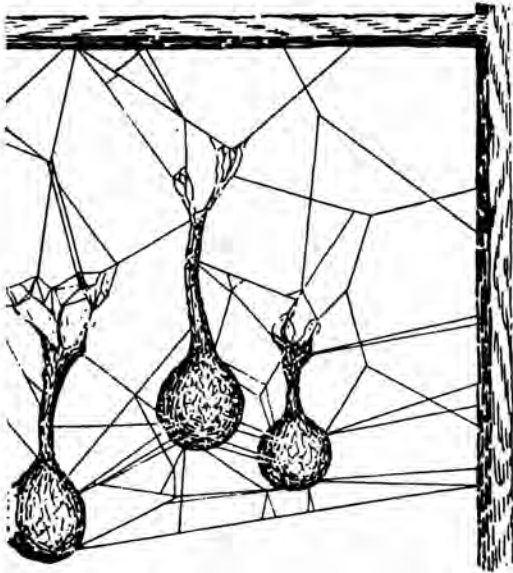
There are several varieties of webs, spun by different kinds of spiders, and named according to the shape which they present. They are: circular, thin sheet, and two kinds of tunnel-shaped webs—those spun in fissures and cracks, and those spun in holes made by the spider itself.

Come and observe how a round web is made; they are the most easily and conveniently seen. Naturalists have not themselves found out much about the thin sheet webs, because their inmates spin mostly at night, and so have not been very carefully observed.

See, the spider has selected its position, and is going to begin the web. But where does its silk come from? The spider makes it. The weaver of the web tends to its spinning, and also to the making of the silk. Nature has endowed it with certain glands which supply a sticky material which, on coming in contact with the air, becomes fine and silky, and with it the spider spins its web.

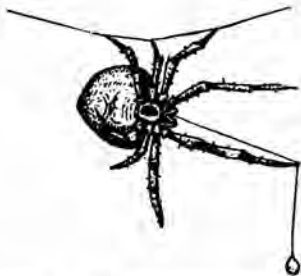
Observe how the spider begins. It first makes thin lines from branch to branch, which serve as the circum-

ference of the circle, for such is to be the shape of this web. Then it makes the radii. It spins one line to the center; then, starting from the center, makes the rest, always returning on the radius last spun. The web looks rather like a skeleton. What does the spider do next? See, it is beginning from the center again. From the



A CLUSTER OF EGG COCOONS

center outwards it spins a continuous spiral for some distance. But look, it stops and, leaving a space, begins again. Has it made a mistake? No, the spider is too wise a creature to make a mistake like that. It has a reason for all its doings. This web, you must understand, is not only to be its home, but is to serve as a snare for catching its prey. That first central spiral is only tem-



A SPIDER MAKING THE GLOBULE

porary, and was spun for its own convenience in moving about the web while spinning.

The continuation after the break is the important part of the web. Move up a little closer, and we shall make an interesting observation. Do you notice that there are two kinds of silk in that web? Well, the silver-gray is for the foundation, and the interlacing yellow threads, you will observe, are studded with minute dew-like glob-

ules of gum, so sticky that flies and other prey will stick to them. Now perhaps you understand.

But how queerly the spider moves its legs about! Yes, the spider's eight legs are very useful members in more ways than one; they help it in its spinning. It is for this reason that spiders are able to spin at night. They do not require to see.

You have seen enough? Well, come then, and I will tell you a few things we could not observe. You perhaps wonder if spider silk is of use to any one but the spider. It has a peculiar strength and luster which make it very desirable, and people have tried to make use of it. Gloves and stockings have been made of spider-silk, but it has been found impracticable because of the small quantity which the spider is able to spin. After it has spun about one hundred and fifty yards, it needs a few days' rest before it can make any more. If you destroy a spider's web, it will immediately spin another, and continue to do so until its material is exhausted, when it must either go without a web for a time, or invade the property of another, which it will not shrink from doing. R. W.

The Rising and Falling of the Land

AFTER a rough and boisterous voyage, how good it is to step on shore and feel the solid earth beneath our feet again!

We talk about the "everlasting hills," and fancy that although the ocean level falls and rises with the changing tides, the rocky crust of Mother Earth is fixed immovable for evermore. But those who read the early history of our globe recorded in the rocks, would tell us that it is the land which alters its position, while the sea, excepting only for the variation of the daily tides, has never changed its level.

Old fishermen upon the coast of Norway know of channels where their fathers used to sail their boats, but which are now too shallow to be used. The whole mainland of Scandinavia is in fact being heaved upwards by the rocks below, and thus the bottoms of the channels rise so near the surface that the fishing-boats no longer have sufficient depth to float in. Norway and Sweden, we are told, are quietly rising out of the water at the rate of three feet in a century.

Off the coast of Labrador piers and landing-stages have frequently to be built farther out into the sea so that vessels coming to unload may find the water deep enough to float their keels.

In many different countries old sea-beaches have been found perched high among the hills. And yet we know that in the olden days they must have been at ocean level, because the only way in which their pebbles could be worn so smooth and round, is by the rolling and the grinding action of the waves upon the shore.

During a great earthquake which took place in South America in 1835, a large portion of land which borders the Bay of Concepción was jerked up three feet at one

blow; and part of the ocean-bottom near the island of Santa Maria was upheaved ten feet above the high-water mark, leaving the mussels with their shells gaping open in the sunshine and feeling very dry and uncomfortable.

But if some portions of the earth's surface are rising, others are slowly sinking at the same time. It is said that the northern part of France is slowly going down. It sinks at the rate of only a few inches in a hundred years; but there are many centuries ahead of us, and if we could live for a few thousand years more, it may be that we might sail our boats over the fields where now the Breton farmers' sheep nibble the short grass, or looking deep into the water, we might see the sprats and pilchards chasing one another through the quiet streets of Calais far beneath the waves.

P. L.

Protective Coloring in Fish

THE mackerel is one of the most beautiful fish to be found in the ocean. All people, surely, must admire the wavy lines of green and blue—deepening into black—that decorate the upper surface of the fish; also the equal beauty of the pearly luster of the scales that gleam below. He draws our admiration as a fish conspicuous for his loveliness. In his natural haunts these very markings serve him as a wonderful protection from his enemies. A hungry seagull flying overhead can hardly distinguish the mackerel's back from the wave-wrinkled surface of the sea; while sharks and dogfish hunting underneath the waves, might look up at a mackerel for a long time without seeing him, because the white reflection of the silvery ventral scales is such a perfect match for the bright daylight streaming down into the water from above.

Fish which frequent the shores that fringe the Indian and Pacific Oceans show such a rich variety of rainbow tints that you would naturally suppose they were designed like certain gay advertisements, expressly to attract the eye; but when you try to see them as they swim among the brightly colored corals and the gorgeous seaweeds of those southern seas, they are as hard to find as parrots with their showy plumage, perched on a bough among bright flowers and golden fruits.

The trout that swim in the clear waters of the mountain streams are colored like the rocks which form the torrent's bed. In hilly districts which consist of slate, the color of the trout is dark gray-blue, while in the streams which murmur down the slopes of old red sandstone their backs are tinted with a warm brick-red. A trout can change his coloring to match with his surroundings almost as quickly as the well-known chameleon. A naturalist once put a trout into a shallow white bowl overnight, and in the morning he was somewhat vexed to find his captive trout was nowhere to be seen. Presently he noticed two little round dots which moved slowly about the bowl, and yet always kept the same distance apart. A close inspection showed these dots to be a pair of eyes; but the body of the trout had turned milk-white during

the night and so could hardly be seen against the bottom of the bowl.

When fish lose their eyesight through old age, they also lose the power of adapting their color to match their surroundings. There is nothing after all so very extraordinary in the power which certain animals possess to change the color of their skins. Even among ourselves there are many who have the faculty of altering their complexions instantaneously. The human skin is somewhat transparent and when the tiny capillaries contain a small amount of blood, the color of the face is pink. When they are suddenly pumped full, the color shows through as a very decided red. This may give the more thoughtful readers a slight idea as to the way by which fish change their color.

P.

How Insects Breathe

UPON examination it is found that insects of all kinds breathe in the opposite way to that in which humans breathe.

We all know that it is easier to breathe out than to breathe in. When we breathe in we have to make an effort, but when we breathe out it is done automatically. But all insects use muscular action in exhaling; whereas they inhale without any effort at all.

Dr. Jordan Regen of Vienna has succeeded in perfecting an instrument for measuring the exact way in which insects breathe. The insect is placed in a small tube of glass and a tiny rod is placed upon its thorax. This rod moves back and forth as the insect breathes, which movement is registered in ink on a record by a needle.

Dr. Regen was nine years in perfecting this delicate instrument.

TETSUO S.

Rāja Yoga Messenger

THIS publication for Young Folk is under the direction of a staff of the students of the Rāja Yoga College at Lomaland. This periodical makes a beautiful gift—a gift that renews itself twelve times a year. What more acceptable gift could you make a child than this?

Address: BUSINESS MANAGER,

RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER,

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., OF THE RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA.

(As required by the Act of August 24, 1912.)

EDITORS: a Staff of Students of the Rāja Yoga Academy, Point Loma, Cal.

MANAGING EDITORS: Professor and Mrs. W. A. Dunn Point Loma, Cal.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Montague Machell, Point Loma, Cal.

PUBLISHER: Katherine Tingley Point Loma, Cal.

OWNERS: Rāja Yoga Academy Point Loma, Cal.

Montague Machell, (Business Manager)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of April, 1913.

[Seal]

J. F. KNOCHE

Notary Public

(My Commission expires February 15, 1915.)

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by a Staff of the Younger Students of the Râja Yoga College
Point Loma, California

Published under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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Subscription 50 Cents; Copy 5 Cents

Foreign Postage 25 Cents extra, Canadian 12 Cents

VOL. IX

JUNE 1913

No. 6



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SOUTHWEST VIEW OF ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE AND RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

Special Double Number

International Theosophical Peace Congress

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ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS AND THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Râja Yoga, the Light of the World

IN times gone by there was a king who saw with sorrow that his vast territories were going to waste, and that the population of his kingdom was gradually decreasing. The king loved his people, and what he beheld filled him with consternation. For many weary months he had sought to improve conditions; new laws had been made, and old ones that had been forgotten were brought to light. Improvements were begun, every plan that seemed to offer a solution of the problem was tried, but to no purpose. At each attempt conditions did seem better for a while, but it soon became evident that something else was needed.

At last the king sent for his wise men and bade them journey through the land. They were to observe everything, no matter how insignificant; and that they might the better judge, other countries were to be visited. When a year and a day had passed they were to return and tell the king what they had learned. On the appointed day all the wise men gathered before the king and, strange to say, they all agreed that the country needed but one thing to give it and its people the health and happiness that had once been theirs — Education! To be sure, the country had schools, great numbers of them, and teachers too; but the people were not learning anything, with the exception of highly mental accomplishments; and though some of them could have passed examinations for a walking encyclopedia, they were spiritually no better.

Whether the king discovered the remedy is not known, but since then times have not changed much; and though it may not be realized, the same problems, and worse, are waiting to be solved. Now, as then, it is education that is needed, moral education as well as mental. What more tangible proof of this do we need than the fact that our asylums and prisons are increasing in number, that the innocence of the unprotected youth is constantly menaced? There is a deplorable lack of moral virility somewhere. Since the laws and reforms existing today

have proven themselves inefficient, and as education as it now stands is wholly unable to cope with the problems that face us, what system can remedy these conditions? Surely nothing but Râja Yoga, which has been a guiding Light to all who have contacted it.

Râja Yoga is all-encompassing in its scope. It does not develop any one phase of life to the exclusion of all others. It touches the home, the school, the city, the life of the nation itself. Where to so many young folk education is but a short period, an external influence in their lives, Râja Yoga enters into life itself and becomes a living factor continuously. It is not measured by so many years or a certain number of degrees; it is ever present, and a faithful guide along the path of life, since it begins from the cradle and extends beyond the grave. Moreover, it affords to its students the advantage of a well-rounded education, a thing that seems to be non-existent except where Râja Yoga is taught. For there is such a lack of mental and moral balance everywhere today. One faculty is developed at the cost of another, sometimes of many others, and men have lost the art of making each branch serve as a complement to another. And it is this very balance which makes Râja Yoga capable of facing the world's problems and answering them.

An education that makes man realize his own divinity and that shows the source of all temptation to be within himself, gives him a foundation of solid granite on which to build. Not so with education in general! Too often the graduate goes into the world with no more armor to protect him than the knowledge that there are pitfalls and that he must keep away from them; but he has not gained the knowledge needed to avoid them. Yes, keep away from them, when each one in some form or other lies in his own lower nature! But he knows little of this, and often he takes step after step along the dangerous path until he finds himself in the very place he had thought to avoid, with plenty of time then for belated reflection. How often does the cry go out — "Oh! if only I had been taught the mystery of my own nature;



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ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE AND RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE
WESTERN VIEW FROM THE GARDENS

if only I had been taught to control myself when I was young, I should have done differently." If there had been no cause for that cry, our prisons would long ago have closed their gates, and human degradation would not be so manifest as it is today. If the children had only been given a clear understanding of their own natures and the key to self-mastery when they were young, health would be, as indeed it should, the common property of all, and vice and crime would have been materially lessened. These are but a few instances of the evils that are being mitigated by Rāja Yoga. Reaching children of many nationalities, as it does at Point Loma, how great is its power for bringing about the upliftment of the race!

When each man can respect himself, and therefore command the respect of his fellow-beings, the things that now lower and belittle his standards of right and wrong can have no place in his life. Self-respect will make him a better citizen; as such he will be responsible in no small degree for the moral life of his home, of his city, as well as of his nation.

Yes, Rāja Yoga has a great work before it, and it is only a matter of time before the whole world must awaken to the fact that it alone can straighten the many crooked ways, bring peace where there is despair, and light where there is darkness; for Rāja Yoga is, and ever will be, the Light of the World.

HAZEL OETTL and
FRANCES SAVAGE

CHILDREN should above all be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity, and more than anything else to think and reason for themselves.

H. P. Blavatsky

It is not *what* is done, but the *spirit* in which the least thing is done, that is counted. — W. Q. Judge

LET the lives of the little ones be molded so that they will be better citizens than you or I. Let us cultivate a higher spirit of patriotism, a higher spirituality, and a greater spirit of brotherly love. — Katherine Tingley

Our Foundress-Directress and Teacher, Katherine Tingley: An Appreciation

THIS article is not intended as an extravagant eulogy or dithyrambic panegyric from an over-zealous enthusiast. It is but a humble tribute, subscribed to by all of us, in an attempt to set ourselves on record as a body capable (in part at least) of appreciating one who has conferred so many benefits upon ourselves and others. We will not presume to attempt an analysis of the character of our Teacher. Suffice it to say that what she has *done* is sufficient proof of her character, and enough to make her worthy of far more love and gratitude than we can ever bestow upon her. Let us name but a few of these deeds.

She has established missions for the poor and homes for the hearthless; brought sunshine and peace into the hearts of countless unfortunates behind the prison-bars; awakened new manhood in the minds of inebriates, and aroused self-respect in the lives of unhappy women; given food to the hungry, relief to the suffering, and consolation to the dying, after the war for Cuba's liberation.

She has founded seats of learning in California and Cuba, and soon another will be founded in the heart of Sweden at Vingsö; for Katherine Tingley always does even more than she promises.

At Point Loma she has established an institution at which Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion, is being *lived*; where there are none of the black spots that mar even the best of modern cities; where men and women, boys and girls, are learning to live in peace and harmony, in purity and brotherhood, by forgetting themselves in the service of others.

To her inspiration and leadership is due the reorganization, in 1898, by which the *Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood*, founded by H. P. Blavatsky in New



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LEADER OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
SUCCESSOR TO H. P. BLAVATSKY AND
W. Q. JUDGE
FOUNDER OF THE RĀJA YOGA COLLEGE
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Class Song

Sung at the Commencement Exercises of the University
Preparatory Class
Rāja Yoga College, Point Loma, California
March 28, 1913

(Words and music composed for the occasion by class members.)

STAND we at the open portals of the rising day;
Armed with steel of past endeavor, we approach the upward way;

What life's future holds before us yet, we may not fully know;
Wonders shall unfold before us, as we truly grow.

Hail the warriors tried and trusted, loudly be their deeds proclaimed,

Whose devotion to our Teacher hath a mighty stronghold framed;
Whose high courage hath inspired us with a warrior's battle-zeal,
To make answer to life's challenge and a hero's soul reveal.

Rāja Yoga, Kingly Union, shall our watchword be;
Calling doubting brothers upward, it shall make the nations free!
For this Cause we'll strive and battle, till with vict'ry's flag unfurled,

Rāja Yoga's legions shall win peace for all the world!

York in 1875, won its new title of *The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society*, thus fulfilling the purpose of H. P. Blavatsky. The principal object 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." On February 18, 1898, the Theosophical Society in America, through its delegates assembled at the annual convention in Chicago, passed a resolution by an almost unanimous vote, whereby the Theosophical Society in America was merged into the Universal Brotherhood Organization; and the title of the latter was afterwards expanded to "The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society." The Theosophical Societies in Europe and other parts of the world quickly

their possibilities, evoked their powers, and thus brought about that quality of co-operation which has created so splendid a support for all her undertakings.

For the cause of peace on earth and good will to men she has done more than any other person of modern times; not merely by inculcating the highest ideals of solidarity, both ethically and philosophically in her publications, discourses, and dramas; but first and foremost by beginning with the very children, educating them in her international schools on the lines of self-conquest and unselfishness, and impressing them with the necessity and beauty of serving the needs of humanity before the desires of self. This is not merely the shortest, but the only sure and permanent way to attain Universal Peace.



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NORTH VIEW OF RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE AND ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE
WITH ONE OF THE STUDENTS' HOMES IN THE FOREGROUND

followed the example set by the American Section. Ever since February 18, 1898, the administrative affairs of this united society have been conducted by Katherine Tingley, as Leader and Official Head, under the Constitution of the Universal Brotherhood Organization.

For the past fifteen years Katherine Tingley has conducted the affairs of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world with conspicuous ability and success. Ever insisting upon the highest moral code and a sincere attempt to lead an unselfish and spiritual life, she has won the esteem and loyal support of thousands of devoted Theosophists throughout the world, as well as the deepest respect and consideration from many outside the ranks of Theosophy. With her wonderful knowledge of human nature, she has thoroughly understood both the capabilities and the limitations of all her helpers, from those holding the humblest positions to those on whom the greatest responsibilities fall. With this knowledge and with that true spirit of encouragement that a real Teacher should have, she has shown her helpers

After thirteen years of patient, energetic, compassionate, and unflinching labor on these lines, she has today a school with hundreds of students, ranging from infancy to young womanhood and manhood, the majority of whom have made the cause of humanity the motive power in their lives, at least to the extent of their capabilities.

How has she done this? By the example of her own devoted life, as well as by the example of those splendid teachers and helpers the world over in whom she has succeeded in arousing the same spirit.

We know all that she has done for us; therefore we know what in time she will do, and in fact already has done, for humanity. That is why we love her and respect her; and that is also why we have devoted our lives to the service of humanity under her banner.

In future ages Katherine Tingley will be regarded as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind; and then the world shall know and appreciate her in a way that at present is only possible to those most closely associated with her.

IVERSON L. HARRIS, JR.



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RÂJA YOGA INVOKES THE DIVINE SELF, AND THUS BRINGS
MIND AND BODY INTO HARMONY

A characteristic view in the Grounds of the Râja Yoga College

What Appeals to Me Most in the Râja Yoga System of Education

A Symposium

(Written by individual members of the Râja Yoga Committee for the International Theosophical Peace Congress. This Committee is composed of youths and girls of the Râja Yoga College, Point Loma, California.)

THE Râja Yoga education in its full fruition can produce a whole man.

WILBUR HINEY

THE first knowledge imparted to a Râja Yoga pupil is that of the duality of his own nature. As this teaching is the basis of a Râja Yoga education and has a lasting effect on the student, I have always found it the most appealing, impressive, and helpful.

KARIN NYSTRÖM

THE absolute optimism and encouragement of the Râja Yoga system of education. The teachers never condemn, but always hold out encouragement to the student; so that no matter how disheartened he may have become, he always knows that his teachers still have a deep interest in his welfare and are waiting to hold out a helping hand to him. No student who has a spark of manhood in him can ever despair in the Râja Yoga School. He who did so would surely be cowardly and ungrateful.

MONTAGUE MACHELL

THE challenge it makes to one's honor and higher self, and the hope it imparts to those that are discouraged.

MARÍA CASTILLO

THE sense of personal responsibility which is aroused in all the pupils. This results in a more conscientious performance of duty, a higher sense of honor, and a greater degree of self-control than could be otherwise obtained.

GEOFFREY SHURLOCK

ITS right to demand more of its students than any other system of education. That *more* is the very best that each has to give, and the demand is based on the knowledge that man is divine.

HAZEL OETTL

THE spirit of fraternity which exists between teacher and pupil. In most schools it is often found that there is a lack of harmony between teacher and pupil; but here in the Râja Yoga College, both co-operate to establish the most perfect harmony for the progress and welfare of the school.

GUSTAVO PORTA

IT gives to each student the help that best fits his particular case, for it has the key to every problem. By making its appeal primarily and essentially to the soul, it evokes the Divine Self, and thus brings the mind and body into harmony. By making the pupil realize that he *is* an immortal soul, it puts in his hand an invincible weapon and places his responsibilities on his own shoulders, as well as teaching him how to fulfil them.

KATE HANSON

THE love of honor which is constantly being instilled into the hearts and minds of the pupils.

ALBERT SPALDING

THE high ideals which we, the students, are afforded. We are taught that it is better to have a high ideal, even though we must make strenuous efforts to live up to it, than to be satisfied with a lower ideal which we can easily reach. The latter prevents growth, while the former awakens continued aspiration.

FLORA CROSBY

THE clear knowledge it gives of causes and effects — knowledge which forms a sound basis for the development of *self-control*.

RAOUL LÓPEZ-MARÍN



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SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVES SENT BY THE GIRLS OF THE RÂJA YOGA SCHOOL AND COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA,
TO THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

Miss Maria Castillo (Cuban)
Miss Frances Savage (English)
Miss Susan Payson (American)
Miss Karin Nyström (Swedish)
Miss Kate Hanson (American)

Miss Helen Plummer (American)
Miss Karin Hedlund (Swedish)
Miss Hazel Oettl (German-American)
Miss Margaret Hanson (American)
Miss Cora Mercer (American)

Miss Ruth Westerlund (Swedish-American)

THE Râja Yoga system of education is not on merely intellectual lines. The student is looked upon as a soul, and character-building is one of the basic principles. In the light of Theosophy the education of the youth becomes not merely a *necessary duty*, but a very *sacred* one.

HUBERT DUNN

Its principal aim is to strengthen and ennoble the character. This is the secret of its lasting success.

LILIAN LEONARD

RÂJA YOGA teaches us that we cannot live up to our highest ideals and at the same time play false; that it is impossible to ride two horses at once.

ANTONIO PLANOS

THE Râja Yoga student is taught that "development, to be thorough and enduring, must proceed equally on all lines."

FRANCES SAVAGE

THE gratitude which it awakens within the hearts and minds of the pupils. This sense of gratitude, coupled with an earnest desire to serve the highest ideals, is the foundation upon which true and lasting character is built.

SIDNEY HAMILTON

MAN is taught that he is the maker of his own destiny, with free will to choose which course he will follow, and with power to meet the consequences of even a wrong choice, and change the effects for good.

MARGARET HANSON

THE fact that it enters deep into the nature and touches the causes of things; and that by showing the student what life should be, it gives him a worthy ideal to strive after.

CHARLES SAVAGE

THE way it develops the character of the pupils, and the self-reliance it gives them.

ROY PARSONS



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SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVES SENT BY THE BOYS OF THE RÂJA YOGA SCHOOL AND COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA,
TO THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

Mr. Charles Savage (English)
Mr. Alfred Young (Canadian-American)
Mr. Iverson L. Harris, Jr. (American)
Mr. Wilbur Hiney (American)
Mr. Antonio Castillo (Cuban)

Mr. Vredenburg Minot (Dutch-American)
Mr. Thorley von Holst (English-German)
Mr. Montague Machell (English)
Mr. Hubert Dunn (English)
Mr. Rex Dunn (English)

THE students are taught to find themselves; that is, to distinguish between the higher and the lower forces within them, which cannot be taught where the students are brought up along lines of self-interest and worldly desires.

AINA LEVERIN

THE influence of Katherine Tingley's untiring labors in preparing the teachers of the Râja Yoga system, and also that of her personal supervision and guidance of the students.

IVERSON L. HARRIS, JR.

It not only educates the pupil along the broadest lines, but rounds out his character as well, by evoking and developing to its highest and fullest possibilities the best within his nature.

ROSA BUSTILLOS

LOOK for the secret of Râja Yoga in the spiritual, elevating influences with which it surrounds the pupil's life, protecting, guiding, and gradually awakening in the nature an ever-broadening perception of a larger moral sphere

of action, culminating in the making by the individual of a definite, conscious effort for self-improvement.

ANTONIO CASTILLO

THE conviction of the truth of its principles; and the wonderful scope of understanding which these principles afford, thus leading one to a truer knowledge of life.

RUTH WESTERLUND

THE opportunity it gives the student for the practice of self-reliance. Such virtues as a Râja Yoga pupil may possess are not acquired but evoked. We soon realize that if our virtues are to remain a part of us forever, we must strive for ourselves, taking for model the example of our teachers, for their example is the chief exponent of Râja Yoga.

MIGUEL DOMÍNGUEZ

THE pupils of the Râja Yoga School and College, when true to themselves, and therefore to their teachers and school-mates, realize that the Râja Yoga system of edu-

cation, under Katherine Tingley's direction, is the only means by which the future upholders of the nations can gain self-mastery; and realizing this, the pupils are willing to give their entire time and energy to the spreading of Katherine Tingley's noble work for the whole of Humanity.

NARADA LUND

It teaches self-reliance, that power which broadens the character and helps the student to consider matters for himself. . . . The pupil is taught that he has a dual nature, and as he puts Râja Yoga into practice, the higher self defeats the desires of the lower and the mind becomes broadened and develops along spiritual lines rather than materialistic. Râja Yoga brings out the truest and noblest qualities in our natures.

HENRIETTA YOUNG

THE unselfish love and solicitude of the teachers, who have devoted their whole lives to the purpose of teaching the children to be honorable and straightforward.

GEORGE WEILER

THE insight which Râja Yoga gives to the understanding of one's own character, with its weaknesses and failings; thus giving each one the power to face himself and intelligently strive to bring out the best in his nature.

CORA LEE HANSON

THE unselfishness of the teachers and the relationship between the teachers and the students.

ALFRED YOUNG

THE ambition it gives to one who has had the Râja Yoga training. This ambition is not the desire to have bodily pleasures, which rules most men, but the ambition to serve by performing every little duty faithfully, which makes one realize that life is joy.

ARTURO PERALTA



OH, THERE IS MY MAMMA!

MASTER RAYMOND TYBERG entered the Râja Yoga School when two years old; he is now thirteen. His mother is a teacher in the Râja Yoga Academy at Point Loma.

Our Homes, Our Schools, and Râja Yoga

HOME! What a sacred and beautiful word it is! What sweet and tender associations cling to it! How much it will mean to us in later years to enter the hall of memory and there find happiness and new life in calling up the loved faces and the cheering, strengthening words of our dearest ones! To one who has had any real home at all his mother's face will come, time and time again, to warn, to cheer, and to bless.

The children born into a home that realizes Theosophical ideals of home-life are indeed fortunate, for it is there that the baby-soul is first impressed by its contact with earth-life, and these impressions are good or bad as circumstances vary. They serve to fulfil the purpose of the Karmic Law by stultifying or accentuating the qualities brought over from the last incarnation.

Whether the parents in a home are ignorant or wise, the environment they prepare for the souls intrusted to their care has its effect on the children and makes its mark on their characters for many years to come; it is like a mold into which plastic natures are cast, and few indeed are strong enough to rise above conditions and master heredity by their own divine natures. For, in truth, to master heredity is to master one's self, since Theosophy teaches that we are the makers of our own heredity, and are drawn into a family because Karmic ties attract us there; we developed similar characteristics in former lives amidst corresponding influences.



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LIFE IS JOY TO THE RÂJA YOGA CHILD



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NINETY-THREE AND THREE — THE YOUNGEST AND THE OLDEST

Mothers and fathers who know the true relations of parents and children, should also have power in their hands to start the little ones on the road to self-mastery. Should they, through ignorance or indifference, neglect their sacred duties, their Karmic responsibility will be heavy, adding greatly to the limitations and struggles of those to whom they give life.

Theosophy teaches that men and women need to reflect long and seriously before they take upon themselves the danger of making conditions that may blight the very soul-life of the children born into their midst! They do not know what they are doing in the eyes of the Higher Law, but the penalty must be paid, or else the lesson will never be learned, our eyes will ever remain spiritually blinded.

The average status of the home-life decides the general tone of the nation's moral life, and indeed affects all conditions; for the homes make the characters that we

shun and avoid, or those that we revere and trust. Therefore, the woman who longs to better the laws of the nation, should realize that she has a large share in their making inside her own sphere of activity, for she is the fashioning-power in the lives of the sons who will curse the legislatures or bless them, and of the daughters who can also aid their husbands either one way or the other.

The Arabs say: "Allah could not be everywhere, so he made mothers." What could more beautifully express woman's position and her responsibilities? To be the channel through which the touch of divinity is shed over all she contacts! What a glorious heritage; but how few, alas, realize the sacredness of it! But from those who do, what unnumbered blessings spring! Happier homes, happier husbands, happier friends, and even happier children, who find refuge in the mother's arms from all their little griefs and troubles — little to us, but deep indeed to a childish heart.

The first experience a child has with the world, the first voyage it must make, so to speak, on the ocean of life, is when it begins its school life outside the home's protecting walls. This is a time when every conscientious mother will pause and consider well before taking a step fraught with so many possibilities for good and evil. It seems not strange that her heart should beat faster and her hand involuntarily close in a last detaining clasp, when she realizes

to what influence she is opening the door of her child's life. The contact with many children coming from she knows not where, companionship with others who may have come from vicious environments or undisciplined homes, may do great harm even to *her* child. Those trusting eyes that have never looked on evil before, may be shocked at some rude sight; that clean and innocent mind may become tainted with impure thoughts, and unfit words may meet ears accustomed only to the music of a mother's lips; habits harmful to body and mind may easily be acquired where a teacher's supervision is not exercised with knowledge and understanding.

This is one side of the picture. In other cases, very many in fact, the fault is to be found in the home-training where children have not been rightly taught, where they have never been properly restrained, nor learned that self-indulgence must not be the rule of life.

A teacher's position is one of utmost importance. Not



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DANCING AROUND THE MAYPOLE IN LOMALAND

"Hail bounteous May! . . . Thus we salute thee with our early song,
and welcome thee, and wish thee long."

only must her intellectual capacity be unquestioned; but unless she is making Theosophy a living power in her life, she is liable to fail in the most important of her responsibilities to those in her care. Her relations with parents and children should be the result of high principles and unswerving devotion to duty. Often a worthy teacher's task is made harder by lack of co-operation on the part of parents who do not realize that children, without proper training and discipline, will not of themselves and without any help develop only their best natures, and turn out full-fledged angels.

This suggests a most real and vital problem, for much good training in the home may be nullified by wrong conditions in the school, or *vice versa*. This makes one realize how much educating must be done to arouse children's guardians to such a noble realization of

what is justly expected of them that they will cease the injustice done the young through ignorance and ill-treatment—in every possible interpretation of that word—moral, mental, or physical injustice.

Katherine Tingley touched the vital point of this question when she said: "Let us not seek for other worlds to conquer, when this one is full of neglected and misunderstood children."



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A LOTUS POND OF LOMALAND

Our great Leader, the Friend of all Humanity, made the first great effort to stop the deterioration of its life-forces when she established the first Râja Yoga School on the crest of beautiful Lomaland, wave-caressed by the Sea of Peace. The very name Râja Yoga—Kingly Union, the harmony of body, mind, and soul—sounds a deeper, truer note, raises a higher standard than anything the world has generally known or recognized within historical times.



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BOYS' BUNGALOW HOMES AT THE RÂJA YOGA SCHOOL
Four to eight boys live in one of these bungalows with a teacher.

Materially, the Râja Yoga School is ideal. In system and principles it is perfect. It is beautifully and picturesquely situated, with a grand harmony of mountains, ocean, and flowery gardens, to give most mystic lessons in Nature's exhaustless treasure-house. The very air breathes peace and benediction. Once within its protection, a child instinctively feels that something clean and fine has surrounded him.

The clash between home and school, parents and teachers, is here impossible, for all work in harmony with a guiding master-mind. High ideals are held in common, and in going from school to home the children feel no change of discipline, no relaxing of the rules and regulations that have set so many of them on their feet, in every way. The children live in the school, guarded day and night by those who have unfalteringly labored for them with hearts

full of compassion. The same teachers have been faithful year after year, many of them since the beginning of the school, and so a bond of confidence and love has been made which can never be broken, and never entirely effaced.

Seen through the eyes of the children, this condition is heaven itself. We do not have to *try* to love our teachers, or to respect them. Our obedience is no dead submission to superior authority; our respect is no cringing to power stronger than our own. The teachers' lives and characters have awakened in us the love and veneration we feel for them. The only effort they need make to arouse such confidence is to come into our midst. Having applied the teachings of Theosophy to their own lives, they carry it to the aid of others. Katherine Tingley is most particular about whom she places in charge of



A RÂJA YOGA BOY IN FRONT OF
HIS LOMALIND HOME

her girls and boys; and for us, the highest recommendation of character any one can have, is to be made a teacher in the Râja Yoga School. We know our trust is founded on absolute certainty. So it is given freely and without stint.

Not only do we enjoy the advantages of an unrivaled collegiate system, but the development of every part of the nature receives the best encouragement, for our schools are essentially founded on character. Add to this the philosophy that permeates the very air we breathe, and one can understand how we look upon our school as school, home, and temple.

Knowing the sacrifices that have made all this possible,

Râja Yoga in the Schoolroom

KATHERINE TINGLEY has said: "The truest and fairest thing of all as regards education, is to attract the mind of the pupil to the fact that the immortal self is ever seeking to bring the whole being into a state of perfection. The real secret of the Râja Yoga system is rather to evolve the child's character than to overtax the child's mind; it is to bring out rather than to bring to, the faculties of the child. The grander part is from within."

It is this fact, that of the Râja Yoga system being founded on character development, that has made it so superior to all other systems, and that ensures its success.



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A SCENE IN A RÂJA YOGA CLASSROOM, POINT LOMA
THE TOTS' SPELLING CLASS

conscious of what our mothers and fathers have done to keep us here, we naturally feel that at Lomalind we have something to offer our parents which most children have not. We long to serve them, to bring joy and happiness to our homes whenever we enter them; and as all are working, united in one enthusiasm, one hope, it makes a heaven of earth, which is truly a children's paradise. Through Theosophy and Râja Yoga these blessings will gradually encompass all humanity. That is our aim, our determination, and we have the power to realize it. The time is coming when all the earth shall be like Lomalind; children, parents, and teachers will know their duties and their mutual responsibilities, and Theosophy will not be a stranger in the land, for every home will be a Râja Yoga School. KATE HANSON

not only intellectually, but physically and morally as well.

But although character forms the essential basis of this system, the scholastic training of the pupils is in no way neglected. The students are taught every subject that is taught in other schools, with many others in addition. This training of the intellectual faculties, however, is regarded in quite a new light. The Râja Yoga student pursues his studies for the sake of the interest afforded by the studies themselves, and because he loves them; and as many of us expect to be teachers, that is another incentive to us to make the most of every moment in our schoolrooms. But as far as competition and striving to outdo others are concerned, they have no place in our school-life. We have our examinations, it is true, and we take great interest in them, but this is not because they

may be used as a means of showing us where we stand in regard to others. What is really essential for us to find out is how far we have made use of our opportunities, how much we have gained from the lessons studied during the year, and how nearly we have been able to approach the ideal which each one holds for himself. So that we regard our examinations as one of the means by which we are enabled to become better acquainted with ourselves. And as knowing one's shortcomings is the first step towards conquering them, such times may be made times of seed-planting for new growth, both intellectually and morally.

One of the principal features of the Rāja Yoga education is the mental training of the children, particularly

it is the same with all the students, from the tiny tots right up to those who are entering on their university course. All are taught concentration and self-dependence. They know that no one can learn lessons for another. The quick student knows that he is not helping his slower comrade when he does his thinking for him. All are glad to give what help they can to their comrades, but we realize that each must think for himself and endeavor to awaken his own intellect, and no one can do this *but* oneself. The teacher can to a certain extent command the attention of the pupil, but without the effort of concentration on the pupil's part a perfect grasp of the subject in hand is impossible.

Then again, a great deal depends upon the teacher himself. The subjects must be presented in an interesting way to awaken an equal interest in the pupil. It is, however, as great a mistake to make things too easy and pleasant, as to make them dry and uninteresting. For the former way gives no stimulus to the mental faculties of the student; it requires no effort on his part to understand the subject, and consequently it fails to make a lasting impression on his mind. But in the Rāja Yoga system of education the aim is to bring about a more perfect understanding between teacher and pupil, and the relations between them are placed on so broad and unique a basis as to make the hours spent in the classrooms of the Rāja Yoga College looked forward to with the keenest sense of pleasure by young and old. The teachers feel confident that the pupils will do their best, and that is all that is asked of them. The pupils, on the other hand, have a sincere desire to please their teachers, and take the greatest interest in preparing their lessons to the best of their

ability. As for the various subjects taken up, it would be impossible to give them separate mention, as they are so numerous. Now the objection has been raised by some that it is impossible to do justice to any one study when so many are taken together; but this idea is entirely a mistake, for the training of the perceptions and the intellect in one line has a quickening and broadening effect on the mind which will stand one in good stead in any other line of work that may be taken up. So that the pursuit of one study aids that of another, and as we advance in each we are able to view them all from a broader standpoint and see more clearly the relation they bear to one another.

From our study of history we have learned that the greatest men and the broadest thinkers of all times and nations have been men of versatility and adaptability, able to do a number of things equally well. And although there may have been some who were great in one line only, how much greater would they have been, had their education been on broader and more balanced lines!



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GIRLS' DEPARTMENT, RĀJA YOGA COLLEGE, ON THE LEFT
BOYS' DEPARTMENT AND ISIS CONSERVATORY OF ART,
MUSIC, AND DRAMA ON THE RIGHT

the younger ones. Katherine Tingley holds that as soon as a child is old enough to raise its hand to strike, it is old enough to be taught to employ its mind along right and useful lines. The tiny tots begin their moral training as soon as they are born, if they are fortunate enough to be placed in the school at such an early age, and their mental training begins as soon as they can speak. From the very beginning they are taught to control their minds, and to concentrate fully on what they are learning, great stress being laid on the importance of mental arithmetic.

The Rāja Yoga College has frequently had the pleasure of entertaining large bodies of teachers and others from different parts of the world, and it is this mental work of the children, together with their perfect ease and self-possession, that has caused such astonishment. And any one who sees the children, with their bright eyes, rosy cheeks, smiling faces, and healthy bodies, will rest assured that their work is not the result of forcing or cramming, but simply the product of a sane, healthy method of educating the mind along lines of self-control. And

With studies carried on along such lines as these, it is but natural that all our lessons should mean a great deal more to us than to the ordinary school-girl or boy. In studying history we learn to read between the lines. History is not simply a record of dates and facts; we must look deeper than the surface, and mark the different forces of good and evil that have swept over the nations, and see how they have influenced the life and thought, not only of individuals, but of the nations themselves, and consequently of the world. The study of languages, too, brings us into closer touch with the peoples of other countries, and enables us better to understand their customs, modes of life, and habits of thought and action; and it also helps to do away with that feeling of separateness which is so detrimental to true harmony. This feeling of brotherliness is also enhanced by the international character of our school, where we have representatives from the principal countries of the world.

In speaking of the scholastic side of our Râja Yoga training, which is only one phase of the all-round training afforded by the Râja Yoga system, it may be appropriate to say, in conclusion, that every true student of Râja Yoga knows that in the pursuit of all knowledge a purely impersonal attitude is necessary if we would truly advance. For as our great Chief, William Quan Judge, has said: "Never, never desire knowledge or power for any other purpose than to lay it on the altar; for thus alone can it be saved to you." The great question is not: "How may I become clever and accomplished, and outdo my comrades in this or that?" but, on the other hand, "How may I best fit myself to help others most effectively?" for it is the ambition of every Râja Yoga boy and girl to be able some day to do his or her part in passing on for the benefit of humanity the priceless jewels of Râja Yoga which it has been our privilege to receive at the hands of Katherine Tingley.



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ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE

Erected in 1900 in memory of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge
Temporary home of the Isis Conservatory of Art,
Music, and Drama

We have learned by the example of our teachers and parents, and while we have not been definitely instructed in Theosophy, yet we have inevitably absorbed its essential teachings of Karma and Reincarnation, and we know that our natures are dual—partly animal and also partly divine. This of course is Theosophy—the Wisdom-Religion. As Katherine Tingley says: "Not until he seeks to gain the ascendancy over his lower nature can man do his highest duty to his fellow-men."

FRANCES SAVAGE

Musical Activities in the Râja Yoga College

KATHERINE TINGLEY has ever held that musical expression affords one of the readiest and most direct approaches to the divine nature of man. She has also declared that no art can exert a greater uplifting and purifying influence upon human nature than the art of music. Prompted by these convictions, Madame Tingley organized musical activities among the pupils on the very first day of their life as Râja Yoga students. Indeed, music may be said to have paved the way for all other arts and sciences; for even before the Râja Yoga

School was opened Madame Tingley directed Mrs. Mayer (now Mrs. A. G. Spalding), a student of Theosophy since the early days, to give singing lessons to some half-dozen pupils who were to form the nucleus of the future Râja Yoga School, and when that school consisted of but these six pupils, piano lessons and vocal work had begun. Therefore, to give the date of the first inception of musical activities in our school, one must name the day of the opening of the school; for this glorious enterprise, like nearly all the activities established by Katherine Tingley, was ushered into being upon wings of song.

The earliest musical work was the vocal teaching started by Mrs. Mayer in 1899; and in 1900 Miss Ellen Bergmann, a devoted Swedish member, continued the singing lessons.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOME
OF THE ISIS CONSERVATORY



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A GIRLS' SINGING CLASS, RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

and school songs were taken up as soon as voices were sufficiently numerous. In January 1901, the Râja Yoga students presented their first play, entitled *The Rainbow-Fairy Play*, which called for a number of "Lotus" songs, besides another, *The Sun Temple*, composed by a Lomaland student. This play, which was given every Saturday for about eight months, lent impetus to vocal work and kept interest alive in that direction. The play was later superseded by others, in all of which singing and dancing were important features.

Ere long, in the latter part of 1901, Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, a loyal and devoted student who had served under all three of the Theosophical Leaders, took up his residence at Point Loma and was given charge of the vocal work with a large number of pupils. By his tireless enthusiasm and interest in the children, he laid the solid foundations for our vocal work and trained a "Special Râja Yoga Chorus" to attain such excellent results in ensemble singing that Madame Tingley was able to call upon it on all occasions of importance. When delivering an address at the Isis Theater, she frequently wished the Chorus to have a place on the program, and its singing was soon admired throughout San Diego by residents and tourists from all over the country and foreign parts.

This first Râja Yoga Chorus, created by the devoted labors of Mr. Neresheimer, has never ceased its activities. Voices have changed, students have gone out and new ones have been enrolled, but the Chorus has always existed and exists today, carrying on its activities either as a chorus of mixed voices, or as separate choirs for male and female voices. In the course of its long, happy, and eventful career, it has rendered no less than two hundred and seventy-four songs by composers of all nationalities. Among these should be specially mentioned two cantatas for mixed voices, *The Hours*, by Roeckel, and *The Wedding Feast of Hiawatha*, by Coleridge-Taylor. Among the songs there are several composed by Rex Dunn, a member of the Chorus; these compositions are of extreme beauty, and we feel that in their originality and spontaneity they strike a new note in the art of musical composition. We have also had the rare privilege of receiving three songs from Professor Daniel de Lange, the Founder-Director of the Amsterdam Conservatory of Music. This celebrated music-teacher and critic dedicated these songs to the Râja Yoga Chorus, for which he had composed them; and the members of the Chorus will always prize them most dearly.

The Chorus has shared in every function of importance



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INTERNATIONAL RÂJA YOGA ORCHESTRA PLAYING IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE COLLEGE

connected with the Theosophical work of Lomaland; it has brought joy and comfort to many an aching heart, and while its message of song has attuned and transformed the natures of the singers, that message has ever been the pride and joy of Katherine Tingley and the students of Lomaland.

When in 1904 Mr. Neresheimer had to absent himself for a time to settle some of his important business interests in the East, Professor W. A. Dunn took up the bâton, and in him the Chorus found a royal and devoted successor to Mr. Neresheimer. He has led our choir from victory to victory, and he stands today as the honored director of the musical life of Lomaland.

On a certain evening in the month of January, 1905, the Râja Yoga boys, being called upon to give their regular weekly entertainment, conceived the idea of opening the program with some instrumental music. To this end all the varied and miscellaneous instruments of the Lotus Home were marshalled together, and a talented member of the group wrote out some Lotus Songs and *America* to suit the combination in hand. These pieces were rendered, and achieved great success, and lo! the Râja Yoga Orchestra had spontaneously sprung into existence! On

February 13, 1905, Katherine Tingley duly authorized and established the Râja Yoga Orchestra as a permanent feature of the Râja Yoga School. One of our number, a born musician and talented composer, was given the bâton, and from that day he has ably led this body to the achievement of signal success in all its undertakings. This orchestra in its eight years' activity has appeared on two hundred and sixty-three occasions, in concert, at sacred meetings, at receptions, socials, and festivals. It has rendered one hundred and forty-five different numbers, ranging from *My Country, 'tis of Thee*, to *Overture Solennelle*, 1812, by Tschaiowsky, and including the symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Godard, and others; the overtures of all the older and modern composers, such as Wagner's *Rienzi*; Schumann's *Festival*; Weber's *Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Preciosa*; Mendelssohn's *Midsummer-night's Dream*, and *Ruy Blas*; Schubert's *Rosamunde*; and all the other best-known works. It has accompanied concertos for violin, piano, 'cello, clarinet, and flute, comprising works by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Hummel, Spohr, Mozart, Boellmann, etc. Its repertoire contains all the best-known selections and suites by modern composers, and every year sees addi-

tions of works by earlier and later masters.

The Râja Yoga Orchestra once established, it was but a short time before it became a prominent feature in the weekly Lomaland concerts. These musicales included orchestral selections and vocal numbers; solos and duets for piano, string instruments, and wind instruments; and combination music, the most important being the works rendered by the Râja Yoga String Quartet, another important feature of the Lomaland musical activities.

Since the inauguration of the weekly concerts three hundred and twenty piano selections have been rendered. Among these should be mentioned the concertos of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Hummel, and Chopin; a suite by Ole Olsen; sonatas of Beethoven, Mozart, etc.; and other works by Chopin, Rubenstein, Schubert, Mozart, Schumann, MacDowell, etc., etc. String selections, including solos and duets for violin, viola, cello, contrabass, while solos by wind instruments, including flute, clarinet, cornet, horn, saxophone, trombone, and tuba, amounted to one hundred and thirteen. Besides these, very many



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THE RÂJA YOGA STRING QUARTET

quartets, quintets, and sextets for different instruments have appeared upon our programs.

Of all the music rendered in Lomaland, probably none has received such unanimous and unstinted praise, both from the students on the Hill and from guests from all parts of the world, as that of the Râja Yoga String Quartet. It has rendered most of the standard quartet works, and in their production has achieved the highest levels of artistic musical expression. In his generous and enthusi-

astic eulogy of our music, the eminent Dutch musician, Professor de Lange, stated that the Râja Yoga String Quartet deserved first and highest mention of all our musical work. The members of this body have all been Râja Yoga students for over twelve years, and have thus grown up with the school, and in growing up together have grown in sympathy and artistic unity.

Besides the String Quartet there is the Râja Yoga Sextet, which furnishes the music at most of the Theosophical meetings, both on Point Loma and at the Isis Theater, San Diego. And it may be said that many of those who attend the meetings at the Theater were first



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RÂJA YOGA MILITARY BAND, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

attracted by the reports of the fine music rendered by the Lomaland musicians. The Sextet programs are occasionally varied by the introduction of the Lomaland Theater Orchestra, which renders appropriate orchestral works.

In Katherine Tingley's production of *A Midsummer-night's Dream*, the singing of the children, the music of certain songs composed by Rex Dunn, and the orchestral selections, excited much favorable comment from the public press. And whenever the Greek play, *The Aroma of Athens*, has been given, critics have been most enthusiastic in their praise of the vocal work of the children and the orchestral music.

There is still another organization which sprang into being in response to the needs of the hour. On Independence Day, 1909, it was thought appropriate to begin the day with a patriotic flag-raising ceremony which should be accompanied by martial music. For this purpose all the wind instruments were assembled, parts written out to *America*, *Yankee Doodle*, and *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and these rendered in the early morning as the colors unfurled to the breeze. So successful did this experiment prove that the students were encouraged by Katherine Tingley to take up the matter seriously. This was done, and today the Rāja Yoga Military Band is a recognized musical organization in our school.

The genuine, sane, and pure life which Rāja Yoga inculcates, enables its students to evoke a special power of interpretation in their musical work. Having learned to realize the presence within them of the Divine Self, and constantly striving to evoke it in their daily life, the students find in music a natural channel for this grander part of their natures and thereby attain a beauty of artistic expression such as is rarely attained the world over in this age. That this is the case, is attested by hundreds of guests who have declared themselves to have been touched by the Rāja Yoga musical expression in a way they had never before experienced.

Professor William Shakespeare, the eminent English musician and singing-teacher, who visited the Rāja Yoga College some years ago, was astonished and delighted with the results achieved by the Rāja Yoga students. After hearing the orchestra play he said:

I find here what no other orchestra in the world can give, even one composed of the finest solo performers, and that is, *the real spirit of music, the true inspiration.*

I believe the reason for it is found in the life of the Rāja Yoga students, the harmonious feeling existing between the students. The purity of life and thought which permeates

all their work tends to produce the perfect result which is here manifest and cannot be found elsewhere.

As Katherine Tingley, the Foundress of the Isis Conservatory of Music and Drama has said:

We may have music and music; but that which gives a deeper tone to the musical life at Point Loma is effected through the development of the power of concentration. This the Rāja Yoga education affords. Then too, a careful diet, regular habits, and a clean, wholesome life, have tended to bring about a more complete harmony in the body and mind, all of which have contributed to the higher advancement of the musical life.

That is why musicians like Professor Daniel de Lange, Mme. Theresa Carreño, and other famous artists, have said that this rare expression of music cannot be found anywhere else in the world. It is peculiar to the Rāja Yoga musical education of the Lomaland students.

Such in brief is the story of the musical work of the Rāja Yoga College from the day of its founding to the present time. Throughout the years this work has graced many a notable occasion; it has brought hope and encouragement to many a tired heart, and has been a precious and beneficent power in the lives of all the students of the college. Its past has been fruitful and prosperous, and under the wise guidance of our beloved Leader, Katherine Tingley, it has a future that glows with the bright promise of high and noble achievement. MONTAGUE MACHELL



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NATURE'S STAGE-SETTING AT OUR GREEK THEATER

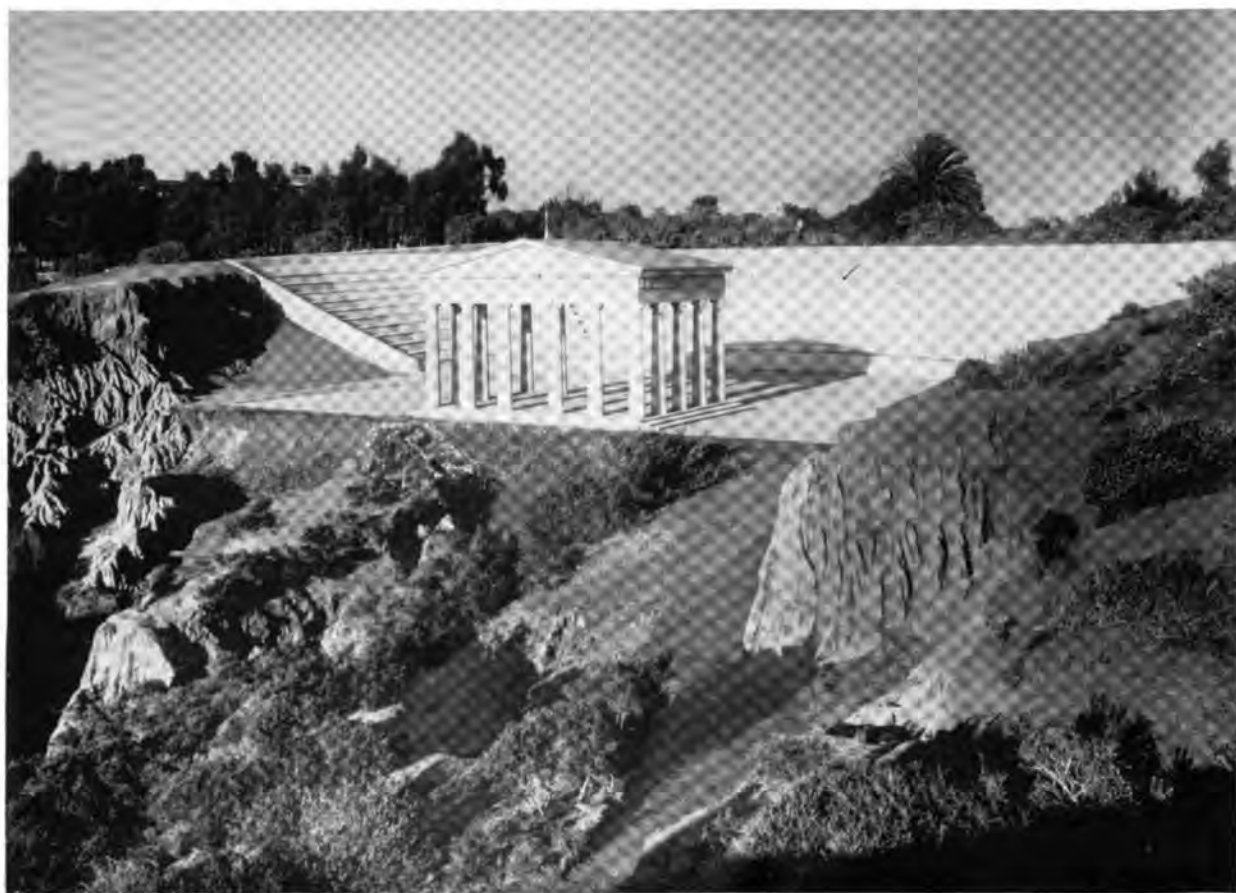
The Drama at Point Loma

THE higher Drama urges men to face themselves, to study their own natures and the natures of others, and to cultivate a wiser discrimination in thought and action.

Men cannot be preached into compassion, nor sermonized into brotherly love, nor talked into a love of justice. The virtues will not grow in the nature until the heart is touched, and the mystery-drama is the Teacher's magic wand. For all dramas which give us a true picture of the soul's experiences and a true interpretation of the Higher Law and of life's diviner aspects are mystery-dramas, whether written by Aeschylus, Shakespeare, or some unknown dramatist past or to come. Life is the great Mystery, and in unveiling it, in the light of knowledge, the true drama has ever been, and will ever be, man's great instructor.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

THERE, in the words of Katherine Tingley, lies the ideal we must realize for the Drama. There has she struck a new note which shall echo through the histrionic halls of the future. In those few sentences she turns the people of the world to the well-springs whose sources are pure and clear. The time is pregnant, and



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A VIEW OF THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

This is the first open-air theater built in America, and is used by members resident at the Theosophical Headquarters, and by students at the Râja Yoga College, for Greek and other dramatic performances, for assemblies, and similar purposes.

Madame Tingley has wrought both in word and deed for the birth of the new Drama. She stands forth to make it a real educative factor in the development of the human race, by raising it and maintaining it on a high and sacred level. Our modern stage is, in too many instances, vulgar and boisterous, or flippant and cynical. It appeals to the passions and emotions of human nature. Katherine Tingley points the way with word and example to a drama, calm, dignified, beautiful, and impersonal; a drama that shall be a promise of better ways of living. She is wise. She gives us this drama precisely because it is what we need in our modern daily life.

In June, 1898, Madame Tingley established the Isis League of Art, Music, and Drama, which was to be the instrument for the realization of her ideals. Under the auspices of this League she was the first to revive the Greek drama in America. At Carnegie Hall in New York, at Buffalo, and in England, and later at the great Universal Brotherhood Congress held at Point Loma, California, splendid and successful performances of *The*

Eumenides were presented. And among the other earlier presentations were notable *The Travail of the Soul*, *Hypatia*, and *The Promise*.

In March, 1902, Katherine Tingley bought the Fisher Opera House, the largest theater in San Diego and one of the finest on the Pacific Coast. Under the name of the Isis Theater she dedicated it to the presentation of the best class of plays. She led the way by herself staging numerous plays, including comedies, tragedies, and also fairy-plays enacted by the children of the Râja Yoga School at Point Loma. Her setting of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was something entirely new. The natural and graceful acting of the Râja Yoga children in the well-known fairy-scene of this piece compelled the attention and elicited the highest praise of the large audiences. But Madame Tingley placed the crown upon her Shakespearean productions with a superb and unrivaled presentation of *A Midsummer-night's Dream*, which for a week, with nightly performances and matinées, drew crowded houses to the Isis Theater. This masterpiece



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RÂJA YOGA CHILDREN ENACTING THE SPRING FLOWER FESTIVAL IN "THE AROMA OF ATHENS"
AS PRESENTED IN THE GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA

of Shakespeare's was given later at the Auditorium, the largest theater in Los Angeles, and it filled that building in both afternoon and evening performances. We insert a few of the press comments. They speak for themselves:

In the production of *A Midsummer-night's Dream*, being given this week at the Isis Theater by the Isis League of Music and Drama, one of the most charming and unique features is the presentation of the fairy scenes, which are studied with a regard to naturalism of coloring and effect that is most refreshing in contrast to the rather stereotyped effects which usually obtain among professional companies. . . . Point Loma Orchestra, a well-trained organization, gives a distinctly operatic character to the play. —San Diego *Evening Tribune*

More beautiful stage pictures than those seen in this performance, perfect for their blend of colors in delicate harmonies, and most artistic in their composition, I have never seen anywhere —not even in the Lyceum in London, during Henry Irving's palmiest days. —Los Angeles *Graphic*

But the predominant feature of these performances . . . is the unconscious grace, the rare rhythm, the poetry of movement in the little children — ranging from three to fourteen years of age — that form the fairy chorus. You have only to watch these youngsters to realize something at least of what the training of Râja Yoga — the royal union of body, mind, and spirit — means,

and of the noble work that Mrs. Tingley and the Universal Brotherhood are doing in this direction.

Los Angeles *Evening News*

Rich costumes, beautiful scenery, exquisite music and a lot of darling children, the fairies of the play, sum up to a large degree the excellence of the performance at the Auditorium of *A Midsummer-night's Dream* by the Isis League of Music and Drama. . . . The costumes, showing rare broideries of beautiful design of harmonious colors, were made by the Woman's Exchange and Mart, Point Loma. . . . There were one hundred and fifty people in the cast. The proceeds of the performance will be devoted to the support of the Râja Yoga Schools in Cuba. —Los Angeles *Herald*

But the climax of all Katherine Tingley's previous dramatic work came in 1911, when she opened to the public her beautiful Greek Theater, the first one built in America, with a magnificent production of *The Aroma of Athens*, amid environment and setting whose ideal beauty would be unimaginable if not seen. This play was outlined and arranged by Katherine Tingley, the rôles were assigned and learned, the costumes were designed and executed for a cast of one hundred and fifty performers, and the first performance was given, all in the space of ten days; yet the language of the play was full of con-



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"THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS" ENTERTAINING A PARTY OF GUESTS
IN THEIR CHILDREN'S THEATER IN THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE

secutive thought, pulsing with gems of beauty; the many-colored costumes, illustrative of the period, blended into a harmonious unit, and the whole performance ran

smoothly and very effectively to its end. The dialogues, recitations, and songs, were all of the purest and most uplifting nature, being taken largely from the classical Greek philosophers, poets, and historians. That we are none too lavish in our praise, that we have stinted it, rather, may be seen from the extracts which follow:

The best dramatic critics who witnessed the presentation of the play, *The Aroma of Athens*, in the open-air theater on Point Loma on Monday evening, must have been impressed at the masterly art displayed by Mme. Tingley, both in the external arrangements and stage management, and in the inner motives of the work presented. . . . The acoustics of the Point Loma Greek Theater are the marvel of perfection, and, strange as it may seem, it is a fact that any one many hundreds of feet away can be heard on the top tier of seats, and even a whisper from behind the stage settings.

San Diego Evening Tribune

The lighting was superb. When the concealed electric lights were turned on and the purity and lightness of the façade of the temple were disclosed, a subdued murmur of delight could be heard to go through the great audience which had by this



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AN INTERMISSION: MEMBERS OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
BEING ENTERTAINED BY THE RÂJA YOGA CHILDREN

time filled the immense open-air theater. — San Diego News

The theater is built between two canyons. . . . On each cliff a shrine had been erected, and at intervals during the evening the white-clad figures of water-carriers were seen coming and going. Boys clad in gold armor stood guard on the edge of the cliff, their figures standing out against the night sky. . . . The never-ceasing murmur of the sea floated up to the audience, while now and then a wave boomed out on the rocks like a sudden trumpet-call. — San Diego Sun

I wish to thank you for one of the most delightful evenings I have known in Southern California. I had the pleasure of being with your audience at the Greek theater last Monday evening, and it was indeed a revelation. . . .

Mr. L. E. Behymer, the well-known impresario.

A few weeks ago Katherine Tingley presented a new play, *The Aroma of Athens*, . . . which struck all who saw it with profound surprise and delight. . . . The foremost of the London managers—men like Tree—have made a specialty of beautiful setting, astonishing the theatrical world with the splendor of their work in this line. . . . They have had enormous resources to draw upon and have spared no expense in time, money, or thought. It may safely be said that none of them have produced anything more beautiful than this *Aroma of Athens*; it may safely be said that none of them have produced anything so beautiful. . . . Have you seen children, young children, on the stage, do well, wonderfully well; and then, when the applause rolled in, do better still, remaining sublimely unconscious of the applause? We applauded these children and looked to see, as a matter of course, the *Aroma of Athens* vanish in a series of smirks. But no; clapped we never so loudly, it made no difference to them. They played their Greek games; they were merry and classical; they were Grecian, unstilted, poetic, faery. . . . Yes, those were real Athenians; of whom we have read in Keats and Swinburne; that we have seen sculptured in the Elgin marbles. Here they were in the flesh and blood; here was the heyday of historic beauty shedding its supreme aroma on us. . . .

After the last tableau, the enthusiasm of the audience rose to such a height that a call was made for Mme. Tingley to which she briefly responded amidst great applause. — San Diego Union

Can you explain or understand the wonder of it all? Those who merely *read* of these plays must catch the aroma of them; to those who have beheld them their fragrance is more potent; and to those who are privileged to share in their preparation or performance, it is part of a work that is the breath of their life.

WILBUR HINEY and HUBERT DUNN



RĀJA YOGA CHILDREN GARDENING



A LESSON IN COOKING

Domestic Science Department of the Rāja Yoga School

Industry in the Rāja Yoga Life

WHEN entering upon the subject of industry in connexion with the Rāja Yoga life, we are touching upon one of the vital forces in this system of education. The Rāja Yoga School represents the result of unceasing effort and patient industry. United as all its departments are, it is not surprising that the principle of industry should have become closely interwoven with the school-life. Instead of drawing limitations and confining industrial activities to but one department, as is usual in other systems, here we are taught to spare no time, patience, labor, or skill that will produce something useful or artistic. The spirit of true industry enters into every duty in our Rāja Yoga life; its expression may be an embroidered flower; it may be a correct Latin translation.

Every duty, however apparently insignificant, is important here because it is one in a continuous succession of duties, all equally necessary. This idea awakens a new understanding and interest. Labor loses its drudgery. When properly disciplined to work with those about him and thoroughly acquainted with the subject in hand, the worker finds himself evoking a new power. His work becomes the expression of his highest ideals, a revelation of his inner life and aspiration. Is not a masterpiece an expression of the master? Whatever our line of work, cannot we, like the sculptor with chisel in hand, be the creators of works of art, expressions of the ideal beauty of soul-life? It is through the industrious application of this secret, through the conscientious performance of



LEARNING THE ART OF SPINNING SILK AT LOMALAND

every smallest duty, that the Great have become great.

In striking contrast to much that is taught in other centers of education, special attention to home-building characterizes the Rāja Yoga system. The right doing of the simple home-duties brings out in the nature qualities of a sweet and refining influence, beneficial not alone to the doer but to all whom he contacts. By the manual acts which help to make the general conditions surrounding our home-circle, we are creating a subtle atmosphere in which those about us live. This influence enters into their lives, coloring their attitudes and dispositions. They, in turn, send forth *their* influences to mingle with the rest. If an expression of the beautiful and artistic, this constant interchange will produce harmony and the sympathetic feelings of happy companionship.

That this spirit of beauty may pervade our work, more is required than mere manual dexterity and discipline as to its technical requirements. To make it a worthy expression of ourselves we must actually enjoy doing it. Nothing brings a more undesirable result than work accomplished in the atmosphere of men-

tal fatigue and displeasure. It is not for our satisfaction alone that we perform the useful duties of life. We are ministering to the comforts and needs, physical, mental, and spiritual, of those with whom we live. We are doing all in our power to make life the sweetest and purest expression of mutual help and happiness. This is the Rāja Yoga idea of true industry.

To take such a simple and familiar example as a bit of designing in embroidery work: as it progresses, each added stitch is watched with breathless interest. Is it merely the delight in its physical accomplishment that so absorbs one? The mere act of drawing the needle in and out cannot in itself be so very enticing. Is it not rather that its gradual development is like the unfolding of some cherished thought or ideal? Is it not that we weave ourselves into our work, and make it a source of joy when bestowed upon some one else? Surely, it is this which makes work interesting and worth while.

Aiming to bring about a realization of the importance of every duty, Rāja Yoga begins the child's training in its infancy. While yet tender in years, he is taught the beautiful truths and lessons of life in a way that will appeal to his higher nature, so that in his own simple way he understands and applies them. This is not wonderful or surprising, because he is taught by example and by means of the little acts and duties of his own daily life.

The question may arise: Ought we to try to teach a very small child to be industrious? We may in turn question: When is he big enough to begin to learn this lesson? When his habits have become settled? After



CUBAN CHILDREN LEARNING WOOD-CARVING AT LOMALAND

a childhood of destruction and careless, wasteful habits, can he, when full-grown, plunge suddenly into a life of economy and unfamiliar duties? Râja Yoga teaches us that these should in natural sequence become a part of his life from his infancy. He will then be saved the difficult task of unlearning much that has not helped him.

With these ideas in view, the Râja Yoga students are taught to love all their lessons and duties. They soon discover that all are equally necessary, and they take pleasure in learning everything that will be useful in life. Not the least important are those branches usually included under the term "manual training." All the useful lessons in the arts and crafts, in housekeeping, sewing, carpentry, gardening, home-making and home-beautifying, enter fully into the education of all the girls and boys.

Under correct supervision and training, and in a congenial atmosphere, children might grow up naturally imbued with these ideas. The beautiful truths of life are the soul's heritage, and a child, as a little budding soul, should not be deprived of what is rightfully his. Yet this is what we do when we obscure the truth. Who has not seen flashes of this soul-expression in the acts of little children? What happiness comes to the child with the doing of some kind or helpful act! Is it fair to say that the child is merely imitating? The peaceful and harmonious atmosphere of a happy home brings out latent qualities in the child's own nature, which, if fostered, will prove beneficial and strengthening in his growth and progress.

The Râja Yoga system of education supplies an ideal atmosphere in which children may find the value of true industry as applied to every moment's duty. When little ones thus taught reach manhood and womanhood and stand on the threshold of a new life, they will be prepared to meet its exigencies and will express in all their actions the garnered impressions of their childhood, and the principles and truths which have become a part of life. One can then truly say of such a one, in the words of Sidney Lanier, the poet of the South:

His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with his hand.

RUTH WESTERLUND

Râja Yoga: Its Ideals and Achievements

THE basic ideal of the Râja Yoga system is the acquirement of a perfect balance between the faculties — physical, mental, and spiritual — the "Royal Union." This basic ideal defines the scope and possibilities of the Râja Yoga system in all its strength; for that ideal is known to embrace the universal law through which man reaches a state of perfection.

To have no lower standard than perfection may seem rather too idealistic to some; yet that is just what is necessary at this time, when the tendency in human life is to become narrow-minded, selfish, and materialistic. There is great need for man to have a broader view of life to save him from the coils of his own selfishness, which are ever narrowing his circle of true interests in life. Man needs something powerful to set currents in motion of a distinctly opposite nature, in a centrifugal course, thus making man the source rather than the receptacle of good.

The practical side of this ideal may be seen in the Râja Yoga School itself. The pupils, holding this view, look upon their education as something more than the simple intellectual development required of all young people. It is to them a training in the upbuilding of character and a laying of sound foundations for the future years of

manhood and womanhood. Thoughtful students at the Râja Yoga College are imbued with the ideal of becoming worthy citizens, patriots, and benefactors of humanity. Their lives are full of purpose, and they see possible improvement and progress in all branches of effort. Not even the most advanced pupils are foolish enough to believe that they know all there is to know — so often the stumbling-block of the young. Their horizon grows with the degree of advancement they have obtained, for it narrows and expands according to the will and mental attitude of each individual. Realizing this, and that the mind plays so important a part, they aim to create an optimistic attitude.

One of our ideals, which I think is not put before other young students, is the one embodied in the word "spiritual." In this con-



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CUBAN RÂJA YOGA STUDENTS AT POINT LOMA



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AN INTERNATIONAL GATHERING OF YOUNG PATRIOTS AT THE RĀJA YOGA SCHOOL

nexion the Rāja Yoga pupils are reminded of the duality of their natures and, in consequence, of the vigilance that they must ever exercise to keep the Higher Self always in control over the lower; and of the constant and determined struggle that must go on, on the invisible battlefield of the mind, to replace the inimical thoughts therein by noble ones, and to prepare the mind to become a fitting vehicle for the higher forces to shed their benign rays over the whole being. Bearing these points in mind, the pupils learn to make stepping-stones of their mistakes, and to look on the experiences of their daily life as necessary lessons on the upward path to perfection. When this is done, life becomes interesting to them, because of the ever-present thought of self-improvement and of helping others to broader views of life.

This mutual aid has brought about the most ideal state of friendship and comradeship among the students. They realize that true comradeship consists in helping a friend in the upbuilding of his character rather than in catering to his failings. They learn from each other's weaknesses and good points alike. If this were the state of affairs in all centers of education, the cities, states, and finally the whole nation, would be reformed. There would be no such deception and cowardly hiding under the wings of falsely-called friendship, as there is today in politics and life in general, if all had been taught the wholesome

truths and habits which are taught to Rāja Yoga pupils.

In putting forth its teachings Rāja Yoga does not wait for the child to be in its seventh or eighth year, for by that time much can be acquired that is not beneficial to the child and would have to be discarded. Believing that the most lasting impressions are those of childhood, it endeavors to put before the little child, in their simplest forms, those very ideals which have been discussed, thus making its early impressions of a wholesome nature. Besides these, a love of industry is inculcated during those early years, for it is believed that an idle mind is a mischief-maker, and that while in that state the mind becomes passive and unable to resist the downward trend of thought. To enforce this, the pupils have a fixed schedule of their various lessons planned out for each day. They love their lessons and duties and find no drudgery in them.

One of the highest recommendations of the system is the appeal it makes to the honor of the pupils. It is this that gives such encouragement and hope to them. They feel in time that great responsibilities rest upon them, and that if they are to be successful, efficient students in the truest sense of Rāja Yoga, they must be prepared to be noble examples of true manhood and womanhood. In this way a true sense of justice is evoked in them, and consequently the results which follow are of incalculable



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A SWEDISH LOTUS BUD AT LOMALAND

benefit, not only to the students themselves, but to all with whom they come into contact. When this attitude of mind is established, the transformation that takes place in their characters is unbelievable.

A vital point is the fact that the pupils are taught that the problems of life lie within their own natures. This is certainly logical, for the problems of life are brought about by the differences in character of the individuals that make up the community, state, and nation. If all humanity today had followed the Râja Yoga teachings in grappling with the problems of life, there would be no conflict, no wars; peace would be the universal joy of life.

This question is often asked by critics who are unfamiliar with the Râja Yoga system: "How will the pupils be able to face the problems of human life after they leave the College, if they are so carefully protected from contacting them now?" The generous and splendid protection that is offered to students of the Râja Yoga School and College at Point Loma does not keep them in ignorance of human weaknesses and vices; but they are taught, while they are being protected, so to

fashion their characters through cultivating the will and encouraging the nobler qualities, that they will be prepared to meet the said conditions understandingly and with the courage to overcome them. The idea is often brought home to the young students that life does not flow so easily in worldly affairs as it does at Point Loma, and that consequently their opportunities in the College are precious.

One of the great secrets of Râja Yoga, that is so splendidly carried out in the College, is that the students must become self-reliant, through the understanding of their own natures — the higher and the lower; and that their thoughts, as well as their actions, must always work in harmony with the highest laws of right action. These ideas are not merely theoretical, they are actually put into practice in the daily lives of the pupils. Yes, the pupils are ever striving to live up to what they profess; for preaching and not doing is contrary to all the teachings of Râja Yoga. Indeed, the Râja Yoga teaching finds an answering call in every young heart, for it brings the light of Divine Wisdom to brighten the child's life, and arouses the warrior-spirit that is always awaiting the challenge of the soul.

It is the ideal of Râja Yoga to bring to every child that teaching which alone can give it true and lasting happiness.

MARÍA CASTILLO



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ANOTHER SWEDISH LOTUS BUD AT LOMALAND

What the Rāja Yoga Institute at Visingsö will mean for Sweden and the rest of Europe

RĀJA YOGA, Kingly Union, are words which at the present time are known all over the world as the name of the system of education that Katherine Tingley is carrying out in her Rāja Yoga Schools. The center of learning at Point Loma was founded several years ago and has now reached a truly high stage of development. It is in no sense an experiment but an assured success. Thousands of people realize the greatness of the work being done, and also that this is an ideal school and college. It is such an institution that Madame Tingley is about to start at Visingsö, the island-pearl of Sweden; and many have long been awaiting the establishment of this school. Among these is the well-known Consul Hjalmar Wicander who, after his recent visit to Point Loma, wrote an account of his sojourn there. From this article the following extract has been taken to illustrate the general feeling of the Swedish people:

The Leader of the International Theosophical Society, which



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Grounds at Visingsö on which will be held
The International Theosophical Peace Congress.

has departments, centers, and members, all over the world, is, as mentioned above, Katherine Tingley, a highly gifted woman, who well deserves all the pure and devoted admiration, love, and trust which is given to her. She purchased land in Visingsö, on her last visit to Sweden, for a similar school to that at Point Loma, California. It is my sincere hope to live to see this work realized, for I am firmly convinced that it will be of great and beneficent significance for our land and people.



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VISINGSBORG IN 1708

Near the ruins of this ancient castle of the Brahes is the site whereon will be built the Swedish Rāja Yoga School and College.

Already applications are being sent from people all over Europe who wish to place their children in the school at Visingsö; yes, from the whole of Europe, for this school, although it is situated in Sweden, will, like the one at Point Loma, be international in character.

It will here be interesting to note that Earl Per Brahe, the ruler of Visingsö during the greatest period of Swedish history, founded there a school remarkable for its aims and constitution. Music was one of its principal subjects, and it was the only school in Sweden to admit girls as pupils. The Earl himself directed the work during forty years, but after his death it fell into neglect. A hundred years ago it was dissolved by Parliament and its property was divided between two other schools. Nevertheless it exists in the memory of the inhabitants of Visingsö, affectionately called by them "Per Brahe's Thought." These faithful followers of the Earl have never lost their hope that some time this beautiful thought will again be brought to light. The twentieth century has been found the opportune time, and Visingsö will now become the center of learning which that "friend of the people" intended it to be.

In the Rāja Yoga School and College the youth will be taught that there are two forces at work within him, namely the higher Self and the lower self, and that the first step on the long way to perfection is to overcome his lower self by means of his higher. He will learn that he is an immortal soul, born on this earth to gain experience and to have the opportunity of improving himself, thus approaching the goal, which is the full development of all the faculties. The teachings of Karma and Reincarnation will answer all his questions as to what he is, whence he came, questions that are asked by every child, and cannot be answered satisfactorily but by Theosophy.



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RUINS OF VISINGSBORG

Through these divine teachings the child will learn to eliminate all that is low, deceitful, and selfish in his nature, thus bringing into play his noblest qualities.

This Râja Yoga School at Visingsö will certainly be a great example to all schools in Sweden, as well as to those of other European countries. The improvement and progress, not only mentally and physically, but spiritually and morally as well, of the children in that school will be evident to all. As Katherine Tingley says: "The real secret of the Râja Yoga system is rather to evolve the child's character than to overtax the child's mind; it is to bring *out*, rather than to bring *to*, the faculties of the child. The grander part is from within."

At Visingsö all Europe will see the practical side of Theosophy, the principles of Theosophy actually lived out. The unselfish life of every one working there, not for his own good, not for worldly possessions, but for humanity, will spread an atmosphere of Brotherhood far and wide. The teachers will be living examples to the children of what is noblest and best in man's character. The children too, when visiting their homes, will impart



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TOR, THE FIRST SWEDISH BOY TO COME TO LOMALAND

to their parents, and to all with whom they come in contact, a share of the sweetness and happiness of their lives as Râja Yoga children. Those who have their homes far away, and are not able to see their parents, will send messages of Râja Yoga in their letters, proving that true pleasure in life comes not from selfish desire or self-interest, but from living for others.

Thus the children in this Râja Yoga School at Visingsö will become messengers of truth and peace to Europe, and in their endeavors to unite all people of this earth into one glorious Brotherhood, they will gain an added strength from the co-operation of their parents.

(Written by a committee of the Swedish girls of the Râja Yoga Academy, Point Loma, California, consisting of Karin Nyström, Karin Hedlund, and Aina Leverin.)



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THE ROYAL FOREST, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

What the World Says about our Râja Yoga Institution

OUR great American philosopher, Emerson, once said that nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. As every reader of our paper, the *Râja Yoga Messenger*, especially of this Peace Congress Edition, must realize, we Râja Yoga students have boundless enthusiasm for our college, because we know how great is the work it is accomplishing.

But to show that we are not alone in this feeling, and that we have good cause for our enthusiasm, we have



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STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA YOGA SCHOOL AND COLLEGE WAITING TO WELCOME THEIR GUESTS

prepared for our readers extracts from the writings and sayings of eminent writers, educators, business men, journalists, professional men, and men holding high civic positions, who have visited our institution and who have expressed themselves concerning it. This idea we have conceived and carried out ourselves without the suggestion or assistance of any of the directors or teachers of the institution. We desire that the world should know what our College affords, and what students of the coming Râja Yoga School at Visingsö, Sweden, may also expect.

At this season our thoughts turn naturally to Sweden; and so we first present to our readers a short extract from an article entitled "A Sojourn at Point Loma," written by Consul Hjalmar Wicander of Stockholm:

My desire to see Point Loma came from the knowledge I had of the Theosophical Movement in Sweden which had attracted my interest, though I am not a member. . . . I came as a sceptic, but left Point Loma converted and convinced; and I wished I could employ in my business and practical work such young men as I saw and learned to know there. *Râja Yoga education is now in my eyes the best diploma a young man and woman can receive.*

Next shall come a few opinions from representatives of different nations and callings the world over; though the great difficulty has been to know what to choose from the great mass of commendatory material at hand.

. . . . We visited the Temple of Music and Drama, where we were the witnesses of an expression of art such as only the pupils of the Râja Yoga College are able to give. . . . And this it is

that impresses one so deeply—more than one can describe: *Truth* is here the first and last word. These young students in their simplicity, in their sincerity, are greater in their art than many great artists with great talent. They do not know what is vanity, what is selfishness. . . . (From a letter written by Professor Daniel de Lange, Founder and Director of the Conservatory of Music at Amsterdam, Holland, December 23, 1912.)

My dear Mrs. Tingley: I wish to put myself on record regarding what I have seen of the Râja Yoga system of training and the Râja Yoga School at Point Loma. . . . At different times since the Point Loma School was established, I have had the opportunity of seeing the details of the life and work of the children, and of witnessing their class-work. Their bright faces, betokening health and happiness, their interest in their studies and in their school life, the absence of any self-consciousness, their dignity and self-possession, all point to the most thorough training and the tenderest care. In addition to all this, in the high standard of excellence and moral character, the school will compare favorably with any, and takes its rank among the highest. The Râja Yoga system seems to strike a new note in education, and I regard as fortunate indeed those boys and girls who have this training.

(Signed) Hugh J. Baldwin,

Superintendent of Schools for the
County of San Diego, California.

. . . . Teachers, students, children, and directors of this Râja Yoga Institution, greetings! We have come, we have seen, and we are conquered! We are ready now to surrender. We had all of us heard something of this institution from the press and from other sources, but I am sure that not until we had ascended this hill and looked around, had we the slightest idea of what was going on at this place. . . . We heartily appreciate the efforts of Mrs. Tingley and her staff of teachers. We are in



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RÂJA YOGA CHILDREN SINGING FOR A PARTY OF INVITED GUESTS

truth your humble servants. . . . These children have conducted themselves so beautifully. It seems everything is easy for them. I have never seen a body of children so happy. During these long exercises they have been just as they ought to be. . . . I desire to see this institution again; to learn more of it. . . . We will carry the most cordial recommendation of this work wherever we go. (From an address delivered by Mr. G. M. Kirk, California State Superintendent of Schools, November 21, 1906.)

. . . . Madame Katherine Tingley: You should be congratulated on the noble work you have done, for you have erected a human and living temple. These children and their children's children will for generations to come honor and bless you for the noble work you have done for them and humanity. (From an address by Andrea Sbarboro, Esq., Chairman of the California Promotion Committee, December 17, 1906.)

If the theory of Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, that with children as with plants, environment is the most important factor in their training, growth, and development, be a correct one, then Point Loma should produce some wonderful human plants. (From an article entitled "Point Loma's Râja Yoga," published in *Sunset*, August, 1909, by Karl Heinrich von Wiegand.)

On what other spot on earth can you choose the seat of such an institution, as on this southern extremity of the United States, favored with such climatic influences; so beautiful in temperature that roses and oranges bloom throughout the year? *It seems to me that you have the ideal spot; but I of course wish that you had placed it on the other side of the Pacific instead of on this side.* (Baron Kanda, of the Honorary Commercial Commission of Japan, speaking to the Directress, Faculty, and Students, of the Râja Yoga College, Point Loma, California, Nov. 22, 1909.)

The following are a few extracts from the official report on our institution by the late Hon. Frank P. Sargent Commissioner-General of Immigration of the United States, who visited our school in 1902:

The appearance of these children was refreshing. They were bright, clean, and healthy-looking. One point which impressed all was their open and frank countenances. When you asked them a question, be it a boy or a girl, no matter what their age might be, in answering they would look you squarely in the eyes. There was an entire absence of timidity. They seemed to be free and self-reliant, yet one could see that the discipline maintained was perfect.

. . . . The arrangement of the schoolroom is perfect. There is plenty of light and air.

. . . . They went through their reading, spelling, and mental arithmetic exercises. The work of these children . . . was astonishing.

. . . . The first house visited was the one used for the children whose ages ranged from six months to about four years. The arrangements here were found to be, from a health and comfort standpoint, ideal.

. . . . The alimentary department is all that could be desired.

. . . . The location of the institution is ideal.

. . . . The fact that there is not a sick child on the grounds should be sufficient to prove that their system of training and care is correct. . . . There is an entire absence of skin and eye disease so frequently found in institutions for children. Health and physical vigor is in evidence on all sides.

In 1909 a newspaper in Santiago de Cuba made an attack upon the Point Loma institution, but paid dearly for it, the editor being sent to jail and being ordered to pay a heavy fine. But while the attack was going on Katherine Tingley demanded an official investigation of her school from the Cuban Government. As a result, Sr. Don César A. Barranco, Chancellor of the Cuban Legation in Washington, made an investigation and reported most favorably. This was what we all expected, for all he had to do was to state the facts as they were. His

report, written in Spanish and sent to his Government, was a complete refutation of all charges made against Katherine Tingley and her institution. We submit to our readers an extract from a personal letter written to Madame Tingley by Chancellor Barranco, dated September 18, 1909, Legación de Cuba, Washington, D. C.

Dear Madam: Having received a vote of thanks from the State Department of Cuba on my report of the Rāja Yoga School at Point Loma . . . it now becomes my pleasant duty to extend to you my personal hearty congratulations on the good work you have done at Point Loma, in establishing an institution where children receive the highest moral, intellectual, and physical training. . . . It is indeed very gratifying to see the extraordinary education you are giving these little countrymen of mine. . . . May you continue your good work for many years to come; and again congratulating you on your success, well-deserved, I beg to remain, with high consideration,

Yours very truly,
César A. Barranco

We continue with other miscellaneous extracts:

. . . . The wonderful institution of Point Loma is the greatest living and visible reality that the heart and mind of Katherine Tingley have brought to light. . . . The world has never seen anything like it before; here the harmonies of life seem to have surpassed even the harmonies of philosophy. (From an address delivered by Professor G. Andreini, former editor of *L'Attualità Illustrata*, Rome, Italy, at Point Loma, February 10, 1913. Translation by a Rāja Yoga student and approved by Professor Andreini.)

. . . . Here is the celebrated Rāja Yoga Academy. . . . Here is the last word in the proper education of youth. . . . The results of Rāja Yoga training cannot be denied when one sees and talks with the pupils, or when one comes in contact with the teachers. (From an article entitled "Visit to the International Theosophical Headquarters," by Johnston McCully, published in a contemporary, January 1, 1912.)

In a few words, I desire to voice my appreciation of the Rāja Yoga system of training at Point Loma and San Diego.

My heart is filled with joy and gladness when I think of the many . . . souls receiving this glorious education that cannot be excelled anywhere; and filled with sadness when I think of the many boys and girls who do not know of the Rāja Yoga system, and cannot have the opportunities that the training affords; for in this age of unrest the child needs to be taught self-control as well as arithmetic and geography. Rāja Yoga means the perfect balance of all the faculties, physical, mental, and spiritual; and under Mrs. Tingley's supervision this is being developed in the children in her schools, which are conducted in a truly marvelous way.

Compare the Rāja Yoga children with the public school children! The former are not only advanced in studies, but they have that higher knowledge which comes from the heart.

Mrs. Tingley is, indeed, a great worker for humanity, and the day will not be long before the world's people will proclaim the fruits of her great efforts for the young folk. (Hon. D. C. Reed, Ex-Mayor of San Diego, California.)

. . . . Love seems to shine out in all things at Point Loma. It is an atmosphere of loving kindness and gentleness. In the classroom there was such a wonderful bond of sweet sympathy between teacher and pupil as to impress itself upon the most casual observer. . . . Precept and example seem to move the small world in an admirable manner.

I read a book once, called *The Demi-God*, where is told how careful selection for generations brought about a man Godlike

in his attributes. After spending two half-days at Point Loma, the thought is insistent that here lies such a possibility, could this educational idea be carried out to its ultimate conclusion. (From "A Study of Rāja Yoga at Point Loma," by Dr. Clarence E. Edwards, Chief, Publicity Bureau, Counties' Committees of the California Promotion Committee. Published in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, January 6, 1907.)

The next extract is from an article entitled "The Theosophical Institution at Point Loma, California," written by one of the best-known and most able magazine writers in the United States, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker. It was published as an editorial in the January (1907) issue of *The American Magazine*, one of the largest, most widely read, and highest-class monthlies in the United States.

So many things were surprising about this school! . . . From the moment I went into the school I was conscious of one peculiar and predominant impression—of difference from ordinary schools—which at first I could not quite identify. At last it came to me: it was the unusual repose of the pupils. The girls sitting at their tables sat with singular quietude, even the little children gave the appearance of absorbed occupation. I discovered that repose of demeanor represents an essential part of the training. They call their school Rāja Yoga (literally Kingly Union), signifying the perfect balance of the faculties. Proper training of the body, proper food and sleep, an outdoor life, neither too much nor too little study, they believe, produce a balance of development which leaves no room for that nervous excitability which so often expresses itself in confusion and disorder. And the result, certainly, is a remarkable repose, a repose of discipline and good health. . . . The discipline, indeed, partakes in some degree of the sternness of the old Greek training. A father of one of these boys told me with pride how his own son when on duty recognized him only with a salute. . . . Fine-looking boys they are too. I think some of them might be depended on to carry a message to García.

Dr. W. W. Boyd, writing in *The National Home Journal*, December, 1908, said:

I have been up and down the world a good deal during the last few years, studying all sorts of institutions, philanthropic and otherwise, and the most unique organization I have met with, illustrating in its ideals the true spirit of Christmas, is the Rāja Yoga Academy at Point Loma, California . . . one of the best equipped institutions of learning in the United States.

Never have I seen a location for such an institution, the natural advantages of which were superior, taking them all in all. Its climate is ideal, varying scarcely ten degrees in a twelvemonth and permitting the children to live out of doors the year round. Its picturesque beauty is superlative. . . . Oh, it is beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth! Here, if anywhere, may be found the fountain of life.

The following extract shall be the last one cited. It is taken from a long article entitled "Editorial Visit to Point Loma, Home of Theosophy," by L. P. Hathaway, published in *The Citizen*, Palo Alto, California, Sunday, January 30, 1910. After a visit to Point Loma, Mr. Hathaway sent his two children to be educated here.

Day by day while at Point Loma we grew to understand . . . that a child entrusted to the Rāja Yoga system becomes a child of the most perfect guardian that wisdom can produce—a guardian that has no whims, no prejudices, selfishness, malice, or inordinate desires, that gives its child only Good. . . .

Everywhere was a manifestation of an active and happy life.



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MEMBERS OF THE CALIFORNIA COUNTIES' PROMOTION COMMITTEE LEAVING THE GROUNDS
AFTER THEIR VISIT TO LOMALAND ON DECEMBER 17, 1906

Who, seeing it as we are privileged to see it, could fail to be impressed with its wonderful results? Who shall say that here in this Râja Yoga system of education, which Katherine Tingley has introduced into the turmoil of the Twentieth Century for the benefit of Humanity's children—who shall say that here is not the greatest hope for the future? . . .

Fortunate the parent who is able to have his children admitted to Lomaland! Happy the child who becomes a part of this admirable and world-famous Institution!

It would be impossible to quote from all those who have visited our schools and expressed their delight at the work being done. Let the following names suffice, without their words, lest our article assume the dimensions of a book: Madame Theresa Carreño, the great Spanish-American pianist; Maud Powell, the celebrated American violinist; William Shakespeare of London, unexcelled as a vocal master; Frederick Warde and Minnie Maddern Fiske, who need no introduction; General A. W. Greely, U. S. A., noted Arctic explorer; Admirals Goodrich, Swineburne, and Thomas, U. S. N.; Hon. Emilio Bacardi, Ex-Mayor of Santiago de Cuba; Dr. Luis Rovira, one of the most prominent citizens of Santiago, and an able lawyer; Sr. Don Ernesto de Moya, also of Santiago de Cuba (the children of these three Cuban gentlemen and patriots have all received or are still receiving the benefits of the Râja Yoga training); Governor Indalecio Sobrado, of Pinar del Rio, Cuba, whose son is also a Râja Yoga student; Homer Davenport, world-famous cartoonist; Admiral Adigard, of the French Navy, who lost his life in the explosion on the *Jéna* at Toulon, France; Sir Henry Knight, former Lord Mayor of London, and the Hon. Auberon Herbert; Professor Naruse, President of the largest women's college in Japan; Sr. Dr. Rafael Altamira, of the University of Oviedo, Spain; John Hubert Greusel, reckoned the best interview writer in the United States; Edward H. Ozmun, Esq., late American Consul-General at Constantinople (deceased

December, 1910), whose two children are Râja Yoga students; Dr. Wharton James, student and writer on Indian life; Henry James, eminent author; and others.

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Important Announcement

IN this Special Double Number of the *Râja Yoga Messenger* it has been our aim to place ourselves on record as to the light in which we regard our School and College. We have done our utmost to demonstrate to our readers and the world the fact that the Râja Yoga students cherish and revere the institution which has afforded them unusual opportunities for a preparation in life such as no other institution could afford. At the same time we have aimed to give our readers some insight into our life and activities, and so, in some small degree, to answer the numerous inquiries which have been made concerning the Râja Yoga educational work.

As much matter that had been prepared for the June Double Number has had to be carried over to the July number, and as the August number will contain additional matter of interest and value—such as articles, letters, and reports from the Râja Yoga Representatives to the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, Sweden—we hereby make a Special Offer of 25c. for these three Double Numbers, the price of which will be 10c. singly. Subscribers will, of course, receive these issues without extra charge.

If you have friends who are interested in the Râja Yoga educational work and would like to know more about it, these three Special Double Numbers will make a most acceptable gift for them. Orders should be sent in immediately, as a great demand is expected for these numbers and, though an extra edition will be printed, the supply may soon be exhausted. BUSINESS MANAGER

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by a Staff of the Younger Students of the Râja Yoga College
Point Loma, California

Published under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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Subscription 50 Cents; Copy 5 Cents

Foreign Postage 25 Cents extra, Canadian 12 Cents

VOL. IX

JULY 1913

No. 7



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE THREE REPRESENTATIVES SENT BY THE JUNIOR GIRLS OF THE RÂJA YOGA SCHOOL AND COLLEGE, POINT LOMA,
TO THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

Special International Peace Congress Number
Visingsö, Sweden, Midsummer, 1913

Price 10 Cents

Greetings

To the Assembled Delegates of the International Theosophical Peace Congress
Visingsö, Sweden

WE, the Students of the Rāja Yoga College, Lomaland, California, salute the members of this august body, and all the nations of the earth.

To you, assembled in this fair northern land, is given the sacred mission of invoking once again the Goddess of Peace; of welding yet more firmly the links that bind man to man, nation to nation, and age to age. In your hands is the magic power of brotherly love that shall heal the nations' wounds, and reawaken in the hearts of men the forgotten truths of human solidarity.

From this central fire of Rāja Yoga, lighted by Katherine Tingley with the torch passed on to her by the Great Exile, William Q. Judge, and the Lion-Hearted Blavatsky, are to be rekindled the spiritual fires once lighted by Birgitta and Per Brahe at Vadstena and on Visingsö, Vettern's Island Pearl.

In this Great Cause, we, the Rāja Yoga Students, are working hand in hand with you. In our hearts glow the fires of enthusiasm, sympathy, and comradeship which shall be kindled in the hearts of all mankind.

In this glad hour, Peace, white-winged and glorious, hovers o'er the earth. She shall descend! Her snowy pinions shall enfold mankind! And in the splendor of a perfect day, brother shall meet brother, soul shall greet soul, and all humanity shall be united and there shall be

Peace! Peace! Peace!

Patriotism has the power to cause a thrill in every heart that has one single gleam of spiritual fire. That word flashes before our mind's eye in a moment, peoples our thought-world with the grand army of those heroic souls to whom love of country has ever been the incentive for their glorious life-work. What self-abnegation, what sacrifice of life and all that life holds dear, has been made by those who shrank from no amount of suffering or toil to lift the country they lived for to the high position of honor and liberty they felt to be its duty and its right to assume among the great family of the nations! All personal desires and petty wishes were lost sight of in the aspiration for the greater life of which they felt themselves a part. The choice was before them, and they had the strength to refuse the path of ease and comfort for self, and to choose that of labor and struggle—the one which blessed humanity and helped to link all hearts in a universal comradeship. These great patriots do not belong to one country only, they belong to the world, they live for Humanity.

The more we study the lives of the foremost men of other lands, the more our own lives are enriched. This is now done as it has never been done before. At no other time has so much care and attention been paid by students to the study of the worth and nobility of other countries' national heroes.

Through influence and example the patriots of one country form a link with every other. Thus patriotism rises to a world-wide consciousness in which, besides being an individual member of one nation, every man has place as a component part of Humanity, the great racial family. Spiritually, as well as by the ties of kinship, we are all united, having drawn in common our life from the One Life. And surely the most advanced souls among us link us more closely to the supreme source of all life, wisdom, and goodness. The more we assimilate their standards of principle and action into our own lives, the more we can realize and value their sacrifices and what they have done for a wider and clearer perception of the Divinity which binds man to man.

Rāja Yoga is the greatest force that can arouse the desire for universal peace in human character. Where so many are banded together in an international comradeship,

working heart and hand for one purpose, a clear insight is awakened as to the greatness of *all* nations, and we become imbued with an earnest desire to serve humanity as a whole. This every one can do by living up to the highest ideal given us by all the great Teachers. Serving our own country in this way is serving Humanity, for the condition of the world depends on the rectitude and strength of each nation, and in such service our patriotism expands and becomes more generous and comprehensive. Thus may we serve our country in the way most needed, casting off the chains of mental and moral slavery and delusion, as an obligation due from all of us.

Ode to The International Theosophical Peace Congress Visingsö, Sweden

ALL hail! O noble host, from all the countries of the earth,
Assembled in the name of peace on Sweden's olden shore,
Unfurl your banner to the skies that all the world may see,
And let it there in triumph wave, to wave for evermore.

For now upon that island-pearl, the jewel of the land,
A beacon shall be lit again, a fire shall burn star-bright;
And with its high-flown splendor all the ages, drifting by,
Shall glorified pass on, and cast behind a path of light.

The old time waneth fast away, the New Age draweth near,
When Gods return to earth, for spoke the Sagas not in vain:—
You are the heralds of the dawn, the harbingers of Spring,
The golden Springtime of the earth, when Baldur comes again.

Look foward! and you shall not feel the valor-chilling wind;
Go onward through the dust and smoke, with pennants high unfurled,

For midst the darkness and the gloom, a light has come again,
The sun has broken through the clouds, and sunshine gilds the world.—*A. S., a Rāja Yoga Student, Lomaland, April 25.*

Peace!

THE members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world join with me in making this declaration: "We shall take the Midsummer time for the sake of the old fires of Sweden, and we shall light new fires such as Time hath not known in any land."

Let us in the spirit of true brotherly love unfurl the banner of Peace to the world, and endeavor more than ever to make Theosophy a living power in the lives of men.

Let us by playing our part well, evoke the God of Peace, that it may brood over our fair land and breathe into the hearts of all a larger tolerance and a greater love for each other, for all nations, and all people. . . .

Humanity calls for aid. Who of you has the strength, the will, to go forward? To them I call, and upon them is already the flush and the Light of Victory beyond conception.—*Katherine Tingley.*



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MEMBERS OF THE RÂJA YOGA GIRLS' INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
PEACE CONGRESS COMMITTEE WHO REMAINED HOME

Standing: (left to right) Miss Alice Westerlund (Swedish-American), Miss Aina Leverin (Swedish),
Miss Henrietta Young (Canadian-American), Miss Alice Hiney (American), Miss Flora Crosby (American).

Seated: Miss Lilian Leonard (Guatemalan-American), Miss Cora Lee Hanson (American),
Miss Rosa Bustillos (Cuban).

Crusaders

Children of Light, as ye go forth into the world, seek to render noble service to all that live. — *Katherine Tingley*

THE Crusades of which we read in history tell of bodies of people going forth to a far-off land to defend a place sacred to followers of the Christian faith. There have been many crusades in the history of the world in which people have gone forth to different quarters of the earth for varying purposes. The word crusade therefore suggests a going forth. But there are many ways of "going forth" other than that of mere travel, and the crusaders who accomplish real good in their work are those who make crusades along many inner lines before they actually travel abroad and en-

deavor to teach or lead others by precept and example.

May it not be that the real worth of each of us depends upon the extent or the number of our crusades, our "goings forth" for the good of others? Surely the nature that is so absolutely absorbed with its own small ends and desires as to be oblivious of fair and untraveled fields in the lives of others, can be of very little real worth to a community. Such natures are to be found, however, in every community. They characterize the people whose thinking faculties revolve about a tiny circle and hold tenaciously to all the old and accustomed modes of action and thought. Such minds, from long concentrating upon a very small field of view, have lost all sense of proportion, so that what seems monumental in their



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MEMBERS OF THE RÂJA YOGA BOYS' INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
PEACE CONGRESS COMMITTEE WHO REMAINED HOME

Standing: (left to right) Mr. Gustavo Porta (Cuban), Mr. George Weiler (Canadian), Mr. Albert Spalding, Jr., (American), Mr. Hildor Barton (Swedish-American).
Seated: (left to right) Mr. Arturo Peralta (Cuban), Mr. Antonio Planos (Cuban), Mr. Geoffrey Shurlock (English).

In the June Double Number were published two group pictures of the Râja Yoga Representatives sent to the Peace Congress in Sweden. The members of these four groups comprise the principal contributors and Editorial Staff of the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER.

view is possibly a thing of nought to humanity at large, and what seems worthless and insignificant may hold mighty possibilities for their brothers.

But let the influence of a large and generous nature send a ray of real brotherly sympathy and helpfulness into such a nature, let that ray fall upon the faint spark of reality in that inner self, and let it cause the fettered nature to raise the eye and look abroad. In this one effort to look abroad magic has been accomplished. The life of the newly-awakened one is suddenly permeated with a certain sweetness. It is as though a casement had been thrown open and the cool fragrance of a spring morning

had blown in across the fields of grass and clover; the springtime has entered into the life of that person. And with this purifying of the long-sealed chambers of the mind there is born an eagerness to go forth into the fields whence come the freshness and fragrance. First the desire to go forth is merely for personal pleasure and recreation, but if the nature be of good calibre the first crusade into the world of thought and action awakens the crusader to a realization that there is work to be done, and if he is a true knight and worthy of his order he will fit himself to take part in this work.

So when we meet with people who instantly attract



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AN INTERNATIONAL GATHERING IN LOMALAND

Young Students of the Râja Yoga School, Point Loma, California, many of them bearing their national flags, on their way to the Greek Theater, to participate in the "March of the Nations."

us, who seem by their presence to call out fine and noble instincts within us, who make us feel better for having met them—when we meet such people we are contacting the real "crusaders." They have not made it the practice of their lives to thrust themselves upon others, or to meddle with other people's affairs; but they have been constantly "going forth" in compassion, in sincerity, in sympathy, to all whom they contacted. Such people as these frequently are to be found living a quiet and secluded life in some remote village. But when we hear of them we soon learn that they are the very heart of the environment in which they live; they have made the path of their crusade the path of their daily life, and, should the call come, they would be the most fit of all to go forth on an outward crusade and



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"FORWARD, MARCH!"
The head of the above column.

confer benediction upon whatever field of activity they entered, and upon all whom they met.

Thus all true crusaders have begun. H. P. Blavatsky led many a crusade before she stepped forth and brought back the truths of Theosophy to the world. It was because her heart had been "going forth" every moment of her life to the sad and the unfortunate all over the world, that she was called upon to make that great and glorious crusade which should bring new light to discouraged humanity.

So too William Q. Judge was a man whose whole life was a constant going forth in unselfish sympathy for his fellow-men, and because his heart was great enough to take in all the world, he was called upon to devote his life to the welfare of others.

Likewise, in her earliest childhood days Katherine Tingley used to dream, wonder, and tell of how she would some day gather the people of the world together and tell them beautiful things that would help them to overcome their sorrows and misfortunes. All her beautiful buildings which now adorn Point Loma were first erected in her childish imagination, and she had led many and many a crusade before she was called upon to make a tour of the world in 1896-97. This was the first time she actually traveled around the world to study the conditions of humanity for the purpose of helping it. Since that time she has made many such crusades, and now, as a result of her great love for the children of the world, there is a Râja Yoga School and College at Point Loma, California, from which representatives have gone forth with Katherine Tingley to participate in a Peace Crusade during which another Râja Yoga School will be founded in the far north.

The Râja Yoga representatives and crusaders who are privileged to participate in this event, feel that they are entering upon one of the greatest undertakings of their lives; and they feel too a great responsibility, for in so far as each one has really assimilated the true spirit of Râja Yoga, just so far is he really a crusader.

Surely, then, there are crusades for all of us—a crusade to be made every day of our lives; not a going out of the path of our duty, but a discovering in that path of opportunities for enlarging our helpfulness, our sympathy, our compassion. It is not for us to wait for "the great call"; the great call is the first call that we hear, for we are called constantly, but seldom hear the call when it is made. There is no great and no small in the Divine Law, and in the words of William Q. Judge:

As you live your life each day with an uplifted purpose and unselfish desire, each and every event will bear for you a deep significance—an inner meaning—and as you learn their import, so do you fit yourself for higher work.

Let each, then, unfurl his banner and become a crusader in the great path of life; let him constantly go forth in heart and spirit to those in darkness. In this way his name shall ever stand enrolled among the helpers of man.

MONTAGUE MACHELL

The Better Way

SUSAN COOLIDGE

WHO serves his country best?

Not he who, for a brief and stormy space,
Leads forth her armies to the fierce affray.
Short is the time of turmoil and unrest,
Long years of peace succeed it and replace:

There is a better way.

Who serves his country best?

Not he who guides her senates in debate,
And makes the laws which are her prop and stay;
Not he who wears the poet's purple vest
And sings her songs of love and grief and fate:

There is a better way.

He serves his country best

Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on,
For speech has myriad tongues for every day
And song but one; and law within the breast
Is stronger than the graven law on stone:

There is a better way.

He serves his country best

Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths—however others stray—
And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest
A stainless record which all men may read:

This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,
No dew but has an errand to some flower,
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man, each giving to all the rest,
Makes the firm bulwark of the country's power:

There is no better way.—*Selected*

To Freedom

JOEL BARLOW

SUN of the moral world! effulgent source

Of man's best wisdom and his steadiest force,
Soul-searching Freedom! here assume thy stand,
And radiate hence to every distant land;
Point out and prove how all the scenes of strife,
The shocks of states, the impassion'd broils of life,
Spring from unequal sway; and how they fly
Before the splendor of thy peaceful eye;
Unfold at last the genuine social plan,
The mind's full scope, the dignity of man.
Bold nature bursting through her long disguise,
And nations daring to be just and wise.
Yes! righteous Freedom, heaven and earth and sea
Yield or withhold their various gifts for thee;
Protected industry beneath thy reign
Leads all the virtues in her filial train;
Courageous Probity, with brow serene;
And Temperance calm presents her placid mien;
Contentment, Moderation, Labor, Art,
Mold the new man and humanize his heart;
To public plenty, private ease dilates,
Domestic peace to harmony of states. . . —*Selected*

THE first days of spring have less grace than the growing virtue of a young man.—*Faurencargues*

THE year is a book, and for each day one fair white page is opened before us, and we are artists whose duty it is to put something beautiful upon the page.—*Miller*



A LEISURE MOMENT IN A STUDIO OF
THE RÂJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA

Art and Râja Yoga

THOSE who love art doubtless find it a deeply interesting study anywhere, but there is certainly an added touch under the influence of Râja Yoga, a something more than mere words can express, and from this springs a finer appreciation of all that is beautiful. At Point Loma art becomes broader even than the scope of all its own branches, for here under its benign influence life itself becomes a profound expression of art.

When the home speaks of art throughout, from its outward architecture to its inside furnishings, even to the kitchen; when the gardens that surround it are no departure from the rule, but add their own charm to a picture that is already beautiful; when the natural scenery proves a rare setting for the whole—then one has what may truly be called ideal conditions, and under them surely the very atmosphere must breathe of art. Such, indeed, are the conditions at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, and the Art Department of the Râja Yoga Institution has this source of wealth to add to its other resources.

It was not long after the Râja Yoga School was opened that the art classes began. During the passing years they have grown, until now they include all the pupils, even the tiny tots. This fact is of peculiar interest and proves what Râja Yoga can

accomplish. How often is it held that only those who show talent, or are particularly interested, should take up the study of art! At least it is not sufficiently realized that one does not necessarily have to win a name in the world of Art in order to gain invaluable lessons from the study—its refining influence is invaluable.

Not all who have lessons can become *artists*, so far as execution is concerned; but even the least proficient can produce work of which no one need be ashamed. More than this, there is the excellent training for the eye and the knowledge of the necessary technique, which cannot but prove of practical value. Besides, no one can study art and learn to know the works of the masters without becoming possessed of the power to discriminate between the good and the bad, the false and the true; instinctively he will turn from the things that are made to sell, and learn to love the works that can never die.

Though in after years the student may never touch the pencil or brush, the time spent in the study of art has not been wasted when such an appreciation of art has been gained. Nor is the pupil the only recipient of all these benefits; that is, not if he has made the most of the opportunities Râja Yoga has given him, for there are the many to whom he can pass on that knowledge enriched by his own experience.

Art has its influence on other branches of study, an influence that is far-reaching too. As a single instance: it awakens the mind to a greater interest in history, especially of ancient lands and peoples. The most enduring works have come to us from them, and they tell us so much, not only of the degree of culture attained, but of the inner life and the real growth that was theirs—the things that count most to the student of Râja Yoga. If there is already an interest in the history of those days, the love of art is increased, for through art the



CUBAN STUDENTS WORKING IN A LOMALAND STUDIO

student becomes familiar with the masterpieces that embody the ancient life. What a living, breathing thing must be the glory of ancient Greece when one sees the works of Phidias, and how like some old-time friend the Parthenon must then become when history makes its stones to speak!

Since art does so much for the mental faculties, it must be a power for good in the building up of character; and so we find it. Seen in the light of Râja Yoga, it certainly is, for then the student, if he but stop to think, must realize truths which otherwise he might never know, or only stumble on by accident. Can any one love the good and the beautiful, and try to express it in some creation of his own, without strengthening his own higher nature and gaining power to help others? It does not seem so. Certainly he cannot, if the desire be sincere. What is awakened by such an effort is a surprise not only to those who merely behold it, but often also to the person most concerned.

Then there is the reverse side. If the desire is not sincere, if the ideals are not high, the results must correspond. There may be talent with a surprising power of execution, and all may seem fair; but to the eye that *sees*, something will always be lacking.

What is it that makes a work of art? What is it that makes a work of art a thing of life? It is the heart-touch, the soul of all art! Through it one learns to read the many books that are open



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MISS RUTH BOGREN, A TALENTED SWEDISH SCULPTRESS, IN HER STUDIO
Miss Bogren, a daughter of Dr. Erik Bogren, of Helsingborg, Sweden, has been in Lomaland for several years.



A STILL-LIFE CLASS IN A LOMALAND ART STUDIO

only for the inner eye. It is the key that unlocks the door of Nature's treasure-house; the magic that brings to light the glories of her realm; and it is the secret of human happiness. When you have that, the simplest creation has its charm; without it the greatest labors are as nothing.

Art in Lomaland has that touch, and what it gives to its students through Râja Yoga is more than it can give elsewhere without it. Yet it holds its treasures in trust for others, and those who receive its rich bounty are the custodians. Theirs the gift that they in turn may share it with the many who have not learned to know its beauties.

Such is the work of Râja Yoga in art, a messenger here as elsewhere, and always of better things. Art is not limited to casts, or tubes and blocks of paints. It is life itself if we but make it so, and the heart-touch is its source. HAZEL O.



WORK OF ONE OF THE ELEMENTARY DESIGNING CLASSES
ART DEPARTMENT OF THE RÂJA YOGA ACADEMY

Mathematics at the Râja Yoga College

SO many articles have appeared in newspapers and magazines about alleged discoveries of ways to trisect an angle, that it may be of interest to our readers to learn that the problem admits of a very simple, and purely Euclidean, solution. In Euclid's fourth proposition of the first book, he makes use of coincident planes, one triangle being supposed to be moved upon another, by translation and rotation, until they finally coincide. In either of the moving coincident planes, according to Euclid's axiom, a circle may be described from any center. And in the case quoted, it will be noted that the apices of the equal angles having been first brought into coincidence, one of the coincident planes has to be rotated relatively to the other, around that point as a center, before the first pair of equal sides can be brought into coincidence. Calling one plane M, and the other N, and the point of rotation A, we see that the point A is common to the two coincident planes. Now suppose that in plane N there is a point B, the center of rotation of a third plane, Q, coincident with plane N; and that another point, C, is marked on plane Q, so that the distance BC on plane Q, equals AB on plane N. Then plane M remaining stationary, plane N rotates round A, while plane Q simultaneously rotates round B, so that point B describes a circle on plane M, while point C describes a circle on plane N. Thus there are two centers of motion only, and this is all that is needed to trisect any angle. The method in detail is simplicity itself, and was discovered by an Irishman in the middle of the last century, and when propounded in the Râja Yoga College here, as many as eight different Euclidean proofs were found by various pupils. A recent method discovered by a pupil in Philadelphia, employs ten centers of simultaneous motion. Like others, this problem may be said to belong to the Euclidean domain of kinematics. A TEACHER



ELEMENTARY WORK OF YOUNG STUDENTS
IN THE CLAY-MODELING CLASS

World Music

FRANCES LOUISA BUSHNELL
(Selected)

JUBILANT the music through the fields a-ringing,—
Carol, warble, whistle, pipe,—endless ways of singing,
Oriole, bobolink, melody of thrushes,
Rustling trees, hum of bees, sudden little hushes,
Broken suddenly again—
Carol, whistle, rustle, humming,
In reiterate refrain,
Thither, hither, going, coming,
While the streamlet's softer voices mingle murmuringly together;
Gurgle, whisper, lapses, splashes,—praise of love and summer
weather.

Hark! A music finer on the air is blowing,—
Throbs of infinite content, sounds of things a-growing,
Secret sounds, flit of bird under leafy cover,
Odors shy floating by, clouds blown swiftly over,
Kisses of the crimson roses,
Crosses of the lily-lances,
Stirrings when a bud uncloses,
Tripping sun and shadow dances,
Murmur of aerial tides, stealthy zephyrs gliding,
And a thousand nameless things sweeter for their hiding.

Ah! a music more than these floweth on forever,
In and out, yet all beyond our tracing or endeavor,
Far yet clear, strange yet near, sweet with a profounder sweetness,

Mystical, rhythmical, weaving all into completeness;
For its wide, harmonious measures
Not one earthly note let fall;
Sorrows, raptures, pains, and pleasures,
All in it, and it in all.
Of earth's music the ennobler, of its discord the refiner,
Pipe of Pan was once its naming, now it hath a name diviner.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

AROUND THE NORTH SHORE OF SAN DIEGO BAY
An artistic bit of camera-craft by the Lomaland
Photo. and Engraving Department.

Photography at the Râja Yoga College

AS soon as the new art of photography was well under way, its possibilities as a pictorial agency were realized, and men considered how these photographs could be reproduced rapidly and in unlimited numbers for publishing in newspapers and other illustrated literature. This brought into existence the industrial art of photo-engraving, which is one of the greatest boons of this age; for the majority of men today are in such a hurry that they do not have time or the inclination to read extensively, and besides, a glance at a beautiful picture often conveys more than columns of description.

Realizing the educative and uplifting influence of artistic illustrations, and delighting in the processes of the art, for Art's sake; likewise appreciating the disciplinary

effect upon their characters of the patience and perseverance, the painstaking care and manual dexterity needful in the practice of this most difficult of the handicrafts, the Râja Yoga students who do all the work in connexion with the making of the photographs and the half-tone plates for the beautiful illustrations in this and the other magazines and publications of the Aryan Theosophical Press, take a vital interest and pleasure in their work, ever striving to make it more beautiful and pleasing from month to month. While realizing the personal advantages derived from their work, these Râja Yoga students are by no means oblivious of the interest and happiness it arouses in the minds and hearts of all who read and enjoy the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER and the other publications issued from Point Loma, and it gives them the greatest recompense that could be paid to know that their work is a source of pleasure to others, for unselfishness is the very essence of the spirit of Râja Yoga.

The possibilities for artistic camera-craft at Point Loma are practically unlimited. Thanks to Madame Tingley's efforts during the past thirteen years, Lomaland has become one of the beauty-spots of the world. It is visited daily by tourists from far and near, amounting to thousands in the course of the year.

Walking through the extensive decorative grounds, one meets at every turn some exquisite bit of scenery; the buildings, surmounted with their striking domes and surrounded by their gardens and shrubbery, present a beautiful picture from whatever point of view they are seen. Or passing from the hill-crest down to the shore of the Pacific, one comes across beautiful Nature-pictures, such as quiet pools framing wonderful reflections; high, majestic cliffs, with white-crested waves breaking gently at

SYDNEY HAMILTON (American), seated; and NARADA LUND (Danish-American) his assistant; both are Râja Yoga students.

All the beautiful photographs and half-tone engravings made at the Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Department, and used in this and the other publications of the Aryan Theosophical Press at Point Loma, are the work of these two young Râja Yoga students.



their base; or, if it be the right time of the year, the most brilliantly-colored sunsets may be seen from the top of the cliffs — such sunsets as no true artist would dream of attempting to portray, even in his most inspired mood. On the other hand, off the eastern shore of Point Loma

lies the deep-blue Bay protected by the crescent-shaped ribbon of Coronado's narrow surf-washed beach; along the eastern shore of the bay lies the picturesquely located city of San Diego, with San Miguel mountain almost



ROY PARSONS, an American Rāja Yoga student, on the staff of the Aryan Theosophical Press.

Among his duties is the making-up into pages the type matter composed by machine or hand, and "imposing" these pages for the printing-presses.

He also has charge of the folding machine which folds the sheets after printing, at a rate of over 3000 per hour.

overshadowing it in the background, so close it seems in the clear atmosphere, reminding the globe-encircling tourist of the famous view of Naples and Vesuvius from Cape Posillipo; while the distant rim of the mountains skirting the eastern horizon forms, as it were, a fitting frame to one of the finest panoramic views in the world—one of the three finest, said Charles Dudley Warner. So extensive is the range of vision (on a clear day one can see from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles



ROBERT GOOD, an American Rāja Yoga Student, on the staff of the Aryan Theosophical Press.

He is an assistant in the press-room, where the actual printing is done. Among other work he helps to print the RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER each month.

without the aid of a glass) that the inner nature of the spectator expands and his mental vision broadens in the effort to receive so much of the beauty and sublimity of Nature at one of her most favored spots.

Realizing, as we said before, our unique opportunities for spreading and sharing all this beauty with the world, and conscious of our unequalled privileges as Rāja Yoga students at this ideally located and equipped College, the Staff of the Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Department take a genuine interest and enthusiasm in doing their share in such a work as this, and particularly in making the RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER an interesting and enjoyable magazine for both young and old. SYDNEY HAMILTON

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Bookbinding at Point Loma

BOOKBINDING, like all the arts, had its beginning in very remote times, when men, desirous of preserving manuscripts and records, bound them up in strips of reeds or wood.

Early bookbinding was very different from modern methods, solid wooden boards being sometimes used for

MIGUEL DOMINGUEZ, Cuban Rāja Yoga student, on the staff of the Aryan Theosophical Press.

He also is an assistant in the press-room and helps in the printing of the RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER. Before entering the press-room he was about two years in the machine-composition room, and is a competent linotype operator.



the covers of books. These wooden covers were often elaborately carved, requiring months to make a pair, but resulting in very beautiful and attractive books. Such books, however, were very heavy and cumbersome, so that improvements were gradually made and more substantial methods of binding were introduced from time to time, until today a very high class of bookbinding has been attained. Indeed, there is today a class of bookbinders who spend most of their time in making very artistic work in order to meet the demands of a special class of patrons who pass their time collecting these master-pieces, until it has become a fad.

The ideal of the workers at the Aryan Theosophical Press, as of all the departments at Lomaland, is not the amount of work that can be done in a given time, so much as the quality of the work produced. The great diversity of the work here affords an opportunity for the complete mastery of every branch of this interesting and important craft.

SEBASTIAN COS

Râja Yoga Work at the Aryan Theosophical Press

THE Aryan Theosophical Press, now an important feature of the work at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California, was established in New York City, in 1889, by William Q. Judge. It was later moved to San Diego, California, and in 1906 its permanent home was established at Point Loma.

The Râja Yoga students have taken part in the activities of this department ever since its establishment at Point Loma. The Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Department, a branch of the Press, is operated entirely by Râja Yoga students.

Under the capable management of Mr. S. G. Bonn, the students have an opportunity of studying thoroughly every branch of the craft, such as is not afforded anywhere else. The Aryan Press has brought to this modern world the true spirit of the master-printers of old, and has in addition the advantage of modern machinery. The work is done solely for the love of it, and the satisfaction of knowing that such work will help humanity, is the sole remuneration the Râja Yoga workers and students receive.

A course of training amidst such ideal environments is invaluable. Besides the practical manual and literary training, the Râja Yoga students who are privileged to help at the Aryan Theosophical Press have the benefit of learning to do conscientious and careful work, which is all-important to the young man starting out to learn his trade or profession.

The varied nature of the work at the Press gives the students not only theoretical but also practical knowledge of high-class work. On one occasion a gift-book was edited, illustrated, printed, and bound, entirely by the Râja Yoga students at the Press.

Besides printing four monthlies, the Aryan Press also publishes Theosophical literature in English, Spanish, Swedish, Italian, and French. One of the four monthlies is the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER, the organ of the Râja Yoga College. This was started in 1904, and has steadily grown in size and circulation. Some of the most prominent papers in the country, such as the *New York Sun*, have quoted from it.

MIGUEL DOMINGUEZ



GLIMPSES OF THE ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL PRESS

*Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.*

A LESSON IN FORESTRY

RÂJA YOGA BOYS AND THEIR TEACHER IN THE EUCALYPTUS GROVE, POINT LOMA

Reforesting Point Loma

ACCORDING to accounts written by the early Pacific explorers, Point Loma used to be forested. Ferrelo's narrative of Cabrillo's voyage describes "groves resembling silk-cotton trees, but of hardwood." This was in September, 1542. On November 10, 1602, Don Sebastian Viscaino entered what is now San Diego Harbor, and on the day following organized a party to land on Point Loma and "survey a forest of tall and straight oaks and other trees." This old forest is described as being three leagues long and one-half a league wide, so that it must have covered nearly the whole of Point Loma. Later accounts state that the trees were stripped of their bark for tanning purposes by the native population and by the crews of trading vessels. The Indians say that these trees were live oaks, and that they were afterwards destroyed by fire.

At the time Madame Tingley established the great International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma the land had been covered by "chaparral," differing little from the ordinary brush-covered areas throughout the semi-arid belt. But we have now to deal with Lomaland, one of the far-famed beauty-spots of the world; avenues of palm and pepper trees, groves of eucalyptus and acacias, rare shrubs and flower gardens have changed the appearance of the whole landscape.

*Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.*

THE NURSERY

Râja Yoga Forestry Department, Point Loma, California

Among the many Lomaland activities is the Forestry Department. It was during the latter part of the year 1905 that Madame Tingley started this work, placing it under the supervision of Mr. M. G. Gowsell, a former employee of the Forest Service of the United States Government. This department became a branch of the Râja Yoga School, and was the first practical forest school in the United States. Madame Tingley arranged for a



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SUNLIGHT AND SHADE: A FAVORITE PICNIC GROVE
IN THE FORESTRY DEPARTMENT OF THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA

special class of boys to assist in this new departure, and after the erection of a lath-house for nursery purposes, the laying-out of seed-beds, etc., the work of reforesting a large part of Lomaland was soon under way. With the chaparral removed to make room for the young trees from the nursery, it was but a little while before one saw groves of trees here and there, with ever more ground being prepared for another season's planting.

As practically all of the trees thus far planted have been raised in the Department's nurseries, the young students have learned the care of the seedlings, and the transplanting of them into nursery rows, pots, boxes, or other receptacles, according to the needs of the different varieties. They have also taken part in the field work of planting-out and caring for the young groves.

In this work many foreign countries have been drawn upon for widely

different tree species: pine-trees from Turkey and other parts of Europe, also the Canary Islands, besides many of the native Californian pines, cypresses, and oaks. There are Scotch pines from the Baltic, Seaside pines from the shores of the Bay of Biscay, the Cork Oak from Spain, cedars from India, acacias and eucalypts from Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania, besides many

species indigenous to the southwestern part of the United States. By this great diversity of trees the students learned something of the special requirements of each: how the pines grew well here, the acacias there, etc., making it a broad field for the studies of those privileged to take part in this work.

But of all the tree species that have been grown and planted, none have been so closely studied, nor so extensively planted as the eucalyptus. The name eucalyptus was given to this family of trees



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE GROUNDS
AT THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE

The opportunities for landscape work are practically unlimited at Point Loma. Thirty-five acres are now being planted with ornamental trees and shrubs.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

YOUNG RÂJA YOGA FORESTERS AT WORK

by the botanist L'Hertier, who first discovered them. The name, which is derived from the Greek, means well-concealed, and refers specially to the flowers, they being covered by a cap which falls away when the flower bursts into bloom. This great tree family has among its numerous varieties the largest trees in the world, excepting only our California Redwoods. A record of four hundred feet in height and thirty feet in diameter is claimed for specimens of two of the largest varieties. But what makes it so useful, not alone for Point Loma, but for all those portions of Southern California, New Mexico, Arizona, and Florida within its growing zone, is that there may be found varieties adapted to every condition of soil and temperature, and every kind of use. Some varieties serve best as wind-breaks, others as avenue trees, and nearly all may be used as a forest cover. Again, some prefer a light sandy soil, while others grow best in a heavy clay. All of these features have been observed and recorded by the Lomaland Forestry Department, where some twenty-four varieties of eucalyptus have been used.

Of all the hardwoods this is the most rapid-growing tree that is known. There are groves of some of the slower-growing varieties, which were planted less than a year ago with one-year-old seedlings, which are now eight feet high, others only five feet, according to the variety selected. These groves were irrigated twice only in addition to the average rainfall, which is about ten inches a year.

With this season's planting the depart-

ment will have from thirty to thirty-five thousand trees set out and established, over one hundred acres of land being covered by the young groves. Plantings for landscape purposes have also been a feature of the work. At the present time thirty-five acres are being planted with a great variety of ornamental trees and shrubs, and the future is bright for a much more rapid addition to the young groves already established. And yet it would seem that a beginning only has been made, for when forest conditions are fully established it will be feasible to take up some of the more technical branches of forestry along practical lines.

In making selections of trees and shrubs suitable for ornamental purposes at Lomaland, there have been included several of the *Haakeas*—small trees or shrubs, natives of New Holland. Some of these are particularly attractive when in bloom.

One of them, *Hakea laurina*, produces immense quantities of what has been called the cushion-flower. But while the flora of Australia, India, China, and Japan, and even South America, have presented many rare and beautiful exotics, there are many of our native shrubs and trees that have been included. Many of these are at present little known outside of the State of California.

I am well satisfied that so far as I, as a student, have followed the teachings of the Râja Yoga system, so far have I gained invaluable knowledge, not only in forestry, but also in many other lines of practical work.

ERIC MELHORN



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE BEGINNING OF A EUCALYPTUS GROVE

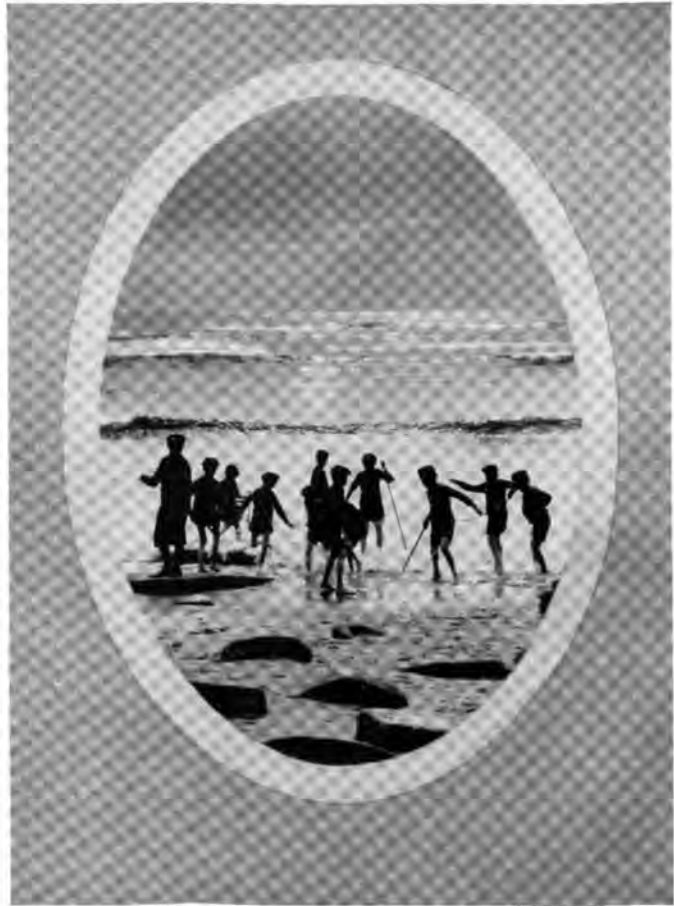
Râja Yoga Recreation and Games

A MORE description of our Râja Yoga festivals must necessarily convey but a poor impression, for in order to appreciate them one must participate therein. So far as climate and environment are concerned nothing is lacking, for an outing can be planned with every prospect of perfect weather, for almost any day in the year.

As to points of interest, of course we always have the ocean. A day spent on the beach is sure to be interesting, especially if it happen to be low-tide, enabling us to walk for miles up and down the coast. On such days there is no lack of diversion. Besides the joys of wading and other aquatic sports, there are strange and curious specimens of marine life to be found hidden away among the rocks, the most highly prized treasure being the beautiful abalone shell.

Even if the tide should not be favorable, there are the hillsides and canyons to explore. Some of these canyons are really remarkable—gorges fifty or sixty feet deep cut through rock and earth by the rain, and at the bottom sometimes not more than a foot or eighteen inches wide. To follow one of these through all its windings is a fairly arduous and exciting task for an afternoon.

Of course picnics are of frequent occurrence. A favorite way of celebrating the teachers' birthdays is to have a picnic during the day, followed by a dramatic or musical performance in the evening. Starting off at nine or ten o'clock, we spend the morning on the beach, if the tide is suitable. This always results in producing fine appetites, so that every one is ready for the mid-day lunch, usually partaken of in the shade of the trees which, thanks to our Forestry Department, are rapidly



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

AT PLAY ON POINT LOMA'S SHORE

covering the hillsides. The afternoon will be filled with games, races, etc., or perhaps with a long walk, exploring one of the canyons mentioned.

Another form of excursion greatly enjoyed by the children is a boat-ride on beautiful San Diego Bay, which has often been compared to the Bay of Naples, in its picturesque setting beneath a canopy of perpetually blue sky, with mountains in the background, and bathed in eternal sunshine. Sailing along the Point towards the entrance to the harbor, we pass right under the guns of Fort Rosecrans and then turn out into the open ocean. Then, after having gone out far enough to catch a glimpse of the domes of our buildings from the Pacific side, we turn back and cruise along by Coronado Beach,



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

JUMPING ROPE ON OUR PLAYGROUND BY THE SEA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

RÂJA YOGA BOYS AND GIRLS ON THE BEACH AT LOMALAND

and so home. Sometimes the members of the band take their instruments with them, to add to the pleasure of the trip, which is always enjoyed to the utmost by all the passengers.

Athletic training has also its proper place in the Râja Yoga College, for its value has been recognized as a necessary factor in an all-round education. Râja Yoga methods are careful not to allow the competitive side of athletics to be overdone, but strive rather to encourage athletic exercises among all the students as a vital part of education itself. Athletics are recognized by Râja Yoga as being necessary for health and recreation, and that is the place they are made to keep in the school life.

Some of the principal athletic diversions enjoyed at the Râja Yoga College are baseball, football, lawn tennis, and basketball, as well as track and field sports. There are excellent facilities for the successful pursuit of these

sports in Lomaland, as we have a splendid baseball park, with several well-laid-out tennis and basketball courts in addition. A great deal of time, money, and energy have been spent in endeavors to provide suitable facilities for the playing of these games, and these efforts have been

highly successful. The tennis courts are as fine as any in the country, and the baseball grounds are most spacious, being splendidly situated on the high crest of the hill commanding a fine view. Another element which is very favorable to the enjoyment of athletics, is the magnificent climate which California enjoys throughout the year, and this is especially true of Southern California.

The Râja Yoga College has a fine baseball team, which has a neat uniform and the best of equipment. Many pleasant Saturday afternoons and holidays are spent on the baseball grounds, where exciting contests occur between the "Râja Yogas" and



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

RÂJA YOGA CHILDREN OFF FOR A BOAT-RIDE ON SAN DIEGO BAY

the "Point Lomas" (the Point Loma Homestead team). On one occasion the "Râja Yogas" had the pleasure of playing a friendly game with a U. S. Navy team from one of the battleships then in the harbor. After the game our nine acted as hosts and escorted their sailor guests through the beautiful grounds of their College.

Track sports are also very popular in the Râja Yoga College, and the national holidays are frequently the occasions for regular "track meets," events which, needless to say, call forth great interest and enthusiasm.

Another thing which should not be overlooked in considering the question of physical training in the Râja



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INDIAN-CLUB DRILL BY RÂJA YOGA GIRLS

each of us against the traitor — that is, the lower nature, which would ever be seeking to rebel against the authority of the Higher, and to establish a despotism of its own.

Again, at the Independence Day celebration of the same year, the Râja Yoga boys had a mock skirmish, in which they had to defeat and capture the enemy. The enemy in question was a veteran of the Civil War residing at Point Loma. After a long and exciting hunt in the brushwood, during which the firing of many blank cartridges added a strong touch of reality to the affair, the enemy was captured and tried by court-martial. After the court-martial Madame Tingley presented the boys with the silk American flag carried by her on her first Crusade around the world, and also with a field-glass, most precious on account of its associations. We were then told that the glass was typical of clear discernment, and that the flag was emblematic of those high spiritual truths to which we must always raise our eyes as our standard.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

TWO VIEWS OF A WAND-DRILL ON THE RÂJA YOGA DRILL GROUNDS

Yoga College, is the prominent position taken by military drill and callisthenics. Military drill is regarded as a most essential part of physical training, and indeed, not only of physical, but of mental and moral training as well. In 1901, shortly after the founding of the Râja Yoga School at Point Loma, the boys' military company was established, and as each boy — the oldest hardly over twelve — was presented with his rifle, Katherine Tingley told him to remember that the gun was given him, not as an instrument of destruction, but as a symbol of eternal vigilance — the vigilance of the warrior in



Thus from its inauguration the Râja Yoga military discipline has been based on the highest ideals. This same spirit has pervaded it ever since, and it has proved a most powerful aid to real spiritual unfoldment. The splendid carriage and poise it gives, the alertness required, the attention to detail, the prompt obedience that it demands, the unity of action it calls for—each of these qualities is regarded as necessary in the Râja Yoga



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RÂJA YOGA PUPILS AT CALLISTHENIC DRILL



speeches are generally first in order, succeeded by the playing of martial airs by the Râja Yoga Band. These preliminaries will be followed by sports, including such events as relay races, obstacle races, a tug-of-war, ball-passing, and the like.

From all this it can easily be seen what an essential factor military drill and athletic training form in the Râja Yoga education, which has for its ideal the perfect balance of all the faculties, physical, mental, and spiritual. In the words of Katherine Tingley: "Râja Yoga implies but the balance of the physical, mental, and moral faculties. . . . No part can be neglected, and the physical must share to the full in the care required."

education for a proper development.

The Râja Yoga company of cadets frequently gives exhibitions which are always thoroughly enjoyed by the onlookers. This company uses the regular U. S. Army drill regulations, and the "vim" and precision with which they are executed has drawn forth the praise and admiration of many visitors, including army and naval officers.

Holidays are generally the time for an exhibition of sports and games, the afternoon frequently beginning with a grand march headed by the Râja Yoga Military Band, after which follow the various drill companies and younger pupils of the Academy. If the occasion happens to be a national holiday, patriotic



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TWO VIEWS OF ATHLETIC SPORTS AT THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE

a message of Greeting to the International Peace Congress to be held at Visingsö, Lake Vettern, Sweden, conveying to the Congress the sincere hope that the deliberations of the Congress may result in bringing about a closer understanding and union among all peoples, and expressing the hearty co-operation of the Southern California Editorial Association with the said Congress in its efforts for the establishment of International Peace.

A public inauguration meeting was held in Isis Theater, San Diego, on the evening of May 4, by the Lomaland Peace Delegates, which was attended by many members of the Scandinavian Society and the Press Association. On this occasion a magnificent floral tribute was presented to Madame Tingley by the members of the Scandinavian Society. This was accompanied by a set of Resolutions that had been unanimously adopted by its members, from which we quote as follows:

Availing ourselves of the opportunity offered by the holding of this Congress, which has been convoked by our distinguished fellow-citizen of San Diego, Madame Katherine Tingley, well known throughout the world for her humanitarian efforts for the welfare of all peoples and for world peace, we, the members of the Scandinavian Society of San Diego, natives of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, and Iceland, and American-born Scandinavians, send greetings to our native land and the land of our forefathers. . . .

We feel, too, that this affords us an opportunity to express to you our most hearty co-operation in your efforts toward the bringing about of peace among the nations, and we not only trust but feel assured that great and successful results will follow your deliberations, and that the holding of the International Peace Congress at Visingsö will mark the dawn of a new day for the whole world, a day of international amity and universal peace.

The later half of the program was conducted by the Râja Yoga Delegates who accompanied Madame Tingley. Their addresses and musical numbers were received with hearty applause.

Monday evening, May 5, was one that will remain long in the memory of all who participated in the leave-taking of the Peace Congress Delegates on their departure from their dear Lomaland. Young and old assembled at the main entrance of the Râja Yoga College, where they helped to send the party off amidst a storm of farewells and good wishes. One of the touching incidents was a farewell song — a song of *bon voyage* — to the Delegates, sung by a chorus of young boys. The words are so appropriate to the occasion that we give the song in full elsewhere. Three cheers were then given for the Râja Yoga Delegates, to which they replied with equal heartiness. As the cheering died away, the "Home Guard" — the officials of the Headquarters' Staff, with the teachers and students who remained home — chanted:

Children of Light, as ye go forth into the world, seek to render noble service to all that live.

The Delegates first went to the Grant Hotel in San Diego, where the Râja Yoga Band gave a short concert. The party then left for the Santa Fe depot, where a large number of friends was assembled to bid them farewell. The Band rendered several numbers, the last farewells were said, the Crusaders boarded their private car "The Claudio," and the "Home-Guard" turned their faces Point Lomeward.

HILDOR BARTON



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE "KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE" LEAVING NEW YORK HARBOR
Madame Tingley and Party embarked on this vessel on May 13.

Farewell Song to the Delegates

(Written by a Râja Yoga student for the occasion of the departure of our Comrades for Sweden.)

TURN your faces to the eastward,
Leave behind the western shore,
O'er the mountains and the prairies,
Onward, onward, evermore;
On the boundless blue Atlantic
Gleams the path o'er which you'll tread
To the land of Golden Promise,
To the goal that lies ahead.

Rich prosperity attends you;
White-robed Peace from o'er the foam
Watches o'er you on your journey
To her new-found Northern home;
New-born breezes swell to waft you
To that isle of sunlit skies,
To the glow of friendly faces
And the Nations' wondering eyes.

When the Work has been completed,
When the Triumph has been won,
To the Hill you'll come returning,
Guarded by the sea and sun;
Sailing homeward, ever homeward
From Visingsö's golden strand
To the home that lies before you,
To your own dear Lomaland.

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To really strenuous minds there is a pleasurable stimulus in the challenge for a continuous effort. — Walter Pater



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

FIRST-CLASS DINING-SALOON

A Letter from One of Our Correspondents at the Peace Congress

HERE we are in Visingsö at last. Our journey has seemed like one long dream. Speeding through the United States, first the brown, picturesque regions of our Western States, with but the distant Rockies to relieve the continuous flatness of the surrounding desert; then the fresh, green hills alive with verdure, budding trees, and blossoms as our train sped through Kansas and Illinois; finally in New York, the Hudson fading in the distance. A few days were spent in New York visiting the Metropolitan Museum, the Public Library, and walking through Central Park. Then rolling across the Atlantic, for days surrounded by nothing but sea and sky, and enjoying the crisp ocean air as well as the pitching and rolling of the ship; the landing at Bremerhafen — our first glimpse of Germany — and our delightful midnight promenade at Bremen after a grand chase for our trunks and baggage; our journey in Sweden, with its experiences and most successful concerts, and — yes, our landing at Visingsö. I keep rubbing my eyes, looking about me, and wondering when I shall awake!

Oh! but there is nothing like Sweden, especially Visingsö. We have seen much beautiful scenery since we left Point Loma, but this spot is unique. The wildest dreams of my imagination

never pictured the land more beautiful. Nothing mars the beauty of the island. Look about us in whatever direction we will, it is perfect. There are apple, cherry, pear, and plum trees in full bloom everywhere. A very short distance in any direction will take us to huge forests of oak, pine, spruce, maple, beech, locust, and birch trees. There are hills in every direction, covered with buttercups, cowslips, wild-strawberry blossoms, forget-me-nots, and what not. The lilacs! How can I leave them out! If it were only possible to send you a bouquet! I have a beautiful fragrant bunch right here. You ought to see our large cultivated pansies and the sweet little heart's-ease.

There are not many people here besides ourselves. The peasants live in picturesque little houses scattered about the island. We meet them during our morning walks. They are most courteous. There is no roughness about the children. When they meet us, the little boys doff their hats and bow, and the girls courtesy in Swedish fashion. They seem to possess an inborn gentleness and sense of courtesy.

We are now living in the house which Mrs. Tingley owns. It is a dear little place. She has named it "Loma Villa." We have settled down to real housekeeping now. Everything about the place is just lovely. We are spending our second day at Loma Villa. Our first day we spent at another house not far from here. As Mrs. Tingley's plans are always growing, we were not surprised to hear the second day that we were going to move to another place. You can imagine how busy we were moving and putting things in order. I think we are permanent now.

Right next door to us, to use a modern phrase, is Per Brahe's castle, or rather the ruins of it. It is up on a hill, and one can get a magnificent view looking down from one of its high windows. It faces Lake Vättern, and we can look right across to the beautiful hills and the



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WRITING-ROOM AND LIBRARY ON THE "KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE"

little city of Grenna on the other side. The shore is low where we are, and the border of the lake for a few feet up is covered with stones of all shapes and sizes, most of them being rather tall. These are also under the water for a little way out. The water is beautifully clear and, as a rule, very blue. The scenery about the lake is grand. In some places the trees grow right up to the very edge of the water, and there are masses of them here and there.

We have already had many walks through the woods. There is nothing more delightful than to find yourself standing in the midst of a forest with gigantic trees all about you. In some places the ground is covered with grass and wild flowers, in others, moss and fallen oak leaves. It was delightful to hear the birds again. We missed them so in the train and on the boat. We have been very much impressed with the size of this island. I had no idea it was so large. We are especially aware of the fact when taking a very long walk before breakfast. We usually come back just in time for our morning meal.

This morning we took a walk up to Mrs. Tingley's property. There is a large sign in Swedish saying it belongs to her. The land is now covered with wild flowers. We picked some this morning, and we are going to press them. One part has been planted with trees which are now about a foot in height. To think that there will be a great school there soon! It makes one think of Per Brahe and his school. We saw a large portrait of Per Brahe in the lecture hall where we gave our concert in Jönköping.

I wish I could describe to you the ruins of his old castle. The front and back walls are still standing, but the sides are more or less dilapidated. We entered under low archways. Fragments of partition walls rise from the weed-covered ground. Off in one corner were the remains of an old fireplace with a huge chimney. The walls surrounding the castle are entirely overgrown with grass and flowers, and look like huge mounds. Going there from the other house we have now left, we had to pass under a bridge, or perhaps it would be more correct to say a tunnel through the outer walls. In this, on either side, there were doors leading into damp, musty dungeons, the walls of which seemed very thick and formidable. All the light which entered such a place came



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

TAKING ON THE PILOT

in through a small iron-barred opening, about a foot square, I should judge. Not far away there is a church named after Per Brahe. We have not yet been inside, but passed by it. It is in pretty good repair and is still used. Except for these occasional intrusions, Nature here reigns supreme, apparently unconcerned and undisturbed. On one of my rambles yesterday, I came upon a specimen of the Visingsö fauna. Walking along the path on the top of a hill, I was suddenly startled by what appeared like the rolling of a ball in front of me, right up close to my feet. I jumped back, but on going to investigate, saw a little live creature of some kind, calmly reposing on the hillside. Two of the girls near at hand came running up to see; then two of the boys. It had short bristles, and we thought at first it might be a porcupine, but their bristles are longer. We persuaded the boys to take it in

their hats and show it to the others. They did, promising to return it. In the meantime we continued our walk, which took us between rows of apple and cherry trees. Every few minutes we stopped to inhale the fragrance and exclaim about the beauty of it all. In the meantime we didn't know what was happening to our little charge, which we decided must be a hedgehog. We went to find out, and discovered that the boys had been feeding it with milk, and playing with it on the hotel porch.

The workmen are busy constructing and preparing for the Congress; they are speedily erecting an amphitheater in front of our old house. The place was, but a few days ago, laid out in gardens and covered with grass. We pass by it daily and delight in watching the progress.

I could write and write and write, and yet not tell you everything that has happened. This is quite a new world to us, and we feel ourselves ever on the verge of something unexpected, yet we do not forget that there is another beautiful spot on earth. Ever fresh and alive in our memories is dear Lomaland with its memories, activities, and attractions, and best of all our teachers and comrades. Nothing can make us forget them.

With greetings to all, R. W.



AVAIL yourself of the Special Offer of 25c. for the three interesting and enlarged Peace Congress Numbers of the RÅJA YOGA MESSENGER for June, July, and August.

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by a Staff of the Younger Students of the Râja Yoga College
Point Loma, California

Published under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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Subscription 50 Cents; Copy 5 Cents

Foreign Postage 25 Cents extra, Canadian 12 Cents

VOL. IX

AUGUST 1913

No. 8



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INTERNATIONAL PROCESSION ON THE WAY TO THE GREEK THEATER
FOR THE OPENING OF THE HOME PEACE CONGRESS, LOMALAND, JUNE 23, 1913

Special International Peace Congress Number
Visingsö, Sweden, Midsummer, 1913

Price 10 Cents



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AMONG THE BOYS' HOMES, RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

A Birthday Tribute to Our Foundress

FROM THE RÂJA YOGA PUPILS

KATHERINE TINGLEY needs no tribute of words; her works speak for themselves; but we, her Râja Yoga children, who have so long received the benefit of her noble love and compassion, are happy to have the opportunity of here expressing to a certain degree what we feel towards our beloved Teacher.

Let us consider what she has accomplished during the past fifteen years. She undertook the leadership of this Movement at a time which was an extremely critical period, not only in the history of the Society, but in that of the world. Under her strong guidance this body was enabled to take a step, the beneficial results of which can be traced in every year of the decade and a half that has elapsed since then, and which has had more effect on the right directing of our lives than any other influence we know. She has established here in Lomaland a paradise in which all those who wish to work for something higher than self have the opportunity of joining hands in a brotherhood whose strength consists, not so much in its numbers, as in its unity, both of form and purpose.

Only a partial realization of the magnitude and impor-

tance of the work which has been, and is, carried on here, its unselfish and altruistic character, and the great future which lies before it, is necessary to inspire in any one a true conception of the greatness of Katherine Tingley's work. She has founded schools in which children are taught *that* knowledge of self which otherwise they could have gained only through suffering and long experience. And when they have passed through their childhood they have the opportunity, if they are able to take it, of helping her in her great work for humanity—a work to which they can devote their whole lives with the certainty that it is the only work which is really worth the doing. Thus she has offered to the youth of today what it needs more than anything else—a true and noble purpose in life, and she has opened the way for the practical realization of these ideals.

Katherine Tingley received the torch lighted by H. P. Blavatsky, and so nobly and ably guarded by William Q. Judge, and with it she has, as was foretold, lighted "new fires such as Time hath not known in any land." In carrying out this work she has not only had to endure persecution and calumny from her enemies, both open and hidden, which would have broken the strength of

any ordinary person, but she has also suffered misunderstanding and ingratitude from some of those whom she had most befriended and helped. Yet in spite of all this her courage has never wavered, her patience has been unending, and today she is engaged in an enterprise greater and more far-reaching in its effects than anything hitherto undertaken. For this and much more that must be left unsaid, the world will come to bless and honor the name of Katherine Tingley. But for us who have the opportunity and privilege of being here in the Rāja Yoga School, may our tribute be one of loving devotion, gratitude, and support.

The Higher Patriotism

RINGING in our ears and thrilling our noblest sentiments are the words, "The Higher Patriotism." May they reverberate long and travel afar!

Ever since our coming to reside in Lomaland we have heard this phrase again and again; indeed, it is the keynote of our daily life at the Rāja Yoga College. For this school, although American in center, is essentially international in its character. But never before had these words, "The Higher Patriotism," been brought home to us so clearly and impressively as on the early evening of July 6, when we listened with rapt attention while a company of our comrades, comprising some of the younger boys and girls, pupils of the Rāja Yoga School here, rendered the lines of the Symposium "The Higher Patriotism" in the Greek Theater as the day was drawing to a close. It was the first rendering of this symposium, and how appropriate to the occasion! For, be it remembered, the day was the birthday of Katherine Tingley, the Foundress of the Rāja Yoga School and College, she who coined this phrase so dear to us.

Dear Readers, imagine yourselves seated in the Greek Theater on the hillside of Point Loma, facing westward and overlooking the broad expanse of the Pacific. The picture baffles description; it has to be seen to be appreciated. As we silently sit, our thoughts uplifted while gazing at the chaste lines of the Greek Temple that rises from the central rear space of the tessellated stone pavement and is so suggestive of purity, our attention is drawn to the present occasion and its significance by strains of sweet music in the distance. Presently around a projecting corner of the canyon to the left, a line of young children comes into view. They are dressed in white and carry flowers in their hands, and they are singing a marching song, *Warriors of the Golden Cord*, in which they tell of the help they are bringing to others; and in the last verse they disclose the nature of the

enemy they seek, which they find in their own natures.

Would you know the foes we seek
As we march so steady?
Why, they're dragons fierce and strong,
For the battle ready.
Selfishness and wrong they're called,
And we love them never;
Fight them boldly every day
Till they're gone forever.

They enter the temple, deposit their flowers there, and take their seats on the eastern steps facing the audience.

One of the youths opens the discussion with a question: "Why have we come together here today?" Another answers:

"Why, comrades, save to think upon the world;
To understand better its poor ideals,
That we may purge and change them; yes, transmute
All that is base into the heart's pure gold!"

Whereupon they enter into a discussion as to the significance of the day (the Fourth of July) and of the best way of celebrating it. All participate in the discussion, first one, then another. The dialog proceeds:

"This day, of all the year, is set aside,
Consecrate unto liberty and God,—
Consecrate!"

"Yes, in thought, but not in deed,
Men may preach silence, but they practise noise."
"Fourth of July—it is a sacred day!"

"But do men keep it sacred?"

"Nay, with noise,
Claptrap and paltry shows, hypocrisies,
Coarse and cheap pleasures that make men forget
The day's sweet, sacred meaning."

"Yet men are weary, and they long to change,
Finding a better way to celebrate
This day of liberty, this day of days."

Then one of their number speaks up and says that men do not know how to celebrate this glorious days of days; that they are waiting to be told. Another calls upon his comrades: "Come! Shall we not help them?" And the answer is:

"Verily, we must!
Teaching them silence when they know but sound,
Teaching them love even where hatred rules,
Teaching them brotherhood and patriotism—
The Higher Patriotism."

The mention of the Higher Patriotism reminds them

"Of the old days when men stood side by side,
Brothers and comrades, warriors for liberty."



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THE TEMPLE IN THE GREEK THEATER
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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"THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS" ENTERTAINING GUESTS
IN THE GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

and they lament how the old ideal has fallen, and some one remarks that it is their privilege to bring it back, to make freedom their country's watchword, and brotherhood its goal. But one of their number suggests that they themselves are the cowards who have forgotten the Higher Patriotism, and he is indignantly asked what he means. He replies:

"I mean, we have forgotten our nation's good;
I mean, we have forgotten the old ideals;
I mean that e'en this sacred day is made
A noisy, thoughtless time."

This rouses an exclamation of protest from one of the party, who calls upon his comrades to remember the patriots of old: Washington, Franklin, Green, Jefferson, Adams, Paine, and Lafayette. At the mention of Lafayette the youngest among them, a mere tot, raises high his head and says in a big little voice:

"Like Joan of Arc!"

At this a smile and suppressed laugh ripples over the audience, and an older boy turns to his little comrade and says:

"Yes, child, like Joan of Arc—that warrior queen

Who lighted on the altars of old France
That sacred, very flame that fed our own
When ours sank, almost dying."

The name of Lafayette having been mentioned, the enthusiasm of the whole company is aroused for that knight of Liberty, and they begin a discussion, in the course of which other American benefactors receive their share of praise and credit. The subject is opened by one of the youths remarking that Lafayette knew the Higher Patriotism, and he is followed by several of the others who speak in turn, as follows:

"He had love
For all mankind, and called it Brotherhood!"

"'Twas Lafayette who stood, a living link
Between his own fair France and our hurt land."

"A living bridge, over which help poured in
To save us,—Oh, so much we owe to France!"

Three others, having in mind two of the greatest of the American patriots, thus extol their respective praises:

"Another link was Franklin; greater he
In peace than war. Do you recall his words?—
'Where liberty is, there is my country, sirs!'"



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THE CALIFORNIA BANKERS' ASSOCIATION ATTENDING AN ENTERTAINMENT
IN THE GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA, MAY 15, 1913

"But even more inspiring were the words
Of that great warrior-teacher, Thomas Paine:
'Comrades, where liberty is *not*, is mine!'"

"Paine was a link with France, her Teacher too
Of all the Higher Patriotism means."

Then one of those who had spoken of France said:

"And France!—This time is held sacred in France;
It was the Fourteenth of July, the day
The old Bastille fell—that grim prison-house,
Opening its doors to—criminals? Ah, no!
Authors, philosophers, students like ourselves;
Some wise, some unwise; some ambitious, vain;
But most among them sounding the keynote
Of Liberty and Right and Brotherhood."

"Come, let us sing a song!"

exclaims a third, whereupon they rise and sing.

As the last note of the song dies away, one of the boys
—evidently an admirer of Thomas Paine—is on his
feet in an instant, calling on his comrades:

"Do you remember, comrades, Thomas Paine
Who was so honored, so beloved, in France?"

Then follows a recital of Paine's work for France
through the trying ordeal of her Revolution, and this

reminds another of this patriot's labors for his own coun-
try. He says:

"I love to think of Paine fighting for truth
Among our troops—Washington's close friend
And counsellor."

And others continue the recital:

"The picture thrills me through: *
Paine by day marching and fighting, cold,
Sharing all soldier hardships; then at night
Writing till daybreak in his little tent
The thrilling words that gave us victory."

"These are the times that try men's souls," he said."

"How his words lifted them out of their fears—
The soldiers—more than that, the nation too.
'The world's my country, to do good,' he said,
'Is my religion.'"

This leads many of the participants into a discussion
of the Higher Patriotism, in the course of which such
views as these are brought forward:

"The Higher Patriotism was Paine's ideal,
The heart's own plea and protest against creeds,
'Gainst dogmas that read inhumanity."

"Glorious were his precepts;
truer yet
Were all his deeds. 'Throw
not the burden, sirs,
Of all your hopes upon the
Lord,' he said;
'But show your faith by
works!'"

"Let us teach men the Higher
Patriotism,
The ideal held at old Ther-
mopylae,
Sounded by Sophocles at
Salamis,
In France at Orleans, here at
Lexington."

"The patriotism built on Bro-
therhood,
That sees not men and nations
separate,
But all united, each abyss full-
bridged,
Each danger stemmed, each
heart alight with joy."

"This is the ideal, writ in
terms of fire;
This is our legacy, as freemen
—souls!"

By this time every one
is thoroughly alive, imbued
with the spirit of the High-
er Patriotism, and all to-
gether sing *Cleansing Fires*,
that heartening, inspiriting
song, the second verse of
which is:

In the cruel fire of sorrow,
Cast thy heart; do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail;
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again,
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain.

One of the speakers then makes this impassioned appeal
to his comrades:

"Would we might celebrate this sacred day
Leading men forward, upward to the heights,
Filling their hearts with joy's own deepening song,—
All that is noisy, sordid, selfish, coarse,
Changing, by all the soul's rare alchemy,
Into the purest gold of Silence, Peace,
And Aspiration!"

This naturally leads to their singing *Aspiration*, all
standing. Thoroughly aroused, one enthusiast exclaims:

"Sound the battle-call!
We must be more than just philosophers,
We must be warriors!"

This so surprises the little lad who earlier raised his
voice for Joan of Arc, that he incredulously asks:



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TWO SWEDISH PUPILS AT POINT LOMA

"Warriors! against what?
Aren't we free yet?"

And he is answered by
one of his elder comrades:

"Free, child! We cannot
read
The first, low, narrow letter
of the word,
In its true ancient meaning—
Patriotism!"

While another yet more
strongly brings home to all
the realization that there
are still battles to be fought
and won—conquests of the
lower by the Higher Self
of each one of us before
the Higher Patriotism can
become possible. And he
asks these questions:

"Are we then free, with war
on every hand?
Are we then free, enslaved by
appetite?
Are we then free, when selfish-
ness surrounds,
Hanging upon our actions like
a shroud?"

In such manner was the
ideal of "The Higher Pa-
triotism" impressed upon
the minds of all who wit-
nessed this symposium.

Significance of the International Theosophical Peace Congress

A Symposium by Point Loma Râja Yoga Students

I. By ROY PARSONS, an American Student

ALL who were privileged to participate in the Inter-
national Theosophical Peace Congress held at Vi-
singsö, Sweden, June 22-29, 1913, must feel that
a new page has been opened in the book of life.

This Congress stands out unique. Supported by the
enthusiasm of the members of the Universal Brotherhood
and Theosophical Society throughout the world, it is sure
to achieve ends undreamed of even by those who are
most familiar with its workings.

To my mind the most unique thing about this Congress
is that it goes to the very root and foundation of peace,
and it will point out to men that they must have peace
within their own natures, a balance and a harmony. Then
comes peace in the home, and not until men are freed
from the bonds of selfishness will they enjoy that peace
which shall come to all when man lives the life of sim-
plicity and righteousness.

If the people of a nation knew and understood them-
selves in the way we are taught at the Râja Yoga College,

there would not be any necessity for peace congresses, because peace would be one of the fundamental principles in the lives of the people. Indeed, we may look to this Peace Congress as the first one of its kind, and who can tell where the seeds sown in Sweden this year will take root? The results are sure to be good and far-reaching because the spirit behind it is right, and we know that they cannot fail to be so when it is supported by a high and noble ideal and by the efforts of the large number of enthusiastic members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world.

We who have been privileged to attend the committee meetings held at the International Theosophical Headquarters in preparation for the Visingsö Congress, have watched with interest how they have grown and gathered momentum as time passed. It has been an education in itself, and shows us what a few earnest, sincere workers can do when united with one aim under the proper direction — the direction that only a true Leader and Teacher like Katherine Tingley can give.



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YOUNG SWEDISH REPRESENTATIVES
ATTENDING THE POINT LOMA RÂJA YOGA SCHOOL

II. By GEORGE WEILER, a German-Canadian Student.

THE feature which was most significant in the Peace Congress held at Visingsö, Sweden, during Midsummer of this year was a presentation of the force that links together the nations of the world.

At present the leading nations are striving to outdo one another in naval and maritime supremacy by building monstrous warships and other military armaments. This is slowly running them into debt. If the enormous amount of money spent in this manner were used for the kind of education that would teach men to make for

peace and progress, greater prosperity would result.

As the Theosophical Society has been working for peace ever since its existence, great results are expected by those who are interested in the welfare of their fellow-beings.

The object of the International Theosophical Peace Congress is to present to the nations the view that it should not only be for their own good that they should strive, but that it should be for the welfare of the other nations as well.

III. By ARTURO PERALTA, a Cuban Student.

THE International Theosophical Peace Congress recently held at Visingsö, Sweden, was in my opinion one of the greatest and most important events in recent years; for it was undertaken by the Leader and members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, a Movement which has been striving for Peace ever since its organization. "Peace and Good Will to Men," has ever been one of the mottoes of this Organization.

This Congress will bring about a better understanding between the nations and show that there is a certain relation of brotherliness between each individual nation and the whole world, which as yet has not been realized, and which will be brought about only through the establishment of Peace — not Peace in a material sense only, by preventing wars; but in a spiritual sense, which this congress will accomplish by spreading the lost truths and teachings which have been restored by Theosophy.

IV. A RÉSUMÉ OF ARTICLES BY RÂJA YOGA DELEGATES TO THE CONGRESS.

THE following is a *résumé* of a series of articles contributed to *The Theosophical Path* for June, 1913, by some of the young men who attended the International Theosophical Peace Congress as

Representatives of the Point Loma Râja Yoga College.

Having been educated at the first Râja Yoga School and College to be established, and under the personal direction of Katherine Tingley, it is not surprising that these Delegates should be impressed most by the educational significance of this Congress; indeed, they manifest a remarkable unanimity on this point. They recognize that Madame Tingley goes to the root of this evil in order to eradicate it, when she starts with the education of the young along the Râja Yoga lines of discipline and self-control, in which the higher nature of the child acquires an ascendancy over the lower; but let us hear

what the Rāja Yoga Representatives have to say in this connexion.

The first article we will quote from is by Mr. Hubert Dunn, an English Representative, sent by the Rāja Yoga College at Point Loma. He says:

It is the Theosophical aspect of this Congress that appeals most strongly to me. Thousands of treaties have been formulated (and broken) and hundreds of methods have been suggested to preserve peace. Theosophy, which deals with the causes of conditions, is the only instrument, in my opinion, that can finally bring about international peace, under the direction of our Leader and Teacher, Katherine Tingley. Theosophy teaches that to bring the best results the first steps must begin with the individual—in the home. It is the combination of the national units which gives character to the nation. Therefore, in order to create international peace we must have harmonious conditions in the small communities.

The principal object of the International Theosophical Peace Congress to be held at Visingsö, Sweden, this coming summer, is to establish a school in which the ideals which will lead to a better understanding between the nations will have a practical inception. It is a fact that all evils can be traced to wrong education. It was a knowledge of this fact which led Katherine Tingley to establish the Rāja Yoga system of education at Point Loma, California, in 1900. The workings of that system, based on her invaluable experience, have proved beyond all doubt that children can be educated on more than intellectual lines alone. The school of learning which is to be inaugurated at Visingsö is another branch of the same work that has been carried on at Point Loma. When its influence begins to be felt in Europe the first steps will have been taken towards bringing the nations to a better understanding, for Rāja Yoga touches the soul-life; and in time to come war and strife will be as foreign to the nations as the knowledge of the fundamental principles of peace are to the world today.

Our next selection is from an article by Iverson L. Harris, Jr., an American Representative. Young Mr. Harris also strongly feels that the source of the world's trouble is being reached through the educational work conducted in the school-room and the home.

To my mind the greatest significance of the International Theosophical Peace Congress . . . lies in this: not primarily that it will bring to the attention of the world the real importance and truth of the philosophical doctrines of Theosophy concerning human solidarity . . . ; but (what I consider even more important) it will afford the world an opportunity of knowing what has been actually accomplished through the application of these doctrines to the education of the young and the instruction of the old, under the direction of Katherine Tingley.

Humanity will then have a practical demonstration of the efficacy of Theosophy in bringing about in the lives of its advocates, not merely the sentimental idea that peace and fraternity are very beautiful aims to strive after, but a deep-seated conviction that the only way to secure that peace and fraternity among the nations is through the application, first of the ideals

of Theosophy, and then of the philosophical doctrines which make them tenable even under the most trying circumstances.

Any one who will take the trouble to investigate sincerely will admit that through Katherine Tingley's Rāja Yoga system of education and her practical application of the spirit of brotherhood, there has been formed a real solid nucleus for a future Universal Brotherhood. At Point Loma, the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, is to be found already in embryo the model upon which the future World-State can be erected; let it not be supposed that it is a mere experiment; it is already an accomplished fact and an undoubted success. And it never could have been brought about without at least three factors: a philosophy of life that is impregnable, people sincerely striving to realize the ideals of this philosophy in practical daily life, and a Leader of the rarest wisdom, courage, and compassion.



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SWEDISH STUDENTS AT LOMALAND CELEBRATING THEIR MIDSUMMER FESTIVAL

At the International Theosophical Peace Congress the world will have an opportunity of learning what the effect of Katherine Tingley's system has been on the lives of hundreds of young people who have had the benefits of her training, as well as on the thousands of older students who have partaken of the truths of Theosophy, and under the inspiration thereof have striven to live outside of their own desires and have devoted more of their energy, their means, and their abilities, to the service of their fellows.

The third and last selection we shall make is from an article by Mr. Montague Machell, an English Representative. This Rāja Yoga student appears to have been particularly impressed by the Theosophical aspect and importance of this Congress and the influence of Theosophy in molding the future Peace propaganda of the world because of the stress it lays upon the teaching as to the dual nature of man and the solidarity of the human race. We select the following from his article:

I believe it is because Theosophy teaches and has taught the doctrine of human solidarity throughout the ages, because it holds that all men are brothers and are bound into one great family by bonds infinitely stronger and more lasting than those of mere

nationality, it is because of this that the Theosophical Leader is calling this International Theosophical Peace Congress. If all the phenomena of nature are not vain, if order is growth, and disorder dissolution, then a Peace Congress of any nature is a step towards true growth and deserves the united support and sympathy of every human being on this globe, since it is a prelude of that day when the civilization and culture of this earth shall attain its full possibilities and in attaining these will be assured safety from the opposite fate, the dissolution which must come from universal competition and continued hostility and preparation for warfare; such is the significance, I believe, of any Peace Congress. But we are now considering the significance of a Theosophical Peace Congress. "Why make distinctions?" some may say. The answer is, that Theosophy is another name for the Wisdom-Religion, that religion which is coeval with man himself and anterior even to the earth on which he dwells; that a movement started by a Theosophical body is a manifestation of the forces of progress leading men forward towards a great destiny; that a Theosophical Peace Congress is an opportunity offered to men by the highest part of themselves to move upward and onward.

Theosophy is the science of Life, and its teachings embrace all the secrets of human (and other) growth. This knowledge enables the Theosophical Leaders to get into much closer touch with the actual needs and demands of humanity than is possible in the case of ordinary bodies, and by this close connexion and understanding of the real requirements of our race, the Theosophical Leaders are able to perceive when a call is made by humanity for something higher. For despite all the discouraging aspects of life today, the hearts of humanity as a whole are hungering for something that shall lessen their burdens and show them some light in the darkness of materialism. Hence we may be confident that this Theosophical Peace Congress has been called because the time is ripe for it to be called; it is called in response to a demand made by men. And by the knowledge that is given by Theosophy it becomes possible not merely to help humanity on its upward path, but to help it in the most efficacious manner. Therefore the International Theosophical Peace Congress is in the fullest sense the right thing being done at the right time.

What this Congress will mean to the world depends almost entirely upon the manner in which the world responds to this effort of the forces of progress to aid it in its ascent towards a divine destiny. That there are multitudes who will both see and feel what is embodied in such an effort as this is not to be questioned, and it is theirs to awaken the fire of their own enthusiasm in the doubting and faint-hearted; theirs it is to enter into, to co-operate, to aid this effort with such positive ardor and sincerity that their very presence shall inspire con-

fidence in the hearts of others, shall open their eyes and clear away the mists of doubt and indifference. This is no idle undertaking; it is the determination of our Leader to strike such a note in this Congress as shall send its reverberations to the very heart of the world and call out the latent forces of good that have waited so long to be called into play on our planet.

And what shall be said of those who are privileged to participate in the preparation of this great Congress, the members of the Theosophical Movement? Theirs is truly a destiny grander and more sacred than has been the lot of man in many an age; theirs is a destiny which if unappreciated in this life, may not come again for ages. We are on the eve of mighty world-

wonders, and those who are permitted to aid in this Congress are being allowed to add their mite towards the wave of progress upward which the guardians of our race are stirring into motion. We have been content for years to talk of the Brotherhood of man, but in this hour transpires that which shall bring that Brotherhood more visible existence, and we are permitted to be present at that divine birth!

The call has gone forth, let us make royal response! Let us take our allotted place in this world-pageant, and with heart linked to heart in an indissoluble union of unswerving loyalty to our ideals and to our Leader, let us labor as we have never before labored, and give to mankind its long-awaited birthright. We are upon the verge of an epoch-making event, an event that shall, we fully believe, usher in a new cycle of world-history. Let us then be worthy of the hour!

Verily, in the light of events that have transpired since the above was written, this young man was exercising that divine faculty of the Soul — the Imagination.

The July issue of *The Theosophical Path* also contains several valuable articles on "Raja Yoga in Education," by some of the teachers.

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Sweden

THERE is much that is interesting about Sweden, especially its history, which is not generally known, and now that this country is so much before the eyes of our readers, it might be well to take a general view of Sweden, its geographic conditions, the manners and customs of its people, its trade and industries, its art and literature, and its history.

Sweden is situated in the northwest of Europe, a great part of it lying within the Arctic Circle. It is very mountainous and has many deep river valleys. The mountains are thickly wooded with forests of pine, beech,



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SWEDISH FOLK-DANCE
AT THE MIDSUMMER FESTIVAL, LOMALAND

*Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.*

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

spruce, birch, and oak. Sweden is rich in lakes and waterfalls, and in the lake districts the scenery is particularly beautiful. Lake Vennern and Lake Vettern are two of the largest, and of the waterfalls Tännforsen and Trollhättan are the most famous, though there are countless others. The presence of so many lakes, rivers, and cascades is due to the Glacial Period. The coast islets form another striking feature of Swedish scenery; there are clusters and groups all along the coast, somewhat like small archipelagoes.

As Sweden lies so far to the north, it naturally has a cold climate, but not so extreme as one would suppose, as the Gulf Stream greatly modifies the temperature; in fact, around Lake Vettern the temperature is practically the same in summer as it is in London and Paris, and in winter but seven or eight degrees colder. Most of the cities are situated in the south, especially the larger and more important ones, as Stockholm, the capital, Göteborg and Malmö, the principal trading and commercial cities, Upsala, and Jönköping. Even though it is cold in

the winter time, this does not prevent it from being delightful, for the Swedes love snow and ice and the healthful invigorating air which belong to Sweden.

The Swedes are very fond of sports and they have many enjoyable ones for the winter time for which snow and ice are indispensable. They have not only snowballing, sleighing, tobogganing, and skating, which are familiar to most people, but many games which call for more vigor and daring. One of these is skid-running, which is somewhat like skating, but instead of skates they wear long wooden runners called skids. Sometimes a skid-runner is drawn swiftly by a

*Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.*

ROYAL PALACE, STOCKHOLM

horse or reindeer. They occasionally have skating dances, but these are very difficult.

The winter scenery is very beautiful. Most people have seen evergreen trees, their branches laden with snow, and have thought how like fairyland such a scene is; and in Sweden where there are so many beautiful woods, such scenes can be often enjoyed. Springtime is a glorious season, very different from winter. When once spring has set in, everything changes rapidly; the trees put forth new leaves and buds, the birds return from the south, and Nature works wonders in just a few weeks. This is the time for delightful outings in the woods among the trees and by the brooks. The summertime is warm and pleasant, though it does not last long, but this is partly made up for by the very long days and the abundance of sunshine. On Midsummer night, June 23, in the northern part of Sweden the sun does not set during the whole night; further south there are just a few hours of twilight between sunset and sunrise of the next day. At this time there is held the great Midsummer Festival. The Swedes are very fond of display and

*Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.*

ROYAL THEATER, STOCKHOLM

*Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.*

UPSALA UNIVERSITY

show, and on all these festive occasions they have great celebrations. Christmas is another time when there are great festivities and rejoicing. The summer also brings its sports and out-door games: sailing, rowing, canoeing, and swimming, in which the Swedes especially excel. One of the chief characteristics of this people is their great love of Nature, and this finds expression in the very prevalent custom of spending the summer in the country where they have beautiful summer villas. There are also many picturesque castles and manor-houses in central and southern Sweden, most of which were built in the seventeenth century, the era of political greatness.

The Swedish people attach great importance to politeness and consideration for others, and their hospitality is well known. They show great humanity in all their dealings, not only among them-

selves, but with other nations. It is interesting to note Sweden's treatment of conquered Finland; how she regarded the Finns as a sister people and tried to educate them and improve their condition as far as possible; and this can also be said of the Baltic provinces which at one time she owned, and which she ever ruled with righteousness and humanity and never with an oppressor's tyranny. Alone of all the European nations which helped to colonize America, the Swedes succeeded in living in perfect peace with the Indians, and the colonists of New Sweden were always called by the Indians, "Our White Brothers."

The Swedish peasants live very simply and show great frugality; and even in times of war and distress they seldom suffer from great privations. Their

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NORTH MUSEUM, STOCKHOLM

Founded in 1873 by Dr. Arthur Hazelius, the eminent ethnologist.

national costume is very picturesque with its bright touches of color. There is in Sweden a unique museum, the open-air museum, Skansen, in Stockholm, where there have been collected many of the picturesque dwellings of the peasants with all their furnishings and surroundings. This museum was founded by Hazelius who wished to preserve the nature- and folk-life of Scandinavia. He first founded the North Museum which has become world-famous, and this open-air museum was a later addition. There is a uniquely planned zoological garden and a botanical garden.

Another great naturalist of Sweden was Carl von Linné, better known as Linnaeus, the world-renowned botanist. By his wonderful power of systematic arrangement he has greatly simplified the study of botany for all nations. To the genius of Swedish inventors we owe

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VIEW IN HELSINGBORG



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VIKTOR RYDBERG, JÖNKÖPING, SWEDEN

many of our modern conveniences and appliances: the safety-match, the radiator, the ironclads first invented by John Ericsson, dynamite and smokeless gunpowder to A. Nobel; and there are many others. It was this same Nobel, born of a family of great inventors and financial magnates, who gave his great fortune for the Nobel prizes. Of explorers, and there have been many from Sweden, probably the most prominent is Sven Hedin, who brought so much of Tibet to the knowledge of Europeans and Americans.

Art and literature have held prominent places in Swedish culture. Stiernhielm is known as the father of Swedish poetry, but he also devoted himself to mathematics, philosophy, and archaeology. Tegnér has written some very beautiful poetry and is considered to be one of the three national poets. Viktor Rydberg was long recognized as the foremost author of his time; he was known as the spiritual leader in literature. His lyric poems are considered jewels of Swedish poetry, and contain meditations upon the deepest questions of life. Strindberg stands foremost among the dramatists; he wrote a dramatic cycle about the Vasa dynasty. Selma Lagerlöf ranks high among prose writers; all children delight in her charming *Adventures of Nils*.

Many have been Sweden's sculptors and artists. Sergei lived at the time of the art-loving Gustavus III, who founded the Museum of Art and the Royal Academy of Music. His bronze statue of Gustavus III is celebrated.

Fogelberg's creative genius portrayed the old Scandinavian gods. Börjeson is perhaps the greatest of living sculptors. Although sculpture has occupied a more prominent place in the art-life of Sweden, there still have been many painters of genius. One of the most beautiful pictures is Kronberg's *David and Saul*. Scholander and Boberg are the greatest architects. Among musicians, first must be mentioned Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale." Kristina Nilsson was another famous singer. Söderman is to Sweden what Grieg was to Norway.

And now to trace the events through which Sweden has mounted to her greatness. The Swedes have always been a freedom-loving people, and not once in all the six thousand years and more, through which the present race can trace its history, not once have they ever bowed their heads to a conquering race. Like all Teutonic peoples they believed in the rights of the people, and from the very earliest times the power of the kings was limited by the will of the people, although there were times when they lost much of their traditional power, and again when the nobles were even more powerful than the king. Upsala has always been important in Swedish history, and in the early history it was the strongest center, the kings of Upsala being the most powerful, as here



SELMA LAGERLÖF

was a great temple sacred to Odin, whom all the tribes worshipped.

One of the first figures of importance in early history is that of Birger Jarl who reigned for many years for his little son Waldemar. He was the first to see the possibilities of a united Sweden; his first act was to secure peace with Finland, Denmark, and Norway, and then he enacted many laws to bring about internal peace among

his people. The first of the Swedes to become widely famous was Birgitta. She had a famous school at Vadstena for both men and women. Her daughter Katherine carried on her work. Another woman who did much for Sweden was Margaret of Denmark. She succeeded to both the Norwegian and Danish thrones and ruled them firmly and wisely. The Swedish nobles invited her to rule their country because there was great contention for the crown. Margaret wished that these three countries would remain united always, and appointed her nephew, Eric of Pomerania, as her successor. There was a formal alliance made in 1397 known as the Union of Calmar. But the time was not yet ripe for a united Scandinavia, and it was Margaret's strong personality alone that held the three countries together. After her death there was great discontent in Sweden, for Eric was absent most of the time and his representatives oppressed the people. It was in protest against this that Engelbrecht arose to defend the rights of the people. He made many attempts to have conditions changed, but while still working for his country's welfare he was killed in 1453, the same year in which Joan of Arc gave her life for France. But he had aroused the patriotism of the people and is one of the beloved heroes of the Swedes.

There was more or less warfare after this until the



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MAGNUS STENBOCK

ONE OF THE OLD HEROES OF SWEDEN



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TO THE MEMORY OF ENGELBREKT
Friend and Champion of the Swedish People

succession of Sten Sture who, in 1471, secured twenty-five years of peace for Sweden. Under his reign the people became prosperous and contented. He took the side of the people against the nobles, and sought to give them a higher education. He founded the University of Upsala, the first in Sweden, and also introduced the art of printing. His grandson, Sten Sture the Younger, likewise carried on a strong government. These two were both Regents and were dependent on Denmark, and it was not until the time of the heroic Vasa that Sweden regained her political freedom.

Gustavus Vasa had been sent as a hostage to Denmark, but he escaped from prison, and with great hardships made his way to Sweden, where he aroused the people and ultimately gained final liberation for the country. He laid the foundation for a strong government; he established Protestantism, greatly diminished the power of the Church, limited the power of the nobles who had become so imperious, and gave the burghers a voice in the government. He did everything possible to encourage trade and industry. Education received his special attention; he established many schools, and by his order one hour every day was to be devoted to music

in the schools. He was very fond of music himself, and realized its great importance in education. Gustavus had four sons, the three eldest of whom did not prove themselves worthy successors, but the youngest, Charles IX, was a very strong king. From his time to the end of the reign of Charles XII, Sweden was politically one of the foremost powers of Europe. Charles IX firmly established Protestantism and made the power of the king supreme, but he used his power well. It was during the reign of his son, the glorious Gustavus Adolphus, that Sweden came forward as the champion of liberty, and of freedom of thought and conscience, at the time of the 'Thirty Years' War, when Protestantism sustained so great a struggle in Germany. Although Gustavus lost his life before the war was ended, it was undoubtedly due to his brilliant military genius that victory was finally assured. He made many reforms in the army, and his soldiers adored him, as in fact did all the Swedes. Gustavus showed great wisdom in appointing Axel Oxenstierna his Chancellor. He was the youngest of the councillors, but proved himself a very able statesman. His name is connected with nearly all the great events of his time, and during the time Gustavus was absent from the country he managed the affairs admirably. He was also the chief of the statesmen who ruled over the country during the minority of Gustavus' daughter Kristina. Kristina was considered one of the most cultured women of Europe and at her Court there were assembled many men of genius and ability.

Her successors carried on brilliant military



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STATUE OF GUSTAVUS VASA: NORTH MUSEUM, STOCKHOLM



DROTTNINGHOLM PALACE, NEAR STOCKHOLM

It was here that Madame Tingley met King Oscar shortly before his death.

careers, culminating with Charles XII, the most brilliant of the Swedish kings. After his reign Sweden lost her foremost place politically, because of the disfavor his rash doings brought on Sweden. Under Gustavus III the royal power was augmented and the Court was very brilliant, but he involved the country in many wars and became unpopular, and was finally assassinated. It was Charles XIII who again restored peace to the country. A new constitution was adopted and the country once more prospered. In 1814 Norway and Sweden were united, and since then there has been continuous peace, almost one hundred years. During this time the country has experienced great internal development; trade and industry have increased, and

Letters from Our Correspondents at the Peace Congress

IN SWEDEN AT LAST

ON the evening of May 21, Madame Tingley and those accompanying her from Point Loma to attend the Peace Congress, arrived in Trälleborg, our first glimpse of Swedish lands. It was good to feel the solid earth under our feet again after being so much on trains and boats, and our hearts beat high with hope and enthusiasm at the thought of what the near future would bring, for was not this the land of our thoughts for many weeks past?

Another short journey took us to Göteborg, where we stayed several days. We arrived about 4 a.m., and it seemed strangely light for such an hour; but that is something to which we have since become accustomed, because Sweden, being quite far north, is lighted by the glow from the sun's rays to a considerable degree during the summer nights.

At Göteborg we again had an opportunity for much-needed musical practice, and flexibility and strength came back to fingers that had been tingling for a touch of a piano key, or the strings of a loved violin. This made possible the concert that was given in the largest and newest music-hall in the city, which is really the center of Göteborg's musical life. We were very happy to be able to do this, because it made a pleasant evening for so many music-lovers; and besides, how like home it was to be arranging the program, making garlands and wreaths, etc.! We found

our home-training of inestimable value as regards concentration and accuracy of work, for the day that concert was given fourteen long, white capes were made for and by us girls.

The concert itself was a great triumph, and we were overjoyed to win praise and recognition for the name of our dear School, and our first thought was of gratitude to the teachers who have spent so much time in training us, both in music and in other things.

The audience that night was a new type for us and were people who looked interested and listened understandingly and attentively all the time. Intelligent, sympathetic faces met our eyes at every turn, and when the audience spontaneously burst forth, four times, into their national form of cheering (a very rare occurrence in Sweden) we indeed knew that we had come among friends who would receive the message of Theosophy and Rāja Yoga, and who would understand the deeper meaning of the Peace Congress.

The next day being Sunday a Theosophical meeting was held, and Madame Tingley enthralled her audience by an inspired address, surprising in its force and pathos even to us, who so often have had the privilege of hear-



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THE BELOVED KING OSCAR AND QUEEN SOPHIE

there has been a general upbuilding throughout the country, materially and intellectually.

The principal industry is agriculture. Lumbering is very important; in fact Sweden is the world's chief source of lumber and has the largest export of unwrought timber. Iron is extensively mined, and at one time Sweden was first in the export of iron. Copper is also found in abundance. The fisheries are likewise of first importance, and manufacturing is increasing.

The Constitution was revised under Charles XV when more power was given to the burghers and peasants; this is the condition in which it now stands.

Oscar II, the great Arbitrator and Peace-Maker, was the next to ascend the throne. It was during his reign that the dissolution of Norway and Sweden took place; and it was his tact and diplomacy and feeling of brotherly love which prevented bloodshed between the two countries. King Oscar will always be remembered for this, and for the words which he spoke to Madame Tingley on a certain occasion, showing that he had truly the welfare of his people at heart. Said he: "How could I let them fight each other? They were both my children." At his death his son Gustaf V succeeded him. C. L. H.

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A VIEW IN THE PARK, GÖTEBORG, SWEDEN

ing her speak. The audience sat spellbound all through the long lecture, which must have been in a strange tongue to many of them; then through the translation, and recalled the Râja Yoga Visingsö Chorus for still another song after we thought they must surely have left the music-hall.

Göteborg has a very beautiful park. This we visited and spent a delightful hour rambling through its shady walks and charming hot-houses. Besides the glorious green trees there were beds of bright flowers, gay tulips, rhododendrons, white lilies, etc., all around. The lilac trees were a joy to behold, and their sweet fragrance most pleasant to inhale. Many of the trees and shrubs were flower-bearing, and were exceedingly ornamental. We are trying to learn the names of all the new trees we meet, and Sweden has many, and choice ones. The hot-houses interested us exceedingly, for there we saw plants and flowers that were unfamiliar to us. Some however were just like those at home, and we were quick to remind one another of the various places where they grow in our gardens. We saw magnificent maiden-hair ferns, palms, and giant tree-ferns, such as our comrades from Cuba were accustomed to see in their native land. From among the luxuriant green peeped exquisite blossoms of rose, lilac, pink, and many another hue. The tempera-

ture was varied to resemble the climate of the native soil of these plants, and everywhere it was damp and dewy.

The museum at Göteborg furnished another day's entertainment for us. It had one feature which we did not see in the Metropolitan at New York, and that was a series of most fascinating rooms containing specimens of early Swedish handicraft of many kinds, and various articles which had come from much earlier centuries, apparently belonging to persons of rank and importance. It was not hard to picture how gay the lords and ladies must have looked in their brilliant costumes of heavy rich silks and bright brocades. Everything from the early days — cloth, chinaware, watches, and furniture — was strong and substantial, and the delicate wares one prizes so today were nowhere to be seen. Some of the carved tables and chairs of dark-stained wood looked as if belonging to royal descents, and a number of rooms were furnished to resemble those of past times.

Another group of rooms was devoted to stuffed birds, fish and animals, both native and foreign. The birds especially interested those who saw them. They were all splendidly mounted, particularly in the case of the larger birds of prey, like eagles and vultures, where huge masses of rock had been taken, and the nests and eggs,

and even the prey of the birds, had all been secured and mounted in wonderfully life-like postures. We have since seen some of the real birds at Visingsö, and they are so much better in the sunlight and clear air, flitting about from flower to flower, with chirping and singing.

The paintings in general pleased everybody most. They were mostly of Swedish scenes and history, and by Swedish artists. We easily recognized a grand painting of Gustavus Adolphus at his fatal battle, and all were quite charmed at the scenes of home-life, and exquisite bits of landscape, and portraits of legendary characters. Some of the early crayon drawings were as crude as some others were beautiful, and we found specimens of wood-carving and statuary that were very interesting.



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THE CASTLE FOREST, GÖTEBORG

A museum of this kind, of a national character, is most interesting and instructive, for it gathers together so many things that one could not appreciate nor see except when thus classified. It helps in a peculiar way to come in touch with a nation's life, and Sweden of all places is where we want to do this, for we have a great message for the people's hearts, and it will help us to reach them if we have a sympathetic appreciation of their art, customs, history, songs and, most of all, their ideals.



Visingsö, Lake Vettern, Sweden, May 28, 1913

DEAR RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER:

Here we are at last, in this paradise of flowers! As I write I can hear the birds singing in the forest. I am sitting on a bank, under a canopy of birch, oak, and lilac, and at my feet tiny white strawberry blossoms, yellow cowslips, starry pink-tipped daisies, and fragrant Lentilies, are vying with each other to attract my attention. I do not want to write, but to sit in perfect silence and

feel the peace and quiet of this beautiful, restful spot.

The concert at Göteborg was one glorious success from beginning to end. I will write more about the concert tomorrow, for I hear the girls calling to come in now, their voices echoing through the woods. Ruth, Maria, and Helen are coming from the direction of the castle, and here comes Cora, her arms full of buttercups, daisies, forget-me-nots, and cowslips. . . .

Visingsö, May 29.

Another glorious day, full of fun and adventure. We were up early this morning, roaming over the hills and through the woods for two hours before breakfast. Oh! the glory and majesty of the old forest. You look up and see nothing but somber firs, pines, and larches, mingled with the golden green of the oaks; while under foot are delicate anemones, wood-violets, and ferns, with cowslips and buttercups and daisies in the open glades. By breakfast-time we had gathered whole armfuls of violets and anemones, so we made baskets out of larch branches and took all our flowers up to Mrs. Tingley at the hotel.

Now to go back to our concert at Göteborg. The audience was more than enthusiastic, the violin and clarinet solos being specially applauded. The singing pleased them very much. We sang three encores, and even then they would not be satisfied, so we kept coming back and

bowing repeatedly, until Mrs. Tingley said, "Sing again." So we sang our *Commencement Song* for about the twentieth time since we started; but it never loses its freshness, and we love it. After the concert we had some flashlight pictures taken, which occasioned much laughter, as the light went off with a most unexpected bang.

Next day, Sunday, we held a meeting in the same hall. We sang *Ode to Peace*, and the orchestra played *Elsa's Wedding Procession*. Mrs. Tingley spoke, telling in her wonderful way of the Rāja Yoga training and of the founding of the school. For a full hour and a half she talked, treating it in her usual masterful way, and making us glad and proud to call ourselves students of the Rāja Yoga College. For much as we loved our School before, we have learned to love it ten times more now, and I know that all of us realize more fully what Rāja Yoga really means.

At the end of the meeting we sang several more songs as encores, among them, *Come Let Us March*, which almost brought down the house. Then, in response to a short speech from Mr. Hedlund, the whole house rose



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REPRESENTATIVES OF THE POINT LOMA RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE
ON THE STAGE OF THE CONCERT HALL, OF THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, GÖTEBORG

and gave us four rousing cheers—the Royal salute.

On Tuesday we left for Jönköping to give a concert there before going to Visingsö. We saw the Peace Congress and ourselves advertised on big posters everywhere in the town. The hotel where we stayed is being prepared for the guests who will attend the Congress.

Our concert here was given in a schoolhouse, which is a very interesting place because it was founded and is maintained by the funds left from the Per Brahe school when that was discontinued. At the back of the stage there is a fine painting of the Earl, with the date 1602-1680. The concert was very successful here too, and after it the headmaster with several of the younger masters in uniform came up to speak to us. We had pictures taken here also, with the picture of Per Brahe in the background.

Next day, about 11 a. m., we took the little steamer *Per Brahe* (everything here goes by that name) on which a beautiful Universal Brotherhood flag had been hoisted, and in company with Mr. and Mrs. von Greyerz and Dr. Sirén, we started on our voyage across Lake Vättern to the land of our hopes and dreams. Almost all the way we had a faint glimpse of the island, but

when at last it came into full view, you can imagine how excitedly our hearts beat as Mrs. Tingley said, "There are the ruins of the old castle; there is my property; and there is my little white villa with the Swedish flag on top!"

As we landed, singing "Râja Yoga, Kingly Union, shall our watchword be," it seemed a dedication, stronger and more heartfelt, to our Leader's work for humanity. Mr. and Mrs. Karling conducted us to the hotel, where supper was awaiting us. First of all we sat out on the porch to rest, while Mrs. Tingley, active as ever, went to inspect the other buildings. Everything here is so delightfully rustic; even the tables and chairs are of fresh unpainted pine-wood, which smells delicious. At supper we were served by three pretty country girls, fresh and blooming, and looking very pretty in their simple white dresses. Afterwards we went for a ramble in various directions, and I think you know the rest.

Visingsö, May 30

Mrs. Tingley has named our house "Loma Villa"; don't you think it appropriate? We are the preparatory department of the Visingsö College, and as soon as

possible are to do active work in domestic economy. This new phase of our activities will make some interesting pages of our history.

Love to all the teachers and yourselves.

Your Special Correspondent, F. S.



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THE "PER BRAHE" LEAVING JÖNKÖPING FOR VISINGSÖ

LOMA VILLA: AT HOME ON VISINGSÖ

DEAR RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER:

Probably nothing will prove of more interest to your readers than a description of Visingsö Island, the seat of the great International Theosophical Peace Congress, and one of the beauty-spots of fair Sweden. The Rāja Yoga Delegates are very enthusiastic about their new home, for such it really is, and we shall be glad to spread abroad as far as we can the tale of its loveliness and picturesque situation.

On the morning of May 28, as beautiful a day as one could wish, we had our first glimpse of the goal of our long journey over land and sea. We left the city of Jönköping at 11 a. m., in a boat called *Per Brahe*, with the dear old Universal Brotherhood flag at the prow of the vessel, and the Swedish colors at the stern, and enjoyed a delightful sail of two hours on the sunny waters of Lake Vettern, which is surrounded by low green hills reminding us of home. When the island first came into view it looked hardly more than a low blue cloud rising above the water; but very quickly it changed, and we began to distinguish neat little green plots of ground marked out with a border of darker green, and then forests, trees, and buildings. At the extreme southern point are some rapidly disappearing ruins of the old castle of Näs, built in the thirteenth century and used by the early kings, some of them being among those Sweden counts her greatest.

The nearer the boat approached, the more charming did the prospect become, and our enthusiasm had reached high-water mark when at last we gained the landing.

Before we came to the wharf we saw quite plainly the Visingsborg Castle, and caught a glimpse of Earl Per Brahe's famous castle farther up the island. As soon as we landed our picture was taken at the foot of the hill on which the Visingsborg ruins stand, and although that was interesting, what delighted many of us even more was the sight of the beautiful flowers. The walk to the hotel was a delight in itself, for it is only a woodland path bordered on one side, a few feet from the edge, by the lake itself, and on the other side rises the hill on which the hotel is built, its slope decked with trees and bright flowers. Fruit trees in full bloom, mostly apples, grow on the lake side of the path, and lean their rosy branches out over the tranquil water. We were very glad to wait while it was decided which houses would be placed at our disposal, and as soon as we had settled ourselves for the rest of the day we lost

no time in exploring the grounds of Kungsgården, the historic site of Per Brahe's castle. It is a long time since the old Earl was there, and we felt a wave of reverence sweep over us on looking at the quiet beauty of this place where kings and heroes had lived.

Visingsö is a paradise of flowers, which were quite new to the majority of us, although many were familiar to our English comrades, being similar to those that grow in their country. We found cowslips and buttercups and daisies in boundless profusion, and under the trees, in



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THE WHARF AT VISINGSÖ

shady, sheltered nooks, pale anemones, bright forget-me-nots, and delicate dog-violets. Here again were blossom-covered fruit trees, and a glorious avenue of fragrant lilacs leading to the ruins of the castle! Many of the trees have flowers, in general white and fragrant; indeed,

trees are everywhere in the gardens, not to speak of the forests. One of the forests, which we saw while yet on the boat, had been planted originally as timber for war-vessels; but the call of the war-trumpet was never heard, and so they are still there, growing and increasing every year.

Hungry as we were, we were glad to go out again



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WITHIN THE RUINS OF VISINGSBORG

on exploring-expeditions through every nook and corner of our new domain, and a most delightful voyage we found it. Surprises awaited us at every turn. This was one: on the top of the wall surrounding the castle we found a brown and white ball which would not wake up at first, although we tried hard to make it. At last we succeeded. It was an astonished little hedgehog, which we promptly dubbed "Per Brahe," seeing that he was a fief of the ancient Earl.

On passing across the bridge, we saw the openings to cramped, cold and gloomy dungeons where unfortunates may have been confined in the stern days of old: but we know that the noble Earl, whom we admire so, would never have cast a fellow-creature into such an awful dungeon, where we could barely stand upright. More pleasant suggestions came into our minds when we were wandering through the castle ruins, where the carpet is now of grass, with the flowers of the field for design, and where trees and plants have grown up between the frowning walls. The next morning we walked for nearly two hours in the cool, quiet forest, where moss and flowers made our footsteps fall as on thick, soft velvet. Nearly every tree sheltered a treasure of dainty wood-violets, of which we gathered a generous

bouquet for Mrs. Tingley. It was mixed with ferns and arranged in a forest-made basket of pine.

The woods are more beautiful than one can well describe. Many of the trees have been cut down, and the old stumps are covered with moss and even decorated with flowers growing upon them. One meets splendid hawthorn trees everywhere, with their flowers now opening and brightening the dark surrounding trees. We shall soon be on the look out for lilies-of-the-valley.

Swedish flower-names are most poetic and expressive. There is one dear little blue flower, which we all love, called "Eyes' Consolation," and cowslips are known as "Golden Flower," while the common pink daisy has a more gorgeous name in "Thousand Beauties."

The young ladies of the party have now set up house-keeping in the dearest little house that fourteen happy girls could live in. It is near the lake, with the stately, flower-filled forest behind it. Over our home float the Swedish colors, raised every morning by one who loves her flag most dearly. We rightly consider ourselves the most fortunate girls in the world, and every time the old bell-tower rings the peasants to the Brahe church, a loving prayer rises in our hearts that we may ever prove ourselves deserving of the blessings we enjoy, and with it a wish to truly serve the glorious cause of Peace by living in harmony day and night.

Our home, now called Loma Villa, is our pet and pride. Our first duty is to clean and put it in order for the day, and after we come from our walk breakfast is prepared and served, and it certainly tastes good after one has breathed pine-balm as long as we have. Now



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A FLOWER-BORDERED PATH OF KUNGSGÅRDEN, VISINGSÖ

that our piano has been brought, and practising of piano, violin, cello, and voice has begun, also orchestral and chorus rehearsals, it sounds as musical an establishment as did the Râja Yoga Academy at home.

Visingsö has surely been well chosen for the coming

Congress. An undisturbed peace seems to brood over all the isle, and the kindly old peasants with their cheerful smile and morning greeting, seem to have stepped out of some old masterpiece that portrays the time of ancient prosperity. Soon we shall have the pleasure of addressing them in their own language, for Swedish lessons have been begun, and then perhaps the kitties will not run away when they are called in a strange language.

One could talk for long about the beauties of Vising-sö, for we think that the loveliness of our island home cannot be extolled too much; but one cannot tell everything at once, and perhaps in another article you may hear of the bright and pretty birds that dwell in these delightful woods. Good-bye for the present. R. W.

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A Glimpse of the International Theosophical Peace Congress

AS one of the Rāja Yoga Representatives who attended the International Theosophical Peace Congress, I feel that it would be of interest to the readers of the RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER to receive a few impressions of an eye-witness.

Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, officially opened the Peace Congress at 11.20 on the morning of June 23, 1913. A memorable picture was formed on that brilliant summer morning when from the white porch of the Kungsgården the Leader headed a long procession of Delegates down the steps into the broad arena of the open-air theater, where throngs of expectant and interested guests awaited. As the procession emerged from the house, two Rāja Yoga Representatives, acting as heralds and clad in white uniforms with gold trimmings, stationed themselves before the arena and sounded a fanfare upon trumpets. Next came the placing of floral offerings upon the altar by the Representatives of the Rāja Yoga College, followed by the striking of seven notes upon a gong, and then by a moment of silence. Our Leader then arose and in impressive words declared the Congress to be officially convoked and in session.

The setting of this Congress seemed peculiarly fitting for such an occasion; for Sweden, everywhere beautiful in her midsummer garb, shows to special advantage on this island. Here are to be found magnificent stretches of the Royal Forest of pine, birch, ash, oak, larch, and maple, in whose depths many orders of feathered folk make the tree-domed solitudes echo with their notes. Where the forest is not in evidence rich shrubbery of hawthorn, purple and white lilac, laburnum, and other shrubs supply a wealth of color; whilst the fields are brilliant with butter-cups, daisies, clover, and other wild flowers. All Nature seems arrayed in gala attire.

Again, in the afternoon of that memorable day, the eye rested on a bright and soul-stirring picture. At about 2.30 there emerged from the woods, in full view of the assembled guests, a brilliant historical pageant in

which rode illustrious peers of many ages and climes — the giants of world-history. There were Earl Per Brahe, the ancient Light-bringer of Sweden; Queen Margareta, "the Peace Maker"; the beloved Birgitta; also Gustaf Vasa and Gustaf Adolf, the brightest stars in the firmament of Swedish history. In their train followed Jeanne d'Arc, the heroic-souled, resplendent in golden mail, with snow-white standard adorned with fleur-de-lis; then came Arnold von Winkelried, whose partner, earnest, high-souled Martin Luther, carried the mind back to the days of the Reformation; whilst Garibaldi, following close after, spoke of Italy's strivings for emancipation. Here too walked Rurik of Russia, and the bard hallowed Glyndwr of Wales, and Cucculain of Ireland. Then the gaze was caught and held by the oriental splendor of the great Mogul Akbar, of Kalif Ali, and Thotmes III of Egypt. Then came the successors of Egyptian splendor, the genius and wisdom of ancient Greece, in the persons of Pericles, Crito, Thucydides, together with their distinguished Asiatic guest, Pharnabazus. Following this regal throng of ancient glory and civilization was the tall and stately figure of an elderly lady dressed in black and bearing in her hand a volume of *The Secret Doctrine*. The assembly rose in token of respect and greeting to this personage, in whom was recognized the representation of that glorious Light-bringer, but for whose life of self-sacrifice all this pageantry, this concourse of people, this great Congress and the very Institution that gave it birth, might never have been — Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. Verily! the sight of that lone figure in her simple attire was an inspiration, and at the same time something of a shock. For one realized what her magnificent life had given to the world, and yet how stupendous was the toll levied upon that one life that all these things might be. At the thought of all this, that single, simple figure seemed to radiate more splendor than the most resplendent of oriental princes. After her came her faithful and devoted successor, William Q. Judge, whose form likewise recalled the days when one selfless, single-minded warrior bore the burdens of a large Institution and carried it through its years of crisis. Around these historic figures thronged the happy children, whose joy was born of their sacrifices and whose salvation was won by their toil.

Another picture which must long remain in the minds of the onlookers, was that presented at the evening performance of *The Aroma of Athens*. As the opening music began, the classical figures of Grecian life in the Periclean age came into view from the depths of the forest background and moved leisurely forward into the green-carpeted amphitheater, where they took their places in semicircular form, seated on chairs designed and decorated according to the old Grecian style. It was *The Aroma of Athens* of our Greek Theater in Lomaland placed in a new setting. In place of the temple with the low-murmuring blue Pacific beyond, here was a broad stretch of greensward with dim forest of somber green for background; while instead of a stone parapet rising



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS AT LOMALAND

number amongst our friends, may be passed on for the benefit of future students of the Râja Yoga College. The time is soon approaching, so rapid are the building operations here, when the place of the wild flowers will be covered by majestic buildings and attractive gardens.

The flora of Lomaland consists of shrubs and herbs. The shrubs, ranging from three to six feet high, are well distributed over the hillsides and canyons, not only affording shade to the flowers and herbs, but giving a coloring to the whole which is very pleasing and restful. The most prominent order of all the flora found here is the *Compositae* (daisy family) with about thirty species. The other prominent orders, with species ranging from eighteen to three, are as follows: *Leguminosae* (pea family), *Cruciferae* (mustard family), *Scrophulariaceae* (figwort family), *Labiatae* (mint family), *Liliaceae* (lily family), *Onagraceae* (evening-primrose family), *Euphorbiaceae* (spurge family), *Rhamnaceae* (buckthorn family), etc. Space will not permit us to describe the typical species of each family, so a few notes on our special favorites must suffice for this general article.

The foremost place amongst the herbs must be given to the California poppy (*Eschscholtzia Californica*). What a blaze of golden color they give to the hillsides in springtime, and what fun it is to watch the little green night-caps being pushed off before the flowers open!

The favorite of all the shrubs is the Yerba Santa (*Eriodictyon tomentosum*) belonging to the waterleaf

family; the grey-green tone of its foliage harmonizes well with the generous clusters of the purple bell-like flowers, making us feel as if we wanted to listen to their music when they are being swayed to and fro by the wind.

A well-known and much-beloved shrub of the daisy family is the "Sunspot" (*Encelia Californica*). Growing about three feet high, and covered with a mass of large yellow flowers with purple-brown centers, it is not only very showy, but the delicate odor of the flowers blends so well with that of other aromatic shrubs that the hillsides send forth a pleasing fragrance at all times.

Another shrub of a sturdy character found in great abundance on the hillsides, supplying the bees with plenty of food and giving to the honey



A SPRAY OF YERBA SANTA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ENCELIA CALIFORNICA

a flavor which is much prized, is the Black Sage (*Audibertia stachyoides*) belonging to the mint family.

The solitary representative of the crow-foot family, the *Clematis ligusticifolia*, cannot be passed over; its beauty as it creeps over the bushes decorating them in artistic fashion—first with its foliage and flowers, then with the silvery balls of its plum-like seeds—adds quite a charm to the canyons. Another solitary representative of its family is the delicately-scented yellow pansy (*Viola pedunculata*). How we love the golden brown-eyed blossoms, and what a delight it is to pick handfuls of them to send with cheering messages to the prisoners in the San Diego prison!

One of the first flowers to appear belongs to the mustard family and is known to us as "spring-blossom" (*Dentaria Californica*). It seeks to hide its delicate pink face from the sun by taking up its abode on the northern side of the canyons, while its sister flower, the Western wallflower (*Erysimum grandiflorum*), stands forth in all its golden glory, enjoying the sea-breezes on the open mesas.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WILD BLACK SAGE OF LOMALAND

The last flower to bid us farewell is the beautiful mariposa tulip (*Calochortus Weedii*) of the lily family. Look into the lovely golden cups and see what a surprise awaits the observer—the beauty of the silken hairs springing from the brown dots on the petals is quite a touch of fairy artistry.

It would take pages to mention all our flower friends, but space will not permit, so just a few more words to tell of the joy it is to spend so many hours with them, and how they call forth from our hearts the spirit of giving to and brightening the lives of others, just as they do; also that armfuls of them are picked by willing hands all through the season and are gladly carried home, there to be made into bouquets to help cheer up those who find themselves for a time behind the prison bars.

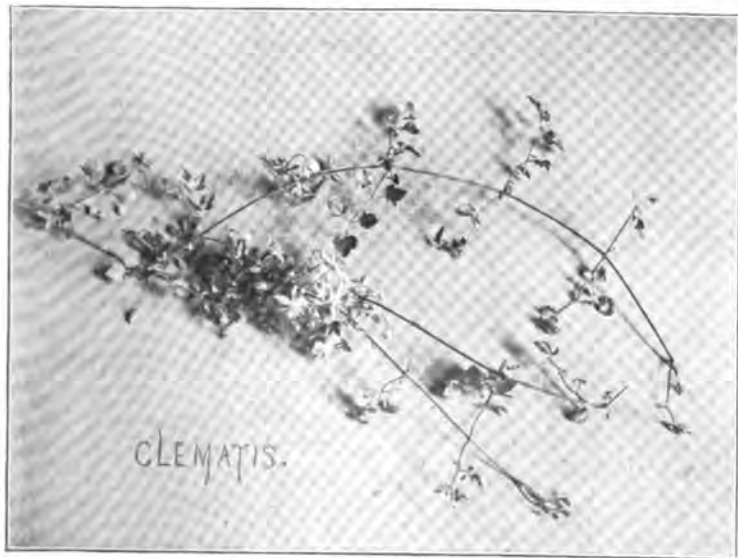
Lomaland is indeed a land of flowers, wild and cultivated; for we must not forget the many cultivated flowers which bloom so profusely during all the year.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A LESSON IN BOTANY AT THE RÂJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA

In our garden, about two acres in extent, we raise from seed many well-known flowers. Dahlias, carnations, galardias, cosmos, stocks, larkspurs, chrysanthemums, phlox, sweet peas, shasta daisies, and asters are among our favorites at Lomaland, and they supply us with masses of flowers throughout the year. Gardening is not a task, it is a pleasure, and we feel we miss a great deal of the day's joy when we do not see our garden; for it is true that flowers help in a great measure to brighten our lives and to draw forth our highest thoughts.



Hymn of the Earth

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

(Selected)

MY highway is unfeathered air,
My consorts are the sleepless
Stars,

And men my giant arms upbear,—
My arms unstained and free from
scars.

I rest forever on my way,
Rolling around the happy Sun;
My children love the sunny day,
But noon and night to me are one.

My heart has pulses like their own,
I am their Mother, and my veins,
Though built of the enduring stone,
Thrill as do theirs with godlike pains.

The forests and the mountains high,
The foaming ocean and the springs,
The plains,—O pleasant Company,
My voice through all your anthem
rings!

Ye are so cheerful in your minds,
Content to smile, content to share:
My being in your chorus finds
The echo of the spherul air.

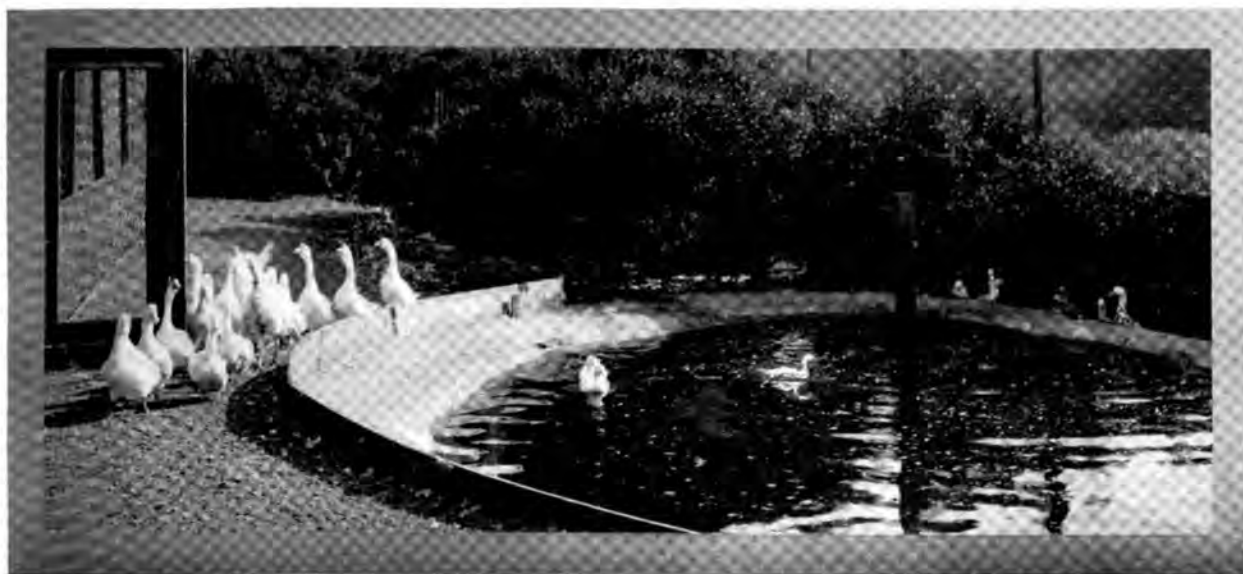
No leaf may fall, no pebble roll,
No drop of water lose the road;
The issues of the general Soul
Are mirrored in its round abode.

August

CELIA THAXTER (Selected)

BUTTERCUP nodded and said goodbye,
Clover and daisy went off together,
But the fragrant water-lilies lie
Yet moored in the golden August weather.
The swallows chatter about their flight,
The cricket chirps like a rare good fellow,
The asters twinkle in clusters bright,
While the corn grows ripe and the apples mellow.



*Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.*

THE DUCK POND: A LOMALAND CORNER

time to save five little birds that had hatched only a week before. Mother Goldfinch was very grateful and went right back on her nest while we were watching her, and the many goldfinch sympathizers dispersed immediately, giving their "all's well" call. We have other varieties of goldfinch which are just as interesting and clear to us.

The red-breasted linnets are very common here. They build their nests in every available corner, and warble and chatter and dart about all day long. They are not very refined in their tastes, and their young ones are exceedingly greedy and will eat everything and anything that they can get. We see the parent birds, in the nesting season, pulling out the fiber from the doormats and flying about with large pieces of string and other material. They do not seem to care very much what they use to make their nests of, and sometimes they use the same nest three or even four times during one season.

The meadow-lark is a large, plump, merry individual, a little larger than a robin, and with a very loud voice. He really belongs to the blackbird family, but is called a lark because he builds his nest in the dry grass, as larks do. He has a beautiful yellow breast with dark-brown markings

on it, and brown back and wings. His song consists of five or six clear, strong notes which he continually repeats, and which sounds as if he were saying, "I am a jolly meadow-lark," or "ladies and gentlemen." He starts his vocal work very early in the morning, long before the other birds have even a chance to get a bite for breakfast.

This reminds us of our dear old friend the mockingbird, who is not content to sing in the daytime only, but often on a moonlight night, when the air is still and everything is quiet except for the chirping of crickets, he will suddenly burst forth with his wonderful song from a dark clump of trees, and it makes us feel that we love him more than ever. He is a proud beauty, with his handsome light-gray breast and long graceful wings of dark-gray, striped with clear white. And such a song! He can outdo all the other famous singers in a minute. There is one mockingbird who is a particular friend of ours; he has been with us for at least seven years. We call him "Big Jim." He gives most of his concerts on the top of the Children's Music Temple. Near this place there is a gate that squeaks on its hinges, and he imitates this sound every time some one goes through.



WOULD YOU EXPECT TO FIND A BIRD'S NEST
IN SUCH A PLACE?

*Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.*

A COSY HOME IN THE TREETOP

The mocking-bird's first cousin is the thrasher—a clumsy, amiable, good-natured, clownish bird with an enormous bill which is curved downward, about two inches long and shaped like a saber. When sitting out on the hillsides one is often startled by a sound which seems to proceed from a dog or some four-footed animal scratching. It is Mr. Thrasher searching for food with his large strong bill. He works very vigorously under the brush, turning over the leaves and chips from side to side in search of insects and other dainty morsels for his diet. When he finds something he suddenly darts out and runs with all his might for about ten yards, carrying it in his long bill; then he stops suddenly, looks slowly and anxiously about him to see if any one is coming after him to steal his morsel, and then swallows it down as quickly as he can and goes back in search of more. When he

finds a large beetle he beats it for about five minutes before he eats it. He has a fine voice; in fact, in this he is most like the mocking-bird, for sometimes he can almost deceive us into thinking he is one. He seems to have regular singing times, but he always goes over his repertoire the last thing before retiring. His voice adds a touch of magic to the peace and richness of sunset.

This reminds us of our quaint little friend Mr. Tohee; there never was a more curious little fellow. He is brown, with a few dark markings on his throat. He always seems to be in the way, but just manages to get out in time. He is so tame that he will take crumbs from your hand and even hop into the house without the slightest sign of fear. He has small wings and cannot fly very high.

One of the cleverest birds we know is our oriole, and there never was a more beautiful one. He is all bright



A LOMALAND QUAIL'S NEST

orange except his wings, which are black with white under-feathers just showing their edges, and a black patch on the throat and the top of the head. He is not much of a singer, but he is very interesting on account of the clever way in which he builds his nest. We have often seen him on our palm trees tugging at the white fiber on the edge of the leaves; with this he weaves a neat little basket which, if made by humans, would be considered a work of art. We have seen him at work making his nest, pushing the fiber in on one side and pulling it out on the other so quickly that you



ORIOLE'S NEST ON BANANA-LEAF

can hardly follow him. To this same family belong the red-winged blackbirds, about a hundred of which make their home in Lomaland each year.

Then there are the noisy king-birds, who are the policemen and soldiers for all the birds. They live in the top of our tallest eucalyptus trees, and as long as there is daylight they shout and carry on like noisy boys. If any kind of bird in the neighborhood is in trouble, the king-bird will deal with the offender in a very effective manner. Many times have we seen him give battle to a big hawk or crow ten times his own size; flying after him, pecking him with all his might, he keeps at the unwelcome visitor until he drives him right away. Hundreds of cliff-swallows build their adobe nests under projecting portions of the Aryan Temple and Rāja Yoga Academy every year. One year a big hawk started to trouble them, but was not allowed to keep this up very long because the king-birds came to the rescue, driving him away every time he attempted to come near.

Now we will write about our proud friend the quail or valley partridge. Here in Lomaland they thrive in very large numbers, and they know they are protected. They strut about in a dignified manner, their handsome plumes



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

YOUNG KING BIRDS

making them look very proud and fearless. What a terrible shame it is that they are hunted so cruelly in other places! Last year we were acquainted with a mother quail who had made her nest in the canyon below the Greek Theater. She had sixteen precious eggs and had been on them for eighteen days, when in passing we found a terrible tragedy. By the feathers that were scattered around we could tell that she had come to grief through a cat or some other enemy. But the saddest thing was that her family had just been in the process of

hatching out. We watched at a distance but not a parent bird came to care for them and as it was growing dark we took them home to do what we could for them. Five eggs had not hatched yet, so we had to crack the shells and let them out. They were all very cold and could scarcely move, so we procured a hot-water bottle and put it over them in a box. To our surprise next morning we found them all alive and



HUMMING-BIRD ON NEST, POINT LOMA

white eggs about the size of a small bean. The young are very ugly and look like bits of black rubber. When humming-birds sing they often fly up very high and remain poised like larks and sing there for a while, then they drop down suddenly, like a stone, till they get about six feet from the ground, when they suddenly stop, remaining perfectly poised, singing again for a while; again they fly up and repeat the perform-



A LOMALAND DOVE'S NEST

very active. We fed them carefully and they grew very fast; today they are full-grown, handsome birds, and we feel sure they are the tamest quail in the country.

Another bird that is being hunted, almost to extermination, but is protected in Lomaland, is the mourning dove. One can hear their sad cooing in the orchards and canyons. One year we had one which we tamed and left free to fly anywhere. He would go off for a long flight and then come back and fly down on somebody's head. He took to staying away for hours at a time, then days, until he finally stayed away altogether.

The humming-birds are very plentiful here. They are always to be seen flashing among the flowers in our gardens. They build their tiny nests usually on the Yerba Santa in the canyons, but last year a tame little hummer built her nest right on the main road where passers-by could plainly see her. She was not afraid of any one, and every one was interested in her. The humming-bird's nest is about an inch across, and there are always two tiny

ance. We have seen them keep this up for a very long time.

A small brown bird, called the horned lark, is to be seen on our roads picking up little pieces. When some one passes he does not fly off, but simply moves a little to be out of their way. He builds his nest on the open ground and feeds on insects, worms, and grain. One year we found some young horned larks astray, and we put a circle of wire netting around them so that cats and snakes could not get them. The parent birds came to feed them while we all sat around with the young birds in the center, and they would even feed them while we held them. We put down food which the parent birds would pick up and give to them.



NEST OF CLIFF-SWALLOW

In the quiet canyons and other less-frequented places there are also many kinds of birds such as canyon wrens, phoebes, vireos, flycatchers, and bush tits. The latter are about three inches long, tail and all, and fly about in flocks of twenty or more. They are never seen to be still for a moment, but are constantly twittering

from place to place, catching flies and other insects. Their nests are light hanging bags with a small hole in the top, and are made of spider's web, dried fungus, discarded lizard and snake skins, rabbit fur, and the like. They usually lay sixteen small white eggs, and the young

his wing injured at one time, so we called him "Broken Wing"; we have known him for several years.

Among the large birds of Lomaland are the road-runners, or chaparral cocks. They are spotted black and white, and have long tails. They live on insects, lizards, snakes, and smaller birds. One year we watched a nest, which was built in the cactus and contained four eggs. The day after one of the young birds had hatched, it was fed on a piece of garter snake four inches long, which was sticking out of its throat. The comical young road-



ROAD-RUNNER'S NEST IN THE BRUSH, POINT LOMA

birds take up very little room at first, but as they grow they gradually fill up the nest until there is no more room in the bag, and away they fly.

Among the birds of prey in Lomaland are red-tailed hawks, sparrow hawks, nighthawks, turkey-vultures, burrowing owls and barn owls, the former being the most common. There are also a number of big crows that live at the south end of Point Loma. One of these had



MRS. ROAD-RUNNER AT HOME ON THE NEST

runners make a sound like the click of two pieces of wood struck sharply together; and when they open their mouths for food, they vibrate their throats and make a peculiar, indescribable sound.

All through spring and summer we see the birds spoken of above in great numbers. Most of them stay all the year round, but such birds as linnets, some goldfinches, horned larks, swallows, and kingbirds leave at the open-



A COOT'S NEST

ing of the winter season and return usually at the beginning of March. We know the days they leave and the days they return, because we see them gather together and fly away in a body.

In the winter months we have several varieties that come down from the more northerly regions and stay with us until spring; such as crown sparrows, warblers, vireos, fly-catchers, wrens, and flickers. At this time one often hears a sharp sound, like some one snapping his fingers, and on looking around quickly you will see a fly-catcher or warbler fly away with a moth or some other winged insect.

Of the sea birds there are several varieties that frequent our shores, although we are not so well acquainted with them as we are with the land birds. There are gulls, ducks, sandpipers, cormorants, pelicans, plovers, cranes, blue herons, and others.

We have spoken of the wild birds of Lomaland (if one can truly call them "wild") and now we must tell of our domesticated varieties. The Rāja Yoga College possesses an up-to-date aviary containing about fifty birds; also a large pigeon-house with about a hundred pigeons. In the aviary there are goldfinches, exotic finches (such as zebra finches), canaries, parakeets, dwarf parrots, and Japanese ring-doves. We have a little dove which is so tame that it will even fly on to your hand.

Two years ago we put the egg of a tame canary in with the eggs of a wild linnet. Mrs. Linnet hatched the egg for us, and when the young canary was nearly feathered out, we took his education in hand, leaving Mrs. Linnet to raise her family of five. We called him "Jim Pop" (Pop



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

FEEDING OUR PIGEONS

"Pharnabazus," "Purple Wing," "White Peak," "Toms," who is an old tumbler pigeon we have had for a long time.

The birds of Lomaland are very dear to us. They are loved and protected by every one. Almost every one of the older folk has several birds pets that live out in the wild, but come to the residences to be fed, some even hopping inside and making themselves at home. There are several drinking-places that have been made specially for the birds, and food and nesting material are always put out for them. It may be truly said that Lomaland is a birdland.

REX DUNN

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Our Special Numbers

THIS number is the third of the Special Peace Congress Numbers of the RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER. These three numbers are devoted principally to the Rāja Yoga School and College at Point Loma. Any one wishing for information about this educational work will find these numbers of more than usual interest. As there is a large demand, orders should be placed promptly. Price: 10c. singly; or the three for 25c.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THREE GOOD FRIENDS

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by a Staff of the Younger Students of the Râja Yoga College
Point Loma, California

Published under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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Subscription 50 Cents; Copy 5 Cents

Foreign Postage 25 Cents extra, Canadian 12 Cents

VOL. IX

SEPTEMBER 1913

No. 9



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A FAVORITE GARDEN PATH IN BEAUTIFUL LOMALAND

Harvest-Time

AT this harvest-season of the year, when the fields are yielding their autumn crops, our minds think naturally of the lessons which Nature teaches us with reference to her great laws of life.

We get out of life exactly what we put in it. Why, of course we do! It is also very true that "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap." Why should we expect otherwise? Does not a thistle bloom a thistle, and a rose, a rose? When a farmer plants his seeds does he not know what his harvest will be? If he wants oats he does not plant

rye; nor does he expect potatoes when he has planted corn. When he plants his seeds he puts in exactly what he expects to get in return.

But do we realize that every day we are reaping the results of former actions? We need not wait until old age to reap the harvests of life, for each day brings its own harvest, while at the same time new seeds are sown each day which will in turn bear fruit in later years. So that, did we but know it, we have the power to choose what our harvest is to be, provided we carefully select only the seeds which will bear the fruit we wish. If

industry and conscientiousness are the seeds we sow, proficiency and skill will be the result; while if laziness and carelessness are what we select, we can expect nothing of lasting benefit. Helpfulness and unselfishness will bring joy and happiness, while selfishness and indifference can result only in unhappiness.

However, it is not enough merely to plant seeds; they must be planted in a soil that is congenial to their growth.

of youth, saying, "Oh, let them sow their wild oats!" they forget that not alone are they sowing wild oats, but they must also reap wild oats. It is a knowledge of what lies before us that will enable us rightly to sow the seeds for our coming harvests.

Sow a thought, and you reap an act; sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WHEAT-EARS

A farmer carefully prepares the soil before seed-time by plowing the ground and making it ready to receive the seeds. Only thus can he expect them to grow. It is just the same way with our characters; our natures must also be prepared for the seeds, and it is discipline that does the plowing. For with discipline the mind is aroused and becomes alert, and when the mind is alert, then it is ready to receive healthy impressions.

Even after the soil has been prepared and the seeds planted, we can not sit placidly by with our hands folded and expect the harvest to come of itself. No, we must see that our plants are kept alive, that they have sunshine and rain, and then they will grow. Practice is like the rain, and patience like the sunshine; so with these two, and with enthusiasm as another agent, a plentiful harvest will then be the result.

It is because so many do not know that with them lies the power to choose their seeds, that they plant blindly and unconsciously, and are then surprised at their harvests. When people are indulgent towards the follies

Sowing and Reaping

JAMES MONTGOMERY

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Cast it where thorns and thistles grow,
Cast it upon the rock.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain:
Light, heat and moisture, all
Shall foster and mature the grain.
For harvest in the fall.—*Selected*

Rāja Yoga Education

AMONG the numerous papers read at the International Theosophical Peace Congress, at Vising-sö, Sweden, during the Midsummer Festival week last June, many dealt with one or another aspect of the Rāja Yoga training; for one of the salient points accentuated in those discourses was that of the importance of the early training and disciplining of the young child, for "The child is father of the man" says an old adage. Some of these have already been published in full, notably five papers by members of the Faculty of the Point Loma Rāja Yoga School and College, which appeared in the July issue of *The Theosophical Path*. As many of our readers do not see this Theosophical monthly, and in response to a number of requests, we have decided to republish at least portions of these addresses from month to month, as much as our space will permit.

Before proceeding with these, however, we choose as fitting introduction to this subject the following message of appreciation from the parents of Lomaland, which was read at the Peace Congress and published in the *International Theosophical Chronicle* for July:

A MESSAGE TO THE PARENTS OF SCANDINAVIA, FROM THE PARENTS OF THE CHILDREN IN THE RĀJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

"We who have seen the results of the Rāja Yoga training in our children, and who bless the day we brought them to Point Loma, wish that all parents, in all nations, might share the benefits of Rāja Yoga. We have seen the weight of harmful hereditary tendencies lifted from our children, leaving the *real* child untrammelled in its vigorous growth and harmonious unfoldment. We have learnt that this is possible precisely in that degree in which parents and teacher co-operate in their efforts to awaken the children's higher possibilities and evoke their strength of soul.

"Many of us, like some of you, have known the pain of fruitless search for light to guide us in the training of our children. Today, we know that the light you seek exists and that the help you need is offered by Rāja Yoga.

"In the young students whom Katherine Tingley is bringing to your shores, we send you a living message. They are all the witness you need to the power which Rāja Yoga has to awaken the Divinity in man.

"We call upon you to bethink yourselves of the greatness of your present opportunity, and of your grave responsibility as Guardians of the children who, in the long Pilgrimage of the Soul, have been entrusted to you for this life. Although they are yours now, they are also of the ages, and only by rising to a fuller realization of Soul-life can you, as Parents, make them truly your own.

"Act for them now as Souls, that they and you and all the nations of the North may find a new door of life open to you from this day.

"From our hearts we assure you that a new family life is born from the renunciation of the selfish feeling which often passes for love but which really fetters the Soul.

"Parents and children at Point Loma know the joy of that Higher Love which finds its happiness in giving, and frees in the youngest child the heart-force that sweetens and inspires. Thus, daily, life draws nearer to a true and high ideal.

"The time calls you, Parents of Scandinavia, to have the courage to challenge your children by giving them Rāja Yoga training. But if that is not possible, then we would urge you to study Theosophy, build its principles into your lives, and strive to create a

Rāja Yoga atmosphere in your home. For Rāja Yoga is simply Theosophy *put into practice*. It applies to you, as Parents, as well as to your children. It is the Science of Heart-Wisdom and of Self-Control.

"Your children's Souls are pleading with you for the truth that lifts the veils from their eyes, that frees the heart in loving service to all the world, that gives them in turn the power to challenge you, whom they love best, to rise to the full dignity of Spiritual Fatherhood and Motherhood." (*Signed by a Committee of Parents at The International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.*)

PARENTS AND TEACHERS, study the way more thoughtfully, more hopefully, more soulfully. — Katherine Tingley



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MICHELANGELO AS A BOY
Pitti Gallery, Florence

Sing on, Blithe Bird!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

I'VE plucked the berry from the bush, the brown nut from the tree,

But heart of happy little bird ne'er broken was by me.

I saw them in their curious nests, close couching, slyly peer
With their wild eyes, like glittering beads, to note if harm were near;

I passed them by, and blessed them all; I felt that it was good
To leave unmoved the creature small whose home was in the wood.

And here, even now, above my head, a lusty rogue doth sing;
He pecks his swelling breast and neck, and trims his little wing.

He will not fly; he knows full well, while chirping on that spray,

I would not harm him for a world, or interrupt his lay.

Sing on, sing on, blithe bird! and fill my heart with summer gladness;

It has been aching many a day with measures full of sadness!

—Selected



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MEMBERS OF OUR HOUSEHOLD

Glimpses of the Râja Yoga School

SCARCELY a month passes without some invited guest or party of guests being entertained by the pupils and students of the Râja Yoga School and College at Point Loma. One such recent reception and entertainment was on July ninth, when a party of teachers attending the summer session at the State Normal School located in San Diego were entertained in the Lomaland Greek Theater by the Râja Yoga pupils, ranging from the youngest tots upwards.

One feature of the program was a series of short papers read by several of the next to the youngest group of Râja Yoga boys, in which papers the guests were given a passing glimpse into the every-day life at the School. The little pictures they disclosed of their home and school life were so charmingly simple, and yet uplifting and educative, that it has been decided to give them a wider circulation through these pages. One of these word-pictures will be presented each month until the series



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

OUCH! POLLY. NICE POLLY!

is complete. The first, of the nature of an introduction, is given below:

I

KINDNESS IN THE RÂJA YOGA SCHOOL

It is a joy to us to welcome you to our home in Lomaland.

As it is impossible for you to see all the various things we do each day, we thought that if a few of us could talk to you for a few minutes, we might be able to give you some idea of our daily life.

I would like to tell you something about the birds that are our friends here; they help us, and we help them. That may seem strange, but we love to help them, and we get much pleasure in doing little kindnesses for them. How fine it would be if all children had the same chance of helping birds that we have! The truth is, they have, if they only knew it.

For several years our group has taken charge of all the injured birds found around here, and we have so cared for them that they have responded to our kind treatment to the extent of knowing no fear in our presence. If you see a boy here with a bird perched on his finger, you need not think it strange; that bird was probably brought up from babyhood by us, and has had so much kindness from the boys that it now thinks itself

one of our family. It is fine fun to see the baby birds, who have lost their mothers, being fed by us. They open their mouths so wide for food that you would sometimes think they were going to swallow one another!

Our aviary has become known as the "Bird Hospital," because we help so many injured birds, and in our new large aviary we shall be able to take care of many more, and there they will have a freedom almost equal to that of their wild state. Will you believe it? Many prefer to remain with us rather than accept their liberty after they are well!

Where do we get the injured birds? Did you ever hear of snakes? Well, they love young birds in the wrong way, so that the birds disappear. How often during our walks have we heard the distress call of some bird! All birds have distress calls for help, and we have learned most of them. And when we hear a distress call,

is "Shpeedle — Shpeedle," and the jolly meadow-lark's is "Ladies and Gentlemen." The other calls I shall have to leave for another time.

Remember that the birds repay in a thousand little ways every kindness shown them. LOUIS B.

Every Day

THE morning hangs her blossoms out
Fresh every dawn;
Yesterday's blooms lived out their little hour
And then were gone.
So live today with patient, steadfast will,
And loyal heart,
Then shall tomorrow find thee truer still
To bear thy part. — *Selected*



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SHE PURRS SO LOUD, I SURELY THINK SHE UNDERSTANDS — DON'T YOU?

you should see us run at full speed towards the place, perhaps to find a snake in the act of harming the young birds. Two years ago our teacher found thirteen young quails just out of the eggs. The mother had been killed by a snake, so we had to fill the mother's place. These quails are with us today. If I had time, I could tell you many more stories about the birds that we have saved from snakes.

When a boy comes to this school who has no love for birds, he does not remain unkind to them very long. The feeling of the group soon draws out the love for animals that is in the heart of every child.

We have fifty different kinds of wild birds that visit Lomaland, and some of them are special favorites. We know the calls of many of these birds, such as the quail's call, which is "Whataka — Whataka." The pine finch's

My Little Gray Kitty and I

FLORENCE A. JONES

WHEN the north wind whistles 'round the house,
Piling the snowdrifts high,
We nestle down on the warm hearthrug,
My little gray kitty and I.
I tell her about my work and play,
And all I mean to do,
And she purrs so loud I surely think
She understands — *don't you?*
She looks about with her big, round eyes,
And softly licks my face,
As I tell her about the word I missed,
And how I lost my place.
Then let the wind whistle, for what to us
Matters a stormy sky?
Oh, none have such jolly times as we —
My little gray kitty and I. — *Selected*



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"A READING FROM HOMER" FROM THE PAINTING BY ALMA TADEMA

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

JOHN KEATS

MUCH have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet never did I breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken. . . .

✽
Alma-Tadema

THE late Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema will always be remembered for his pictures dealing with classical subjects. He made himself so familiar with every detail of the life of ancient Greece and Rome that his brain was, they say, "a complete encyclopedia of antiquity." When in Italy he studied with great care everything connected with Roman life: the forms of the architecture, temples, public and private dwellings, amphitheatres and baths; all the works of art, statues, mural paintings, mosaics, pottery; even down to the details of dress. He was also thoroughly conversant with all their myths and legends, their religious processions and festivals, their customs and rites of the household. It is this complete knowledge of the subject he was working at that gives the charm to his pictures, and makes the Greeks and Romans live again. Others have made word pictures, but Alma-Tadema makes us see it all in form and color. We see the temples, the groves with their statues and fountains and seats, the graceful figures in their sweeping garments. One of the most beautiful and best known of these pictures is *A Reading from Homer*.

An interesting thing in connexion with Alma-Tadema

is his beautiful house in London, considered to be one of the most beautiful houses in the world. The points of greatest beauty in all the ancient art are combined there with the most artistic effect, with an occasional touch of modern style, contributed by his friends (notably John S. Sargent and Sir F. Leighton), but everything is in the most exquisite harmony.

The house itself is built in Pompeian style, surrounded by an old Roman garden. Within is the great golden hall, ornamented in Egyptian design, with mosaic floors, graceful Ionian columns, and rich carpets from the Orient. In the center, in imitation of the Roman style, is a cool fountain playing in a marble basin. Surrounding the hall are different rooms showing special phases of art. In one room there are rare treasures from China and Japan, and in another we have a touch of the Netherlands, with its leather-covered walls of Dutch design, its shining brasses and old cabinets. This room is of especial interest because Alma-Tadema himself was Dutch, though he had been naturalized in England and is generally known as an English painter.

But the most beautiful room of all is the studio itself, with its walls of gray and green marble and shimmering ceiling of gray, and its wonderful stained-glass windows, the work of John La Farge.

What an inspiration it must have been to work in such a studio; how uplifting to live in a house thus surrounded by such beauty and art!

CORA LEE

✽
THE different steps and degrees of education may be compared to the artificer's operations upon marble: it is one thing to dig it out of the quarry, and another to square it, to give it gloss and luster, call forth every beautiful spot and vein, shape it into a column, or animate it into a statue. — *Thomas Gray*

good, is not so perfect as the original in Egypt.

The avenues between the pillars in these Egyptian halls are very narrow in comparison with the thickness of the columns; this gives a certain character of grandeur and solemnity not found in other styles of architecture, in which the columns are always thinner and the spaces between them wider. The contrast between the dim, mysterious, shadowy colonnades and pillared halls and the blazing Egyptian sunshine outside is even now striking, but when the roofs were perfect it must have been much more so. We do not know how the dark chambers of the interior were lighted. There are no windows in any of them, and yet they are covered with splendid paintings and carvings which must have been intended to be seen. One of the first things we have to look at in studying a building is the character of the pillars, for they are entirely different in the various styles. Columns are commonly divided into three parts: the base, to give them a firm footing; the shaft; and the capital or head, which takes the pressure from the upper part of the building and helps to convey it scientifically to the narrow shaft and so to the ground. The Egyptian pillars are seldom graceful, but they are always dignified,



"PAPYRUS-BUD"
COLUMN AT
BENI-HASSAN

Savior, or of some of the kings, were placed as supporters to these.

One of the simplest forms of column greatly resembles the earliest Greek order, the Doric, and is supposed by many to be the original from which the Greeks copied. It consists of a shaft chiseled in shallow upright grooves, called flutings, with a rather thin square slab for a capital.

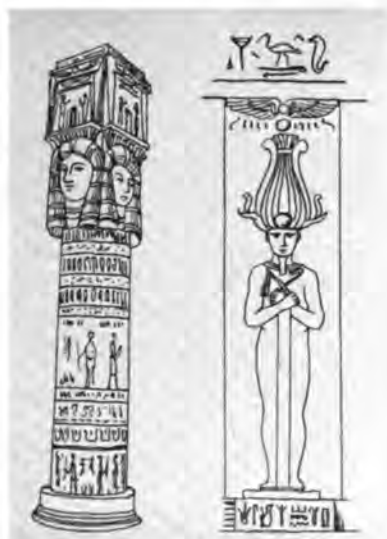
One of the most striking characteristics of the Egyptian order is that the block of stone at the top of the capital upon which the level stone beams of the upper part lie is usually smaller than the capital itself. This is the reverse of the general principle; the square upper block is commonly made larger than the ornamental part of the capital in order to lead down the pressure from above to the narrower shaft.

Egyptian columns are seldom left plain, but are usually decorated with patterns, portraits of the gods and kings, and hieroglyphics, all in rich and harmonious colors.

We must now leave ancient Egypt, and take a rapid glance at the architecture of another great, and perhaps equally old, civilization—that which once flourished in the rich valley or plain which is watered by the two

large rivers, Euphrates and Tigris. We shall not find any monuments to compare with those of Egypt in perfection of preservation or grandeur. In Egypt the remains have given us a picture of the life of a powerful and intellectual nation of extreme antiquity, such as cannot be found elsewhere; but the few relics of Assyria and Babylonia that still exist are full of interest and make us hope that new discoveries may fill up the gaps. Though we can never expect to find any more large palaces or temples, it is not unlikely that inscriptions and carvings may still be found in abundance.

R.



ISIS-HEADED
CAPITAL
FROM
DENDERAH
AND
OSIRIS PIER
FROM
MEDINET-HABU
EGYPT

and many of them are very striking in color and design.

The Egyptians went directly to nature for their designs, and the capitals are usually taken from plants, such as the papyrus reed, the lotus lily bud or flower, and the palm. In one favorite form the capital is decorated with faces of the goddesses Isis or Hathor. Plain, square pillars, called piers, are frequent in early work, and in later times great carved figures of Osiris, the Egyptian



EGYPTIAN COLUMNS

Showing Expanded Bud, and Palm-tree Capitals, and "Pro-Doric" Pillar: from Beni-Hassan.

In the Mountains

M. G. GOWSELL

THERE'S no man knows how
long ago

Its golden lights grew gray,
And the lowland firs began to grow
Where pines had once held sway.

What pioneered the pines, dear
knows;

Yon rugged heights were young,
And of the early days of those
The winds alone have sung.

The gray and purple shadows grew
While thatchings barred the sun,
Until the sunbeams straying through
Could stray but one by one.

From round each somber cedar's
throne,
And out the silent deep,
Came odors known in dreams alone
To steep the vale in sleep.

The winds above may croon and blow
But not a sound is heard;
No mossy maple, growing low,
Or leaf thereon is stirred.

The chuckling squirrel may not leave
The fir-tree's lofty crown,
Where all day long he stays to reave
The cones in dainty brown.

The brotherhood of little brooks
Have not a word to say,
Though well they know the forest
nooks
And the ferns that marge the way.

O'er yonder dreams a tiny glade,
A little beauty spot;
A place some eager beaver made,
And like as not forgot.

'Tis there the timid doe will take
Her lovely little fawn,
To hide within the forest brake
And bide the northern dawn.

O silent wilds of green and gray,
Alone beneath the blue,
My heart may never hope to pay
The debt I owe to you.

Lomaland, October, 1912



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A VALLEY FOREST SCENE IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS

Real Love for Things

WHEN people talk or think about love for others, they generally think about their parents and friends. But there are animals as well as people, and even objects, like a flower-garden, statues, pictures, and many other things that one can love.

There is a saying: Love your enemies as well as your friends!

I shall tell an instance of a man who is now in London, and who seems to be the saddest man there. This old man, who had to guard the Albert Memorial in Ken-

sington Gardens, is a man who has real love for his work, as you will see. He was pensioned, and the thought of having to leave his one hundred and sixty marble friends makes him very sad. For twenty-eight years he had guarded them twelve hours a day. He had done this so long that he considers the garden like his home and the statues like his children. I wonder how many of us think about our work in this way?

This man's name is David Langton; he has seen forty-two years' public service, as park-keeper in Regent's Park and guardian of the Albert Memorial. INDALICIO S., JR.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

RÂJA YOGA GIRLS AWAITING THE COMMAND TO MARCH

The Fourth of July at Lomaland

THIS has indeed been a glorious Fourth of July! The whole day was one long celebration, beginning early in the morning with the raising of the Stars and Stripes on the Lotus Home Grounds, accompanied by a flourish of trumpets and the singing of *The Star Spangled Banner*. This was followed by a march around the Academy to the sound of martial music.

Soon after breakfast there was a tennis tournament by the men vs. the Râja Yoga boys. The players were so well matched that in one set they played game after game, the score remaining a tie, until finally, when the score was seventeen all, they were obliged to stop, promising to finish the set another day.

At dinner every one received a red fire-cracker, whose contents, however, were something other than gunpowder. After dinner all the Râja Yoga students formed in line in front of the Academy for a Grand March to the Athletic Grounds. We marched in double file, one of the boys carrying the American flag at the head of the procession, while on either side were borne the flags of all the nations, headed by the Universal Brotherhood and Swedish flags. The line of march was around the Academy, past the Aryan Temple, and over to the Field, at first to the music of the Râja Yoga Military Band, and then all singing a Swedish marching song. When the Field was reached, where the

older students were already gathered, every one joined in singing *The Star Spangled Banner*. Then the flags were placed in equally spaced uprights around the Field, and it was a pretty sight to see them floating there in the breeze. We took our seats and the sports began. It was a glorious afternoon; the weather seemed to be joining in the celebration.

First came the high jump, pole-vaulting, and shot-putting. It was delightful to watch the men vaulting easily over a bar six to eight feet above the ground, and alighting gracefully on their feet. The shot was a leaden ball weighing sixteen pounds, and it was very exciting to watch the contestants vying with one another to see who could throw it the farthest; the

winner threw it about thirty-one feet.

Then there were a number of races of various kinds: hundred-yard dashes, relay races which are always much enjoyed, a ten-legged race and an obstacle race, which were particularly amusing, and a turnip race. In the obstacle race the contestants had to execute such feats as getting apricots from the bottom of pails of water without using their hands, walking on stilts, and reciting poetry until some one in the audience called out the poet's name. The turnip-race was for the little girls, several rows of turnips being buried in the ground, which the children had to pull up and place in sacks, each child taking only one at a time and running with it to the sack



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN ON A FOURTH OF JULY PARADE, LOMALAND

placed at the end of her own row.

"Modern Jousting" was extremely funny. In this, each boy had his feet tied together and was given a bag of straw for a weapon, with which to knock over the knights of the opposing side; but the struggle did not last long in most cases, the knights falling in the most undignified positions.

An especially amusing number was the "Military Drill open for all." Nearly all the men joined in this, and for many it was their first lesson. As there were not enough guns, several armed themselves with broomsticks, one shouldered a flag, and another carried a pitchfork which happened to be at hand. They paid fine attention, however, and after a little practice did so well that every one was cheering and applauding, and when the drill came to an end the Rāja Yoga boys led off with three cheers and a tiger for the "Lomaland Militia."

The Rāja Yoga girls then gave a dumb-bell drill and played a game of basket-ball. Following that the victors in all the contests were crowned with wreaths, each victor retiring amid hearty cheers. Upon the completion of this three cheers and a tiger were given for Katherine Tingley, then for the Lomaland Delegates to the Peace Congress in Sweden, and finally for the Representatives throughout the world.

A most enjoyable Field Day was brought to a close with a Grand March, this time including the grown-up students as well as the Rāja Yogas. It was a glorious



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

AN EXCITING MOMENT ON THE BASKET-BALL COURT, LOMALAND

march, with music playing, and the flags of all nations, crowned with the victors' wreaths, waving on either side of the double column. As we marched home in the quiet evening after a day of enjoyable celebration, we all felt what a great thing it is to be here — a part of this wonderful Institution, students of Rāja Yoga, and followers of Katherine Tingley. The procession passed to the north of the Academy and halted before the Ayran Temple, where all joined in singing songs, ending with *America*. We then dispersed.

After supper, which was prepared and eaten picnic-fashion, the Rāja Yoga students enjoyed a victrola concert in the Rotunda. During the concert we had the pleasure of hearing a letter read from our beloved Leader, also one from our Rāja Yoga Correspondent in Sweden. As it was then almost time for the younger ones to retire, we listened to several of our favorite records and then adjourned. So ended a happy day in a pleasant manner, with music.

A striking and beautiful feature of a Lomaland Fourth of July is that the representatives of all other nations resident here are just as enthusiastic as the Americans themselves. Cubans, Swedes, English, Danes, Russians, and all the others, engage with equal ardor in all the contests; and the same thing happens on Cuba's Liberty Day, indeed on every occasion when we do honor to any nation. This is because we are learning the secret of international patriotism, which is the highest and noblest kind, and which will bring about the longed-for peace among the nations. F. C.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

RĀJA YOGA MILITARY BAND PLAYING INTERNATIONAL PATRIOTIC AIRS, ON "THE FOURTH"

A Peace Congress Letter

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

DEAR RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER: This has been a wonderful time—a time of strenuous work and new and varied experiences for all of us; a time when we were put on our mettle to give a practical demonstration of what Râja Yoga really is. Almost every resource of our versatile training was called upon, and more than once we have been able to say, "How glad I am that I learned this at Point Loma."

marked goodwill, and by the courtesy with which they treated us. It was pretty to see the little tots making their Swedish bows in thanks after they had been fitted, and they never forgot it once.

After working at the costumes all day, there was other work to be done at the Villa at night. Imagine us assembled after our evening rehearsal, about ten o'clock, in our long dining-room. At one end you may see the tables strewn with painting utensils, for several new costumes had to be decorated. Further down, the walls are lined



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON ASSEMBLY IN THE OPEN-AIR THEATER, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

Only one-half of the theater is seen in this picture.

First of all there were the preparations for *The Aroma of Athens*, which in themselves were a herculean task. All the work of fitting costumes, sandals, etc., was done in two small rooms at Kungsgården, the house on the theater grounds. Every day new arrivals would come flocking in and be detailed, some as flower-girls, some as torch-bearers, soldiers, archers, etc., nearly every costume having to be altered in some way.

Then there was the difficulty of the language, for our study of Swedish had to be discontinued until after the Congress on account of the pressure of the work. But the Swedes made things much easier for us by their

with warlike spears and shields in the process of being painted; while garlands and flowers seem to grow abundantly on tables, chairs, and floor. Even carpentering is not left out, and judging by the pile of some twenty-four Greek stools which adorned our dining-room by the end of the week, you would agree that our Râja Yoga carpenters had done very good work. You may be sure we had a lively time getting garlands and flowers, paints and oils, spears and shields, lumber and carpentering sundries, and other small articles out of the way when meal-time came round. Towards the end of the week we simply gave up all idea of having formal meals and



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PUBLIC MEETING IN THE OPEN-AIR THEATER, VISINGSÖ, JUNE 24TH

just took an impromptu one when we could manage it.

Then, of course, there were rehearsals. These were held usually at six a. m. and eight p. m. Besides, there was Mr. Rex Dunn composing songs for *The Forerunners* at the rate of three a day, and, as fast as they were finished, they were copied on the mimeograph, and then between whiles we learned them, somehow.

The dancers had also to be trained. They arrived only a week before the play was given, and you would have thought it quite impossible to learn the dance in so short a time, but with careful training under Madame Tingley's supervision, and with the help of their goodwill, they did learn all except the most difficult figures. They had rehearsals twice a day; then, after half an hour's rest, they would come to the Villa to practise their songs. They are wonderfully quick, and in less than a week had learned both songs in perfect English, although they knew not a word before.

All this time the various foreign Delegates were arriving by every boat.

The Congress was to have opened on Sunday, but as every one was so busy, the opening was deferred until Monday. Early in the morning the flags of all nations were put up on the hill close to the wharf and

near the ruins of Per Brahe's old castle. The open-air theater was beautifully decorated with flags and greenery, with chairs for the Delegates in a row across the front of the arena. By eleven in the morning all were assembled in the theater, the Rāja Yoga boys and girls dressed in white. The Congress was formally opened with a fanfare of trumpets, making a beautiful effect as the sound died away among the trees. Then there were seven strokes on an immense Japanese gong almost two feet in diameter. As we listened to its music on that memorable June morning, it seemed as if the Peace proclaimed by our Leader had already fallen upon the earth. How far away the discord and unrest of human life seemed, and how out of place

the rush and whirl of our great cities! After a few moments of silence the orchestra opened the meeting with the overture to *Raymond*.

I will describe the scene as briefly as possible. The theater is not so deep as ours, but it is very wide, with a seating capacity of about sixteen hundred. The arena is a large circular plot of grass, on which pansies and bright colored peonies grow luxuriantly in small beds along the front. Around the outside of the arena there is a gravel walk, and beyond it more grass, with four



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

NATIONAL DANCES BY CHILDREN OF THE SWEDISH LOTUS GROUPS. CHILDREN'S DAY

giant ash-trees spaced at regular intervals, behind which is the dark wall of the forest, with two openings through which you can look down long aisles. It was under the farthest of these trees, to the extreme left facing the audience, that the orchestra was stationed, with the piano hidden behind a lilac-bush.

The morning program consisted chiefly in the presentation of the International Delegates by Mr. Hedlund, followed by an introductory speech by Madame Tingley, and others by Dr. Bogren and Mr. Ramberg. At the conclusion of the speeches we sang the *Ode to Peace*. Then we stepped forward and sang our *Commencement Song* in Swedish. The audience understood the words, and showed they appreciated their meaning by enthusiastic applause. As an encore we sang the *King's Song*, at which the whole audience rose, for the Swedes are very patriotic.

After playing the *Aida March*, the closing number of the morning program, we hastened in different directions to prepare for the Pageant, *The Forerunners*, which was to open the afternoon program. A number of the Lotus children dressed as flower-girls were to march in the Pageant, and there was a terrible rush to get them ready, but they helped wonderfully by keeping silent; they scarcely ever had to be told to be silent, and then only once. After they were ready, we got them into line in the hall where Madame Tingley was inspecting the different characters.

It was a magnificent sight to see all these great characters of different times and nations marching into the open-air theater with the sun glancing on their gorgeously colored robes and shining armor. When all had taken their seats Earl Per Brahe called forth the characters one by one, and as each one was called we sang the song of his or her nation. Mr. Rex Dunn seems to have caught the exact spirit of each nation. Every one is different: India, solemn and mysterious; Egypt, stern and expressive of strength; France, the very spirit of chivalry; Russia, with her sadness and unrest; Ireland, sweet and mournful, with a haunting melody; England, suggesting the golden days of Elizabeth—but what is the use of attempting to describe them? You will hear them some day, and that is the only way to do the composer's genius full justice. The audience appreciated the music, too, and applauded after every number.

It was so late when we finished that it was time to go and dress for *The Aroma of Athens*. You know what a task that always is, even with us who are familiar with the costumes, and with our teachers to help us. Imagine what it is like when the space allotted to each was extremely limited, when scarcely any of the Swedish performers knew how their costumes should go, and when they could not speak English to ask for information. But in spite of these difficulties all were ready in time, for everything was done with system and order.

When all were ready we wended our way by a back path through the woods to our place of entry. Over in

the shade of the lilacs a Greek orchestra was playing. Socrates played the 'cello, hidden behind a tree, but the other performers were in plain sight, the leading violinist being disguised as a suppliant in the temple of Apollo, and other Greek youths and maidens playing on very modern instruments. The play went off splendidly; all the Swedes did remarkably well with the English, and threw themselves into the spirit of the play with such goodwill that the very atmosphere of old Athens seemed to permeate the trees, even the air itself. When the Spartan herald cried, "Then woe to Hellas," it was enough to strike terror to every heart. When the procession marched away at the end, singing as we passed through the woods until the sound died away in the distance, the last picture the audience had was of numbers of mystical white-robed figures moving about among the shadowy trees, amid the rosy glow of the red fires.

It would take too long to tell you all the details of every program, so I can only mention the most important. Tuesday morning there were addresses by Mr. Crooke of England, Mr. Heller of Germany, and others, with singing and instrumental music. In the afternoon came more greetings, and then *The Peace Pipe*, for which we had worked so hard and waited so long. There were the American Indians smoking the peace-pipe, with Nature's own forest in the background. We were looking forward to this performance with perhaps more interest than the audience, for the bass solo for Gitche Manito had just been completed and learned the night before, and we had never heard it. I think we enjoyed singing this cantata more than anything else. Of course you all know that Mr. Rex Dunn composed the music, set to the words of the first canto of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, and expressly for the Peace Congress. When we had almost finished a striking thing happened. At the place where "Gitche Manito the Mighty" disappears "through the opening of cloud curtains," there was a loud rumble of thunder, the only one heard that afternoon. The effect was almost magical; it could not have been better timed!

Following *The Peace Pipe* came a little scene from Swedish history, by young girls of the Stockholm Girls' Club for Higher Education. The acting was splendid, because it was so natural; they came running out of the forest just as if they had lived there all their lives. A very beautiful picture was made when Queen Margherita, the "Peace-Maiden," came riding in on a snow-white palfrey, and was hailed with acclamations of joy by the simple folk of the forest. Before they had finished the rain began to fall, but they kept right on to the end of the scene.

That evening there was a beautiful ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone for the Râja Yoga College at Visingsö, although the real stone was not to be laid until later. A very beautiful feature was the entry of all the Delegates, bearing an immense Universal Brotherhood flag, which was laid on the altar and covered with flowers.

Wednesday was Parents' and Teachers' Day. In the



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SCENE FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AS PRESENTED AT VISINGSÖ

morning, among other things, the Swedish children danced some of their national dances. More than a hundred of them, dressed in their national costumes, came trooping in, led by a quaintly dressed fiddler. The Lotus children also gave a little flower play, in which the different flowers represented different countries. How we clapped when a little California poppy stepped out to represent Point Loma!

At the close of the afternoon session Madame Tingley spoke, paying tribute to the pioneers of the Theosophical work in Sweden. While Dr. Sirén was translating her speech it began to rain heavily, but the majority of the audience, so eager were they to learn all that she had said, sat there unmindful of the rain, although many of them were without coats or umbrellas.

In the evening we had a meeting for members only in the Art Hall. The exterior of this building is in the style of the Greek Temple at Point Loma; inside the walls are unpainted, but are covered with pictures; all those that came from Point Loma, with the panoramic view of the Point running around the top for some distance, and many others. But the gem of the collection is Professor Kronberg's painting *Eros*, which stands about twenty feet high in its massive gilt frame, and reminds

one strongly of Mr. Machell's mystical paintings. Besides this, there are a number of smaller paintings, copies of his larger works, which he has donated to the Visingsö Rāja Yoga School. There is also a fine portrait of Per Brahe, the same, I think, that we saw in Jönköping when we gave our concert. The meeting consisted chiefly of speeches, after which all went over to the hotel, where we had a social hour. There we had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with all the Swedish members, and of using what little Swedish we knew, besides making use of our French and German. During the evening several speeches were made, and Professor de Lange improvised on the piano.

Next day the program was

quite different. We were invited to go on a pleasure-trip on Lake Vättern; so, having bundled up well, we left Visingsö at one o'clock, first making a circuit of the island. We gave a short musical program on board, and as the wind was very active, we had an exciting time holding down the orchestra music while playing. After that eight of us were called downstairs into the little cabin, where we found Professor de Lange, his face lit up with some plan that he had been evolving. He told us that Mr. Heller had written an address on "Peace," to be read on board, and that at the end was an original



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ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE SAME PRESENTATION

poem, which he had just set to music. He said that he was very anxious to have a song composed, learned, and sung, on Lake Vettern, and proposed that we learn this one to sing at the end of Mr. Heller's speech. Well, we sat down and concentrated our minds on the work in hand, so that by the end of fifteen minutes we knew all our parts by heart. We were just in time to go up and sing it, with the dear old Professor directing us. When we had finished singing he shook hands with us all, saying delightedly, "Now you see what my Râja Yogas can do!"

By that time we had made a circuit of the island, and soon arriving at Grenna on the opposite shore, we landed. The country around there is very picturesque; on both sides of the steep road lie fields of wheat, mingled with corn-flowers and tiny scarlet poppies. At the end of the road we came to a kind of tea-garden, where we went in and had some refreshments, helping ourselves, Swedish fashion. Here too we had some music, the orchestra playing *Pinafore*. Leaving the tea-garden, we turned up another country road bordered with cherry-trees laden with almost ripe fruit. After a while we came to a large white building which we were told was the home for the aged poor. I should have said that Baron Gyllensvaan of Grenna, who is very friendly to Madame Tingley, had met us at the boat, and was accompanying us on our walk. At Madame Tingley's suggestion and with his permission, we stopped in the garden of this house and sang some of our brightest songs for the old people. Our Delegates also took up a collection for them, which pleased the Baron very much. And you should have seen the appreciation on the faces of those feeble old men and women! Many of them had to wipe the tears from their eyes, and one old woman was trying to wave her handkerchief in time to our singing. "God bless you," she said in Swedish, when we had sung our last song; and we went away feeling that we had indeed made a bright spot in more than one lonely old heart.

After that we returned to the tea-garden, where we had our supper in the same informal fashion, either sitting on rustic benches with our plates in our laps, or else sitting or standing on the grass under the shady apple-trees. After supper we had the pleasure of hearing the Swedes sing some of their national songs. The time for departure came at last, and we walked leisurely down to the boat, stopping every now and then to pick the fragrant clover, purple, pink, and white, which is so abundant there and smells delicious.

It is only a short distance from Grenna to Visingsö, but it was rather cold going back, and we were thinking, "Well, we shall soon be home and then we can go to bed early tonight." But no such thing was in store for us. No sooner had we landed than we were met by a messenger from the open-air theater, saying that a large audience had been waiting for us for fifteen minutes, having expected us home earlier. Madame Tingley told us to go just as we were, with our heavy coats and hats

on, to give them some music. As soon as we could get there we sang *Excelsior*, by request; it seems to be very popular here, and they are always asking for it.

This evening the Lotus buds from Stockholm gave *The Little Philosophers* in Swedish. It was splendid, and one could see that the audience was profoundly impressed by the look of serious thoughtfulness on the little faces. The Malmö children also gave the symposium about the life of H. P. Blavatsky. The little girl who asked the questions knew them all by heart and asked them in the right order unhesitatingly. These Swedish children are very bright and learn everything quickly. The children danced again this evening, dressed in the same way as before; and then they went up to say their "Good-byes" to Madame Tingley, as they had to leave early the next morning.

Every day since then we have been down to the boat to see different parties off, sometimes twice, and again even three times a day. I am sure that never before has that little wharf been the scene of so much cheering, waving, and singing, as during the past week. The Swedish cheer consists of four short staccato hurrahs, and sometimes we use that instead of ours; but it gets rather complicated when we have not clearly decided which one to use, and some do one, and some the other. Our Swedish songs come in very useful on such occasions, and now we are learning the national song in Swedish.

Next Monday we shall probably go to Stockholm, and so we are busy preparing a program for the occasion. Besides this, we are expecting to give *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on Madame Tingley's birthday. We already had her sanction, so immediately after the Congress we began learning our parts. Besides this, we are going to sing the flower songs, seven fairy solos from *The Sleeping Beauty*, Mr. Rex Dunn's opera. You may get some idea of our activity when I tell you that although it is not quite half-past seven o'clock in the morning, we have already had a rehearsal of our songs with the orchestra, and now Peter Quince and Co. are out on the hill rehearsing vigorously.

And now, with greetings to all the teachers and comrades, I will say "Good-bye."

YOUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN SWEDEN

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A Râja Yoga Souvenir

ANY ONE wishing to possess an interesting account of the Râja Yoga School-life at Point Loma, will find in the three Special Peace Congress Numbers of the RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER the most authentic and representative one that has so far been published on the subject.

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RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by a Staff of the Younger Students of the Râja Yoga College
Point Loma, California

Published under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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Subscription 50 Cents; Copy 5 Cents

Foreign Postage 25 Cents extra, Canadian 12 Cents

VOL. IX

OCTOBER 1913

No. 10



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INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN, JUNE 22-29, 1913

THE RÂJA YOGA STUDENTS FROM POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

LEAVING THE OPEN-AIR THEATER AFTER SINGING ONE OF THEIR SONGS

Great or Small

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 ripples. — *Katherine Tingley*

YOU meet some one in the morning with a bright smile and a cheery word, and it makes you, too, feel bright and cheerful; your heart responds to the joy in Nature, the birds seem to sing more sweetly; you want to make some one else happy; and all through the day you do your work better and transmit your joy to

those about you, who in turn carry it to others. And it all started with one happy thought in some one's mind, but it colored the whole day for you, and others too.

Just so is this true in the reverse case. You feel a little despondent. Along comes an evil thought, one of anger, of suspicion or revenge, and finding an open door it strays into your mind, and begins to color your thoughts. Little by little it filters through your mind, until all your thoughts have become tainted. You in turn meet some one else and your thoughts taint his, if he is not strong



Photograph by Hvar & Dag

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THE RÂJA YOGA CHORUS SINGING IN THE OPEN-AIR THEATER, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

enough to resist them. You are literally poisoning the atmosphere around you, and all whom you contact are affected in a greater or less degree. But where did that first thought come from? Perhaps you caught up a thought-current sent out by some one in just such a mood as yours, and because your mind was not alert it found an answering note and joined its vibrations to yours.

We little realize of what vital importance are these apparently little things, mere thoughts!

If we constantly receive and think evil or impure thoughts, the mind soon becomes so polluted that there is no room left for clean and healthful thoughts. As a good illustration of this, take a glass of clear water and put into it just one drop of ink. Immediately the water becomes discolored. At first the ink sinks to the bottom and then gradually tints the whole glass of water. Repeat the one drop many times, and before long the water becomes so murky and impure that it is hard to realize that once it was as pure as crystal.

As the thoughts, so are the acts. One act of disobedience or deceitfulness, the breaking of a rule—only a slight error, we say. But one act sets in motion a force which will recur with renewed strength and again bring an impulse for a repetition of that first act. If given into this time, it will come back with even greater strength; and so it grows, until finally a state of mind is reached when these recurrences are so frequent and strong that a habit of disobedience and deceitfulness has been formed.

On the other hand, it is just as easy to cultivate a good

habit if there is continuity of effort. If whenever there comes an impulse to do wrong, it is checked by a counter-acting determination to do the right thing, then a force for good has been started which also will return, and if again it is strengthened by a renewed determination it will continue to grow with added force, so that there will be two currents, and while the first grows weaker because it is not answered, the other will grow stronger and stronger.

It is continuity that will do the work; for once we forget and do not answer the call, the thread is broken and we have added strength to the other side. If all day long there is a continuous thought running through every action, it is this that will link all the little things together and make of them something great. For the apparently little things are seeds that will grow into something big, while the great things in life are but the accumulation or expansion of little things. "There is nothing great and nothing small in the Divine Economy."



Autumn

EMILY DICKENSON

THE morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.
The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned
I'll put a trinket on.—*Selected*



Photograph by Hvar 8 Dag

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THE VISINGSÖ RÂJA YOGA CHORUS

Internationalism

AS DEFINED BY A RÂJA YOGA STUDENT

THE following paper was written by one of the Râja Yoga students who attended the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, Sweden, last June, as a Representative of the Râja Yoga College at Point Loma, California. It was given wide publicity, appearing in the various editions of *The Theosophical Path* in English, Swedish, German, Dutch, and Spanish.

THE GENUINE INTERNATIONAL SPIRIT

"Any work in which many nations are represented or participant may be termed 'international,' yet there are many degrees in which the international spirit may be manifest. The mere assembling of delegates from many nations to discuss or consider some matter of common interest is one form of international work, and while truly helpful and progressive it may be greatly lacking in real international spirit. For in such a gathering it is possible for each representative to feel still that he comes but to represent solely *his* particular nation, to see that *his* nation has a fair showing in the activities in hand, without any idea of entering otherwise into the activities of his fellow delegates.

"In the great International Theosophical Peace Congress recently held at Visingsö, Sweden, the international spirit went much farther than this. In the first place, the Congress was convoked by one who has traveled in all parts of the world, studied all phases of international life; one who from earliest childhood has regarded the world

as a family rather than an aggregation of powers with separate aims and conflicting interests. In the second place, the work of preparing for this congress as directed by the Leader was carried on by members of the Theosophical Society of all nations, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the shores of Europe to the most distant shores of America. And these workers were inspired by the same world interest that inspired the Leader of the Theosophical Movement, so that they worked for a World-Congress which should be of benefit to the globe and not merely to a stated number of represented nations. In the third place, the delegates who came to that Congress to represent the various countries, inspired as they were with this larger world-interest, felt that the representation of their own country was but a small part of their privileged duties. They came to do honor to their fellow-men of all nations and climes, to meet them, to catch a glimpse of life from their standpoint, to revivify the fires of their own national ardor with the flames that burned in the hearts of their comrades of other lands. . . .

"What then, made possible this harmony of international intercourse and relation? One thing, and one thing only — the presence of an object greater and grander than even national advancement and national glory, namely, the realization of a glorious ideal — the ideal of Universal Brotherhood, a Brotherhood which shall enable every nation not only to work out her highest destiny and cope with her own life-problems, but also by each fulfilling her own part, bring about the sure growth and evolution

of a glorious sisterhood of nations. Such was the ideal which, inspiring the representatives who attended this Congress, in no wise lessened the intensity of their individual national patriotism or interest in their own countries, but broadened, enriched, and hallowed that patriotism with the light of a liberal understanding of their true obligations to humanity at large.

"Such was the nature of the 'Congress Spirit,' if I may use the term; but this broad patriotism penetrated much farther than mere sentiment or feeling. The brilliant pageant which signalized the first afternoon of the Congress was a visible symbol of the general international character of the work. But most strongly was this felt when the Râja Yoga Representatives came forward and rendered the songs composed for the occasion and representing fifteen nations.

"These songs symbolized a true offering of genius to all nations of the earth. The words, written by Mr. Kenneth Morris, the Welsh Theosophical poet of Lomaland, spoke of the heart and to the heart of each nation to which they were dedicated—now the ardor and enthusiasm of Scandinavia, now the deathless national valor of Switzerland, then the gently pathetic love of the Emerald Isle, then a glowing couplet to the martyred Maid of France, and a hymn of praise to the mighty England of Elizabeth; then they sang bardic Wales and Vedic India, and so on and on. . . .

"But how should such a bard find singer who might fairly sing such songs? Well might one ask the question, for such lines as these were music in themselves and might not be set to notes save by one who could catch their fire and hear their minstrelsy. But as Theosophy had inspired the poet, so had Râja Yoga given birth to the minstrel who could lend the might of song to the magic of word, and in the creation of kindred genius could yield an utterance from the heart of each nation. Of such work and of such art is true and lasting international amity born; such art it is that sows the seeds of world-concord, for here the heart of the nations is reached.

"All of these things, because of the intense and earnest spirit which inspired them, mean much in the great movement for international peace and international understanding; for they breathe this spirit of peace and good will, and the very work of their preparation is a cementing of strong friendship among all peoples. If we really and truly desire world-peace we must enlarge our views

of the world in which that peace is to be born; we must see it is a family of brothers where we have been wont to view a host of competing nations."

MONTAGUE MACHELL

THE series of articles on "Râja Yoga Education," begun in the September number, had to be interrupted this month. It will be resumed in our next issue.



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THE SEA'S BARRIER: POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Sea and Shore

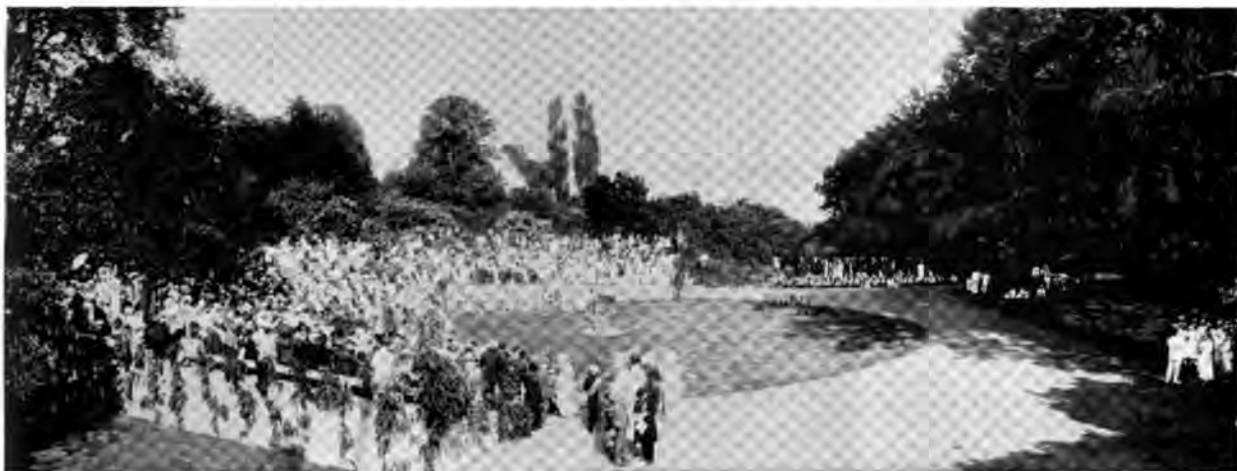
HENRY VAN DYKE

(Selected)

MUSIC, I yield to thee;
As swimmer to the sea
I give my spirit to the flood of song:
Bear me upon thy breast
In rapture and at rest,
Bathe me in pure delight and make me strong;
From strife and struggle bring release,
And draw the waves of passion into tides of peace.

Remember'd songs most dear,
In living songs I hear,
While blending voices gently swing and sway
In melodies of love,
Whose mighty currents move,
With singing near and singing far away;
Sweet in the glow of morning light,
And sweeter still across the starlit gulf of night.

Music, in thee we float,
And lose the lonely note
Of self in thy celestial-ordered strain,
Until at last we find
The life to love resigned
In harmony of joy restored again;
And songs that cheered our mortal days
Break on the coast of light in endless hymns of praise.



Photograph by Hvar & Dag

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INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ

A view showing the audience in the open-air theater and the "stage" beneath the trees.

Memories of the Open-air Theater in the King's Garden, Visingsö, Sweden

(From a Correspondent's Letter)

THE next day, Sunday August 10th, was also marked by the last performance of a line of work which had counted for much since our arrival on Visingsö, viz., the Sunday-afternoon meeting in the Kungsgården open-air theater. Doubtless you know the scene from descriptions in previous letters.

You know the dark pine-forest that ends abruptly in a green lawn which is the stage, upon which stand four noble ash-trees, two on each side. On the left a forest aisle shows dark and mysterious.

What wonders have issued from that forest aisle! First, a noble pageant, "The Forerunners of the Nations," in gorgeous costumes, on horse and afoot, heralded by trumpets and led by the "Peace Maiden" on her richly caparisoned palfrey.

A few hours later, to the strains of classic music, there issued from the forest depths the glory that was Greece, those famous names which were and ever shall be an invocation to the most high in humankind, the warriors, the statesmen, the poets and philosophers, the youths and maidens, and the classic, graceful troop of happy children from old Greece, shedding around them in the far North the aroma of Athens.

A day later, and again the dim forest aisle is the focus of a thousand eyes, when to the music of the peace-pipe "Came the warriors of the nations, came the Delawares and Mohawks, came the Choctaws and Comanches," — "painted like the leaves of autumn" — to smoke the peace-pipe under the ash-trees. Truly, the setting is equally in harmony with all noble things, irrespective of time, place, or nation.

Another day has come. What now will the forest aisle yield up to our waiting eyes? A sound of voices in a strange tongue, then a crowd of medieval Swedish

peasants bursts into view, talking excitedly. We understand not a word. What need to? Their acting is eloquent. They are talking of a great event; they are heaping blessing on a name unknown to us; they are eagerly awaiting the arrival of one whom their hearts adore. They gaze on that forest aisle, as do we, until the very ash-trees seem to be whispering to each other, "What next?" Then far down the aisle we behold a vision of beauty. Down on your knees, peasants, for she comes — the northern maiden, Margareta the Peace-Bringer. She is riding, attended by her squires, preceded by a youth who holds in each hand the pieces of a broken sword. Where are we? The twentieth century has slipped away like a dream, and we listen and gaze with rapt attention, and feel once more the benediction of that fair lady's life which shed around her peace and love in a far-off day of strife and hatred. When will history be truly taught? Others may have heard of Margareta Fredskulla; we have seen her.

Yet another day has come, and the mysterious dark aisle gives never a hint. Hark! the sound of a violin coming nearer and nearer down the aisle, but this time we see nothing until a procession bursts into view which sweeps us off our feet and draws a long "Ah!" from a breathless audience. Two and two they march in their picturesque costumes, tiny tots in front, right behind the six-foot violin player who, quaintly attired, heads the strange procession. All swing their clasped hands in time to his music. The Swedish Lotus Children, more than half a hundred strong, have come to greet the Lotus Mother. The music changes at intervals, and a wonderful morning slips by while we watch dances and hear songs which never can grow old. The children are not performing — oh dear no! They are enjoying themselves, thereby gladdening all hearts that behold them.

Then there is a lull in the open-air theater for several days. But the ash-trees tell each other that the chapter

is not to end yet. Sure enough, one Saturday afternoon Madame Tingley is in her chair with a numerous company about her. It is her birthday and the Râja Yoga students have done their utmost to honor it worthily. This time we are facing the great ash-trees, the dark pine forest, and the green lawn. What will the forest aisle give us on this auspicious occasion? Ah! who comes tripping there? Why yes! Puck of course, with Oberon and Titania and their fairy train. We had always believed that they dwelt in some dense forest, and now we have the proof before our eyes. Here comes Theseus, followed by fair Hippolyta and her train of Amazons, likewise Demetrius and Lysander looking daggers at each other, and also the unhappy maidens, Hermia and Helena. Hark! what is that hearty song that comes nearer down the forest aisle? Nothing classic, for they are singing lustily and out of tune, and the words that assail our ears are, "Come lasses and lads, get rid of your dads and away to the Maypole hie!" A moment later and sweet bully Bottom and his merry brainless crew burst from the forest depths and shake the sides of all with Shakespearean merriment. "This grassy plot shall be our stage, this hawthorne brake our tiring house." What could be more appropriate!



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ENTRY OF MARGARETTA, THE PEACE-BRINGER

That was on July 6th, and here we are, about to hold our last meeting on August 10th, to close the chapter of our work which opened on June 22d. Thought is swift, and as we stood in that theater for the last time, every scene which those trees had witnessed since our coming was recalled in minutest detail, together with an effort to realize the meaning of those events for Sweden and the world. Now we can see much, but as the years roll on we shall see more, and in the far-off future we shall look down the vistas of the past and trace many a glorious deed, many a splendid line of activity, and the awakening of many a soul to those wonderful months at Visingsö under the sacred ash-tree, the Ygg-Drasil of the land of Thor.

T. v. H.



Lines from Whittier

HAIL to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,
Pure, generous, brave and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.



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SWEDISH FOLK-DANCES IN THE OPEN-AIR THEATER

With the Rāja Yoga Students in Holland

THE Rāja Yoga students and teachers, and the resident members at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, were made extremely happy upon the receipt of a message saying that Madame Tingley had been invited to attend the Twentieth World Peace Congress at The Hague, August 18th and that the Rāja Yoga students accompanying her would render some songs.

Accordingly the party left Visingsö, Sweden, on August 10th and proceeded to Helsingborg, where they received a great ovation on the evening when a public entertainment was given, and during which Madame Tingley delivered an address that elicited frequent applause from a sympathetic audience. Each number of the musical program was applauded to the echo; indeed, this audience was one of the most appreciative the Crusaders had appeared before up to then.

From Helsingborg the party proceeded direct to Amsterdam, where a public meeting was held on August 15th. The enthusiasm of the audience exceeded, if anything, that of the preceding gathering, and on the following day *Het Nieuw van den Dag* ("The News of the Day") published an excellent account of the evening's program. The musical criticisms of this paper are considered very accurate; therefore some idea of the success of the program rendered on this occasion by the Rāja Yoga students may be gleaned in the following extracts from the above-mentioned article.

In the Rāja Yoga School at Point Loma, California, where the International Theosophical Headquarters are situated, music is regarded as one of the principal factors in education. When one takes into account that these Rāja Yoga musicians are not exclusively students of music, but are simply the most all-round educated students, one cannot help but be astonished at the finish

they showed in the musical selections rendered by them last evening. Director Daniel de Lange introduced the Rāja Yoga students with some warmly-spoken words. The audience immediately showed an appreciation and much enthusiasm and close attention, all of which increased when Katherine Tingley appeared on the platform, which was beautifully decorated with flowers.

Then follow a few words introducing Madame Tingley and her work, particular mention being made of the Peace Congress she recently convoked and directed in Sweden. The summing-up of her address is so excellent and conveys such a clear idea of the work at Point Loma that we cannot pass it by.

She told us that at Point Loma, the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Theosophy is put into practice for the benefit of all humanity.

The student there learns self-control through self-knowledge. First one is imbued with the knowledge of the existence of his higher and lower nature, and learns subsequently to make the latter subservient to the higher, in order to progress. . . .

Whoever is conscious only of his lower nature, lives in fear. That in its turn leads to pessimism. The higher nature should be aroused. Hope and faith are not enough for man's welfare; conscious power is required. This brought the speaker to Karma and Reincarnation. The criminal should not be condemned to capital punishment. Only one's lower nature can condemn. We must establish conditions which awaken the higher

nature of men. Whoever succeeds in conquering his lower nature, can and must reach out his hands in helping others. So the education at Point Loma aims especially, besides mental and physical development, at a moral uplifting.

The musical criticism in this article is as follows:

As has been said above, the musical art is in this work one of the principal factors. Four small choral selections were omitted from the program yesterday evening, because the students desired to spring a surprise on Director Daniel de Lange by performing one of his choral works, which, under his own direction, was very beautifully rendered.

An Ode to Peace

Stanzas from "An Ode to Peace," written by Mr. Kenneth Morris, of the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, for the International Theosophical Peace Congress, Visingsö, Sweden, June 22-29, 1913. Set to music for the Twentieth World-Peace-Congress at The Hague, by Rex Dunn, a student of the Rāja Yoga College, Point Loma, and sung by the Rāja Yoga students at the close of the first session of the Congress on August 18th.

WHY tarriest thou, Peace, O flame-fashioned

One, Child of the Gods and the Stars,
That art star-fire and God-fire impassioned
And stronger than Mars?

Why tarriest?—in drear dereliction

We have wandered and sought thee in vain;
Through our sloth, through our dearth, our affliction
Draw near us again!

Behold now these thy nations, sleep hath taken them;

How wonderful they are, and fair of soul!

Shalt thou not come with quickening light and waken them,

And make their beauty shine from pole to pole?

They know not whereunto to turn, what goal

To battle toward; the tyrant fear hath shaken them

To hate and strife, and wisdom hath forsaken them;

Shalt thou not come, and heal and make them whole?

We are tossed on the self-tides, and go where

Sloth calls, or a profitless strife;

We are driven to and fro, and find nowhere

The splendor of life.

Nor its peace, nor are freed of restriction

While self wraps us round as a chain;

O Angel of fierce benediction,

Draw near us again!

We will not let one nation die! Behold now!

These that so sorrowful were, so fraught with pain,

Touch them, and their poor rags are woven gold now,

Comfort, and their old loss is turned to gain!

Thou art immaculate love; here from thy fane,

Spread healing through the brotherlands! Enfold now

In quickening union Nation hearts a-cold now;

Call forth their glory, their star-souls again!



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THE PALACE OF PEACE, THE HAGUE, HOLLAND: DEDICATED ON AUGUST 28, 1913

After that a cantata was sung, composed by Rex Dunn, a student of the Râja Yoga Institute and member of choir and orchestra. The cantata is entitled *The Peace-Pipe*, a fragment from Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha*. It is an Indian story; The Great Spirit, standing on a pipe-stone quarry, is calling the people together and commands them to do away with their hatred and strife and to make a peace-pipe from reed and clay. The musical composition contains much that is very attractive and original. It was wholly in keeping with the theme, through the use of Indian forms of music; and it was splendidly performed. Though written for choir and orchestra, it was accompanied by the piano (in a very exquisite way), because of one of two orchestras of fifty members at Point Loma, only a third part was present.

Notwithstanding this, those present played an *Andante* of Tschaiakowsky (String Quartet) and the *Valse Triste* of Sibelius. Especially in the latter were we touched by the same dignity and repose which had so delighted the audience while listening to the cantata. Indeed, what was accomplished by these young students was well worth hearing. This soulful music came straight from the heart, and touched all by its intrinsic worth. Above all, nowhere was one reminded of superficial technical effort or affectation.

It was really a great success, and the large audience was gratified to the utmost.

As previously mentioned, the Râja Yoga students having been invited to sing at the Twentieth World Peace Congress on August 18th, the party proceeded to the ancient Hall of Knights (Het Ridderzaal) in the Binnenhof at The Hague. In this historic hall, says Motley, were hung the battle-flags of Alva and Parma, along with

the thirty-five standards captured at Turnhout by Prince Maurice after the celebrated victory on the heath of Tiel, when eight hundred Dutch cavalymen, unsupported, put to rout the entire Spanish army, which lost two thousand dead and five hundred prisoners of war. It was in the front of this hall, moreover, that one of the great tragedies of history was enacted — the unwarranted execution of Barneveldt, one of the greatest of the statesmen and patriots of the Netherlands.

In the absence of a detailed report we shall have to content ourselves with giving the following, from the special program printed for the occasion:

The Twentieth Universal Peace Congress which meets at The Hague on Monday will be remarkable in more ways than one. Besides the subject of an international police system, there will be discussed important problems relating to the education of the rising generation on the subject of peace. A new feature will be introduced by Madame Katherine Tingley who has been invited to attend and address the Congress. This lady is well known in Europe and America as the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world. She is an exponent of Theosophy on healthy moral lines. She is also the Foundress of the International Theosophical Humanitarian League and of the Râja Yoga College at Point Loma, California.

A party of twenty-four students, youths and maidens, from this college, who have accompanied Madame Tingley to Europe, will contribute vocal music on the opening day. Madame Tingley is on her way back to America, after having conducted a most successful International Peace Congress on the historic island



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SWEDISH LOTUS BUDS

GRANDCHILDREN OF THE LATE MADAME SCHOLANDER

of Visingsö, Sweden. Here a large assembly of International Delegates and Swedish supporters of the Peace Movement met during the Midsummer festivities. Important resolutions were then passed.

At the close of the first day's session the Râja Yoga Choir sang three songs, *Holland*, *America*, and *An Ode to Peace*. The first two were selected for the occasion from Songs of the Nations in the Symposium, *The Forerunners*, written by Mr. Kenneth Morris for the Visingsö International Theosophical Peace Congress; the third consisted of four stanzas from *An Ode to Peace*, written for the same occasion by Mr. Morris. Rex Dunn, a student of the Point Loma Râja Yoga College, wrote the music, and we learn from a letter that the ode was handed to the composer on Monday evening; he finished setting it to music on Tuesday evening, and the Râja Yoga Choir sang it from memory on Wednesday morning. When some were told of this afterwards, they could hardly give it credence. We understand that the rendering of these songs aroused the greatest enthusiasm and interest among the Peace Delegates and the large audience present.

Word has been received that a very successful concert was given a few days later at Arnhem, which called forth the warmest appreciation that the Râja Yoga musicians had yet received. We also hear that the Râja Yoga String Quartet visited Nürnberg, and a cablegram from that city announced a great success, which means that our young musicians had the pleasure of entertaining a German music-loving audience.

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Holland

BY KENNETH MORRIS

(One of the three songs rendered by the Râja Yoga Choir at The Hague Peace Congress on August 18)

YOU that, waging stubborn wars,
Lest the light should wholly wane,
From your dike-defended shores
Drove the sea and Spain;

You that had nor aid nor shield
When your need was bitterest grown,
Save your heart that would not yield—
Holland, claim your own!

Raise the dikes and man them well!
Let not sleep betake your eyes!
Life's great moaning tides that swell,
Foamed with menace, rise!

Round about Earth's spirit-shore,
Gods, that bitter flux to stem,
Guard the dikes forever more—
Holland, stand with Them!

✽

Glimpses of the Râja Yoga School

In the September number a series of articles was commenced, comprising a number of short talks by several of the younger boy pupils for a body of teachers who were recently entertained at Point Loma. These little accounts are faithful pictures of the Râja Yoga school life.

II

MUSIC AND DRAMA IN THE RÂJA YOGA SCHOOL

I FEEL you would like to know something about our music.

I think it is well understood that music plays a very important part in our school. It helps to bring out many qualities that can only be developed with its aid.

We commence very early to learn music, and many of the boys in my group play from two to three instruments. Violin and piano are the favorite instruments, but some of the boys are learning to play on wind instruments.

We have our regular practice-time, and although it may happen that we can only devote half an hour each day to it, yet with our love for music that half hour goes further than it would go if we had no love for music. We commence so early in our musical studies that it becomes as natural for us to play an instrument as it is for a bird to fly and sing. Many visitors, when they hear the Râja Yoga students play, think that they must devote their whole time to their instruments; but

it is not so, as no duty is ever neglected here.

Every one has one instrument that is not always developed, and that is the voice. Here we are all trained to use this instrument, and our singing classes become happy periods for us. My group has not only taken part in the concerts here frequently, but we have also sung at Isis Theater, San Diego. The cantatas we have given, have had the accompaniment of the Râja Yoga Orchestra — our teacher being also the conductor of it.

Then too, we have our dramatic work, which seems to surprise some of those who have seen us engaged in this. Madame Tingley has said that through music and drama great help can be given to the world. Perhaps the most wonderful thing is the rapidity with which we get up the various works we present. This is due to the real family feeling in our group, and to the desire of all to do something for others.

To illustrate this, I must tell you the story of an operetta we have frequently given here before visitors and the older students, who never seem to tire of it. The operetta is called *Bruce and the Brownies*. It was the outcome of our wanting to do something for one of our teachers on her birthday. It lacked just four weeks of her birthday when we thought it would be fine if we could only get up something with songs and some of the national dances of Scotland in it. Mr. Kenneth Morris, one of the students, was approached, and he thought of the incident of Bruce and the spider as being suitable for dramatic purposes. The Brownies of Scotland were to be given their real place as helpful fairies.

Well, the words were written during the first week, and the music was composed by Mr. Rex Dunn, our teacher, who is now in Sweden, helping Madame Tingley. Just as soon as he wrote the music for one song, we would set to work and learn it. Then we had the dances to learn, so that in the three weeks we had for learning all the songs and dances, we had a fairly busy time. The costumes were another item, and they were very beautiful.

However, on the eventful night we had everything ready. The real bigness of the operetta had been kept from everybody; so you can imagine the surprise of the audience when we were able to go through the whole operetta without faltering once. At the conclusion the enthusiasm was so great that it was some time before we could leave the stage. I should add that musical critics say that the music is true to the real Scotch music.

In connexion with our musical life, it may interest you to know that one of our teachers is an expert violin maker. He has a finely-equipped shop, and has turned out many violins and one cello. He has been compli-



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A YOUNG VIOLIN PUPIL

mented on the fine tone and finish of his instruments.

We regret that you cannot visit our home between the hours of five and seven in the evening; then you might hear from ten to fifteen instruments being played at one time. This might seem to you a confusion of noises, but it is a useful experience for us in concentration and in attending to our own duty.

P. S.

At Point Loma music becomes a part of life itself, and one of those subtle forces of nature which, rightly applied, calls into activity the divine powers of the soul.

Katherine Tingley

A Râja Yoga Polly

DID you ever see a little baby parrot? They are hatched in the forests of Mexico and other tropical countries, and are about the size of a pigeon when they first reach this country. As they are taken from the nest very soon after they are hatched, they do not know how to eat, and have to be fed with a spoon; therefore they know of no other care than that of the human being, and so are used to people from the first. That is why a young hand-raised parrot is so docile and affectionate, shows so little fear, makes such a nice pet, and is so intelligent and can be taught so many things.

By the time they are five or six months old they have nearly gotten their growth and are well feathered out. Some of them begin to talk very young, while others do not begin until they are ten months or a year old. Sometimes it may happen that after you have given up the idea that she is ever going to try to talk, Polly will surprise you some bright morning by saying, not only words, but whole sentences.

It certainly is a very strange feeling to have a bird speak to one in a voice that is the exact imitation of a human voice, with feeling and intonation perfect, and usually in imitation of one's own voice, if the parrot is yours. To be asked if you "Want some water?" or "What did you say?" in reply to some question you may have asked the bird; or to be told, "Bless your heart," in a tone exactly as if she meant it; or perhaps to be answered "All right" upon telling her to do something or other; or to be greeted by a gale of rippling, merry laughter, all of which she has learned of you, of course, but which nevertheless is a wonder to you—for all these mimickings you can forgive the occasional spell of discordant squawking until she learns, after patient and persistent training, that talking and not squawking is what you want of her.

It is not alone the talking ability that makes a parrot so interesting: Polly herself reciprocates your interest in her by being very much interested in you and what you are doing. Her little bright eyes are watching you most of the time, often with head cocked to one side, absorbed in all your operations, from putting on your shoes, to combing your hair. She likes to be busy doing the things you are doing, and will come way across the room to get into your lap, or on the arm of your chair, to play with your thimble, or to tear

bits of paper to pieces if you happen to be cutting paper at that time.

If she is in a playful mood, you will find she will enjoy a frolic on the couch, letting you roll her about like a little ball and tickle her as you would a kitten, lying on her back with her feet in the air (a most absurd position for a bird to take!) laughing and making funny little noises, and enjoying it immensely. But she will allow this liberty only from her especial caretaker, whom she has learned to love and trust, and woe be to any one else who undertakes to try to roll her about; you will be sure to come away with an aching finger.

Her acrobatic performances in her swing is another way you will be entertained by Polly, and you will be astonished at the way she will swing head down, hanging by one foot, as well as by many other gymnastic-like feats. She likes to play with a little bell, an empty spool, a button or buckle, and I know of one parrot that has more fun with an old shoe than anything else. The ability to use their claws like little hands to hold things, makes it possible for them to enjoy playing in a way other birds cannot.

So, you see, Polly can be a real little comrade if she is properly brought up while she is young; if you are always kind and gentle with her, and never, never tease her. For it makes a great difference with animals, just as it does with children, how they are trained while they are young. So, if you want a Râja Yoga polly, you must train her in Râja Yoga ways, and a Râja Yoga polly is quite worth while, I can assure you. *COUSIN EDYTHA*



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SHE LIKES TO PLAY WITH A LITTLE BELL

The Boy that Laughs

(Selected)

I KNOW a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! do you suppose
He struck his funny-bone?

There's sunshine in each word he
speaks;
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he
takes;
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know
Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

My Hummingbird

WILLIS EDWIN HURD

NO other fairy did I see
So graceful, pulsing, in the air,
As if the heart of nature beat
Its throbbings in the birdlet there.

The gray, the green, the dash of red,
The beating wings that gauzy seem —
So rapid the vibrating hum —
I almost dream were but a dream.

Then suddenly I cry aloud,
When in a rapid-shooting ray,
My fairy disappears, a-flash,
Into the sun-haunts far away. — *Selected*

✽

Where Berenice Found Happiness

L OTTIE Brennan and her cousin Berenice sat in low hickory chairs on the front stoop, busily crocheting and chatting. Berenice had come from the city for a two weeks' visit on the big farm that was Lottie's home. The two girls had not seen each other since the Christmas holidays, and, as it was now the last week in July, they had many topics for conversation.

Lottie loved her cousin very dearly; but today she noticed for the first time that Berenice seemed unhappy *underneath* all that she said, and that what she said was sprinkled too full of pronouns in the first person to be really pleasant. Berenice had a lively manner of describing the parties that she had attended, and the fancy dresses that she had worn; what somebody had said to her about the pink one, but that she herself preferred the white-and-blue one; and she entered into an amusing explanation of the reasons for her preferences. She was a pretty and attractive girl, and Lottie felt that she presented a sharp contrast to her cousin. She knew that even if she had seen and done and worn what Berenice had, she never would have been able to tell it in an interesting manner; yet the conviction grew in Lottie's mind that in spite of all the good times that Berenice was recounting, she had not been really happy, and was not happy now.

Lottie in her turn told of her winter experiences. She knew all the trees in the orchard and most of those in the woods; while the three old elms in front of the house and the young maple by the shed seemed to her almost like members of the family, and it had been about these silent friends of hers that she told: how they had behaved during the long cold months, and how beautiful they had been in the spring.

Compared with Berenice's recital, Lottie's was a very simple story indeed; but to one looking into the future of these young girls, the thoughtfulness of her remarks would have been "a good sign," as the older folk say.

It dawned gradually upon Lottie that Berenice did not care for what she was saying; so she made an effort to speak of something else. She told about the jolly sleigh-rides that the family had taken in the big sledge; of the



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BUTTERNUT FARM, AGAWAM, MASS.

flood that had swept away the picturesque old boat-landings and that had even overthrown the giants of the woods; of the sugar-boiling in the maple-grove; and of other matters that made up what to her was an extremely varied existence.

"It's very quiet here, isn't it, Lottie?" asked Berenice, after a few moments. From the tone in which she made the remark, Lottie fancied that by *quiet* her cousin meant *lonely*, and she did not care to have that impression grow.

"Yes dear," she answered. "Don't you love it? It must be very restful to you after the noise of street-cars and automobiles in the city."

"Well, we get used to them, you know," said Berenice.

"But surely you never grow to love the city's noise, as we here in the country love the silence?" asked Lottie.

"No, perhaps not; but it is easy to get away into the country, if one wishes," said Berenice.

"There must be many poor people, though," Lottie said in an earnest tone, "who never do get away from it."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of the poor people!" laughed Berenice. "I was thinking of the people I know. Most of us, I think, have a kind of love for the city, in spite of its drawbacks. There are so many places to go to, and then people themselves are so entertaining — there are so many different sorts of people, you know — that one never thinks of all that the city has and does that it oughtn't to."

Berenice had a fashion of laughing her way out of responsibilities that Lottie found very difficult to understand; for, while she well knew the wisdom of laughing-off trouble, a responsibility was quite another matter.

"Isn't it strange," she began, with sincere feeling showing in her voice, "how differently things look to different people? Whenever I visit the city I am sad for weeks



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ON THE SHORES OF FALSE BAY, NORTH OF POINT LOMA

afterwards, thinking of all the poor people that I have seen, and of the poor abused horses, and of the homeless-looking cats and dogs. I feel as if the people in the city have forgotten that they all belong to one great family, even if they don't know each other by name."

Berenice did not immediately reply, and in a few moments Lottie's small brother Bobby came into the front yard, shouting and laughing and waving his hat. The girls put down their fancy-work in amazement.

"Bobby Brennan, what is the matter with you?" demanded Lottie.

"Come out to the creek, girls!" said he. "I've found something that you might not see again in a hundred years!"

"What is it, Bobby?" asked Berenice.

Bobby would not enter into descriptions, but ran out of the yard as if there were not a moment to spare. The girls took up their sun-hats and followed him. Their way led through an old apple-orchard. The trees were loaded with young fruit, while between the rows red clover was now in bloom, and because of that attraction the honeybees were there in bustling crowds. Lottie never went into the orchard without experiencing a deep sense of satisfaction with the beauty of the world, and on this lovely summer afternoon she was wishing with all her heart that she could show her cousin what it was to love Nature enough to try to understand her hidden meanings. Considering the conversation which they had just had, she could not find the right thing to say, so the girls walked in silence until they found Bobbie. He was standing quietly beside an uprooted tree.

"What have you found, Bobby. Will you please tell us what you are doing?" Lottie asked coaxingly, although she knew her brother's love of teasing and was

prepared to wait until he was ready to tell his secret; but his interest in his discovery made him forget everything else.

"See here, girls," he said, "when this tree fell over it pulled up an ant-hill; and if you climb up here you can see the whole ant-metropolis and everything that is going on in it."

The girls were as eager as he to watch the wonderful co-operation of the ants, and after a time Lottie realized that Berenice was completely absorbed in her observations. She seemed to have forgotten herself; and Lottie could not say whether her cousin or her little brother showed the greater enthusiasm.

At length, the shadows showing the children that the afternoon had passed, they left the old tree and started home. It was a quiet hour and they did not speak. Berenice, particularly, seemed very thoughtful. At supper she sat silently smiling at the members of the family, listening to their talk with what appeared to Lottie a new interest.

Every day, until the end of Berenice's visit, the children went to study the ant-hill; and every day there was something different and better in Berenice's attitude towards all. After she went away she wrote a little letter of thanks to Lottie's parents, and at the end of it she added something that pleased them, every one, down to Bobby himself. She wrote:

"I want to tell you that I found something in the country this summer that I needed very much. Do you know what I mean? I found it in Bobby's ant-hill; and I'm never going to be indifferent to the poor people or the dumb animals again. Tell Lottie to write to me all about what her old trees are doing, because I know a sick child who will be happy to hear about them." WINTFRED



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ASSYRIAN BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING A PROCESSION WITH HORSES: THE LOUVRE

Architectural Styles and their Meaning

VII

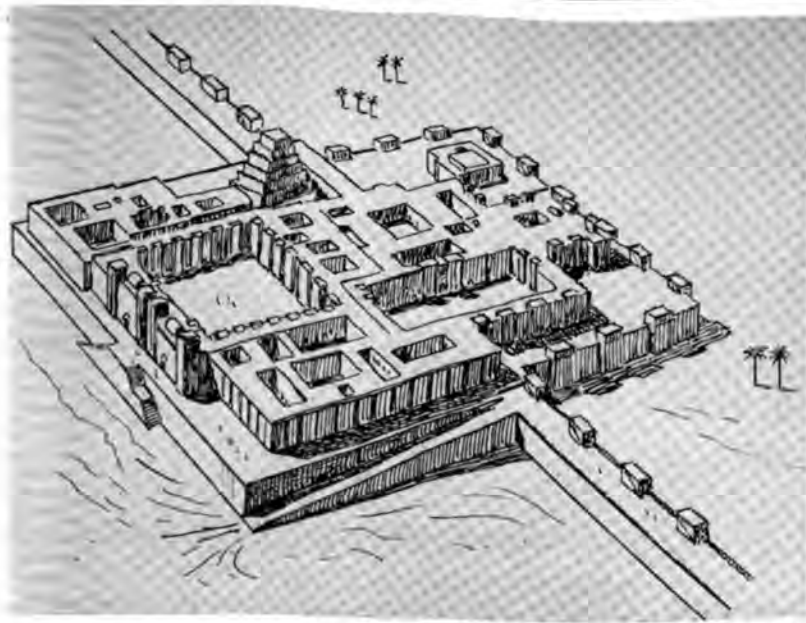
ASSYRIA AND BABYLONIA

THE architecture of Chaldaea, which includes Assyria and Babylonia, is very different from that of Egypt, and the examples are fewer and not in such good preservation. Owing to the natural conditions the habits of the people were not the same as those of the Egyptians, but there were some striking resemblances. The religion of the people was, like that of Egypt, inspired by the Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy, which is the foundation of all the great religions of the world. Its form, however, was peculiar to itself, and the palaces of the kings seem to have been built on a more magnificent scale than the temples. In Egypt, on the contrary, we noticed that the royal palaces were quite unimportant in comparison with the temples.

In the greater part of Chaldaea building-stone was very difficult to obtain, and even wood was extremely scarce and costly. What were the architects to do, then, in order to raise the grand temples and palaces that their high civilization demanded? What were they likely to find in the great valley of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris which would do for building purposes? Nothing better than an excellent kind of clay which possessed a good

binding quality, owing to the bitumen found in it. They took advantage of this clay and made bricks of it, some of which were dried in the hot sun and others baked in the fire. As there were very few trees, the supply of fuel was limited; it consisted chiefly of dried grass and reeds from the rivers. Hard, burnt bricks were only used, therefore, when absolutely necessary. In consequence of the soft nature of the building material, there is very little left of the great cities and stately edifices of the powerful empires of Chaldaea, which were once among the wonders of the world; for, in the course of ages, the heavy rains have washed down the neglected walls into shapeless heaps.

It is hardly seventy years since the remains of these great cities were discovered beneath the huge mounds of earth to which their walls had been reduced. What were these enduring remains? Some of these were hard burnt terracotta and alabaster sculptures, and great platforms of burnt brick upon which the buildings were erected. In Upper Assyria, however, there was some soft stone, which was carried to the southern districts, where there was none, for use in the decoration of the palaces. But the Assyrians had learned the use of brick in Babylon, and they continued to employ it principally, even though they had fairly good building-stone.



Lombard Photo. & Engraving Dept.

1. RESTORED VIEW OF ASSYRIAN PALACE-TEMPLE
Showing courts and Ziggurat or seven-storied pyramid.

Through the discovery of the alabaster wall-sculptures and the ornamental tiles, much has been learned about the appearance of the Assyrian and Babylonian buildings. There are also ancient writings on clay tablets describing some of them. The ordinary houses of the people have, of course, entirely disappeared, as they were made of wood and unbaked brick, but, judging by the sculptures, they seem to have been very much like the houses of the inhabitants of the same district today.

There are remains of a few great fortifications, of which the lower walls and ramparts were solidly built of stone. Like the palaces, they were entered by great *arched* gateways flanked by square towers; and they had court after court, rising up to a high central "keep" or citadel. From sculptures showing sieges we learn that they had overhanging parapets and battlements, and that they were wonderfully like the European castles of the Middle Ages, though they were built thousands of years earlier. There is nothing like them in Egypt.

We must now study the more important peculiarities of the Chaldaean architecture as a whole, without going into minor differences between the Assyrian and Babylonian styles.

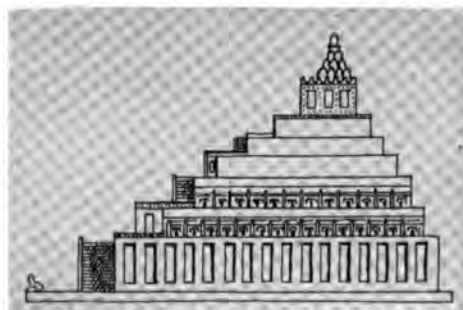
Figure 1 gives the general appearance of a Temple-Palace when perfect, drawn from information gained from the excavations of foundations and from picture-carvings and descriptions. The high battlemented wall crossing the picture is the defensive wall of the city; it is carried round the outer part of the palace itself, which contains many open courts and narrow halls with flat roofs.

On the far side is the seven-storied Temple-Observa-

tory or "Ziggurat," the Chaldaean form of pyramid (see Figure 2), each stage of which was colored according to the planet to which it was dedicated. These curious buildings rose high above the plains, clear of the fogs and mists below; they were of great use to the priest-astronomers in observing the stars and planets. Lenses have been found in some of the ruins, and from the knowledge the Chaldeans had of the real appearance of some of the planets, there is little doubt that they had telescopes of some kind long before modern science re-discovered the properties of the lens.

The interior halls were roofed with arched vaults. One of the most striking features of Chaldaean architecture is the arched roof. The builders not only knew of the principle of the arch, but they actually used round arches in large numbers from the earliest times. We shall

see that this meant a great deal for the future development of architecture. R.



2. PYRAMID-TEMPLE
AT BIRS-NIMRUD, NEAR BABYLON

The Sneeze-wood Tree

THIS remarkable tree is a native of Natal and other parts of South Africa. Its odd name was given to it because one cannot see it without sneezing violently. The dust of its wood has just the same effect as the strongest snuff, and it is so irritating to the nose that workmen are obliged to sneeze even when planing it.

If a piece of the wood of this tree is put into the mouth it is found to have a very bitter taste and no doubt it is this bitterness that prevents insects from destroying the timber of the sneeze-wood tree. The fact that insects find it so disagreeable makes its wood very valuable for work that is required to last for a long time.

Nature's Carving-Tool

WHO would suppose that from the light and feathery snow-flakes could be made a tool to chisel granite rocks and carve the mountain masses into forms of beauty?

Upon the frosty mountain tops you might suppose that the white caps would always be growing thicker; but they do not. Some of the snow gets licked up by the dry winds and is carried away as vapor to all parts of the world. From time to time great pieces of the snow fall off and go crashing down into the valleys as avalanches. The rest of the snow gets squeezed by the weight of the upper layers and turns into solid ice.

Although it seems so hard to the touch, yet ice actually *flows* under great pressure, and so a long tongue of ice, known as a glacier, very slowly crawls down into the valleys, pushed forward by the weight of ice behind it. Stones, chipped by the frost from the cliffs, find their way between the glacier and its bed and, like coarse sandpaper, this stone-coated tongue of ice wears down the rocks and etches deep scratches as it slowly flows along.

Some glaciers flow only a few feet in a year, others travel many feet in that time. The movement at the edges of the crawling tongue is slower than in the center because of the resistance of the banks. In the Araphoe



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CHAMONIX: THE MER DE GLACE (SEA OF ICE)

and the little stream that trickles out from underneath the tip of the glacier where it melts on the warmer slopes of the mountain, carries this rock-flour into the far-off sea, as mud suspended in the water.

Many rough fragments from the crags above roll on to the glacier and are slowly transported to the tip of the tongue where they are dropped, and by degrees a huge pile of rocks, called a "moraine," is formed at this point.

The stones that get between the glacier and its bed are planed quite flat on the outer surface, and are deeply scored with scratches. Such stones are sometimes found in places where there are no glaciers now; and they clearly show that once the climate there was cold enough to produce them.

Unlike rivers, glaciers sometimes flow uphill a little way, and as they rasp their stony under-surface on the high ground they may actually file a pass through a ridge of rock, a thing no river could do, as they can only deepen valleys already formed.

In 1820 a party of tourists fell into a crevasse or crack in the glacier at Mont Blanc, and it was estimated that their bodies would not reach the moraine for forty years. It was not until forty-one years after the accident that the bodies of the tourists appeared at the point where the glacier melts.

P. L.



"TERMINAL MORAINES" OF A GLACIER

Glacier the middle part traveled twenty-eight feet in one year; but the sides went only a little over eleven feet.

These moving sheets of ice have planed down sharp mountain ridges until they look like the rounded backs of great turtles. They gouge out canyons in the rocks and scoop enormous valley basins. As they scrape their way down their beds they grind the rock into fine flour,

Order Now

THE edition of the June Double Number is sold out. There are a few of the July and several hundred of the August numbers still on hand. Any one wishing these Special Peace Congress Numbers which contain features of interest in connexion with the Râja Yoga educational work and the Swedish International Theosophical Peace Congress, should order without delay. Price 10c. each.

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by a Staff of the Younger Students of the Râja Yoga College
Point Loma, California

Published under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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Subscription 50 Cents; Copy 5 Cents

Foreign Postage 25 Cents extra, Canadian 12 Cents

VOL. IX

NOVEMBER 1913

No. 11



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RUINS OF VISINGSBORG, ISLAND OF VISINGSÖ, LAKE VETTERN, SWEDEN

Energy

IN a certain lumbering district of New England there is a mountain stream. From its source among the snow-capped peaks it dashes down the mountain-side, merrily rushing over the rocks and stones till it finds its way to the sea.

The good folk of this region love their stream. It is their friend and helper, for it turns their grist mills and floats their logs down on its swift current. But one day in spring a terrible disaster occurred. The stream, swollen by the rapidly melting snows from the mountain-tops, became a roaring torrent. It rushed down the mountains, overflowing its banks and sweeping all before it — cattle,

houses, nay, whole villages were destroyed by its ruthless flood, and ere another day had dawned the happy home of the lumberers was the scene of wreck and ruin.

Herein lies an eloquent lesson. It was the force or energy in the stream which enabled the country-folk to make such good use of it. It was that same force uncontrolled, that turned the kindly stream into an agent of destruction and brought unhappiness into so many lives.

In human nature such experiences are occurring every day — mistakes made from energy uncontrolled or misapplied — and the world is full of unhappiness because of it. This wonderful life-force that is given to us all

is a priceless gift, if we but realized it. It is ours to use as we will, but—have we any right to misuse it? Ought we not to see to it that we not only employ our own energies along sane and wholesome lines, but that we teach our children how to do so?

Yes, there is but one remedy—education. How much depends upon the early years, the sowing-time of our life! The wise teacher or mother who watches over her child's moral as well as its physical welfare, that it may be pure and strong and fit to meet the world's temptations, knows that every childish fault, if turned into the right channels, can become a potent influence for good. By careful guidance a child that is wilful and stubborn can be taught to use the same force of will in standing up for what it knows is right, and so become a character-builder among its companions.

The so-called fearlessness and daring which some children show in doing wrong, regardless of the displeasure of their teachers, may, if the child is thoughtfully handled and taught self-control, be transmuted into that superb fearlessness which comes to him who lives for the Truth.

Then think how much good might be done if the noisy, boisterous, destructive element that so often enters into children's play were directed towards something useful and profitable.

Now there is another aspect to be considered. We are all really wasting energy in one way or another. But we cannot be children over again, at least not in this life, in order to learn how to conserve it, so we must find out some method of self-discipline by which we can help ourselves and each other.

One of the principal channels where energy runs to waste is in useless and trivial talk. Have you ever noticed that he who has the most to say is usually the one who does the least? You may have the best intentions in the world, but if you give utterance to every thought that enters your brain, or, as some do, give utterance to mere words with no thought behind them, you will find that when it comes to acting you have no energy left.

A great poet has voiced this very aptly in the following:

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And grow to purpose strong.
But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Faints when hard service must be done,
And shrinks at every blow.

Another way of wasting energy is in useless worry and regret over what we might have done and did not, and what this or that person may think of it.

Regret nothing; never be sorry; and cut all doubts with the sword of Spiritual Knowledge. Regret is productive only of error. I care not what I was, or what any one was. I only look for what I am each moment.

So says another great writer; and really that is one of Life's great secrets. Be optimistic; look on the bright

side of things, and remember that every cloud has a silver lining. Then you will find that instead of weeping over lost opportunities, you will be ever ready for new ones; you will grasp them whole-heartedly, live in them, rejoice in them, and use them for the betterment of your fellow-beings.

THE talkative listen to no one, for they are ever speaking. And the first evil that attends those who know not how to be silent is, that they hear nothing.—*Plutarch*

THERE can certainly be no more necessary lesson, and there is no more valuable one, . . . to learn than that of silence.—*Katherine Tingley*

Which Would You Prefer?

Now, if the choice were given you, which would you prefer, Milo's strength of body, or Pythagoras' abilities of mind? In short, while you have strength use it; when it leaves you, no more repine for the want of it than you did when lads that your childhood was past, or at the years of manhood that you were no longer boys. The stages of life are fixed; Nature is the same in all, and goes on in a plain and steady course; every part of life, like the year, has its peculiar season: as children are by nature weak, youth is rash and bold; staid manhood more solid and grave; and so old age in its maturity has something natural to itself that ought particularly to recommend it.—*Cicero*

Purpose

JOHN JAMES PIATT

STRONG in thy steadfast purpose, be
Like some brave master of the sea,
Whose keel, by Titan pulses quickened, knows
His will where'er he goes.
Some isle, palm-roofed, in spiced Pacific air
He seeks—though solitary zones apart,
Its place long fixed on his deep-studied chart.
Fierce winds, your wild confusion make!
Waves, wroth with tide and tempest, shake
His iron-wrought hull aside!
However driven, to that far island fair
(His compass not more faithful than his heart)
He makes his path the ocean wide—
His prow is always there!—*Selected*

Sunshine

WHY scowl and growl at all you find,
Nor heed Hope's sweet beguiling?
Each frown will leave its mark behind,
A rugged scar upon the mind—
Try smiling.

If in life's course you'd nobly run,
Then do not be repining;
For you will find with duty done,
Behind the darkest cloud the sun
Is shining.—*Selected*

Home-life and School-life from a Theosophical Standpoint

[Extracts from a paper read on the evening of September 3, 1913, by Miss Kate Hanson, a Râja Yoga student, at Bechstein Hall, London, where a public meeting was held by the Theosophical Leader and the party of Point Loma students who had attended the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, Sweden. Reprinted from *The Theosophical Path* for November, 1913.]

IN presenting my subject tonight, I must ask you to remember that a young student can do but little justice to such a subject in the short time allowed; yet I shall try to express some of the ideals that have grown up with me from my childhood, through thirteen happy years spent at Point Loma. These ideals one naturally looks up to, for the great family at Point Loma, where all try to make their lives bear out their teachings, ever seeks to make the ideal life the life of the world. Never, without conscientious endeavor to live rightly, to follow the glorious examples of our great teachers, can a Râja Yoga student make its principles of any value. And a book of revelations is opened to him by the lives of those who are leading the true Theosophic life — yes, the true Theosophic life, for in Theosophy, as in everything else, there are the true and the counterfeit, and the one only brings real happiness.

From personal contact with the Leader who originated this great system, I have learned to love it, and to realize how Theosophy becomes a living power in the lives of those who teach it from the knowledge gained by putting it into practice. Katherine Tingley says

often that only by being what we declare ourselves to be are our professions of any value. For the Râja Yoga students, who are just beginning to look out on life understandingly, and who attempt to look beneath the surface, Theosophy, in the depth and scope of its great teachings, leaves no important question of the day untouched, and the vital problem of home- and school-life is one that is most beneficially illuminated by the Theosophical interpretation of life. Rightly does Theosophy make the home the basis of national life, and this at once shows the necessity of making that basis firm and enduring, for no superstructure, however dazzling and imposing, can resist the inroads that human life is subject to, unless reared on a foundation of lasting strength.

In studying history, and seeking to investigate the causes that have led to the downfall of nations, it may often appear that some outside force has tainted and corrupted the virility and freshness of an entire country; but as we understand Theosophy, it would be impregnable to such deleterious influences unless a degrading current had already been at work within, impairing its moral fiber, and thus rendering a country susceptible to outside evil of a nature similar to its own.

The only way to purify the nations so that one cannot injure another morally, and to render each immune to the other's failings, is to purify it at its well-springs, at the very source of its life, in the homes, as is done in Râja Yoga, and this suggests what part the home plays in the drama of human existence.



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THE JUNIOR REPRESENTATIVES OF THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, WHO ATTENDED THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN, LAST JUNE

Why should the home have such power to mold and fashion the lives of the future citizens? Because it shapes the characters of the little ones during their tenderest years, when the mind is most receptive, and can easiest be impressed with examples and precepts of right or wrong. . . .

It needs little thought to see that if right principles and ideals prevailed in all homes, if mothers and fathers knew the true relations between themselves and their children, they would have in their hands the power to start the little ones along the path to self-mastery. More harm, probably, is done to children in their early years, by faulty examples in the home-life, than can be overcome in twice as long a time under right training. The earlier an influence is brought to bear on a child's character, the greater its effect and power. Whether these conditions exist through ignorance, or carelessness, or indifference, they are a serious offense against the Higher Law, and the failure to meet these sacred obligations must result in sorrow and affliction. . . .

On the other hand, a home of the type that Theosophy recognizes as a real home, is a veritable heaven on earth. For indeed, "There is no heaven or hell except that which man makes in himself," and for himself. The true home is a benediction to all who come within its influence. It protects and guards the beauty of the children's lives, and eradicates the faults that, undisturbed, would overshadow the good. Not only that, but a real home answers one of the most unsettled questions of our times — woman's place. An ideal home gives a woman her noblest and most dignified position, and enables her to play her natural part in life as nothing else can, for there alone is she in place, and as Theosophy says, "Let woman take her rightful place, and man will come into his." . . .

Some nations have met their downfall because, among other causes, woman was degraded, and the nations of today can easily lose their way if the women are again out of place through their own ignorance and rashness. But the pendulum must swing both ways before equilibrium is attained.

The real home is a temple, with an altar-fire of truth and sincerity which it is a mother's glorious right to protect and keep burning. Let women make their homes their worlds, and bless them with all the inspiration, all the knowledge, all the culture they can garner. By fulfilling their duties, and making their position one of refinement, they purify their own natures, and work in con-



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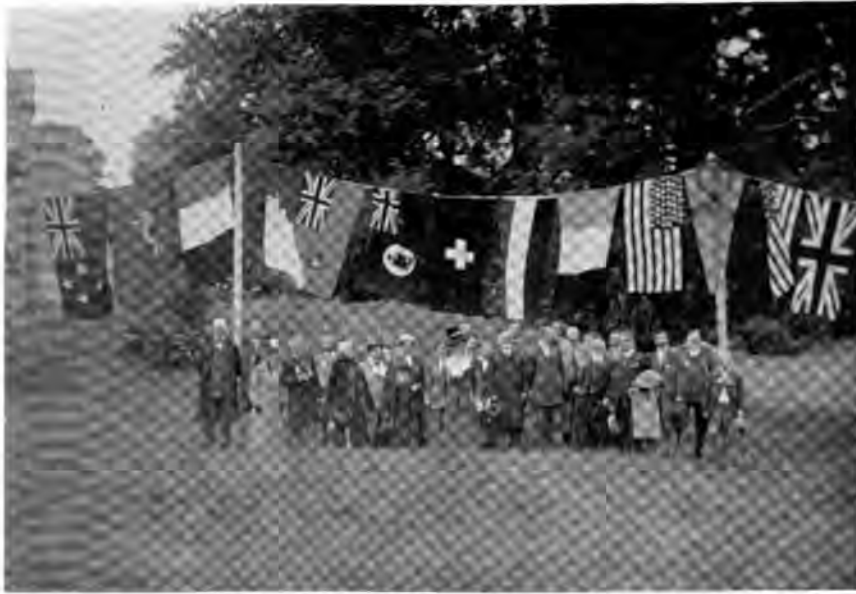
"CHILDREN'S DAY" AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS
NATIONAL DANCES BY CHILDREN OF THE SWEDISH LOTUS GROUPS

sonance with the laws of life, and thus their evolution proceeds in harmony with the Universal Plan, and unknown sources of light and knowledge are revealed and developed within their own hearts. . . .

So Râja Yoga gives all the advantages possible to the young women at Point Loma of what is called the higher education for women, as well as the most thorough training in practical everyday housekeeping and domestic experiences, for its aim is to produce a balanced character and an all-round education.

But Râja Yoga gives them something vastly better than that. It does not stop at equipping them merely to meet the material side of life. Being based on character, as it is, it ensures the spiritual and mental development of children as does nothing else that the world has ever known. The teachers have made Theosophy a power in their lives, and this gives them an insight into human nature that enables them to point out to those in their charge, for whom they labor day and night, faults that others may never know exist. For Râja Yoga goes deeper than the surface, and the very thought-life of the pupil must be clean and pure if the mind is to be alert and bright, able to receive and hear the guiding voice of the soul.

If all the schools and colleges made character-development part of their work, the general status of the youth today would be vastly different. But as it is, these latter only too often waste the most precious years of the sowing-time of life, and the ground either lies fallow, or worse than wild oats are sown. Parents need to consider with care to what influence they are exposing their



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A GROUP OF INTERNATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES
ATTENDING THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS

children in allowing them to go to schools where they do not know what conditions they may meet. And the teacher's duties are far greater than teaching the lessons out of the text-book.

Not only this, but harmony and co-operation, similarity of ideals — how often do these exist between parents and teachers? One cannot do her part if the other does not assist by ever keeping before the children's minds ideals and aspirations that tend to upbuild the Soul-life. Because the teachers must be trained, must also *live* Theosophy before they can take the position of guardian in a Râja Yoga School, the Râja Yoga system cannot be taught by theory or book. It is a system that fits each child and each circumstance. It grows with the days and expands to meet the growing needs, mental and moral, of those who seek its light. The perfect love and confidence that the children have in their teachers does not exist elsewhere, because it does not have the basis on which to thrive.

Few can realize what a wonderful thing the Râja Yoga School is, or what it means to those who live there. It has given us our conception of family life through the love and protection our devoted guardians have given us. Nowhere else do the children learn so easily and under such pleasant circumstances, for by keeping the mind clean it more readily grasps what is presented to it, and makes its own way into the higher realms of thought and inspiration. To us it seems to foreshadow the Golden Age, and reminds us of times long past when the gods walked on earth, and taught men wisdom. That age is returning. A School with the Wisdom-Religion of the Ages has been founded. Theosophy has given us glimpses of what a spiritually illuminated home is.

Impressions of the International Theosophical Peace Congress

[A paper read by Charles Savage, one of the Râja Yoga Representatives, at a Sunday morning gathering of Lomaland students, after the return of the Crusaders from their European trip.]

THAT this, the year 1913, was an opportune time for the convoking of an International Theosophical Peace Congress and the carrying out of the International Theosophical Crusade that followed, has been abundantly proved by the important results that have already followed. Besides this, the reception that was accorded the Leader and the Crusaders everywhere, and the way in which, time and again, people seem to have been prepared, showed that the right moment had come.

Aside from the actual work of the Congress, the fact that so many people of different nationalities were gathered together and thousands of visitors came daily, keeping better order on the island of Visingsö than perhaps had ever been known at Midsummer, will have made an impression that each year, as the Midsummer time comes round again, will grow stronger and arouse a fuller realization of the unique character of the work done then.

It was, in truth, an exposition of what will eventually bring peace, for harmony reigned supreme, and there were assembled people from different countries whose lives were examples of the putting into practice of the ideals presented.

That was one of the most vital forces of the Congress, the force of example, and what made it one of the most practical Peace Congresses ever held. Every idea and every suggestion as to what would lead to the path of real peace, were not merely theories or experimental ideas, but high ideals that had been tried and proved and shown to be what would meet the needs of humanity today.

But they were not such as would lead to peace without effort, for if one would climb he must exert himself, and real world peace cannot have a secure foundation until the individual has realized what real peace means within himself and is putting it into practice, becoming strong enough to get the upper hand of any element of discord.

One of the most important results of the work during this time was the fact that a concrete example was given of the work going on here at the International Headquarters at Point Loma, and of what could be accomplished with the aid of Râja Yoga. Then also, there



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SOME OF THE DELEGATES TO THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

was undeniable evidence of how groundless and unjust were the words of those who had slandered the Leader and her work.

The deeper meaning of the many events that occurred during the Congress and Crusade cannot be realized all at once, but may be partly found in the condition of the world and the preparedness of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society to meet that condition under the guidance of our Leader. The world is ready and waiting for something real, something that will be able to help it solve the many problems and difficulties that confront it, but where is that which can help it? This brings us to the thought of the responsibility and unique position of this Movement.

The convoking of the Congress and the touch that was given several countries must have meant that this Movement was strong enough and ready to take a stand in regard to one of the most vital problems of the day, and to show by practical example what would, when put into practice, solve these problems.

Another aspect of the significance of the Congress was the influence on national life that has already become apparent in one country, where the public spirit is rising against that which oppresses the national life and blocks the way to real progress.

The time must have been ready also for the forging of another link in the chain that connects so many in different parts of the world who are striving to carry

out in their lives something higher than the ordinary and something that will benefit all.

Perhaps there are still difficulties ahead greater than we dream of, which, could they be seen, we might think we had not the strength to meet. But those of us who had the privilege of being with the Leader on this Crusade again and again saw her conquer what at the moment appeared to be insurmountable obstacles, and we know that if we are faithful to duty and to our true selves, we shall have the strength to master whatever situation may arise in the future. For, having been with the Leader and seen difficulty after difficulty turned into success, we have had an example of the power that comes from strength of purpose and working in accordance with the Divine Law. It has given us a vision of the magnitude of the Theosophical Movement and the power it has to influence the nations and peoples of the earth and transform their very lives.

It is impossible to describe in words what it has meant to all to be with the Leader during these significant events—it has brought home to us as nothing else could the potentialities of our dual natures, and has been a challenge to us all to be our true selves.

This, surely, is one great significance of our Leader's work for Peace, to make men and women realize that they must be their best selves, self-conquered, self-controlled, and at peace in their own natures. Then peace will come to the world.

Return of the Rāja Yoga Representatives

ON the evening of September 23d, Madame Tingley, the Lomaland Delegates, and the Rāja Yoga Representatives returned to Point Loma after nearly five months of absence. As had been foretold on the occasion of their departure from home, the most welcome sight they saw on their trip was their first glimpse of the International Theosophical Headquarters crowning the crest of beautiful Point Loma, and one and all agreed that there is no place like home. Although they had sojourned in the principal cities of Sweden, had passed through a portion of Germany, and had seen much of quaint Holland, and had even visited the greatest metropolis in the world—London—and had passed through some of the largest cities of this country, they declare that they saw no place that rivals the peculiar charm and beauty of Lomaland.

The following account of their homecoming appears in the current issue of *The Theosophical Path*:

It was a joyous homecoming, both for the returning party and for all those who had remained at home. A triumphal arch had been erected in front of the main entrance to the Rāja Yoga Academy, from which streamed the flags of all nations. The interior was beautifully decorated with palms and flowers, and the whole building was brilliantly illuminated. As the automobiles containing the party entered the grounds through the main gateway they were greeted by a fanfare of trumpets, immediately followed by strains from the Rāja Yoga Military Band, which was stationed on the upper veranda above the entrance to the Academy. On entering the Rotunda between long files of the Junior boys and girls of the Rāja Yoga Academy, the party was greeted with an outburst of applause, a veritable ovation, from the throng of students and residents that filled the great hall. This was followed by the Rāja Yoga Commencement Song in which all the Rāja Yoga pupils joined. Then came an address of welcome by Mr. Clark Thurston, followed by greetings from two of the Rāja Yoga students particularly addressed on behalf of their schoolmates to the Rāja Yoga students who had accompanied the Leader. A most delightful feature of the homecoming was that before the returning Rāja Yoga Delegates entered the Academy Rotunda they sang one of the songs that so captivated their audiences in Europe.

Then follows a résumé of the ground covered and the work accomplished by this International Theosophical Crusade, of which we have room but for the most interesting parts.

This last visit of Madame Tingley and party to Europe has been a memorable one throughout. From the first day of their leaving Point Loma, May 5th, until their return, September 23d, everywhere they went, crossing the continent, on the steamships, at the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, in the cities visited in Sweden, as well as in Germany, Holland, England, and on the way home—everywhere the attention of the public has been drawn to Theosophy, Rāja Yoga, and Katherine Tingley's work in general, as never before.

The International Theosophical Peace Congress, held at Visingsö at the time of the Midsummer festival, is memorable not alone for the message of peace that was there sent out to all the world, or for the distinguished delegates who attended from many lands, or for the numerous greetings that came from many countries, societies, and people prominent in the world's

work—memorable it was for each and all of these, but more because of the new note struck by Katherine Tingley in relating the problems of the world's peace to the daily home-life and the problem of education. For the first time in the history of the Peace Movement which is demanding attention in so many quarters, art, music, the drama, even the festivals of the children, were all shown to have a bearing upon and to be important factors in the solution of this vital question. In other words, Madame Tingley struck a new keynote in calling attention by practical demonstration to the necessity of the cultivation of the arts of peace along new lines, far removed from self-seeking and ambitious desire for personal fame and aggrandizement, marring both civic and national life by the canker of selfishness which is the very root of all strife and the fosterer of all war.

An account of the magnificent art collection donated by Professor Julius Kronberg to Katherine Tingley for the Rāja Yoga College at Visingsö, together with a list of other art exhibits, will be held over for a subsequent issue in order to do it justice.

Among the musical features was the production of several original compositions by Mr. Rex Dunn, a Rāja Yoga student, and conductor of the Rāja Yoga Orchestra. Special mention should be made of *The Peace Pipe*—the words taken from Longfellow's *Hiawatha*—and *The Forerunners*, containing songs of the nations, the words written by Mr. Kenneth Morris. Mr. Hubert Dunn, Director of the Rāja Yoga Chorus, was highly complimented upon his splendid work.

In addition to the holding of the Peace Congress on the island of Visingsö, Sweden, Madame Tingley with the Rāja Yoga students visited Stockholm, Jönköping, Gothenburg, Helsingborg, and other cities, where she lectured to crowded houses, the Rāja Yoga students rendering musical selections. Before leaving Sweden, an invitation was received by Madame Tingley for herself and party to attend the Twentieth Universal Peace Congress at the Hague, and the Rāja Yoga students were invited to sing at the close of the first morning session. This they did, striking again a new note in the history of the Peace Movement, and being received with the greatest appreciation and most hearty applause. While in Holland, Madame Tingley lectured at Amsterdam and Arnhem to audiences that overflowed the largest halls.

While the party was in Holland, the Rāja Yoga String Quartet made a flying trip to Nürnberg, Germany, where they gave a very successful concert, which also will be dealt with in some later issue.

From Holland turning their faces homeward, Madame Tingley and party made a brief visit to London, where the Rāja Yoga students gave a concert in Bechstein Hall which, although anticipating the musical season by fully a month, and London being deserted by all who can get away to their country homes or abroad, drew a full and most appreciative audience. The Manager of the Concert Hall said, "I have never before seen such an attentive audience. Even with our best artists, and we have all the great artists here, some in the audience are often restless; but tonight you held them in such a way that they were attentive and appreciative throughout. The whole evening was a very great success."...

The journey across the Atlantic homeward was made on board the steamer *Celtic* of the White Star Line. With the exception of two days in New York, but one more stop was made, viz., at Boston, where Madame Tingley lectured in the Grand Hall of the magnificent Copley-Plaza Hotel, with a seating capacity of two thousand.

Throughout her tour admission to Madame Tingley's lectures

was by invitation, for Madame Tingley will not lecture for money, or permit payment to be made, or charge admission to those who wish to hear the sacred teachings of Theosophy. . . .

One of the happiest days for the Râja Yoga students, a veritable red-letter day in their lives, was that on which they accompanied Madame Tingley to her old home, "The Laurels," at Newburyport. It was here that she had her dreams of what she would do to help to lift the sorrow of the world. It was here she first planned the beautiful white city that some day she would build in a land of gold, and which has found its realization in our beautiful Lomaland. . . .

On September 19th Madame Tingley and party left Boston on the private car "Biondello," traveling over the Boston and Albany Railroad to Chicago, and from there via the Santa Fe to San Diego, thence by a half-hour's auto ride to Lomaland and home. RECORDER

If I Were You

IF I a little girl could be,
Well—just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue, and shining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That every one would turn to say,
"Tis good to meet that child today."
Yes, yes, my dear, that's what I'd do,
If I were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know,
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—
Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive with all my might
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero, as in days of old.
'Twould be a joy
To hear one, looking at me, say,
"My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy, I know
I WOULD be so.—*Selected*

Hector's Brother Writes to the Râja Yogas

DEAR Children: Did you know that I am Hector's brother? He wrote you a letter some time ago, and now I am going to write you a letter and tell you all about myself.

I live at Point Loma, too, and I am quite a Râja Yoga dog. I have some other brothers at Point Loma. They are Pom-Pon, Tommy, and Thirteen, and we make a very fine family. They say we are very pretty dogs, and don't you think we are?

I love children very much, and on Sunday when some of the Râja Yogas come over to visit my mistress, I am so happy I don't know what to do. As soon as I hear them coming, I run to the gate and begin barking and



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"THEY SAY WE ARE VERY PRETTY DOGS"

jumping and wagging my tail, and dancing around on my hind legs, because I am so very glad to see them again.

I am always very white and clean on Sunday because on Saturday night my mistress gives me a splendid bath, so that I shall be at my best when my visitors come. And we do have great times playing together!

When it is time for the children to go home I always wait for them to put my harness on so that I can walk home with these Râja Yogas.

It is just about two and a half years ago that I first came to Point Loma. One evening during that busy week just before the first presentation of the *Aroma of Athens* in the Greek Theater, some one came to the door

with a basket, saying there was a present for my mistress inside; and when she opened it, there she found me, a tiny little white puppy, just two or three weeks old. At first I thought they might give me a Greek name like Hector's, but finally they decided to call me Sport and I think that is a very fine name.

Not long ago I had my picture taken, and then I thought I must surely send it to the RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER, so that you could all see me.

I love my mistress very much and I know that she loves me, for she takes such good care of me and loves to have me keep her company.

And now with a "Bow-wow-wow," which is the way I say good-bye, I am your friend, SPORT

but this is certainly false. There is good reason to believe, however, that they do lick up the milk that drips from the cows who have been neglected beyond the usual time of milking. The spilt milk would be wasted, anyhow, and the thirsty urchin may as well lap it up. The farmer will be none the poorer.

Street-boys who are careless about their hair are often called "urchins." And certainly a rough head of hair, with points sticking up in every direction, *docs* resemble a hedgehog's back. Let us put our combs and brushes to such good use that no one shall have any excuse to call you or me an "urchin."

Urchins are often kept in the basements of European houses, where they make themselves useful by wagging

A Little Lesson in Natural History

WHAT IS AN URCHIN?

NO wonder the terrier is surprised at his first introduction to a hedgehog, hedgepig, or urchin (*Erinaceus europaeus*). The stiff prickly bristles which cover the little animal's back are about an inch long, and are fixed in their places by knobs at the end like the heads of pins. When hard pressed the hedgehog rolls up like a ball, leaving only a very small opening where his nose, tail, and paws may be seen all crowded together. When at his ease, and in good humor, his spines lie flat and it is a pleasure to stroke him; but when he is rolled up in a state of siege, you might as well attempt to stroke a cactus.

The hedgehog comes out after dewfall and crawls in a leisurely manner under the low bushes looking for slugs, snails, beetles, and frogs, and the eggs of such birds as build their nests on the ground. Sometimes he turns up the soil and catches grubs and worms, and thus he satisfies his evening appetite, which, it must be confessed, is unusually hearty. He will even kill and eat the venomous viper and seems not to care, although repeatedly bitten by the dying snake.

The urchin's thick coat of curved spines has another use besides that of discouraging attacks upon his person. I once kept a pet urchin, who used to fling himself down from the top of a wall ten feet high, on to the paving-stones below. He always contrived to alight on his back, and the spring of the prickles entirely broke the shock of the fall, so that he straightened out immediately on reaching the bottom and eagerly trotted about, smelling for something to eat.

The hedgehog's usual food in captivity is bread soaked in milk, which proves that he is quite capable of digesting vegetable food, in fact Gilbert White says that he will eat berries, roots, and apples. Some writers declare that hedgehogs go to apple orchards and roll among the windfalls, and then trudge home with a nice load of apples sticking on their prickles. The story may possibly be true — or not.

The urchin is sometimes accused of milking the cows,



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DEAR ME! WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT?

war upon cockroaches, centipedes, and other insects.

No hedgehog is found on the American Continent, although in some parts of Canada they give this name to the porcupine, which is an entirely different animal. There is also a so-called "sea-urchin," who owes his name to the fact that he wears a prickly coat; but he is cold-blooded and far lower in the scale of life than our friend in the picture. The Rāja Yoga boys and girls found a great many hedgehogs at Visingsö, Sweden, this summer, during the Peace Crusade. COUSIN PERCY

Hush-a-by, Dolly

COSY and soft is the cradle,
Smoothly I've folded the sheet.
Warmly I've tucked in the blanket
Right from your head to your feet.
Then hush-a-by, dolly, go by-by.
Hush-a-by, dolly, go by,
Lay down your head on the pillow,
Hush-a-by, dolly, don't cry.

What, are your eyes still wide open?
Shut them up tight and don't peep;
How often I've told you at bedtime
All good little dolls go to sleep.
Then hush-a-by, dolly, go by-by.
Hush-a-by, dolly, go by,
Lay down your head on the pillow,
Hush-a-by, dolly, don't cry.—Selected



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WHERE FERNS GROW TO BE TREES: AUSTRALIA

The Wonders of Dust

THE stone steps of old buildings have big hollows worn away in the place where people tread. What do we mean when we say the steps are "worn away"? The stone of which the steps are made is itself built up of very small pieces of stone ("stone-powder" we may call it) and every tiny scrap of this powder sticks to its neighbor by the force called "cohesion." When the soles of our shoes scrape upon the steps the powder particles on the surface are torn away from those beneath and the next breath of wind floats them away.

When one thing rubs against another, dust is made. If you touch your cheek ever so gently, a few little skin scales are rubbed off. Small specks of steel are ground off the rails every time a railroad car wheel turns round. In fact a good part of the dust we find in the corners of the cars will stick to a magnet, which shows very clearly that it is iron or steel dust produced by the wear and tear of the traffic. In cities the constant pounding of the horses' feet turns the stones of the road into dust, and the mere wearing of the peoples' clothes fills the air with fine fluff. Even if you went into a Swiss cottage high up in the Alps, and closed the shutters on a sunny day, leaving only a small chink, you would see millions

of motes floating in the sunbeam streaming through.

If it were not for the dust, the sky would look perfectly black on a sunny day, with multitudes of glittering stars, and the sun would appear as a dazzling white disc moving slowly across the sky. The specks of dust floating overhead break up the sunlight into a soft haze and give us the wonderful coloring of the morning and evening sky. If you breathe into a sunbeam that enters a darkened room, a black hole is produced in it. The air that issues from your lungs is so perfectly filtered of its dust that it has no floating specks to reflect the light, and so it looks black.

If you were to cut a hailstone in half you would find a speck of dust in the center, around which it had frozen. Raindrops also gather around a central speck of dust. What looks purer than snow? And yet snow is really Nature's duster for cleaning the air. If you pack a saucepan full of snow and melt it over the fire, the water will be too dirty to drink, and a fine black mud will settle on the bottom, which is simply dust gathered by the fluffy snowflakes as they slowly sifted down through the air. The dust brought down by the snow is a splendid fertilizer and helps the farmer's crops to grow.

Everything that wears out with use contributes something to the air's load of dust. Fluffy particles from clothing, wood from tool handles, leather-dust worn from shoes, the dust rubbed from newspapers, all goes floating away on the air. Much of the dust borne along by the wind is alive. Put a crust away in a damp place and very soon a blue kind of fur grows over it. We say it has become mouldy. In other words, the little germs from which the blue mould grows have settled down upon it



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE AUSTRALIAN BLUE GUM

from the air, and finding a good soil and a nice damp atmosphere, they have germinated and grown up into that strange little plant called "blue mould."

If a little water makes a damp streak on a rock in a desert far away from moss and ferns, in a short time moss and ferns will be found growing there. The spores of moss and ferns are travelers on every wind that blows, and they stick to the damp surface and grow there. In 1883 a volcano opened up in the island of Krakatoa and shot millions of tons of fine rock-dust high into the air. Clouds of this dust traveled right around the world and were tracked from one place to another by the gorgeous sunsets to which they gave rise. All vegetable life was utterly destroyed upon the island of Krakatoa; but in three years it was green again, from the shoreline to the highest peak. Every wind that visited the island brought its load of spore-dust, and ferns and mosses soon clothed the bare slopes with a cloak of green vegetation. As they died and decayed, they formed a rich soil in which the seeds of less hardy plants, washed up by the sea, or carried by birds, could root themselves; and so it came about that only a few years after the island had been desolated, a hundred and forty different kinds of plants were found growing there. L.

✽

The Zebra with Two Stripes

THE donkey is believed to be a zebra which in the course of ages has lost all his stripes except two which may easily be seen, one on each shoulder, and which remain to tell us of his ancestry. Poor food and rough usage have spoiled the appearance of the domestic donkey; but the wild ass of Abyssinia and the Sudan is a very handsome, spirited animal. The Arabs cannot catch them even on the fleetest horses. They toss their heels in the air and scour away over the sandy plains, leaving a cloud of dust behind them as they go. The Arabs sometimes catch the young ones because they cannot keep up with their mothers. Zebra-like bars of brown are often to be seen on the legs of young donkeys; but these usually fade away by the time they are full-



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MULITA

THE FRIEND OF THE RĀJA YOGA CHILDREN



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BABY BURRO

grown. The milk of the donkey is very rich, and large droves of them are kept in equatorial Africa instead of cows.

Although donkeys have been used in temperate climates for a long time, they are always very unwilling to cross even the smallest stream. This is probably because their remote ancestors knew by sad experience that running water was very apt to be inhabited by crocodiles; so that even now a good, obedient donkey, driven in a cart along New England roads, requires a good deal of persuasion before he will go through a harmless little stream which crosses his path. This is not foolish obstinacy on the part of the donkey, but simply inherited wisdom which would save his life if he were still living in Africa. Of course this curious instinct is no longer useful when he inhabits countries where the crocodile is not found. Animals may often have what appear to them to be good reasons for doing things which seem foolish to us.

The wild ass has learned to digest the tough, wiry plants growing in the dry wilderness where he makes his home, and so the obstinate donkey is able to get fat on such unpromising food as thistles. How a donkey can

manage to obtain any satisfaction from chewing a mouthful of prickly thistles, which you and I dislike to touch even with the hard skin of our hands, is one of the puzzles of Natural History.

The word "donkey" is comparatively new. It first came into use in London in the early part of the nineteenth century, and means "the little dun-colored animal." P. L.

✽

Forest Reflections

IN thought I found myself going through the vast evergreen forests which clothe the Cascade Mountains. Moving over the forest floor, in the ever-changing lights, I found again the valley trails which, though dim and hard to follow, were yet of some aid.

There was the same old silence, the same brooding and magic power of stillness. It seemed as though this mighty hush had wrought its spell upon even the wind and the water. No bird, nor beast, nor faintest breeze was astir, so that even the trees kept to themselves their secrets. From the running brooks not the slightest murmur was heard, for the waters had sung their last songs to the foothills as they wound about on their way down to the sea.

Everywhere was the rich old forest fragrance. The air was damp, for the forest had been drenched by recent rains which had swept from the Pacific Coast. In the limpid light the sparkling drops that clung to the leaves were like clustered jewels gracing that pure virgin forest. It seemed as though the forest wept, either from fear or joy.

Rambling over these faint old trails, greetings were extended to many a stately tree, as to dear old friends. In their home-silence and sacred peace a sweet calm flowed from their presence. Strewn about over the forest floor were grand old cedars, once the pride of former forests' days and nights. Robed in dainty mosses, but with hearts as sound as on the day they fell, they lay, as amidst pleasant dreams. And while they slept and dreamed away the time, their huge trunks wrapped in brilliant green, the hemlock seeds found on them a fitting place from which to start a growth of baby trees, all with the hope of reaching the light which their elders had found. Near by, in the soft clear light, loomed grand



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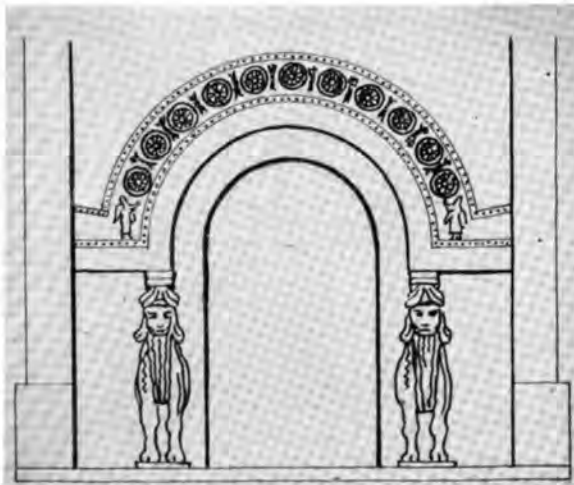
ALPINE FIRS AND MOUNTAIN LAKE IN THE CASCADE RANGE
STATE OF WASHINGTON

and lofty Lowland Firs. Their calm, poise, and sacred beauty shed a mighty blessing o'er the place whereon they stood.

About half-way up the mountain-side were groves of Noble Fir, and on the mountain crest were found the White-barked Pines. These groves of Noble Fir were sheltered by the pines; and the firs in their turn made shelter for the deep snows beneath them, just as loyal hosts would kindly welcome wandering knights of old.

Here and there, nestling along the summits, were Beauty's own lakes, all as clear as crystal. And round them, like sentinels to fairyland, were trees of witch-like grace and charm. Mirrored with the cloudless blue they stood, like heirlooms from a Golden Age, a beautiful sight with which to feast the eyes and calm the mind.

M. G. G.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

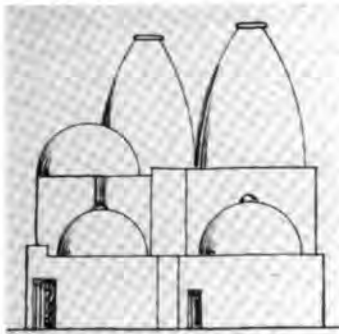
ROUND-ARCHED PORTAL OF PALACE AT KHORSABAD

Architectural Styles and their Meaning

VIII

ASSYRIA AND BABYLONIA (*Continued*)

THE Chaldeans had so little stone available that they had to find some other way of spanning the distances between the jambs of the gateways, and of roofing their chambers and halls, than by means of large blocks of stone in the Egyptian manner, and so they adopted the round arch in the best buildings, for which beams of wood covered with clay were not considered good enough. The Egyptians knew that "an arch never sleeps," that is to say, it always tries to press apart the supporting walls, and so makes them more or less insecure, and, as they "built for eternity," they did not care to risk anything. The Chaldeans, however,



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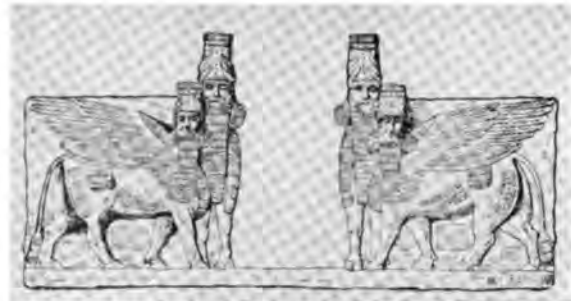
ASSYRIAN BUILDING WITH DOMED ROOFS
(From a carving.)

were in a different situation, and so they were almost obliged to use some kind of arch.

The use of the arch naturally led up to round ceilings, or vaults, as they are called, and as it was not possible to cover wide spaces safely with the soft unbaked brick,

the halls are always narrow in proportion to their length. The Chaldeans also used the cupola or dome form of roof, which was unknown in Egypt until the Mohammedan period. Their domes were entirely different from those of the Romans, and it is generally believed that the great mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople was inspired by the Oriental cupolas, and from it many nations and religions have developed varieties of domes. Thus the Mohammedan Arabic, Turkish, and Hindû mosques, the Russian Christian churches, St. Mark's at Venice, and a host of imitators of less note, were derived from the very ancient Chaldaean cupola, of which not one example remains.

The Chaldeans decorated their buildings with enameled brick-work and tiles in various colors, and, above all, in flat panels or slabs of alabaster, the finest instances of which are the gigantic human-headed winged bulls



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GIGANTIC HUMAN-HEADED, WINGED BULLS
AT THE GATES OF ASSYRIAN PALACES

and other figures which stand at the entrances of the palaces.

PERSIAN ARCHITECTURE

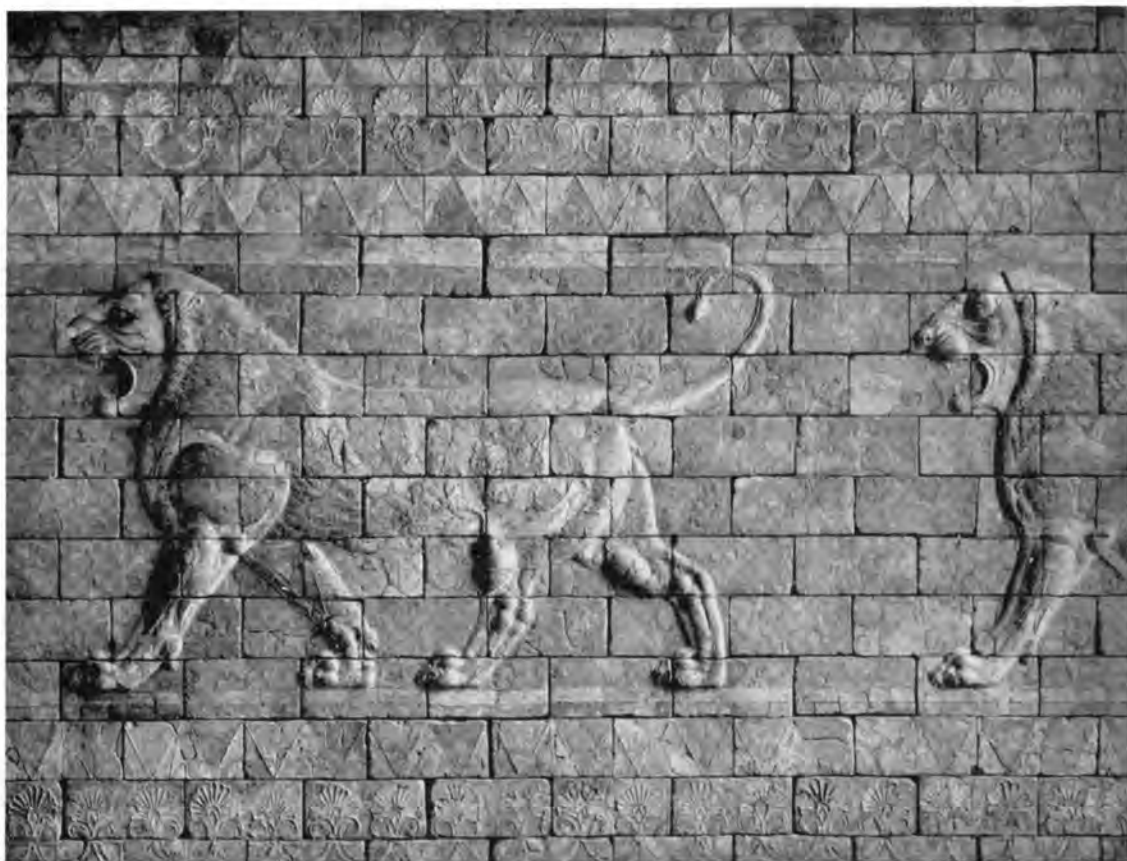
We must now pass on to the architecture of Persia, which, in some respects, resembles that of Chaldaea.



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BULL-HEADED CAPITALS OF PERSIAN PILLARS

But Persia being a country of stony hills, had no reason to confine itself to brick for its great palaces, and so we find some striking differences in many of the buildings. The Persian empire was in its glory far later than the Assyrian and Babylonian empires, but it copied the



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FRIEZE OF LIONS FROM PALACE OF DARIUS, AT SUSA, THE PRINCIPAL CAPITAL
OF THE PERSIAN EMPIRE, B. C. 546

Nine lions, made of painted and glazed tiles, have been found and pieced together to reconstruct the perfect frieze. The ground is turquoise blue, the lions white, yellow, and green, the lower tiles gray and rose. Now in the Louvre, Paris.

general plans of their palaces and many of the details, though the use of stone during the earlier centuries (fifth and fourth B. C.) of its career permitted a greater lightness. The architecture of clay was also used by the Persians to some degree in early times, but it became more popular after the fourth century B. C., and has lasted till the present day.

The principal remains of the early Persian style are two great palaces at Persepolis and Susa, the walls of Ecbatana, the ancient capital, and some tombs. Unfortunately there is not much left except foundations, a few standing pillars, and carved stone or baked brick sculptures; but the general idea of the buildings can be made out. The Persians used no round arches in their stone buildings, and probably only had flat roofs; later, when they developed the clay style, they constructed large and bold vaulted roofs and domes.

One of the most striking features of Persian architecture is the great development of staircases. Immense flights of steps rose from the level of the plain to the platforms, and from the lower to the higher levels inside

the palaces. In Assyria, too, the staircases must have been very impressive, but the traces are not very distinct. The Egyptians neglected this feature, and the Greeks cared little about it, so that the people of Chaldaea were the only builders of those days who used them.

The great palaces of Artaxerxes and Darius, so-called, contain magnificent Hypostyle Halls which were very different from those of ancient Egypt, as the pillars were tall and slender, and could be nearly all seen at once. These halls were lighter and less solemn than the Egyptian ones. The Persians invented an original style of pillar, and one of their favorite wall-decorations consisted of rows of soldiers carved in alabaster or molded in terra-cotta.

The Persians were not a temple-building people; we find only two or three small temples of a very simple kind. These were used to keep the sacred fire burning, and some of them still show traces of smoke. Nor are there many tombs. That of the great King Darius is cut out of the solid rock and the front of it is a copy of part of a palace.

R.



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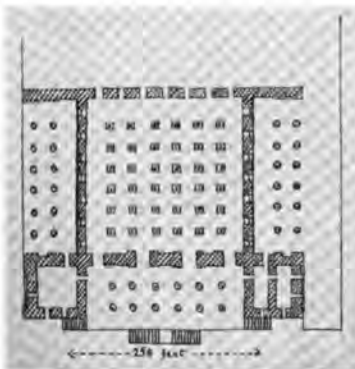
PROPYLAEA OR ENTRANCE HALL TO PALACE (RESTORED)
AT PERSEPOLIS, PERSIA

An Island of Sulphur

ONE of the most extraordinary islands in the world lies in the Bay of Plenty, New Zealand. It is called White Island, and consists mainly of sulphur mixed with gypsum and a few other minerals.

Over the island there continually floats an immense cloud of vapor attaining an elevation of 10,000 feet. In the center is a boiling lake of acid-charged water, covering fifty acres and surrounded with blow-holes from which steam and sulphur fumes are emitted with great force and noise.

HERBERT P.

RESTORED PLAN OF HYPOSTYLE HALL
OF XERXES
AT PERSEPOLIS, PERSIA

The Oldest Newspaper Extinct

SOME time ago a report reached us from Peking, that the President of the Chinese Republic had suppressed for all time the publication called *King-Boa*, and thus the oldest newspaper in the world came to an unnatural end.

In the history of the Chinese newspaper-world and journalism in general, to the *King-Boa* as a news publication must certainly be conceded first rank. For fifteen hundred years this paper has furnished every day to the public a record of the most important happenings of the world, and has exercised a tremendous influence over Chinese society.

At a time when Europe did not yet even dream of printing, or of newspapers, a man by the name of Gou-chung invented a process for casting letters of an alloy of lead and silver, and founded under the emperor Fin-Chuang-Tsang, in the year 400 A. D., this *King-Boa*, the publication of which had, until its final suppression, suffered no interruption. In the beginning it was printed on ten silken leaves, stitched together in pamphlet form and sent to the eminent of the realm. It subsequently became the most widely read newspaper in all China.

In the Imperial Library of Peking some very interesting documents are on file, relating to the history of this remarkable publication. The chief editors of this paper have often shown most extraordinary courage and patriotism. Thus in the eighth century the then editor-in-chief of *King-Boa* accused the Prince Fin-Mo-Ling of treason, and was for his daring condemned to the torture-chamber and burned at the stake. Even ideas, which to us appear quite modern, were broached as long ago as nine hundred years.

In the twelfth century of our reckoning an editor-in-chief of *King-Boa* had the temerity to advise the government to have done with so much tradition and ceremony, and to send wide-awake men to Europe, there to see, to hear, and to learn. And for this advice the editor, the then well-known poet Gur-Nu-Tsang, paid with his life. — From San Diego *Deutsche Zeitung*

Oddities

ONE of the most curious plants in the world is that which is called the Tooth-Brush plant of Jamaica. It is a species of creeper. There is nothing striking in its appearance, but the natives make very useful instruments out of it. By cutting pieces of it into suitable lengths, and fraying the ends, they convert it into a tooth-brush; and a tooth-powder is also prepared by pulverizing the dried stems.

THE leaves and stems of the burning tree, which grows in India, are covered with stinging hairs, like the common nettle. But the results are much worse. When it is touched the sensation felt is similar to that of being burnt by a red-hot iron, the pain extending over other parts of the body, and lasting for several days.

The Most Majestic River

(Extracts from "Driving Back the Arctic," in *Harper's Weekly*, September 28, 1912.)

"THERE is a river in the ocean—the Gulf of Mexico its fountain, its mouth is in the Arctic Ocean, its current more rapid than the Mississippi—the most majestic flow of water in the world, which transfers more heat than would a stream of molten iron, the size and velocity of the Mississippi. It is the Gulf Stream."

Lieutenant J. E. Pillsbury, U. S. N., in 1890, after three years in charge of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey Steamer *Blake*, Gulf Stream investigation, writes:

It is difficult for the mind to grasp the immensity of this great ocean river. Its waters are characterized by a deep



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CHART OF OCEAN CURRENTS IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

blue color, great clearness, and high temperature. The moisture and varying temperature of the land depends largely upon the position of these currents. The Gulf Stream is the greatest and most mighty of all terrestrial phenomena. The observations taken at its narrowest point were between three and four thousand in number, surface and sub-surface, and a calculation of the average volume passing Cape Florida in one hour gives the enormous sum of ninety billion cubic yards. One begins to think that all the wonders of the world combined cannot equal this one river in the ocean.

Lieutenant John C. Soley, U. S. N., retired, states:

The most wonderful current on the globe, the Gulf Stream, which carries its waters northward in unbroken volume, is easily distinguished from the surrounding ocean by the difference of temperature and by the deep blue color. It is not only the warmest, but the deepest of all the great ocean currents, and wherever it flows serves to regulate all the processes of nature. The warm waters spread on the northern seas, reaching up to Iceland; to the east coast of Greenland, where it flows into the Arctic basin; toward the northern shore of Spitzbergen and past Nova Zembla; into the waters of the British Isles, and around them into the North Sea, materially modifying the climate of Great Britain and all northern Europe.

The Gulf Stream is the most important and the best known of all current phenomena because of its great length and expanse, its color, temperature, and velocity, and its climatic effect on the lands bordering the entrance to the Arctic Basin, and in a lesser degree on the countries of southern Europe. The

color of the water is purest blue; its temperature, highest in the Gulf of Mexico, is maintained above that of the surrounding water even after it reaches northern regions, and its velocity is so great and regular that it is always an important economic factor in navigation. But for the heat which the Gulf Stream brings to the realm of the North Atlantic, Great Britain would be as sterile as Labrador, and Scandinavia would be uninhabitable; while it contributes to the temperature of the region of the Arctic Circle more heat than comes to that region by direct influx from the sun.

This great world-artery of heat is met and opposed by the cold, ice-bearing Labrador Current, describing which Lieutenant Pillsbury states:

The Labrador Current sweeps down from the Arctic along the eastern coast of Greenland and from Baffin's Bay, and passes the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, bearing with it vast fields of ice and enormous bergs, reaching the Gulf Stream.

The intrusion of a large body of cold water running in a southerly direction between the Gulf Stream and the American shore is a phenomenon of so much importance that the Labrador Current must be considered with the Gulf Stream, whose conditions it affects materially. The Labrador Current pours into the Atlantic enormous masses of cold water which flow southward along the American coast in a great current, which is quite as important as the Gulf Stream itself.

This interference is most remarkable where the polar current first meets the Gulf Stream south of Newfoundland and over the Grand Banks in a never-ceasing struggle for the mastery, with varying results, depending on the seasons, in which the winds often hold the balance of power, and the struggle is marked by the appearance of cold and warm bands extended across the Banks.

The Gulf Stream here receives a staggering blow from which it never recovers. The eddies, cross-currents, and revolving motions thus created, principally in and because of the shoal waters, are the beginning of its end.

It never overflows its liquid banks until it crosses the fortieth degree of north latitude, and then, overflowing its liquid banks, it spreads itself out for thousands of square leagues over the cold waters around.

The Runaway River

THE Bief-Rouge was a small river, and no one but the people of Metabief, a little village through which the little river ran, knew its name. No one knew where it came from. It had run past the village as long as the oldest inhabitants could remember.

One morning it was gone, and all the village came out to see. This was the fault of the railway engineers, who were building a tunnel through a nearby mountain. By accident they had disturbed the source of the rivulet, and it was recorded that when the tunnel was flooded by a lot of water the little river had disappeared. It had taken the easier course of the tunnel and run to another place. The villagers of Metabief are using legal means for bringing it back again. RAYMOND T.

Special Holland Number for Christmas

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER will be devoted mainly to Holland and will contain special features. Orders should be placed in advance: 5c. per copy, domestic; 7c. foreign.

4 12:21 PM
Special Dutch Number

in Commemoration of the Recent Visit
of the Râja Yoga Students to Holland

RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated Monthly

Conducted by a Staff of the Younger Students of the Râja Yoga College
Point Loma, California

Published under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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Subscription 50 Cents; Copy 5 Cents

Foreign Postage 25 Cents extra, Canadian 12 Cents

VOL. IX

DECEMBER 1913

No. 12

"Guard the Dikes for Evermore"

FROM Holland, the land of windmills and dikes, the clarion call rings—a watchword, a challenge to her sister nations—"Eternal Vigilance," she cries; "that is the talisman that will lead us on to Victory." In her stubborn fight against the encroachments of the sea, she has shown a courage that she may well be proud of. It has not been mere daring, but the result of a long and steady character-building, in which the qualities of sterling value have played a mighty part.

Holland has been known for centuries as a lover of industry and thrift. She has had the power to husband her energies as well as her resources, but in the hour of greatest need it has been her steadfast perseverance that has carried her through.

Much can be learned from her example, for it may be applied so aptly to life itself and the part we play on its great stage. Each one of us has within himself a nation in miniature to reclaim from the wind and wave of personality and selfishness, and many a tide that seeks to bear him under. And just as the courageous Dutch have built their dikes and guarded



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

WILLIAM THE SILENT: 1533-1584

This rare portrait of the Prince, painted from life, hangs in the Mauritshuis at the Hague.

them faithfully through the ages against the inroads of the mighty ocean, so might we, if we thus willed it, guard the strongholds of our own kingdoms and make them impregnable to the corroding waters of Life's great Ocean.

Some there are who have their dikes well-manned, who are eternally vigilant and never allow the smallest leak to go unnoticed. But oh, how many of us are careless in this respect! We start out at the beginning of the day with a fresh stock of vigor and courage, and a strong determination to be on guard. We say to ourselves, "Now I intend to go through this day, doing just what Duty calls for each moment." It is a noble thought, but while we are thinking about it, we stumble against something disagreeable perhaps, or something pleasant calls us away from the duty of the hour. Then where is that strong protecting shield that was to carry us through the day! It is gone, completely broken down. We thought its foundations were as firm as rock, but they soon proved themselves lacking in the greatest strengthening power there is—that of the will wholeheartedly set on the performance of duty.

Every one of us has not only to meet the consequences of acts performed, but there are the weak places in our characters which spring from heredity. All these must be guarded against, if we would make of our characters impregnable strongholds. We must be vigilant all the time, and especially when we think there is the least need for watchfulness, for it is in unguarded moments that the enemy takes us unawares.

It is perseverance that we must cultivate, for we may have all sorts of good intentions and splendid qualities, just as a country may have rich resources and great beauty of scenery; but if we have not the energy and perseverance to guard our dikes continually, how can we expect to stand impregnable?

So in this too we may learn a lesson from the brave Hollanders, whose perseverance and courage have kept their country unconquered through the centuries. Oliver Goldsmith, in his poem *The Traveler*, drew this concise word-picture of the courage, perseverance, and industry of the indomitable Hollanders:

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies;
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm-connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath his smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,—
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.

Hearty Christmas Greetings!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS! A Merry Christmas to all!"

December is a month welcome to every one, for does it not bring that day of days — Christmas? But not only is December dear to us because of this; it is also the Birthday month of the RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER. Yes, it came into existence on Christmas Day, 1904, and is therefore ten years old this year.

We are particularly happy this Christmas, because our paper which we cherish dearly and never tire of working on, is going to have its field of usefulness increased. Beginning with the first issue of 1914 the RĀJA YOGA MESSENGER will be enlarged and appear in an attractive cover. The price of the new, enlarged form will be \$1.00 a year, 10c. a copy. Subscriptions for 1914 that have already been received on the former basis will be credited as paid in full.

True Liberty

By DIRK COORNHERT

(Prolific Dutch poet and moralist, 1522-1590; a chief founder of the Dutch literary language.)

What's the world's liberty to him whose soul is firmly bound
With numberless and deadly sins that fetter it around?

What's the world's thralldom to the soul which in itself is free? —
Naught! with his master's bonds he stands more privileged,
more great,

Than many a golden-fettered fool with outward pomp elate;
For chains grace virtue, while they bring deep shame on tyranny.

(Translated by Sir John Bowring)

"Father William"

WILLIAM THE SILENT, Prince of Orange, Count of Nassau, Stadtholder of Holland, statesman, general, diplomat, courtier, student, martyr, and "Father William," the founder of Dutch liberty! Here indeed is a life that well repays the reader to give it careful study, for William the Silent was one of those men whom we admire, the more we learn of their characters as revealed through their achievements. His name is a watchword in Holland, and a proud light leaps into the eyes of his modern countrymen when any one mentions him, or shows the slightest deference to his name.

In reading histories for interesting information about this chief, one is at first struck by the lack of anecdotes, but on becoming better acquainted with the stern facts and trials of his life, we gradually lose the expectation for small stories, for they seem out of place in connexion with a character of such grave dignity, such "splendid reserve and courage, with an iron will unbroken or bent by misfortune."

The facts of Prince William's life are crowded thick and fast upon one another, and may be divided into three periods: his childhood and courtly training in early youth; his preparation to resist the tyranny of Spain, and his open leadership of the Netherlands against the oppressor.

Not very much is to be found in regard to his childhood. He was born in the castle of Dillenburg, April 16, 1533, and had for his mother a woman whose name is foremost among those who are known as great mothers of great men — Juliana van Stolberg. Of high character and great piety she showed her worth in her sons: William, Lewis, Adolphus Henry, and John — all of whom fought, bled, and died bravely for the liberation of their country.

At the age of eleven William became heir to large estates and proud titles left him by the death of his cousin René, and in order to have him properly educated to fill the rank that would be his in later life, he was sent to the Court at Brussels. Later he became a page at the Court of Charles V of Spain, and instead of his destiny being bound by the usual limits of the courtiers of that time — luxury, military exploits, and royal favors — he now had his remarkable qualities of astuteness, reserve and penetration, developed and trained. Charles V

prided himself in being able to judge human nature, and he certainly was not mistaken in his decision in this case. Accordingly William became the Emperor's confidential friend, present at his most secret and gravest councils, attended by the highest dignitaries; moreover, the Emperor considered nothing too weighty for him to hear discussed, or too deep for his comprehension. In such a school as this his natural faculty of perception and of reading men's minds was early developed in an exceedingly unusual way, and the training he received at this Spanish court — above all in diplomacy — was a vast blessing later to his country when in the throes of revolution.

Charles V selected this young man to perform the highest services. Before the age of twenty-one he filled the place of the Duke of Savoy as general-in-chief of the armies on the frontier of France, and here his conduct showed that the confidence placed in him had not been misplaced. At the imposing ceremonies of the Emperor, Charles is said to have leaned upon the arm of the Prince of Orange, and he selected him to bear the royal crown to Ferdinand, the King of the Romans.

Philip II also at first made use of Prince William, who helped him to negotiate secret treaties with France and with several powerful nobles. It was, in fact, through one of these secret treaties that William was led to open his eyes to his country's danger, and to devote life and limb to the service of his native land. It happened thus: He was a hostage in France to secure the fulfilment of the treaty, and the king, Henry II, revealed to him a secret treaty between himself and the King of Spain, wherein they had determined to massacre all the Protestants in the Netherlands. The Prince controlled his horror and indignation, and neither by word nor look showed that he was startled. It was by reason of this power of self-control at the right time that he gained his name of "The Silent"; but this name means that he was silent only where silence was his safeguard, for in ordinary life he was frank and genial, and a charming conversationalist.

On being sent by Philip to the Netherlands as Stadtholder of several states, he was given secret orders to carry out this policy of extermination with all rigor, but instead, he gave many warning so that they might escape, for he felt a higher duty than that of obeying a tyrant.

In order to appreciate fully the difficulties of his position and the character of the rôle he had to play, one must realize what a frightful condition prevailed in the Netherlands under the despotism of both Charles V and Philip II. The former extorted from the industry and

thrift of the country a revenue four times as great as that from Mexico and Peru, crushed their industry and robbed them of their liberties, and tortured them with the horrors of the Inquisition if they dared to worship a common God in their own way, or if they wondered where went the millions that were drained from their purses.

The Duchess of Parma was then Regent in the Netherlands, and to a large degree she followed a repressive and tyrannical course, but still she realized that if Philip became too high-handed the spirit of the Dutch would brook his cruelty no longer. Her advice was unheeded and there came to rule in her stead the Duke of Alva, at whose advent the Netherlands well knew their fate. The tale of bloodshed and tortures that followed is too harrowing to dwell upon, and



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JULIANA VAN STOLBERG
MOTHER OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE (FROM AN OLD PORTRAIT)

in addition Philip called a council to arrange the affairs of the country and to take measures for the suppression of the new doctrines. The specious and crafty speeches of the Spanish ministers deceived most but not all of the native nobles, for the Prince of Orange had been trained among the Spanish himself and he saw through their masks and covert statements. He warned a few of those he could trust, and they in turn spread the advice, so that when the Dutch made their oath of allegiance to the King it was in such vague and general terms that no binding oath fettered them, and Philip was amazed at their daring in requesting the abolition of the Inquisition, the settlement of the taxes, and the removal of foreign troops and officials.



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H. R. H. PRINCESS JULIANA OF HOLLAND

Photo. by N. J. Boon, Amsterdam. Reproduced by special permission to RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER.

The Prince of Orange naturally became the head of the conspiracy to curtail the oppression of Spain. Prudent, sagacious, unerring in reading the characters of those whom he had to deal with, he was able by the process of slow and intelligent thought to form wise and far-reaching plans for the betterment of his country, and he possessed the still greater genius of being able to alter them to suit changing conditions, for his foresight had warned him of the latter. His indomitable will

overcame all obstacles, and he is described as being singularly upright and noble, and devoted to duty.

It would be a long story to tell how the struggle became more and more unmasked, and the Netherlands more and more desperate. The moderation they had tried to use at first was useless; Philip was inexorable, and an appeal to arms was all that could save the lives or liberties of the Dutch, for the Spanish monarch had determined upon a wholesale massacre of every Netherlander — three



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MOTHERING HER DOLLIES

JUST AS HER MOTHER, THE QUEEN, USED TO DO

millions to be put to the sword, with a few exceptions whom his pleasure protected.

For twenty years, through darkness, despair, and defeat, William held the patriots together, encouraging, fighting, protecting; he labored day and night, even when too sick to speak, to unite them still more strongly, to form advantageous alliances, and to induce others to serve as he did, with the same high, disinterested motives. His enormous fortune was unspared, but his moments were hoarded and filled with ceaseless labor. Through it all, his life was in constant danger and many attempts were made to kill him, for the rewards offered by his enemies were very tempting. Finally one succeeded, and on July 10, 1584, the brave heart was stilled that had wrought and suffered so enduringly during these black years. The "Ban" against him, calling him outlaw and traitor, forbidding him the necessities of life, and offering rewards for his life—had it daunted him? Not in the least. In his famous *Apology* he denounced and defied tyranny and oppression and the slander against himself in tones that thundered defiance in the face of his foe. The *Apology* was translated into nearly every modern language and sent to all the greatest Princes of Europe.

After the death of the heroic Stadtholder one hesitates to turn the page of history lest he read a tale of disasters; but instead of disunion and confusion following because his strong hand had been removed, the Assembly declared their resolution "to maintain the good cause with God's help, to the uttermost, without sparing gold or blood." The results of that determination are seen in the subsequent history of Holland; in the active national life, and in the splendid new output of literary, artistic, and musical life after the dark years were over.

The veneration of the Dutch for their liberator and founder is probably unexampled in the history of any other nation. All through the country, as the Râja Yoga Crusaders noted during their recent visit, there are statues and paintings and monuments to "Father

William," and as we sang the Dutch national anthem in their own tongue at several of our meetings, wearing the orange badge of his house, we felt our hearts swell with admiration and veneration at the memory of that great life, so dearly and enthusiastically beloved, not only by each succeeding generation of his countrymen, but by all who love liberty in any clime or age. K. H.

Princess Willemijntje

STORIES OF THE GIRLHOOD OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND, TOLD FOR LITTLE FOLK

ONE of the most interesting life-stories of the sovereigns of Europe today is perhaps that of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. From her very earliest years she was educated in such a way as to fit her for her future position as the queen of a great nation. Her wise mother, Queen Emma, realizing the importance of guiding a child rightly from the beginning, was most careful in her choice of teachers for the young Princess, and superintended many of the lessons herself. It is said by those who were closely connected with her that at the age of seven little "Willy," as she was called in the royal household, could speak French and English fluently, besides Dutch and German.

She was a bright, winsome child, full of fun, and took



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PRINCESS JULIANA AT HOME

an eager interest in all her duties and pleasures. Although she was to be a queen when she grew older, her mother taught her that queens have to do just as other little girls do. It is said that one day she knocked at her

mother's door, saying that the "Queen of the Netherlands" wished to be admitted. Her mother answered that she was not at home. In a few moments the child came running back, saying that "Willy" wished to come in, and the permission was immediately given.

One of her favorite occupations at this time was tending her numerous dolls. In fact, considering that at one time they were thirty in number, it is not difficult to believe that they kept their little mother very busy making their clothes, keeping them in order, and punishing them when they did wrong. One third of her room was devoted to her family, and on state occasions they might all be seen sitting primly on either side of the room, wearing their badges of orange-colored ribbon.

As Princess Wilhelmina had no playmates, she made great companions of her dolls. They entered into all her pursuits. Her special favorite, which she called Susanne, always attended her lessons, and Wilhelmina often mastered a difficult task by teaching her dolls how to do it. The story goes that one day the little Princess was found in bed, knitting very industriously, with a doll tucked under her arm. She explained that her child would not finish its knitting, which was to be a present for Grandmother.

As Wilhelmina grew older she showed an intense interest in the history of her country, and would often astonish the courtiers by the intelligent and thoughtful questions she asked. In this subject she was taught by a professor from the University of Leyden. She showed great interest in all her other studies, too, which included mathematics, physics, general history, drawing and painting, needlework (in which her mother gave her daily lessons), the modern languages, literature, and political economy.

She had many amusements as well, for her wise mother believed that relaxation from brain-work is just as necessary as application. She loved to go riding, driving, or skating, and part of her time was spent in tending her flowers, and in making them into bouquets to give to her friends.



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DUTCH YOUNG FOLKS

Photo. by F. B. den Boer, Middelburg.

A lady who was intimately connected with her tells the following story, which shows that everything is not always easy, even for a princess. One day she was doing a very difficult piece of sewing, which required great patience and concentration, and Wilhelmina found it hard to sit still for so long. At last the work was finished, and she proudly showed it to her teacher. But although the stitches were very neat and carefully made, there were a few mistakes.

"Will it have to be done again?" asked the Princess.

"Yes, I should advise it," was the answer. "I will do it for you if you like, but I think it would be better if you did it yourself." Wilhelmina hesitated a moment, and then, looking up brightly: "I will do it," she said, and sat down once more to her work.

The loving care which Queen Emma bestowed on her



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IN THE LAND OF WINDMILLS AND DIKES: HOLLAND-LAND
Photo. by F. B. den Boer, Middelburg.

little daughter was rewarded by an intense love on the part of "Willemijntje," which showed itself in many ways. At one time the Queen Mother had sprained her ankle, and had to be wheeled about in a chair. When the young Queen saw her mother being wheeled into the room by one of the court ladies, she immediately stopped what she was doing, and insisted on being allowed to do this for her mother, saying it was her work, and no one else should be allowed to do it.

Queen Wilhemina ascended the throne of the Netherlands on September 6, 1898. The occasion was one of great rejoicing for all Holland. When the beautiful young Queen took the oath of the Constitution, and made her first address to her people in the historical Nieuwe Kerk of Amsterdam, where many of Holland's heroes are buried, it seemed a promise of the wisdom and mother-

ly care which she was later to exercise in ruling over the Netherlands.

Fifteen years have gone by, and this promise has been fulfilled in its richest, deepest sense; and now a new Princess, the little Juliana, enlivens the Royal Palace—the hope and pride of the Dutch nation. May she prove to be, as her Royal mother has been before her, a worthy descendant of her great forefather, William of Orange, to whose memory the historian Motley paid this beautiful tribute:

"As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets." F. S.

The Nightingale

BY MARIA TESSELSCHADE VISSCHER
(Roemer Visscher, a contemporary of Hooft's, was called the Dutch Martial. He was one of the luminaries of the literary circle of Amsterdam of that period. He published a series of allegories, entitled *Zinne-Peppen*. "But he did more than this by cultivating the taste of his two daughters," says a writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. "They were highly accomplished; they rendered popular the study of other languages; and, though their literary works are not numerous, they exercised an important and purifying influence on the compositions of their countrymen.")

PRIZE thou the Nightingale,
Who soothes thee with his tale,
And wakes the woods around;
A singing feather he,—a winged and
wandering sound:

Whose tender carolling
Sets all ears listening
Unto that living lyre
Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire;

Whose shrill, capricious song
Breathes like a flute along,
With many a careless tone,—
Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue alone.

O charming creature rare,
Can aught with thee compare?
Thou art all song; thy breast
Thrills for one month o' th' year,—is tranquil all the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call,—
Most wondrous this of all,
That such a tiny throat
Should wake so wide a sound, and pour so loud a note.

The Industrious Hollanders

A GLANCE over their country gives us an insight into the industrious and economical habits of the Dutch, for man's skill and thrift are everywhere manifest. Not only is the ocean kept at bay by huge dikes which line the shore, but much of the low inland country behind the dunes requires the constant protection of smaller dikes to keep the angry sea from reclaiming all these fruitful fields and meadows, and from making the lowlands once more a part of King Neptune's domain. Although so much of the soil is poor and useless, yet through the industry of the people, by improved methods of drainage, reclaiming of the fens, and checking the progress of sand-drifts, the uncultivated portion is gradually becoming less and less with every year.

Another feature which attracts our attention to the industrial activity of the country, is the network of canals running in every direction, which are busy with all kinds of traffic. Nearly all the traffic in Holland was once carried on by water, the only wheeled vehicles known being small, peculiarly-constructed carts. The canals connect all the large cities of Holland with the sea, and being the chief highways, are the scene of much bustle and activity. Large ships can be seen in every direction, apparently traversing the green grass, their masts moving along above the tops of the trees. There are boats loaded with wheat, hay, and vegetables, that are hauled along by horses or men on the banks; like-



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THE ROYAL PALACE, AMSTERDAM

This Palace has seven entrances, one for each Province.

wise sail boats, and even low flat-boats pushed with poles from the deck. A great many of the boats seen on the canals and rivers are engaged in inland traffic, and produce is daily brought to the public markets and delivered in carts by the peasants to the salesmen.

Among the canals of Holland, the large North Sea Canal at Amsterdam is especially important, for this city is the center of the staple markets of Holland; it receives most of the colonial wares, including tobacco, sugar, rice, and coffee, from the Dutch Indies; is the seat of the largest shipping firms of the country, and is considered one of the most important sea-ports of the Continent.

Rotterdam is a great shipping town, and is the principal center of exports. Foreign trade, though not so extensive as it was formerly, is not altogether inferior in proportion to the size of the country. Colonial wares, including agricultural produce, fish, and cheese, are the principal exports, and these are sent to Germany, England, France, Russia, and other countries.

Zaandam is another important center of canals, and as there are so many, this region has been called a "Waterland." It is also the center of the Dutch lumber trade. Windmills are used as motor-power to work the sawmills, and there are so many that one writer says that a bird's-eye view of Zaandam "would give the effect of four inverted centipedes kicking in their death-throes."

The innumerable watercourses



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A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN AMSTERDAM, ON AN EAST-SIDE CANAL



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A CORNER IN AMSTERDAM
Showing one of the old, narrow streets.

are of such importance that they require particular and unique attention. There is a special department of the Government called "Waterstaat," or Ministry of Waterways. "Dykgraven," or Water Councils, consist of officials who attend to the keeping-up of the dikes, sluices, canals, and windmills of the country.

The latter are a very important agent in draining the land. Nearly every farmer owns one. It is fortunate for the Dutch that the ocean winds blow as regularly on the land as on the sea, for if they did not much of the land would again become useless swamps.

Traveling between Leyden and Haarlem, we see for miles on either side, especially in and about the latter city, vast stretches of flower-fields. Here are grown the finest tulips, hyacinths, and gladioli in the world, the bulbs of which are exported to many countries, many of them coming to the United States; altogether, more than a million dollars' worth are shipped away annually.

The tulip originally came from the East, and its name is derived from the Persian *toliban*, meaning turban. There are two thousand varieties of Dutch tulips, most

of which have been developed by much patience from the *Tulipa Gesmeriana*, a variety brought from Constantinople by Conrad Gesmer to Augsburg, Germany, in 1559.

The Dutch are very good farmers, and there are in the country many rich fields of wheat, barley, and oats. It has been stated that the value of their crops is gradually rising. It was the Dutch who — by the cultivation of turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables, thus supplying a wholesome fresh diet — taught the other European countries how to banish some of their menacing diseases. By improving the "artificial grasses" and so increasing and bettering the supply of fodder, they also increased the live stock of the land.

Weaving is another important industry. Great quantities of raw silk, wool, and cotton are imported and woven into excellent textures. Leyden is the center of Dutch weaving, and at the time when the weavers from Ypres, Flanders, fled thither from the great plague known as the "Death of Ypres," about 1370, the city became famous for its cloth trade.

Shipbuilding is also important, and fishing claims our attention as one of their means of subsistence.

Delft was once noted for porcelain, its ware, with delicate paintings of ships, windmills, and little Dutch scenes, being much used.

Amsterdam is the world's chief center for polishing diamonds. She is indebted for this reputation to the Portuguese Jews who emigrated from Antwerp in 1576. This art was entirely unknown in Europe until the fifteenth century. In 1456 a Belgian jeweler named Berghem found that by rubbing two diamonds together they wore off a little, and that the powder which was formed could be used in polishing them, which was an important step as nothing else was hard enough.

A very interesting time in Holland is market-day. The Rāja Yoga Crusaders had the pleasure, while at Arnhem, of witnessing the weekly market held opposite the Groote Kerk. This one is so popular with the peasants that it not only occupies the whole square, but overflows into the neighboring streets. The night before, the country people arrive with their loads of vegetables, fruits, fish, and in fact wares of every description, and line the roads with their wagons. Such is their faith in the honesty of the citizens that they often leave their loaded wagons there, unprotected, during the night.

Alkmaar, the emporium of a large cheese industry, presents a lively scene early every Friday morning. Wagons loaded with large golden balls of cheeses line up along the market-square. The weighmen were formerly a very prominent feature with their costumes of red, blue, green, and yellow, and scales of the same colors. But a more sober-looking costume has recently been adopted.

Not the least conspicuous feature of Dutch industry is the general air of neatness and cleanliness, which makes a stay in Holland so restful. There is nothing gaudy and pretentious, but everywhere there is simplicity and the result of diligent industry. R. W.

Art in The Netherlands

WRITTEN FOR THE RÂJA YOGA MESSENGER BY
PROFESSOR C. J. RYAN

IN the short space of about one century—the seventeenth—the Low Countries gave the world a series of masterpieces of painting which brought something quite new into the realm of art, and which have strongly influenced the modern style. In 1609 the Seven United Provinces of the northern part of the Netherlands became a separate free state, and then the Dutch people had the opportunity of creating a school of painting such as had never been seen before.

The spirit of Holland was the spirit of freedom; the heroic little nation that refused to bow its neck to Spain, sought, against enormous odds and every kind of persecution and torture, for the liberty to act and think as it believed to be right. With a spirit like this and with its great intelligence and vigor, is it any wonder that something great and original burst forth in the national life! This did not show its power in architecture or sculpture: the Dutch people were content with public buildings of very ordinary design, and the spirit of the Reformation did not encourage the kind of sculpture that made the Italian school nearly as famous as that of ancient Greece. But in painting it was very different. The Dutch painters were not affected by the classic art of Greece and Rome, except for a short period when their national independent art-spirit was in danger of being stifled by foreign influence, and so they developed a body of painters who were daring enough to go outside the beaten track. Dutch painting has been called "democratic art," owing to its bold defiance of tyrannical authority in art and its wide range of subjects of a popular kind.

When the Dutch people threw off their allegiance to the old form of religion and adopted the Reformed faith, they no longer wanted altar-pieces and other church pictures, so the painters had to find some other kind of subjects, or starve. Nor had they numerous patrons, such as the rulers of the magnificent courts in Italy, and they had many difficulties to face. It is very sad to read of the suffering endured by many of the most famous

Dutch painters owing to their poverty. But the devotion to their high calling was so strong and pure that they could not be crushed, and they soon found subjects to paint which enabled most of them to gain at least a bare living; a few even succeeded in earning a fairly good income, but very few became rich. They loved nature so truly that their reward came from their efforts to study and understand its beauty. The result has been that the Dutch school has produced those great works of genius which are so eagerly sought by every collector.

When the Dutch painters looked round upon the daily life of the people around them they found exactly what they ought to paint. Their countrymen wanted small pictures for their houses; pictures of everyday life in the streets, in the homes, on the battle-field (for battles were a part of the regular order of things with them), and pictures of quiet scenery with cows and windmills. Many rich merchants were glad to have the portraits of themselves and their families painted, and the town halls needed large portrait-groups of the members of the Guilds, or Corporations of Commerce. Sea-pieces and pictures of flowers and fruit, called "still life," were also in demand. A few painters, such as Rembrandt, the greatest of all the Dutch painters, and one of the supreme masters of all time, frequently chose subjects



PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT BY HIMSELF

taken from familiar Bible stories.

The earlier period of Dutch art can hardly be separated from that of Flanders, the southern part of the Low Countries before the political division, and so we may properly speak of the primitive Flemish painters as a part of the Dutch school. When we think of later times, the seventeenth century particularly, there is a difference, but even then it is necessary to remember that the great painters of Antwerp and its neighborhood were closely connected with their neighbors on the north side of the Maas.

The world owes the invention of oil-painting as a practical art to the brothers Hubert Van Eyck (1366-1426) and Jan Van Eyck, two of the earliest and most famous painters of the Netherlands. It is not known exactly what the Van Eycks did, for an imperfect process of



THE MUSIC LESSON: BY METZU

mixing powdered color with oil had been known for two hundred years at least, but, whatever it may have been, the discovery they made was of immense importance and has been the basis of the method used ever since. All the painters in Europe were greatly delighted with it and were quite ready to adopt it as soon as possible. This was one of the inventions that did not go a-begging for patronage. It was almost certainly some kind of transparent varnish and medium to mix with paint in place of the old dark and sticky substance. Before the Van Eycks' invention painters generally used various kinds of water-colors for miniatures and manuscripts and fresco painting for large work. Fresco painting was a very difficult method, for the powdered paint, mixed with plaster had to be applied to the plaster of a wall while it was wet, and no corrections were possible. Immediately after the new oil process was introduced, many great painters appeared in the Netherlands, such as Mabuse and Matsys (about 1460), and it soon became possible to paint the small easel pictures for which the Dutch became famous. We next begin to hear of sea-painters such as Vroom, who painted a sketch of the defeat of the Spanish Armada for the Lord High Admiral of England.

The Dutch painters despised nothing that is in nature: they loved the simplest as well as the grandest subjects, and they had the remarkable power of representing natural objects with photographic accuracy, and yet with true artistic feeling—a most

unusual combination. It is told of one artist that when a visitor admired the exquisite finish of the painting of a broom in the corner of a picture, he said that it still needed a fortnight's work!

Among the most famous painters of the daily life of the people, called "genre" painting, the names of Ter Borch, Gerard Dou, Jan Steen, Vermeer, Metsu, and Pieter de Hooch, are most prominent. Of the landscape painters Hobbema and Ruysdael are considered by some authorities to be second to none, while Cuyp and Van de Velde are also very famous. Paul Potter and Wouwerman are noted for their animal pictures; the former usually painted cattle, and the latter horses. Towards the close of the great period of Dutch art several painters of flowers and fruit appeared, such as De Heem, Kalf, and Van Huysum; whose pictures, although they painted such simple things, are masterpieces of color and composition, and full of a poetry that many painters of "ambitious" subjects have not approached.

Now we must say a few words about the two painters who have placed Holland in the very first rank in art—Rembrandt van Ryn, and Frans Hals.

Hals (1580-1666) was a giant in portrait painting; his works raised Dutch portraiture from the mere "catching of a likeness" to a great art; he painted with great boldness, sometimes finishing a portrait in one sitting.

Rembrandt (1606-1669) was equally great as a portrait painter, but he was far more. His subjects include almost everything possible, and he looked so deeply into nature and life that he is now considered to be one of



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PORTRAIT OF TWO GENTLEMEN: BY VAN DYCK

the few immortals who will always stand out as a supreme example in art. For many years after his prime he was neglected and almost forgotten, but now he is fully recognized. His etchings on copper are as fine as his paintings, and display the same wonderful effects of light and shade for which his pictures are famous. Rembrandt was a great collector of art treasures, but he unfortunately was far too generous with his money, like Frans Hals, and was reduced to great poverty in his old age.

Rubens, Van Dyck, and Jordaens, though they were not exactly Dutch, but were born in Antwerp, may be regarded as bright stars in the same constellation to which the great Dutch masters of the seventeenth century belonged. The conditions in Flanders were different from those in Holland; there was a great demand for large religious pictures, and many of the finest pictures of the Flemish painters are to be found in the churches. Rubens (1577-1640) studied in Italy, where he learned many of the secrets of the wonderful coloring of the great Venetian painters. His pictures glow with magnificent color and are full of movement and passion. Van Dyck (1599-1641) was his chief pupil, but he did not possess such a powerful imagination as his teacher, though he was his superior in refinement. Both Rubens and Van Dyck were very popular in England, where they painted many splendid portraits. They were both knighted by the unfortunate King Charles I, and lived in great splendor in the atmosphere of courts.

Painting rapidly declined in Holland and Belgium in the eighteenth century, but of late years both countries have regained a commanding position, and several of



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THE LAUGHING CAVALIER
BY FRANS HALS

their modern painters, such as Josef Israels—the famous Jewish painter of the humbler classes whose pictures have occupied places of honor in all exhibitions for thirty years before his recent death—and the Maris brothers, may fairly be considered to rank beside most of the seventeenth century masters. Among other distinguished painters of the present age the names of Anton Mauve, Mesdag, Birschop, Blommers, etc., are well known throughout the world.

Constable, the great English landscape painter, was a worthy successor of the Dutch masters, and through him the French painters of the "Barbizon" school learned to see nature in a new way.

Many well-known painters of Holland and other countries have adopted methods and principles discovered by Hobbema and his fellow-workers.

The Boy Van Dyck

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON

VAN DYCK's mother was celebrated for her beautiful tapestry work, and from her he inherited that taste for lucid color, by reason of which he became known as "The Silvery Van Dyck."

IN the gray old Flemish city
Sat a comely, fair-haired dame,
At a window's deep embrasure,
Bending o'er her broidery-frame.
Round her played her merry children,
As they wound about their heads
Fillets, pilfered in their mischief,
From her skeins of arras-thread.

Oft she turned her glance upon them,
Softly smiling at their play,
All the while her busy needle
Pricking in and out its way;
From the open casement gazing,
Where the landscape lay in view,
Striving from her silken treasures
To portray each varied hue.

"Nay I cannot," sighed she sadly,
As the threads dropped from her hold,
"Cannot match that steely sapphire,
Or that line of burnished gold.
How it sparkles as it stretches
Straight as any lance across!
Never hint of such a luster
Lives within my brightest floss!"

"Ah, that blaze of splendid color!
I could kneel with folded hands,
As I watch it slowly dying
Off the emerald pasture-lands.
How my crimson pales to ashen
In this flood of sunset hue,
Mocking all my poor endeavor,
Foiling all my skill can do!"



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THE AVENUE AT MIDDELHARNIS: BY HOBBEEMA



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VAN DYCK AS A YOUNG MAN: PAINTED BY HIMSELF

As they heard her sigh, the children
 Pressed around their mother's knees:
 "Nay"—they clamored—"where in Antwerp
 Are there broideries such as these?
 Why, the famous master, Rubens,
 Craves the piece we think so rare,—
 Asks our father's leave to paint it
 Flung across the Emperor's chair!"

"How ye talk!"—she smiled. "Yet often,
 As I draw my needle through,
 Gloating o'er my tints, I fancy
 I might be a painter too:
 I, a woman, wife, and mother,
 What have I to do with Art!
 Are ye not my noblest pictures?
 Portraits painted from my heart!"

"Yet I think, if midst my seven
 One should show the master's bent,—
 One should do the things I dream of,—
 All my soul would rest content."
 Straight the four-year-old Antonio
 Answered, sobbing half aloud:—
 "I will be your painter, painting
 Pictures that shall make you proud!"

Quick she snatched this youngest darling,
 Smoothing down his golden hair,
 Kissing with a crazy rapture
 Mouth and cheek and forehead fair—
 Saying mid her sobbing laughter,
 "So! my baby! you would like
 To be named with Flemish masters,
 Rembrandt, Rubens, and—Van Dyck!"—*Selected*

The Dutch in America

Written for the *RÅJA YOGA MESSENGER*
 by Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt

THE American Republic has a strong Dutch heredity. Its close relations with England, the common language, and political identity previous to the War of Independence, have rather overshadowed in the public mind its connexion with others. But, in fact, there is much ground for the contention that the American Republic is more the child of Holland than of England. Not only is it the outgrowth of Dutch ideals and laws, but the actual strain of Dutch blood in the early days was a mighty factor in the making of the American nation.

The roots of American civilization reach, of course, over the world. It is the result of all that had gone before, but its actual birth seems in a peculiar way to be due to little Holland. It was this little spot of earth, saturated with heroism, courage, moral strength, and fortitude, which fought for a quarter of a century the strongest power in Europe at the time, for principles similar to those which stirred the Americans later, and which maintained a republic in the face of a whole continent of proud monarchies. Liberty and religious toleration were first taught to Europe by the Dutch. Their country became the asylum for the persecuted. There flocked the lovers of freedom in the twelve years' truce with Spain, and from there at its close started the *Speedwell* with its band of pilgrims, to join the *Mayflower* in England for American shores. Previous to this, republican ideas had been disseminated from Holland into England in various ways. Many thousands of English fought in the Dutch war and imbibed Dutch republican ideas which they carried back with them to England. Between the years of 1580 and 1640 there were about twelve thousand English pilgrims in Holland, studying their advanced institutions, intermarrying, and being molded by Dutch thought. They settled for the most part in Leyden, a place which by degrees became famous for its learning and culture, its broad and liberal ideas. The arts flourished there, and the advance guard of civilization from all quarters flocked to this center. The Huguenots from France came to Holland at this time, and all learned from the Dutch the lessons of thrift, cleanliness, patience, perseverance, courage, and toleration. Their children were brought up in the Dutch free schools.

On the other hand, when the Spanish persecution was heaviest under Philip II, about one hundred thousand Hollanders took refuge in the eastern and southern parts of England. They were scholars, men of character and ability, merchants, and professional men. They were a mighty power in England, and again there was a fusion of ideas, a mingling of blood and an awakening of mind through the Hollanders. Their ideas permeated the minds of all who were ready to receive them. Out of both of these, educated by Holland, came the early

settlers of America. Here was the cradle of the new republic.

The *Speedwell*, after starting on its voyage with the *Mayflower*, was found unseaworthy, and finally the strongest and bravest embarked on the *Mayflower* alone, one third at least of the passengers being boys and girls who had been born in Holland. It has been said that Plymouth during its early years was more like a Dutch than an English town. The confederation which was formed in Massachusetts in 1643 was patterned after that of Holland, and of these settlements, that containing the largest number was Dutch.

These early settlers were followed by many others. William Penn, whose mother was Dutch, had many converts in Holland, and hundreds of them followed him into the new land. Among them were some of the most learned men in America. The constitution of Pennsylvania was written by William Penn in Friesland, a part of Holland. From these people came the first protest against slavery.

The colony of Connecticut, though not one of the original Dutch colonies, was modeled by an Englishman, one of those who had taken refuge in Holland and there learned republican methods. Our later federal Constitution is said to resemble the constitution of this state more than that of any other.

Roger Williams, who was the guiding spirit of Rhode Island, was a Welshman, who had likewise learned his lessons in Holland. He was a Baptist, which was a sect that grew out of the Dutch Anabaptists, who were numerous in certain counties of England. They stood for the separation of church and



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THE INTERNATIONAL DELEGATES FROM THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA,
ON THE STEPS OF THE KNIGHT'S HALL AT THE HAGUE

On their way home from the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, Sweden, June 22-29, our Representatives were invited to render a musical program at the opening of the Twentieth World's Peace Congress at The Hague. Upon the close of the first days' session, August 20, they responded with several songs, one of them being *An Ode to Peace*, written for the Visingsö Peace Congress by Mr. Kenneth Morris, and set to music for this special occasion by Rex Dunn, the young conductor of the Râja Yoga Orchestra.

state. The Independents formed another sect holding the same beliefs, and out of this element, made up of Dutch and English, but founded on Dutch ideas, the colony of

Rhode Island was principally formed.

New York was almost entirely settled by the Dutch. They bought Manhattan Island, and it was in its beginning literally a part of the Dutch Republic. Here, as in every place where the Dutch authority reached, there was freedom of worship, absolute toleration in religion, and an upholding of the political principle that there must be representation where there is taxation. They had a governor, Peter Stuyvesant, who ignored these principles, and the people at once arose. They appealed to their home Republic, which reprimanded the governor, and officially announced that "All men own their own consciences." That was the metal of Holland—a little America in embryo. In addition to appealing to the old country, they made a veritable declaration of independence, and the governor was taught his true position.

New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, were known as New Nederlands, but Dutch settlers in fact spread in many of the Middle States. There was a unique feature in their ownership of land. They always *bought* it of the Indians and paid for it. It was one of their laws. Never did they by conquest take possession of the Indian's land. And they treated the Indian justly and fairly. It was probably owing to their peace compact or league of friendship with the powerful Iroquois at a critical time, that the settlement of the question of the use of the American continent for the white man was greatly helped. The great Flat in the Mohawk



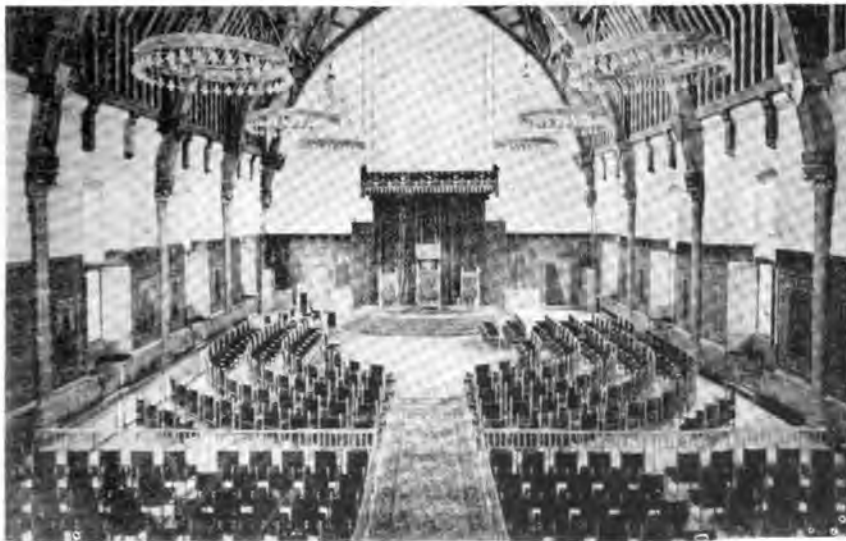
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THE HALL OF THE KNIGHTS, OPPOSITE THE BINNENHOF, AT THE HAGUE

Valley was bought by a young Dutchman, Arendt van Curler, and the whole region opened up under the broad principles of Dutch freedom. His treatment of the Iroquois—the terror of the other Indians—was so just and fair, that his fame spread among them and his name became a synonym for equity and honesty.

The prosperous Dutch colonies, which fought America's early battles against intolerance, which warded off the encroachments of the English Church as an established state religion, were not destined to continue in the new republic under the name of Holland. Other and deeper reasons seem to have called for English possession, but

we cannot fail to deplore the means by which this change was brought about. In 1664, suddenly, out of a clear peaceful sky, the British descended upon Manhattan Island and wrested from the Dutch the land they had honestly bought and were developing. The land along the Hudson, the Mohawk Valley, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, Long Island and Delaware then ceased to be New Nederland. Manhattan was changed to New York. But though many of the Dutch returned to the mother country and names were altered, the spirit of the Dutch remained with the new land. That was too vital to be extinguished, and it became one of the living factors in the heroic struggle of



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INTERIOR OF THE HALL OF THE KNIGHTS

1776. That they were still an organic part of the new land was shown by their enthusiastic sympathy when the Declaration of Independence was signed. Officers came over from Holland and enlisted in the Continental army. Dutch books were written in favor of the Union, which greatly affected public opinion. Holland was the first among Europeans to salute the United States flag, which was afterwards made one of the causes of war by Great Britain. They loaned the American government fourteen millions of dollars at a critical time just after their States-General had given it formal recognition. And with this went their active encouragement. There was popular rejoicing throughout the streets of Holland after American victories.

Their help, though enormous, was unselfish to an extent that no other was. They loved the American cause. It was the same as that for which they, a mere handful of fearless men, had defied Europe. In short, the factor of the Dutch in the American Republic is incalculable. They gave it the example of a republic with a written constitution. They gave it the example of their heroic lives. They were the teachers of its pioneers in science and the practical and fine arts; in thrift and industry. They helped it with money and lives, and they poured into the blood of its sons their qualities of strength, endurance, fortitude, patience, and courage, which were expressed in their sturdy, faithful lives.

The Winter Stars

DEAR Children: The eastern skies in the early evening during December and January will present a spectacle of quite unusual brilliancy; for, in addition to the splendid crowd of bright stars which always accompany the rising of the Pleiades, the planets Saturn and Mars will be shining in their midst, high up in the east.

Near the Pleiades, the ruddy Aldebaran (the Eye of the Bull, Taurus) and the fairly bright stars marking the tips of his horns, are conspicuous. Then come the Twins, Castor (a quadruple star) and Pollux; and, more to the north, the brilliant pale-yellow Capella, one of the most gigantic stars in the heavens, with several bright neighbors.

Towards the south we see the glorious giant Orion, with his belt composed of three bright stars, and his hanging sword in which is the most wonderful and mysterious nebula. Then come Sirius, the Dog-Star, the brightest of all the stars to us, though not the largest by any means, and a little north of it, Procyon, the brilliant star that rises just before Sirius—hence its name, procyon. Nearby there is another ruddy star of the first magnitude, Betelgeux; it marks the left shoulder of Orion as you look at him. This is one of the "variable stars" which brighten up at irregular intervals. Compare it with Aldebaran, a steady star of similar brightness and color. These two stars are easy for beginners to find as their color is so distinct. Watch them on

various nights and notice how the former varies in its light.

Nearly overhead there is another very interesting variable star, Algol, the "demon star," which winks its eye very rapidly. It requires only three days for the whole cycle of changes from the second magnitude down to the fourth and back again. This extraordinary phenomenon is now known to be caused by a very large and almost, though not quite, dark body, a kind of giant planet, passing in front of the bright central sun, and shutting off most of its light at regular intervals as the dark body travels round in its orbit. There are very few variable stars of this kind, for it is plainly impossible that we should be situated exactly in the line of sight across which many such companions pass in front of their central suns.

Saturn is well placed for observation just now, for the wonderful Ring is at its very widest and can easily be seen in small telescopes. In a few years it will be turned edgeways to us and we shall not be able to see it except in the very largest instruments.

Mars will be fairly near to us in January, and many astronomers will be busy studying its mysterious "canals" and trying to solve their riddle. The contrast between the colors of ruddy Mars, which is about the same color as Aldebaran and Betelgeux, and the dull white Saturn, can be well seen by the naked eye. In the telescope Saturn is not at all dull, but is shaded with bands of the most delicate colors, sometimes even with very bright ones in certain places, such as the poles, which are occasionally of a bright blue.

Affectionately yours, UNCLE SOL

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