

# ***REINCARNATION***

VOL. V. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1920 No. 11

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## *PALMA NON SINE PULVERE*

Our enjoyment of life and our helpfulness are frequently modified when we recall that the whole scheme of things is proceeding from imperfection to perfection, from perfection to perfection.

In the very moment of acquisition after most strenuous effort we find that our spoils are touched with imperfection; our deeds, our victories are lacking in satisfaction.

The man who knows something of the law of progress accepts the perfection of the day; he sees, analyses and utilizes the experience and quickly puts it back into memory's store-house. He refuses to be balked of his satisfaction in the step taken, but rather rejoices that so much has been gained. He knows that in future the deed will be repeated and the result will be more nearly to his liking.

Our solar system is young. Our world must undergo yet other incarnations. Her hosts of inhabitants must live over and over again and, treading the same path repeatedly, must overcome its difficulties until it all satisfies the requirement of the Supreme Builder of the Universe.

The very symbol of victory is begrimed with the dust of the race-track. Our dearest achievements must be viewed under a glamour of joy or of satisfaction lest we see their incompleteness. Clio must make use of illusion in full measure to give full dignity to history; she must paint heavily her shadows of the ages of darkness and human suffering and must exaggerate the glories and the achievements of periods of progress.

The mounting of humanity from hill to hill of development and attainment marks the progress of Man from his dawn of consciousness to the fulness of his godhead. From the age of bow and arrow to the age of the arquebus, from the invention of printing to the swift distribution of news by telegraph and telephone, in what rejoicings has not man indulged! And in the light of the latest stage of civilization how puny seem the earlier victories and glories, how stained their badges of honor.

To-day many of our ideals for progress have been shattered, many fond dreams unrealized. Yet the glory of our progress remains, though dimmed. Our effort for idealism has been added to the great body of causes and the recurrences of events will have greater success, greater glory and ever less of the dust of the way!

W. V-H.

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W. V-H.



*LABOR DEMANDS AND DESERTS*

Truly, the world seems to have gone strike-crazy! A glance over the first page of any daily newspaper clearly shows that the unrest of the labor groups is in a state of boiling over. Wealth is unstable; industry is paralysed and shaking to its very base; and many radicals are viewing these years as the great opportunity for the laboring classes to "demand" their "rights" and permanently to obtain them.

What will be the outcome of it all? Will the radicals control the governments of the world? Will a new millenium for labor be established?

Evidently it takes more than a man of worldly optimism to look the great world problems fairly and squarely in the eye without faltering. The world seems to be rapidly driving on to ruin and destruction, at least to a superficial observer. Law and order seem to be disregarded and shorn of respect and power.

But the principles of karma and reincarnation once more give men a deeper insight into the hidden causes that must be reckoned with, sooner or later. Let them be discovered, studied and recognised. Their knowledge will bring remedies.

The world has been through a series of terrible events. Great nations have exerted their utmost energies to overcome enemy nations. Nearly all the governments have ruled by force. Nearly every country in the war has had men or groups of men with almost dictatorial powers. They have used them to crush opposition, in order to be more free to work to win the war.

But the actual fighting is over, or nearly so.

The enormous tensions of government restraint have been slackened. The great masses of people who have borne the burden unwillingly are now free to assert themselves and voice their demands. And so well organised are the groups of labor that they have practically been able to terrorise all conflicting forces into silence and submission. Demands for wage increases have been in many cases utterly extravagant, beyond reason, and yet the labor unions have won their demands, either wholly or in large measure.

The various large nations are crushed by their loads of war debts, yet we see labor making demands which mean a continuous increase of the national debts in order to provide the money with which to pay, directly or indirectly, the enormous increases of wages of labor, in many cases belonging strictly to the unskilled class. It seems as if the governments were not strong enough to resist the pressure which is applied to them.

However, the situation has within itself its own remedy, even though it may in many cases prove more deplorable than the disease. The fundamental facts are: 1) the labor groups have nowhere earned the right to tyrannise over all the people, although they may have the right to exploit the employers who formerly exploited them; 2) the labor groups which would domineer over the various governments and secure class legislation have not the ability to rule; 3) the demands of labor unions are out of all reasonable proportion to their deserts, frequently, hence they can not be permanently obtained; 4) the excesses on the part of radical elements who make use of unlawful means and violence, will quickly react



upon them and largely destroy their powers to work harm in the world.

On the whole it would seem as if the labor elements had come into possession, by karmic reaction and right, of considerable powers to turn the tables on their employers. If only they could make use of those powers in wise ways, they would be able to secure great results of far-reaching and permanent benefit. But with the unbalanced conditions now prevailing, who is there who would be willing to say that this wisdom was in possession of laborists and radicals, or even by their leaders? And one might well say that this very lack of wisdom may lead to grave consequences and deplore its existence.

On the other hand the conservative people may well allow the radicals to have their "day" and their "place in the sun." No doubt they will take more than their share of advantage, and the various countries may perhaps have to undergo suffering greater than any during the world war. But, if such should happen, every believer in the law of universal justice will expect swift reacting blows to return upon the heads of those responsible for unjust tightenings of the pincers designed to force payment of unreasonable wages. And in this process, in which the great innocent public will inevitably suffer hardships, the un wisdom of the extreme radicals will be hammered out and shaped into wisdom.

It seems as if these times are particularly the times of the men of balance, of the men who can appreciate the other man's point of view and his lawful interests. All men of sanity and sense should exert their influence to restrain the extreme



radicals among the labor groups from exercising the full use of their temporary powers in enforcing demands which are manifestly unreasonable and unjust.

Perhaps there may even be some radicals with sufficient vision to see that not only laborers but the whole world is in trouble, that what is sorely needed to restore happy conditions is not strikes and short hours of work but willing co-operation with all interests rightfully involved and increased productivity in order to make good the wealth so ruthlessly destroyed by the tremendous world machinery of war in the last six years.

What a wonderful period the present years are for humanity to learn its next great lessons,—the principles of confraternity and of co-operation in the spirit of service! May we not hope that more of the great captains of industry will try to meet their employees at least half way and give them work for fair wages and under reasonable working conditions? And will not the labor leaders see that they can not afford to kill the goose to-day that laid the golden egg, for the sake of the next day's egg, as yet unlaidd? It is very, very clear that the welfare of the employer and the welfare of his employees are mutually dependent,—neither can continue in the work of production, so necessary for the welfare of the great general public, unless the other co-operates. Will not even the masses of laboring men finally learn the lesson of giving their employers a friendly consideration and a reasonably square deal?

We hope so. And while we hope, we wait.

C. S.

*OUR LOVE OF NATURE*

Man's love of his fellows springs from an origin so obvious, so material in our consanguinity of bodies that no argument or demonstration is needed. It is a contradiction of fact that hatred ever arises among men.

But our love for Nature may justly be made the object of inquiry. For we do love Her,—sweet, holy Nature, as the German poet calls Her. Not until we catch a glimpse of the facts do we understand why we love the soft grass, the gently flowing brook, the tender, loving summer breeze or the dreamy, lofty clouds that seem to be the homes of sacred angels.

It is really more than that our bodies have origin in the matter of the earth and air and water that gives us kinship with Her. It is that God has fashioned all the material side of our being out of the substances of which objective Nature is built. Even our finer and usually unseen bodies are composed of matter that has fraternal relationship with that in which those bodies exist. All matter of our solar system exists because Our God perpetually breathes and sends His heart-pulsations through it.

But in another sense we recognize with instinctive affection our nearness to Nature. For just as all the animals and birds, in varying degrees, may be brought to feel regard for us so that we may know they are our lesser brothers, so the vegetation everywhere may be felt to be alive, the older and more developed forms may be found by sensitive observers to have something of individuality and to make response to our



advances of attention, ministration and good will. Sensitive people sometimes recognize especial friendships for great trees and clairvoyants tell us that the higher bodies of old and strongly individualized trees can be seen to change form and to move in response to the joy of contact with men.

Yet these reasons for our love of Nature and for our joyful satisfaction in communing with Her are as nothing compared with the fact that Her visible forms are associated with multitudes of invisible beings that constitute another set of inhabitants of the world co-existent with ourselves.

The brutal association with Nature does not develop deep-seated ties of affection between us and Her. Love of Nature means finer feelings, means development of the refined phases of our being. Looking at a tree from the point of view of the lumber that may be cut from it kills for the moment the sentiment of affection. We need an approach to the heart that is not sordid.

Fortunately beauty supplies the avenue in most cases. For the outlines of trees and mounds and shrubs and grasses are almost always picturesque at least and it is a perpetual joy to see the art with which Nature drapes herself. How trees tend to grow in clumps, copses, woods and forests and, then, how their minor relatives, the shrubs, that need protection and association spring up between them if rocks or water basins will but hold off the greedy trees a little from the light and air so that a bush may get breath and sunshine! And these associations make beauteous verdure and charming outline. You can scarcely find a thorn-apple tree that does not present a



graceful outline to the sky or give a satisfying note of rich green to the landscape. And the dwarfish, scraggy pines of Japan, singly or even in the small groups make Japs long for colors and the queer brushes that they need to record their grace, perhaps with Fuji San lifting in the background!

Beauty leads to longing for union, at-one-ment, love. And it is difficult to view open Nature without finding beauty everywhere. The Nature lover must ask why he loves the beloved and that leads to analysis and inquiry.

The difference between a painted landscape and the actuality is in the fact that the latter is living. It is full of the pulsating, changing life of the Supreme Sustainer. But it is much more than that—for we are told by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater that each landscape has its own unity and being, that it has a sort of separated life in the midst of the great unity of life. A nature-spirit or deva may preside over this phase of individual or segregate life, constantly informing it with a certain spirit or meaning. Yet it would seem that, even without this presiding entity, the life of the landscape is assured and maintained. We suppose that the life of these divisions of Nature constituting such units varies in intensity and clearness of character. There are many landscapes of great age and of striking beauty that have been visited and studied by men for ages. These must be the seats of devas of advanced evolution, intelligent and potent, living in and heightening the vibrant beauty with the powers to charm and to intensify the beauty into which the world is ever growing more potently.

What a happy duty that we owe to Nature in entering into Her life with affection and enthusiasm! Each of us for his own land may serve in this way. The lakes, the hills, the rivers and the encircling sea of England; the broad lands, the mountains and the smiling flowers of France; the sublimities of Switzerland; Italy's rugged heights, her valleys, plains and the wine-red sea; America's expanse, her mighty rivers, her inland seas of sweetest purity, her many mighty mountain ranges and her exquisite freshness from the fashioning hand of God; and India embraced by Oceans and roofed by the Himalayas, speaking at once of hoary antiquity and vivid, living action—all these we may and should study in the love of Nature! We may join with the mighty and all-wise powers that are sustaining Nature now and are moulding and vivifying Her for the ever more splendid glories of the future!

W. V-H.



## KARMA'S QUESTIONINGS

There is a little poem by Tennyson that is often overlooked, which contains in beautiful lines that eternal questioning of a humanity that has no explanation for the mass of unrelated facts that surround it on every side:

## THE HOW AND THE WHY

I am any man's suitor,  
If any will be my tutor:  
Some say this life is pleasant,  
Some think it speedeth fast,  
In time there is no present,  
In eternity no future,  
In eternity no past.  
We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,  
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

The bulrush nods unto its brother,  
The wheat-ears whisper to each other:  
What is it they say? what do they there?  
Why two and two make four? why round is not square?  
Why the rock stands still, and the light clouds fly?  
Why the heavy oak groans, and the white willows sigh?  
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?  
Whether we wake or whether we sleep?  
Whether we sleep, or whether we die?  
How you are you? why I am I?  
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

The world is somewhat; it goes on somehow:  
But what is the meaning of *then* and *now*?  
I feel there is something; but how and what?  
I know there is somewhat: but what and why?  
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.

The little bird pipeth —“why? why?”  
In the summer woods when the sun falls low.  
And the great bird sits on the opposite bough  
And stares in his face and shouts “how? how?”



And the black owl scuds down the mellow twilight,  
And chants "how? how?" the whole of the night.

Why the life goes out when the blood is spilt?  
What the life is? where the soul may lie?

\* \* \* \* \*

Who will riddle me the how and the what?  
Who will riddle me the what and the why?

*Alfred Tennyson.*

And so the world questions, vainly, and learns day by day from life itself, slowly and oftentimes painfully, incarnation after incarnation. We live as we do to-day because we lived yesterday and the day before; and as we live to-day we shall lay out our plans for to-morrow. With an understanding of the law of karma, many of life's questions are answered; there is a glorious, comprehensible whole, into which we drop in place, each with the confidence of a child in its father's arms, and with the knowledge of a student in life's school.

*Edith C. Gray.*



*WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF HUMAN LIFE?*

In the *New York American* of August 10th, 1920, there was published an article by Edgar Lucien Larkin, the director of Mt. Lowe Observatory, in which, after showing that the human life we have on earth could not exist on other planets in our solar system, except possibly to a limited extent on Venus and Mars, he makes the following statement:

"A question always coming with regularity is: 'What is the purpose of human existence?' This cannot be answered by physical science. Thus for a human to secure an idea of the laws of Nature already discovered up to 1920 a lifetime nearly is required to be expended in severe mental toil. Knowledge and old age come on apace, joined hand in hand. Thus it is an inscrutable mystery why the masters of the human race, such as Newcomb, Pickering, Poincaré, and, lastly, beloved Brashear, should die. Years of arduous toil were passed in ransacking the majestic laws, so they could see the universe as it is, not 'through a glass darkly.' Then when they saw the truth of cosmos for a few years, they expired."

Mr. Larkin evidently does not believe in reincarnation or he would not be so pessimistic. Matter can not be destroyed. Nothing can be lost. Mr. Larkin knows that and so do all scientists, but they do not go so far as to include Knowledge in their category of indestructibles, that is to say, Knowledge as the personal possession of an individual.

Great thinkers have proved that everything that is, is matter, substance of some kind, be it crass



or ever so intangible and tenuous, and all of it is indestructible, the human ego included.

The knowledge accumulated by the ego in repeated incarnations marks its state in evolution, and all that knowledge remains potentially in the ego forever and can never be destroyed or lost. The ego is substance; its acquired knowledge determines the state, quality or refinement of that substance; hence that knowledge must be considered as indestructible as the substance of which it is an inseparable part.

Thus the ego released at the death of a great scientist carries over potentially all the knowledge it has absorbed, and which knowledge it will use again in its next incarnation as a starting point for its higher evolution. Nature thus furnishes proof that the purpose of human existence is to provide carnate experiences that will enable the soul to evolve, and eventually to produce the highest and best.

*William W. Weitling.*

This earth is not the steadfast place  
We landsmen build upon;  
From deep to deep she varies pace,  
And while she comes is gone.  
Beneath my feet I feel  
Her smooth hulk heave and dip;  
With velvet plunge and soft upreel  
She swings and steadies to her keel,  
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

*William Vaughan Moody, in "World Ship."*



*PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE*

How few of us ever ponder on the real meaning of compassion or think what a force could be generated for the helping of the world by its full understanding and practice!

The majority of us are so engrossed in our own affairs that we fail to realise the great work standing to our hand and our own part in the great helping. We wish that the world were better and as usual leave it to the mystical "they" to work miracles. Compassion is one of the highest forms of love: there are many grades, but the word love is used indiscriminately for the highest and the lowest form; thus making it more of a theory than a practical thing. If we practised compassion by "putting ourselves in another's place" we should be gaining much understanding. Love in its true sense is certainly the summum bonum of all things and is the attribute of God. We are all gods in the making and some day we, too, shall have all love because we shall have attained wisdom, but in our present work-a-day condition, as one might term it, compassion seems the more definite rendering of the love we strive for.

When we contemplate the compassion of a Christ we are at once lifted to the greatest conception of love: a practical love, an understandable love, a love that forbids none and accepts all, in its sublime graciousness.

In looking into the Christ-eyes we wholly forget ourselves and our imperfections and we are filled with His pity, His sympathy, His strength, His perfection; all else vanishes but the desire to be

one with Him. We see in His face no thought or repulsion or condemnation but only a great and glorious radiance of love and compassion and understanding. Yes, an understanding that knows well our frailties, our difficulties, our strivings and failings, accepting them all as the efforts of little children growing slowly to be men. And so He lovingly seems to say, "Never mind, dear child of mine, strive on. Some day you will attain the goal you strive for and will learn love and compassion, but you must practise it to enable you to learn. Look into my eyes that you may be imbued with my nature and thus carry it to the world. Sow my compassion in the hearts of your brothers by your kindly deeds and thoughts and then you will learn to the fullest the meaning of my love."

How many of us sow compassion? Alas, much more often criticism and condemnation, giving no thought to circumstances and conditions of which we have no knowledge!

To "put yourself in his place" is not easy unless one keeps many things in mind. We must remember the compassion that is ever bestowed upon our own failings; that our brother may be but a younger one of the great family and have even less knowledge than we have. On some points he may know more, on others less than we. Then his temperament may lead him to a path unattractive to us, but, after all, "All roads lead to God;" so let us go with him part of the way and find some of the beauties he has seen. Also, he may be striving with difficulties wholly unknown to us and perhaps overcome them better than we could in his place. Anyway, if we have our lamp well lit, let us lift it higher that he may get its



rays; a greater light must show the path clearer.

Thus the first step to learn the "fullest meaning of my love" is the understanding of our brother by putting ourselves in his place. We have not the faculty of the Christ to see into the hearts of men but we can gain much insight by being ever in this attitude of compassionate understanding. Let our brother see in our eyes some glimpse of what we have seen in the Christ-eyes, so that we may enter his heart and bring him joy.

The cold east wind makes a man draw his cloak around him tightly but the warm radiant sun makes him throw off his garments that he may receive the warmth more fully.

If the world were full of compassion, what a change! How impossible wars and such things would be and how glorious life would become! It lies with each of us to bring it about and to help God's plan by working with harmony and with joy and killing in ourselves all that hinders, working ever with love and compassion.

Each of us has had thoughts and experiences during the summer vacation while resting from the turmoil and strain of our work. The change of environment and contact with different people has taught us many things and also given us a chance of service. One I contacted, unconsciously taught me much. She was a hardworking, simple woman; you would pass her by in the street most likely, unless you caught the sunshine in her face. Her "fame" lies simply in "being," there is no teaching or preaching about her; she just lives in the beauty of her faith. Always full of love and joy, turning every passing friction into happiness by some diverting remark. Not one word does

any one hear from her of criticism or judgment on others. It would indeed be hard for any gossip to make headway with her: her very love and happiness acts as an insurmountable barrier and the gossip falls flat. To describe her influence justly is impossible, but to feel it, is never to forget it. She has learned in a hard school and has attained great heights. Her memory will shine like a star in my mind as long as I live and I trust the lesson will never be forgotten.

*Edith M. Green.*



### *I CAME; I GO*

Out from the deeps I sprang; on through God's  
glory I go!

Doubts of the past do not harry; nor fears for  
the future I know.

The Rock of Ages above towers in o'ershadow-  
ing might;

The wings of Zeus-pater fend all terrors of  
the night.

As in lives of the past, so in future I shall  
walk, ever in His light!

*Iatros.*



## CAUSES OF SPECIAL KARMIC DIFFICULTY

Those who recognise the fact that the misfortunes of life, like the happy occurrences of our existence, are due to our own previous deeds acting as causes are prone to inquire as to the specific nature of the causes producing special results that they have observed. They are likely to argue from analogy that special evil deeds produce specific effects and that one may expect that special misfortunes are due to erroneous previous acts of determinate character.

No student of the subject has ever been able to investigate so definitely and so positively this important matter as Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, who, in *Theosophy in Australasia*, answers definitely an inquiry in regard to this general subject:

“The thing that impresses one is the flexibility of karma; you may think you have evaded it successfully in one direction, but it gets you in another. The thing which gives us the most profound respect for it is its remarkable flexibility. I do not think that there is any action which leads to any specific disease. I think that if a certain amount of suffering is coming to a man through illness, a smallpox germ will do as well as a cholera germ. Karma is most remarkably adaptable; the main point is that it is remarkably successful also.”

W. V-H.

*THE GREAT TRUTH*

From an editorial in the *New York American*, December 7th, 1919, illustrated by McCay with the picture of an elephant and six blind men, each feeling a different part of the animal's body, I quote the following:

"Mr. McCay's picture tells you the old Indian legend of six wise blind men and the elephant. You see them trying to understand what it is that they feel with their hands but cannot see.

It is a wall to the man who leans against the elephant's side, a spear to the man who seizes his tusk, a rope to the man holding the tail, and a snake to the man that holds the writhing trunk. The man who seizes the ear thinks it a fan, or a palm leaf, while the man having hold of the heavy front leg has no doubt that his hands feel the rough bark of a tree.

"There are about fourteen hundred million human beings on this earth, all blind when it comes to great truths, all knowing they are blind, but nearly all convinced that they are right in their judgments. The six men studying this elephant are blind. They know that they are blind; none the less each believes that his idea is right. Not one of the six could possibly tell what the big thing really is, for it takes sight to see and understand an elephant. Not one of us little creatures on earth can really know or faintly guess the great truth that surrounds and governs us. It takes intellectual sight to see cosmic truth, and we haven't that kind of sight."

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one with Him. We see in His face no thought or repulsion or condemnation but only a great and glorious radiance of love and compassion and understanding. Yes, an understanding that knows well our frailties, our difficulties, our strivings and failings, accepting them all as the efforts of little children growing slowly to be men. And so He lovingly seems to say, "Never mind, dear child of mine, strive on. Some day you will attain the goal you strive for and will learn love and compassion, but you must practise it to enable you to learn. Look into my eyes that you may be imbued with my nature and thus carry it to the world. Sow my compassion in the hearts of your brothers by your kindly deeds and thoughts and then you will learn to the fullest the meaning of my love."

How many of us sow compassion? Alas, much more often criticism and condemnation, giving no thought to circumstances and conditions of which we have no knowledge!

To "put yourself in his place" is not easy unless one keeps many things in mind. We must remember the compassion that is ever bestowed upon our own failings; that our brother may be but a younger one of the great family and have even less knowledge than we have. On some points he may know more, on others less than we. Then his temperament may lead him to a path unattractive to us, but, after all, "All roads lead to God;" so let us go with him part of the way and find some of the beauties he has seen. Also, he may be striving with difficulties wholly unknown to us and perhaps overcome them better than we could in his place. Anyway, if we have our lamp well lit, let us lift it higher that he may get its



rays; a greater light must show the path clearer.

Thus the first step to learn the "fullest meaning of my love" is the understanding of our brother by putting ourselves in his place. We have not the faculty of the Christ to see into the hearts of men but we can gain much insight by being ever in this attitude of compassionate understanding. Let our brother see in our eyes some glimpse of what we have seen in the Christ-eyes, so that we may enter his heart and bring him joy.

The cold east wind makes a man draw his cloak around him tightly but the warm radiant sun makes him throw off his garments that he may receive the warmth more fully.

If the world were full of compassion, what a change! How impossible wars and such things would be and how glorious life would become! It lies with each of us to bring it about and to help God's plan by working with harmony and with joy and killing in ourselves all that hinders, working ever with love and compassion.

Each of us has had thoughts and experiences during the summer vacation while resting from the turmoil and strain of our work. The change of environment and contact with different people has taught us many things and also given us a chance of service. One I contacted, unconsciously taught me much. She was a hardworking, simple woman; you would pass her by in the street most likely, unless you caught the sunshine in her face. Her "fame" lies simply in "being," there is no teaching or preaching about her; she just lives in the beauty of her faith. Always full of love and joy, turning every passing friction into happiness by some diverting remark. Not one word does

any one hear from her of criticism or judgment on others. It would indeed be hard for any gossip to make headway with her: her very love and happiness acts as an insurmountable barrier and the gossip falls flat. To describe her influence justly is impossible, but to feel it, is never to forget it. She has learned in a hard school and has attained great heights. Her memory will shine like a star in my mind as long as I live and I trust the lesson will never be forgotten.

*Edith M. Green.*



### *I CAME; I GO*

Out from the deeps I sprang; on through God's  
glory I go!

Doubts of the past do not harry; nor fears for  
the future I know.

The Rock of Ages above towers in o'ershadow-  
ing might;

The wings of Zeus-pater fend all terrors of  
the night.

As in lives of the past, so in future I shall  
walk, ever in His light!

*Iatros.*



## CAUSES OF SPECIAL KARMIC DIFFICULTY

Those who recognise the fact that the misfortunes of life, like the happy occurrences of our existence, are due to our own previous deeds acting as causes are prone to inquire as to the specific nature of the causes producing special results that they have observed. They are likely to argue from analogy that special evil deeds produce specific effects and that one may expect that special misfortunes are due to erroneous previous acts of determinate character.

No student of the subject has ever been able to investigate so definitely and so positively this important matter as Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, who, in *Theosophy in Australasia*, answers definitely an inquiry in regard to this general subject:

“The thing that impresses one is the flexibility of karma; you may think you have evaded it successfully in one direction, but it gets you in another. The thing which gives us the most profound respect for it is its remarkable flexibility. I do not think that there is any action which leads to any specific disease. I think that if a certain amount of suffering is coming to a man through illness, a smallpox germ will do as well as a cholera germ. Karma is most remarkably adaptable; the main point is that it is remarkably successful also.”

W. V.-H.

*THE GREAT TRUTH*

From an editorial in the *New York American*, December 7th, 1919, illustrated by McCay with the picture of an elephant and six blind men, each feeling a different part of the animal's body, I quote the following:

"Mr. McCay's picture tells you the old Indian legend of six wise blind men and the elephant. You see them trying to understand what it is that they feel with their hands but cannot see.

It is a wall to the man who leans against the elephant's side, a spear to the man who seizes his tusk, a rope to the man holding the tail, and a snake to the man that holds the writhing trunk. The man who seizes the ear thinks it a fan, or a palm leaf, while the man having hold of the heavy front leg has no doubt that his hands feel the rough bark of a tree.

"There are about fourteen hundred million human beings on this earth, all blind when it comes to great truths, all knowing they are blind, but nearly all convinced that they are right in their judgments. The six men studying this elephant are blind. They know that they are blind; none the less each believes that his idea is right. Not one of the six could possibly tell what the big thing really is, for it takes sight to see and understand an elephant. Not one of us little creatures on earth can really know or faintly guess the great truth that surrounds and governs us. It takes intellectual sight to see cosmic truth, and we haven't that kind of sight."

"It takes intellectual sight to see cosmic truth, and we haven't that kind of sight." Is that strict-



ly true? Not for those who have broken the shackles of the false teaching that the universe is a creation, with which men are started out in each new incarnation, for these have more than a glimmering of the great truth of the universe. But it is true that none of the great majority who are still handicapped by the belief that the universe had a beginning, "can really know or guess the great truth."

Break your shackles, brothers; into the discard with "In the beginning," and when you then seriously study the universe in the light of the knowledge that it has always existed and always will continue to exist, you will begin to see cosmic truth, and especially the great truth that man, like the rest of the universe, has also always existed and always will, and that by *man* is meant *the soul*, which never loses its identity though manifesting on earth in different human bodies, and under different names, in repeated incarnations. Remember always that *you are a soul* and have a body, and not that you are a body having a soul.

William W. Weitling.



*SING, LITTLE BIRD!*

Sing, little bird!

Your nest is gone, your babes have flown,  
The winds have blown,  
Wind-swept you cling to the branch alone,—  
Sing, little bird!

Fly, little bird!

Your wing is wounded, your breast is torn,  
Alone, forlorn,  
You cling to the branch where love was born,—  
Fly, little bird!

Nest, little bird!

Your mate has passed to the great bird-sky  
To nest on high;  
But nest you here with never a sigh,—  
Nest, little bird!

Faith, little bird!

The skies are blue, and the sun is bright,  
For in God's sight  
You live in a realm of perpetual light,—  
Faith, little bird!

Hope, little bird!

Your wing will heal, and the winds will cease,  
And flowers increase,  
And your throbbing heart will find a peace,—  
Hope, little bird!

Love, little bird!

For God is Love, and the skies are blue,  
And Love is true,  
And love is part of your being, too!  
Love, little bird!

*Edith C. Gray.*



*BUILDING OUR FUTURE*

Our actions not only affect us in this present life but have their influence all along, throughout the endless future. Even if the karma of the action has been balanced, there remains the lasting result of the experience.

To the well informed student of karma and reincarnation no event can be regarded as trivial. From any action there flows a series of consequences which lead on to greater and greater results in the future, until the magnitude and importance of the condition reached in a future age is quite out of proportion to the original action. Not only do living beings grow, but their karma grows in meaning and in magnitude even though the particular parts of karma have long been worked out and balanced. Time is a vast flow of living creatures and events, with ever increasing volume. One might regard an event to have a life and growth very much as living beings have. It has its growth and evolution.

As we work with actions and react to the happenings that come to us, we influence our future to a very wonderful degree. For a time there may be very little of result, but as the years and centuries and earth-lives of man roll by, everything connected with him, as well as the man himself, grows and continues to grow without limit. The law of growth applies to all things in the universe, for all things have life.

Whatever man does, whatever thoughts he entertains or produces, whatever feelings he has,—all have their share in his future and all contribute to the development of the perfected man.

Whatever is small and trivial now, in the course of time will grow to exceed any conceivable magnitude. It is like a small amount of money invested and drawing compound interest for hundreds of years: in the course of time it will become enormous in magnitude and finally exceed the total wealth of the world.

The ordinary man of the world regards actions and things as worthy of notice only in so far as they affect the personal interests of his present life. But the man who tries to guide his conduct of life and of the series of his lives learns at some time that realities must be regarded as being important and valuable in themselves, and not because they have interest for his personality. He recognises that he is to grow until he has the power to work with all the qualities in the universe, and to make many of them his own, by building them into his permanent character. He must, in a real sense, become one with the thing in order to show forth its characteristic qualities in himself.

It is here that the utmost discrimination is needed. The man must carefully select those materials which he wishes to make his own. He must also decide which ones he wants right away, and which ones may be left till later. He must determine how intensely he will strive to build these qualities in their proper order into his own inner nature. While he will be aided as well as opposed in this work which requires ages to accomplish, the fact remains that he himself must begin, and continue and conclude it.

Everything we do has its effect on our future. In a certain way it becomes a part of us. As we



go along the pathway of life we constantly choose what things we make our own, just as the builder selects the material with which to build his structure. Thus we should endeavor to build in our imagination the ideal which we hold over ourselves and into which we hope to grow. There need be no diffidence in making this ideal very lofty and seemingly unattainable, for we have all the time necessary to reach it. On the other hand we may make for ourselves a secondary ideal, one which may under favorable circumstances be attained in our present life on earth. Then these minor ideals of the series of incarnations will lead us on step by step toward the more remote and glorious goal.

To find and understand the proper working balance between idealism and realism is a wonderful thing: this knowledge is the great science of life, right knowledge. To practise maintaining this balance is the great art of life, right living. The things that the world calls real have but a minor and temporary reality, but they are real for the time, and to deny them is not wise or true or desirable. But the things which the world regards as unreal are, many of them, of major and eternal reality, and to find and understand them and learn to live in the real things makes up man's important life-work. He builds himself as he grows in the power to live in the real things and to hold them in his consciousness.

Besides the actual growing, man should make preparation for growth. In imagination let him build the future and then realise it in fact.

C. S.

## SHAMBALLA

Shamballa, an Isle of dreams, perchance "As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean."

No! Shamballa, Shamballa! Cycles and cycles within cycles of time that make up a Day of Brahma pass. One day of God is millions of years to us mortals. Through the ages Shamballa exists, the Sacred Island in the Gobi Desert where waves of sand billow and swirl and sink to quiet at its hallowed edges.

Before Lemuria was, the towers of Shamballa shone in the midst of the Gobi Sea whose blue waves kissed the hem of the wonderful, the beautiful Island. Stately trees, lovely flowers, graceful temples and palaces of rarest workmanship were there for Those who lived and wrought for man, for the Blesséd Ones who came to serve us.

Atlantis rose, sinned and sank beneath the waves; but the soil trod only by the merciful and mighty in truth and purity remained. America will reach her zenith, decay, die, while the Sacred Island in the East will live, imperishable.

Here came, ages ago, the four Kumaras, the immortal youths whom time cannot touch. The highest order in the occult Hierarchy are They who help on the evolution of humanity. They brought us the Divine Flame, Mind, whereby the thing on all fours *stood* and was man. They bridged for us the physical and the spiritual nature of Earth's children. What greater debt can man owe than that to the Lords of the Flame, the Sons of Fire who gave Divine Fire to us, "making us as one of them" in potential knowledge.



The heart of the Earth beats under the foot of sacred Shamballa, whence flows the electromagnetic current through her arteries, purified in that wondrous spot again to vivify her great body. Here lies concealed the life and heart of all that lives and breathes.

From Shamballa will come forth the Kalki Avatara when the manifested Deity will descend on Earth once more and to our eyes become man—and yet remain God. He whose life is in everything, He who sustains, He who is the foundation of the universe will come forth from “the City of the Gods,” truly a birth of a divine child bringing to earth the Golden Age of Purity.

“Bread of the world in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul in mercy shed.  
By whom the words of life were spoken  
And in whose (life) our sins are dead.

He looks on the hearts by sorrow broken  
He looks on the tears by sinners shed,  
And His feast is to us the token  
That by His grace our souls are fed.”

With those who have made the Great Sacrifice, we who are not worthy to pick up the crumbs because of our mistakes and failures are invited to make ourselves clean and enter in and sit at the table. *We* are asked to partake of the Feast that will make us as *They*,—Gods.

Where do we go? Into the Great Silence until we can hear; into the primeval light which is darkness until we can see; out of the illusive into the real near where God dwells; out of the discord of earth into the music of Heaven.

The price They paid is the price we must pay—the Cross. The reward is a crown of immortal glory set in the Heavens, it is to be a note in the chord whose vibrations hold the suns and worlds steady in interstellar space.

As long as the sons of the world have woes so long will They who are perfect wait and work for falling, struggling humanity—They the Blessed Ones at Shamballa.

And we who just have strayed away,  
Shall all go back some day, some day,  
To Those who wait at Heaven's gate  
At Shamballa, at Shamballa.

*Alice L. Strong.*

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

35) What is the occult significance of the fact that genius rarely gives birth to genius? Why, conversely, do average parents often produce children of genius? One would think that the karmic links made by genius would demand parents of a higher quality.

The karma of genius is of a higher order than physical heredity and the usual karma of personalities. It depends rather on the ego's intense specialisation of talent, and its links are rather with friends and teachers than with parents. Ordinary parents sometimes have children of genius because of karmic ties of love and affection.

36) From the point of view of reincarnation what determines the sex of the physical body chosen?

Mr. Leadbeater has found that there is usually a series of incarnations in one sex, alternating with a series in the other sex. It is to be expected that the karma of the ego is the most important factor in determining the sex of the earth-life. Special cases may sometimes arise where the karma made by the personality demands an incarnation in one sex, because the ego must experience reactions similar to his former actions.



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*THE DIGNITY OF LABOR*

The labor question is an old, old problem and the world is still waiting for its solution. Present-day writers, for the most part, are still seeking out the complex conditions with which the question teems. Some are beginning to tell us what will not solve the problem. Says Mr. J. E. Ried, in the latest *Bibby's Annual*: "The solution will never be found in the atmosphere of unreason, strife, and ill-will, and the sooner this fact is recognised the better will it be for the whole of humanity."

Tradition tells of a time when kings ruled by divine right and subjects were happy in Their service, giving joyously of their labor, if but to serve the King! So far have we journeyed from this Utopia that to-day we look out upon a world of turmoil and strife, and a new order of things. But since the new is only new in form, freshly shaped to meet the needs of larger growth, may we not be pardoned for turning our eyes again to that old tradition, believing that its picture of service—dignified, true, noble in its strength and daring—still has a message for the present?

Let us call to mind the boy, the youthful Gareth, who longed to serve the King. His mother—material nature—threw about him all things that hold and satisfy the lower wants of man. But his soul cried out, "Oh mother, how can you keep me tethered to you—shame! Man am I grown, a man's work must I do. Follow the deer? Follow the Christ, the King, live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King. Else wherefore born?"

This cry for a man's work is innate in every normal youth. With some it lasts but for a day, is easily silenced, and the boy reverts to his happy-go-lucky habits. But there are those of princely lineage who are intent on being allowed to have their share in the world's work. Gareth is of this noble strain. He has not yet won release from his lower bondage, however; for, if the prospects of material ease and pleasure were not sufficient to win him from his purpose, the mother would arouse his doubts of the King himself: "Is this Arthur, the real King?"

At last he gained consent to go, under these hard conditions: he should lay aside his princely robes and go disguised to Arthur's hall. "He should serve as scullion among the kitchen-knaves a twelve-month and a day, nor breathe his name to anyone, ere he sought the King for knighthood."

Hearing this hard sentence Gareth was silent for awhile, and then the princely answer came: "The thrall in person may be free in soul." (Unless labor grasps this noble truth its way is hard and long, a veritable bondage.)

We know the story of his going, of his trials. Gareth "underwent the sooty yoke of kitchen-vassalage; was hustled and harried beyond his comrades and set to turn the broach, draw water, or hew wood, or grosser tasks. However, he bowed himself with all obedience to the King, and wrought all kinds of service with a noble ease that graced the lowliest act in doing it."

In this picture we have things in their true relations. The man is master of his task, be it what it will. He owes it nothing, asks nothing of it, is not in any way bound by it, but shapes



of it a thing of beauty, adorns it with his noble touch. But remember this is a Prince who works to serve his King!

Let us turn from this to our present-day problem. The Court is gone that set men's souls afire to be counted one among that goodly company of knights. Gold is king, and strife and discord are his progeny. The wage question is the all-important one, now, to the laborer; and the amount of work that can be got out of a man for the least pay possible is the employer's ideal. Let us say here that any wage is too small that does not give a man a comfortable house to live in, clothes suitable for his station in life, wholesome food, and a bit of daylight that he can call his own.

If a person cannot earn this—then he is one of the younger children in the household of humanity and must be cared for by the elders of the family, just as we see to it that the small children in the home have the necessities and their playtime.

If our laboring classes are without dignity, they are also without ideals in many instances, save those that are set for them by the newly-rich who ever make a display of material wealth. Before people can attain dignity there must be ideals and strength to hold to them and guard them against all encroachments.

Dignity is not an outward thing that can be donned at will, but it springs from an inward elevation of the soul which has its outward effect and manners.

*Pauline Trueblood.*

## REGULAR MEETINGS OF LEGION GROUPS

There is mighty power in the cumulative effects of iteration. When *Legion* members come together their thoughts make potent effects in the world of ideas and feelings all about us. These thoughts are useful ones for the great work of evolution and, since the *Legion* work is conducted under most puissant auspices, the good, unselfish thought-forms can be used by Those in charge.

So it is wise to meet with regularity, at stated hours, so that our sublime topics of life and its laws may be studied. Even if but few are present the work may be strong and useful. Put your hearts and thoughts into the work; prepare for what is to be said and discussed and the blessing will pass through!

## FIELD NOTES

The South African membership, under the leadership of Mr. C. E. Nelson, is growing steadily, and several groups are to be formed and chartered in the near future.

From Holland come gratifying reports of work done, and increasing interest. The Dutch members are still publishing a bi-monthly magazine devoted to our teachings.

New York Group held its annual business meeting on Oct. 1, and elected the following officers: president, Dr. F. Milton Willis; secretary, Helen Fitzgerald Sanders; treasurer, Fred Kann. An interesting program of musical and other numbers was given for the public.

Good work is being done in Pittsburgh by Miss Schenck and other members, and a group is to be organised soon.

Those of our readers interested in vegetarianism may send ten cents in stamps, for a sample copy, to *The Vegetarian Magazine*, Juliaetta, Idaho. The editor, Mr. Albert, is a member and friend of the *Legion*.