

# ***REINCARNATION***

VOL. V. CHICAGO, JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1919 No. 1

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## *THE FINAL TEST OF THE WAR PERIOD*

Report has it that Mr. Hoover has told the two representatives of Germany who appealed to him for food for their people, to go to Hell!

Do we consider the undesirable personal character of the German representatives a justification of the refusal to aid a defeated people in feeding their half-starved children, old people and crippled soldiers? And should we sharply draw the line between the feeding of neutrals and the feeding of our enemies? Certainly one does not wish to be sickly sentimental on the subject; but, when we recall the fact that the world has an abundance of food for all and that Germany can still pay for her share, it seems to us that dalliance with relief for helpless children is a violation of one of the fundamental laws of the rights of man.

And a settlement of the present difficulty so keenly set before the world by The Karmic Deities must include a due regard for human rights. Nothing short of that will satisfy the requirements of this struggle of the ages. There is a deeper meaning to it all than the mere dickering for a few acres, the acquisition of some sea-ports, the jockeying for trade advantages or high ground on which to set up fortresses. We are living at a moment when the world can discharge its old karmic debts with ease and in magic abundance. We ought to feed the starving and even the under-nourished. We ought to insist on a peace devoid of rapacity; not a peace that will debase or ruin any people whatever.

A vast concord of human feeling is ready to descend like manna from heaven upon the whole world if the world is willing to open its heart a bit. What bondage the hooks of selfishness clasp about the unsuspecting man or nation of personality! And how free is the man who opens his heart to heaven!

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Unfortunately in these peace making times there are signs of rapacity here and there. Demand for the punitive burdening of Germany that would reduce her laboring people to the equivalent of slavery must be resisted and her burden fitted to her shoulders for reasonable carrying. The leaders of the victorious nations talk plausibly; the peoples must see that there is no change of method at the last moment.

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We may be sure that the world is to-day making far less of "bad" than of "good" karma—that the balance of the positive as against the negative is strong and abundant. It is a time in which wisely chosen courses will make life easier for the whole world, while selfish methods will tend to the release of that special type of karma which stands most in the way of the world's next great steps of progress.

May Heaven give skill in blending mercy and justice!

W. V-H.

*FROM "A RECORD"*

*By William Sharp*

None sees the slow and upward sweep  
By which the soul from life-depths deep  
Ascends,—unless, mayhap, when free,  
With each new death we backward see  
The long perspective of our race  
Our multitudinous past lives trace.





*"WIRELESS" AND "TELEPATHY"*

Wireless telegraphy, now a commercial method of communication, bears a striking resemblance to its brother, telepathy, therefore a short summary of the facts common to both should be interesting.

Both, to manifest themselves, depend upon that cosmic medium known as "ether." It is well known that the effects of light, heat, sound and wireless waves are merely due to various rates of vibration, differing only in their frequency. For instance, on raising the vibrations of a piece of steel or other metal, it will first give out waves of "heat," and if raised still higher, it will finally give out "light" in the form of a red or white glow.

Upon throwing a stone into a pond a series of ripples will radiate from the spot where the stone struck the water. This is exactly what happens when a wireless station is transmitting. It sets the "ether" vibrating in the form of waves for some considerable distance all round.

If two violins are tuned to the same pitch and one of them is plucked, the corresponding note on the other instrument will immediately sound. So with the wireless station and also with the person "thinking." You must tune your receiver to the same pitch as the transmitter before you can "catch" the message, otherwise the waves pass without affecting it; just in the same way, if you slackened one of the violin strings and plucked again, you would get no response from the other violin, because they are not in "sympathy" with each other.

Now, "sympathy" is essential for success in both "wireless" and "telepathy": without it, nothing



happens. That is why the majority of people's minds are a closed book to us, because we cannot vibrate in sympathy with them. On the other hand, if we come in contact, as we do occasionally, with a person tuned to the same pitch, then "telepathy" becomes possible and we can send impressions to them with perfect ease.

"He got in a certain train of thought," is a common expression and simply means that a person is thinking of a certain definite thing, say politics or love, and unconsciously he has attached himself to that particular wave and may be vibrating in sympathy with others thinking on the subject at that identical moment.

For this reason every time you think an evil or impure thought, not only are you sending out a vibration that may harm thousands of others, but you are putting yourself in a receptive condition in which your mind will receive any evil thoughts that may be passing. Every time you give way to violent anger you are perhaps connecting yourself to thousands of angry people and accentuating their anger as well as your own.

When Christ said, "Love your enemies," He was not merely expressing a religious platitude, He was stating a real psychic law, because if you send out loving thoughts in return for the evil ones your enemy is sending you, you will so raise your own rates of vibration as to make yourself impervious to them. Not only that, by raising your vibrations you are automatically putting yourself in 'tune' with the higher forces of nature, and thus vibrating in sympathy with everything that is good and beautiful.

Let us, then, in developing this power, be careful that we always use it for a good purpose, lest the same fate overtake us as befell the unhappy people of Atlantis thousands of years ago.

*A. Wilfred Hulbert, R.A.F.*



### EVOLUTION

The knowledge of this nether world—  
Say, friend, what is it, false or true?  
The false, what mortal cares to know?  
The true, what mortal ever knew?

*(H. P. B., in "Secret Doctrine," II).*

The false is worthless as you say.  
The true beyond my mind and brain?  
To live a clod and die some clay  
Might save us all the deepest pain.

Somewhere the True is mine to know!  
Across the Path burns fiercest flame.  
But flames within impel I go  
Through heavens and hells to know the same.

*Alice L. Strong.*



## INLAND

I never saw the sea, but every rivulet  
Both bears my yearning to its shore,  
And brings me word from ocean's self, whose  
drops perform  
The cycle of the waters evermore.

Among the sun-drawn clouds, returning to its  
breast,  
Heave billows, imaged all from out the deep,  
Or wavelets rest and glisten, as remembering  
How still before their birth they lay asleep.

I never saw the sea, and yet by every lake  
In glory ruffled, or in riot blown,  
I see instead an inlet blue, sun-bright, and watch  
The happy sails put forth to the unknown.

And I have seen in human eyes,—yes, in your eyes,  
The sea's own color, changing, yet the same,  
The mystery of its myriad moods,—discarnate joy,  
And freedom that no inland bonds can tame.

O Ring about us, arms mysterious that meet,  
And bound the earth and brood across our skies,  
I feel your touch in spray of storms, in very air,  
Nor understand, but kneel to realize.

*Katherine Phelps.*

*THE WATER DROP*

On an idle summer day in the long, long ago, a lazy white cloud was drifting aimlessly in the sky. Cradled in its soft white depths, dreamily gazing into the infinite blue beyond, lay a lovely sprite—the soul of a waterdrop. Ethereal, as yet unconscious of the limitations of physical form, she dreamed away the happy hours, unaware of any existence beyond the blissful, care-free one she had always known.

But suddenly, in the midst of her reveries, she was startled by the sight of a form, august, terrible in its majesty, which stood before her. Rising quickly, she made a low obeisance to the figure, and said, “Who art Thou, O great Spirit, and why dost Thou come to me?” “I am thy great Mother, Nature,” answered the Figure, “and I am come to tell thee that the days of thy dreaming are past. Before thee lies a duty, twofold in its aspect. Thy task is both to learn and to teach a lesson. Thy pupils are two—thyself and Man-upon-the-Earth.”

The soul of the Waterdrop looked with a puzzled expression into the eyes of the great Mother. “What can I, a nature spirit, lower in evolution than he, teach to Man-upon-the-Earth?,” she said.

“All Nature forms are teachers,” answered the Figure, “and those men, those clear-visioned souls who live close to Nature, recognize her teachings and learn from them.”

“And what is this lesson that I, a drop of Water, may teach to Man-upon-the-Earth?” “Three lessons must thou teach, and these three are one. The first is that soul is changeless in its essence,



indestructible; the second, that form alone is changing and unstable; and the third, that the soul clothes itself in different forms at different times in order to gain the wisdom which only experience can give. Thy duty lies in silently, patiently teaching these lessons until all men have heeded them."

The soul of the Waterdrop bent low before the Figure. "Great Mother," she said, "I am ready."

Then, gazing steadily into the eyes of the Figure, she felt herself sinking into unconsciousness, and slowly dropping from the cloud. After what seemed to her to be a very long time, she opened her eyes and saw under her the tops of snow-clad mountains. A curious feeling possessed her: her ethereal form seemed to become heavier as she neared the earth, and, as she looked down upon herself, she discovered that a soft white garment was gradually enveloping her. Gusts of wind blew her hither and thither and finally deposited her, surprised and curious, in a crevice of one of the mountains. She found herself surrounded by thousands of other souls clothed like herself in sparkling white. Cuddling down among them, she whispered to her neighbor, "Have you, too, come to teach Man-upon-the-Earth a lesson? And where is he?" "Little sister," answered her neighbor, "most men live in the lowlands. It is only the sacred few who live in the high mountains who could understand the lesson you could teach them now. You must first go down into the valley before you can reach the many. When you have learned your own lesson then you can teach."

"You seem very wise," said the little Water-

drop, "where did you gain all your wisdom?"

"Wisdom comes through experience, and experience comes through learning the lessons Life can teach," answered her neighbor. "These lessons cannot be learned in one short life spent in one small space. How can you know the mighty strength of the ocean, or the tenderness with which the soft summer rain caresses the grasses, unless you have felt that same strength and tenderness in your own heart? How can you know that soul is deathless and that forms alone are fading, unless you yourself are conscious of the same soul in many forms?"

"And how may I prove all these things?" tremblingly asked the soul of the Waterdrop.

"By going first to the lowlands," answered her neighbor. "Ask the Sun to show you the way."

So the little Waterdrop gazed pleadingly at the Sun, and was answered with a warm ray of Love. Heartened and strengthened by his friendly assurance, she felt herself expanding, and gradually began to move down the crevice. Her white garment was changed for one fluid and transparent, and the ray of sunlight which had warmed her heart broke into a thousand colors and tinted her robe with rainbow hues.

Faster and faster she moved, more and more excited she grew, until finally, with a laugh of glee, she leapt into the Air, flinging about her form a swirling robe of frothy foam, and, lifting her voice, she sang a wild pagan song: "This is Life—Joy—Freedom—Ecstasy. If Man-upon-the-Earth would learn of me, he, too, must laugh aloud for the pure joy of being alive." And she



flung her robes far, far out into the air, deliriously happy.

Down, down she raced, slapping rude rocks as she passed, playing leap-frog with her neighbors, until finally, breathless and weary, she trickled down a rocky path into a quiet, silent pool. Here were no frolicsome playfellows to disturb her. Here there would be time to rest. "Life," said she, for she had already forgotten her existence in the water-fall, "is Peace—Non-resistance—Tranquility." But she did not see that the pool had no outlet, and that the water on the outer edges was stagnant, covered with a green slime. And she slept.

Sadly the sun looked down upon her. "So soon!" he said. And stretching his arms down to her, he gently, tenderly drew her upwards, back into the cloud whence she came.

When she awoke, clear-eyed and repentant, the great Mother stood before her. "My daughter," she said, "three lessons hast thou learned and taught; in three forms has thy soul lived. Many more lessons are before thee ere thou may'st come to rest."

Then, consciously, at different times and in different places, the soul of the Waterdrop clothed herself in different forms, and descended to the earth. Once she rested placidly upon the bosom of the motherly Mississippi, learning and teaching contentment, helping to bear up great ships of commerce; at another time, in the demoniacal roar of a frenzied storm at sea, the dangers of a great power ungoverned were shown to her. Once a saucy, sportive fountain dressed her in glittering robes; another time, as a drop of au-

turnn rain she trickled gloomily down the pane of a dismal tenement. One life she lay silent in the serene, mysterious depths of a mountain lake; once the treacherous undertow sucked her form down into its gripping power. In her youth the roving adventurous Arkansas led her through happy fields where cattle lay; in her old age she slumbered in the arms of the sophisticated, world-weary Nile. Many men had passed her by, but patiently, silently, as she had been told to teach, she taught.

One day the Great Mother stood before her. "To-day, my daughter, if thou wilt, thou may'st help a soul along the Path." "Great Mother," answered the soul of the Waterdrop, "I am ready."

In a darkened room, a woman sat. Crushed in her hands she held a little book, and its leaves were wet with tears. Worn out with weeping, she sat, now dry-eyed, gazing at the little book. Opening it, she read aloud: "Before the eyes can see, they must be incapable of tears." Many years had she sought to solve the riddle of these words, and to-day, when her sorrow had ebbed away, she saw their meaning. As she read them again, lovingly, comprehendingly, her face lit up with a look of rapture, her lips broke into a smile, and from her eyes welled forth one single, glistening tear of joy. As it fell unheeded upon the book, the Sun, penetrating the gloom with a single ray, touched it, and gently, tenderly, drew the soul of the Waterdrop upwards—back into the cloud from which she came.

*Leona Clarkson Grugan.*



## KARMA IN POPULAR LITERATURE

In Basil King's story "The City of Comrades" in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Jan. 4, 1919, there is a very clever exposition by the heroine of what we term *karma* and of what seemed to her the best attitude toward that law.

"When it's almost too late—if it isn't quite."

"Oh, as to that, I've been thinking it over—I've had to think over so much—and I don't believe the word applies."

"Doesn't apply? Why not—when it's as late as it is? It's just as if Fate had been making us a plaything."

"I don't believe that. Life can't be the sport of disorganized chance. If Romeo takes poison ten minutes before Juliet wakes, it's because the years behind them led up to the mistake."

"You mean that we reap only what we sow?"

"And that life is as much a matter of development in a logical sequence as the growth of certain plants from certain seeds. It isn't—it can't be—a mere frenzy of haphazards. Things happen to us in a certain way because what we've done leaves them no other way."

"And was there no other way in which this could happen to you and me?"

"Think! Isn't it the very outcome that might have been expected from what we've been in the past? Because of your past life, there was something you couldn't tell me; and because I didn't know it I've taken a step which my past life doesn't allow me to retrace. Could anything be neater?"

"And yet you're fond of saying that the way things happen is the best way."

"It's the best way if it's the only way, isn't it? I should go mad if I thought that my life hung on nothing but caprice—whether of luck or fate or anything you call God. I can stand my deserts, however hard, if I know they're my deserts."

"You can stand this?"

"This is not a question of standing; it's one of working out. Life isn't static; it's dynamic—those are the right

words, aren't they? It's always unfolding. One thing leads to the next thing; and then there must be times when a lot of things that seemed separate are gathered up in one immense result. Don't you think it must be that way?"

"What good will thinking do when we see how things are?"

"It'll show us how to make the best of them, won't it?"

"Is there any best to be made of this? The way things happen isn't necessarily the best way."

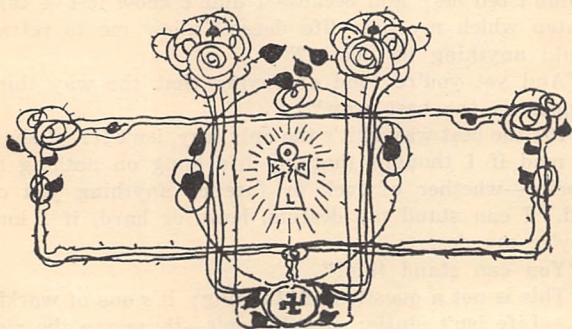
"I don't say the best way absolutely; but the best in view of what we've made for ourselves. For ourselves, you and I, have made things hard. There's no question about that. But isn't it for both of us now to live this minute so that the next won't be any harder?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I suppose I mean that the best way to live this minute is to accept what it contains—till it develops into something else—as it will. This isn't final. It's only a step on the way to——."

But to the impatient man the personal aspect loomed too big for him to listen longer to the philosophic and the reader must fill in for himself whither such steps lead.

*Gertrude Stewart March.*





*CONTRACTING AND EXPANDING*

To work in the spirit of the personality is to project forces that in part tend to return upon the worker. It must be so, since the worker actually gives a goal to the forces as he emits them. And when they strike him they must produce sensation, consciousness-reaction, in correspondence with their nature. Another result ensues: the tendency to repeat the type of action through which the man applied the force.

Contrast with these relations those which are set up by the man who works in the spirit of God's agent. This man does not cause force to leave him in a returning curve, small and acutely bending. He sends forth his power in such arcs as have almost no return; yet not quite so. For to him the limits of the effort are probably the limits of The Logos' bodies and the return tends, with His blessing, to expand the powers of the worker after the very manner of acting which the man had chosen.

So choose how you will live—in narrowness and tightness of consciousness, of powers and of opportunity or in ever increasing breadth, freedom and intimacy of contact with Those Who are the Representatives of God for those realms of consciousness to which we are limited by our childishness of development.

W. V-H.

*THE DREAM OF ARBACES*

In *The Last Days of Pompeii* Bulwer-Lytton slips in a dream which methinks he hoped his readers would ponder over a bit more seriously than usual in reading fiction.

Arbaces, the Egyptian, while outwardly avowing the religion of Isis, in reality recognizes only Nature and Necessity. Nothing deters him from his dire plans: he even murders Apæcides, priest of Isis, and then seals up Calenus, another priest and witness of his crime, in a dungeon to let starvation do its work, and causes Glaucus to be convicted of the crime. The night before Glaucus is to be given to the lion, Arbaces dreams, and in his dream is caught in the meshes of Nature and Necessity and realises how hopelessly he has entangled himself in their laws. Vividly Lord Lytton shows that Nature alone is a dim light, implying that revelation, too, is needed for surer progress; and Necessity proves to be the foundation of the law of karma, whereby his own acts inevitably bind Arbaces and force him to face them and their results.

He thought that he was transported to the bowels of the earth, and that he stood alone in a mighty cavern, . . . in the recess of the hall he saw the mighty form of a giantess seated upon a pile of skulls, and her hands were busy upon a pale and shadowy woof; . . . The countenance of the giantess was solemn and hushed, and beautifully serene. It was as the face of some colossal sculpture of his own ancestral sphynx. No passion—no human emotion, disturbed its brooding and unwrinkled brow; there, was neither sadness, nor joy, nor memory, nor hope; it was free from all with which the wild human heart can sympathize. The mystery of mysteries rested on its beauty,—it awed, but terrified not; it was



the Incarnation of the Sublime. And Arbaces felt the voice leave his lips, without an impulse of his own; and the voice asked,—

“Who art thou, and what is thy task?”

“I am That which thou hast acknowledged,” answered, without desisting from its work, the mighty phantom. “My name is NATURE! These are the wheels of the world, and my hand guides them for the life of all things.”

“And what,” said the voice of Arbaces, “are these galleries, that, strangely and fitfully illumined, stretch on either hand into the abyss of gloom?”

“That,” answered the giant-mother, “which thou beholdest to the left, is the gallery of the Unborn. The shadows that flit onward and upward into the world, are the souls that pass from the long eternity of being to their destined pilgrimage on earth. That which thou beholdest to thy right, wherein the shadows descending from above sweep on, equally unknown and dim, is the gallery of the Dead!”

“And wherefore,” said the voice of Arbaces, “yon wandering lights, that so wildly break the darkness; but only *break*, not *reveal*?”

“Dark fool of the human sciences! dreamer of the stars, and would-be decipherer of the heart and origin of things! those lights are but the glimmerings of such knowledge as is vouchsafed to Nature to work her way, to trace enough of the past and future to give providence to her designs. Judge, then, puppet as thou art, what lights are reserved for thee!”

Arbaces felt himself tremble as he asked again, “Wherefore am I here?”

“It is the forecast of thy soul—the prescience of thy rushing doom—the shadow of thy fate lengthening into eternity as it declines from earth.”

Ere he could answer, Arbaces felt a rushing WIND sweep down the cavern, as the wings of a giant god. Borne aloft from the ground, and whirled on high as a leaf in the storms of autumn, he beheld himself in the midst of the Spectres of the Dead, and hurrying with them along the length of gloom. As in vain and impotent despair he struggled against the impelling power, he thought the WIND grew into something like a shape

—a spectral outline of the wings and talons of an eagle, with limbs floating far and indistinctly along the air, and eyes that, alone clearly and vividly seen, glared stonily and remorselessly on his own.

“What art thou?” again said the voice of the Egyptian.

“I am That which thou hast acknowledged;” and the spectre laughed aloud—“and my name is NECESSITY.”

“To what dost thou bear me?”

“To the Unknown.”

“To happiness or to woe?”

“As thou hast sown, so shalt thou reap.”

“Dread thing, not so! If thou art the Ruler of life, *thine* are my misdeeds, not mine.”

“I am but the breath of God!” answered the mighty WIND.

“Then is my wisdom vain!” groaned the dreamer.

“The husbandman accuses not fate, when, having sown thistles, he reaps not corn. Thou hast sown crime, accuse not fate if thou reapest not the harvest of virtue.”

The scene suddenly changed. Arbaces was in a place of human bones; and lo! in the midst of them was a skull, and the skull, still retaining its fleshless hollows, assumed slowly, and in the mysterious confusion of a dream, the face of Apæcides; and forth from the grinning jaws there crept a small worm, and it crawled to the feet of Arbaces. He attempted to stamp on it and crush it; but it became longer and larger with that attempt. It swelled and bloated till it grew into a vast serpent: it coiled itself round the limbs of Arbaces; it crunched his bones; it raised its glaring eyes and poisonous jaws to his face. He writhed in vain; he withered—he gasped—beneath the influence of the blighting breath—he felt himself blasted into death. And then a voice came from the reptile which still bore the face of Apæcides, and rang in his reeling ear,—

“THY VICTIM IS THY JUDGE! THE WORM THOU WOULDST CRUSH BECOMES THE SERPENT THAT DEVOURS THEE!”

With a shriek of wrath, and woe, and despairing resistance, Arbaces awoke—his hair on end—his brow bathed in dew—his eyes glazed and staring—his mighty frame quivering as an infant’s, beneath the agony of that dream.

*Gertrude Stewart March.*



## REINCARNATION A COSMIC FACT

Our knowledge of things is secured by observation of what goes on about us in our environment. We see, for one thing, that nothing takes shape in our environment without some creative force working upon it; we see humans and animals born, apparently new creations, and we naturally come to the conclusion that everything had an origin. The *forms* in which matter takes shape certainly had; the earth itself, in form, had an origin; so had the other planets and their moons, the comets, meteors, etc., and we quite naturally include our sun as well, but when we view the universe by the ProceSSIONAL Theory, which teaches that the planets were formed by the gathering together of solid matter condensed from the ether which is constantly being radiated by the sun, and that these planets fall back to the sun in spirally decreasing orbits, to be there disintegrated and consumed, and expanded into ether again, we begin to realize that the sun can not be considered a separate body in the system, and that all that matter surrounding the sun, the vast expanse of ether belonging to the system, the planets and other bodies enclosed within it and revolving around the sun, must all be considered as one with the sun, in fact, that the solar system, ether, and all, is a vast unit of the universe, and that, while everything else in the system undergoes changes, the sun does not, and is a ball of fire, merely by reason of being the gravitational center of the system towards which everything in the system presses, and which, because of this immense pressure, is the

point of intensest heat in the system, and is therefore subject to no change, will never have an end any more than it had a beginning, in fact, has always existed as an inseparable attribute of the vast universal atom of which it is a part. Opposed to this center of intensest heat is the region of absolute cold, the outer periphery of the vast expanse of refined matter or ether composing the system, and it is the action of this absolute zero on the ether that condenses and crystallizes it.

This view should make it clear to us, that, while changes of form in the component parts of solar systems are continually going on, the systems, as systems, undergo no change, but remain vast units of the universe pulsating between the point of intensest heat which we know as stars (suns), and the region of extreme cold, the outer periphery of the system's ether, and that all matter in the systems is continuously changing form, being shaped into spheres, and disintegrated again to be reshaped again, all except the central gravitational points which remain balls of fire and never change, because ever under the intensest pressure.

That being the case, scientists are wrong in claiming that stars had origin, and it is because they thus limit themselves in thought that they fail to find explanation for the cause of many phenomena that present no difficulties to the man who has a working knowledge of the universe along these lines, which knowledge carries with it also an understanding, on purely materialistic reasoning, of the possibility of the reincarnation of the human soul, because man, body and soul, is also part of the system and subject to all its



laws. His soul can not be destroyed, for it is matter of intangible nature that does not require material refinement, such as the body must pass through; and as for the body, even though it becomes disintegrated and volatilized, that does not destroy it but only puts it into that form that is required by nature to build from it a new body to house the soul anew.

A noted scientist has said: "Knowledge is only knowledge when it is the common property of all minds sufficiently trained to apprehend it." In the articles I write from time to time it is my endeavor to indicate to my brethren in Karma the line of thought along which they can train their minds to apprehend the cosmic knowledge that will justify them to accept the reincarnation of human souls as a cosmic fact. A belief supported by material facts is always true, while one accepted on faith alone always carries an element of doubt.

*William W. Weitling.*



*PROOF AND EVIDENCES*

It is the custom of many writers and speakers on reincarnation to marshal in a definite series a number of so-called "proofs" of the truth of reincarnation. Most of these "proofs" hinge on the inadequacy of the generally accepted theories of life: they do not offer anything tangible or demonstrable to the honest investigator who is inclined to doubt the truth of reincarnation. Some other "proofs," such as actual memories of past lives, are of a very personal nature and can not seriously be regarded as carrying with them any logical necessity for general acceptance. All these facts or arguments may be very valuable in that they afford evidence for the truth of reincarnation, but to call them "proofs" would be a serious error. A proof is a fact which can not be overthrown, and which must be accepted as valid by all normal minds as establishing the truth of the proposition to be proved. Evidence is merely something which establishes a more or less strong probability of the proposition.

It is to be hoped that students of reincarnation will give some careful thought to the distinction between proofs and evidences of reincarnation, so that they may learn to stand securely on a sound, logical foundation when they engage in discussion with others. To claim as a proof what is only evidence should be carefully avoided, as it would be very likely to leave an unfavorable opinion or prejudice against the philosophy which is based on reincarnation.

The processes in nature which belong to the various stages of reincarnation are mostly super-



physical. Birth, life and death are physical, but they may be almost wholly satisfactorily explained by conceptions belonging to the physical world. The strongest arguments for reincarnation are those which are based on the existence of higher worlds of consciousness than the physical, and these can necessarily not be accepted by those who have for a long time trained themselves to regard the physical world as the only real world of nature. To students who have been trained to think of the superphysical worlds as real there may come finally a full conviction of the truth of reincarnation. This is based on a realisation of its inherent reasonableness, its consistency and its power to explain the dark problems of life and death. But this conviction can not be imparted to other men who can not as yet think in terms of the superphysical worlds of consciousness. It is necessarily a matter of growth and development of the superphysical, 'sixth' sense.

There is a still higher realisation of reincarnation which may come, and probably does come, to earnest students of life, and that is the egoic realisation of its truth. This is not an ordinary result which may be reached by sufficient thought on the subject; it is a full understanding of this truth on the part of the man in his permanent body, the higher or abstract mind. Once realised in this higher way, the truth of reincarnation becomes a part of the man, a law of his own being, just as is his self-consciousness, and such a realisation is more than any "proof" which would be acceptable to the laws of lower, concrete thought. Such a realisation is waiting for all men—what is necessary is simply that men should

learn to put themselves in position to realise it, and this means developing the powers of abstract, impersonal thinking.

All-satisfying as this realisation may be to the one who has attained it, it is not a proof, and this leads to the question: "What could rightly be regarded as a satisfactory proof of reincarnation?" It must be something which carries full conviction to the man in his personality, that is to the ordinary concrete mind. Evidently the only satisfactory proof of this nature is the actual *seeing* of the process of reincarnation. If a man could see the ego gradually gathering around himself the materials which develop into his next mental and astral bodies, and see these bodies come into close connection with a baby physical body and then grow up and become well organised, and finally see them disappear as their life energies draw inward into the ego, and then see the whole cycle of changes repeated, perhaps many times—he would have the full "proof" of the truth of reincarnation. But to do this would require a power of consciousness which is able to transcend the limitations of time and space as they are ordinarily experienced. The man must, in other words, have developed conscious use of his own egoic powers.

Such powers of consciousness give their possessor the means to gather together as many proofs of reincarnation as he wishes. There is abundant evidence obtainable for all students that there are actually living now some men who have such supernormal powers. What they can tell other men about reincarnation can not properly be regarded as "proofs" for them. But if these men



take what they are taught by those who have the proofs, and if they make use of such knowledge in their own study of life and experience, then they can soon verify for themselves that the philosophy of life which is based on reincarnation is a wonderful means to understand the problems of life, a master-key which unlocks many great mysteries. All the discoveries, all the new insight into life, which men may gain by the use of the philosophy based on reincarnation, will become for them very strong evidences for the truth of reincarnation, which will amply compensate them for the lack of objective "proofs" which are perhaps not available for them now and will not be until they themselves can live consciously in the ego.

There are always compensations in every pair of alternatives, and if lack of proof in objective form is felt as a disadvantage, it should not be forgotten that the evidences for reincarnation also have very wonderful advantages over "proofs." They are general and can be appreciated by all earnest seekers after truth; they are not difficult to find, but lie plentifully around every man. They do not require higher powers than those of good judgment, discrimination and common sense.

To a large extent all life is an evidence of reincarnation, and if men would only take a little time for serious contemplative thought and study of the life-side of things, they would soon come to understand the importance of the reincarnation philosophy. The more it is studied, the more does it show its wonderful power in lighting up the dark and difficult problems of human life. It is indeed the light that can guide man through life.

C. S.

*FORGETTING*

Outdoors the birds were chirping in the branches of the trees. On the screen porch a canary was hopping to and fro on the sticks of his wicker cage. The world was so full of sunshine and life and freedom that we felt sorry for the little prisoner and opened the cage door. The bird, however, did not avail himself of the opportunity, and when we forced him out of the cage he fluttered about helplessly for awhile, and then crouched frightened in a corner. After much trouble we managed to replace him in the cage, and soon he was singing merrily in captivity.

We human beings are caged in and limited by karma, and often behave much as the bird did. We fail to see the open door out of our limitations, and when kindly hands force us out of our karmic cages we are frightened by our greater freedom, and long to return to our imprisonment. This is largely due to the fact that all karma, pleasant as well as unpleasant, is a support as well as a limitation. Human beings naturally long to escape from what they see as unpleasant conditions and circumstances, and cling to the support of those which seem pleasant to them. When Fate takes away the pleasant support, we feel injured and unhappy, and it is only after much struggle and great agony that we gain the strength which enables us to live at peace in the greater freedom into which we have been forced.

Often, however, we refuse to leave even the unpleasant limitations, long after the necessity of submitting to them is gone, and many of us carry heavy loads that might have been dropped long



ago. This is many times due to the fact of our having become so accustomed to the load of karma, and so used to its pressure that we cease to long for its removal, and do not see the opportunity offered of ridding ourselves of it. Our karma has so dominated us, has so much become a part of the substance of our lives, that it seems impossible to go on living without it. No matter how much our difficulties have hampered us, they have a feeling of "warmth and intimacy," and a greater freedom without them seems cold and comfortless.

Another reason for our clinging to this outworn karma is the fact that the personality enjoys watching itself as an actor. It prefers even unpleasant vibrations to no vibrations at all, and therefore revels in going over the tragedies, trials, disappointments and failures of the past. In this way it of course makes new karma, and forges ever tighter the bonds which limit and restrict it. We may thus go on for years, possibly even for incarnations, bearing unnecessary burdens.

The real explanation of the matter, of course, is either that karmic lessons have not yet been learned thoroughly enough to develop sufficient strength in the ego to dominate the personality, and so the experiences have to be repeated in order that sufficient strength may be developed, or else the suffering entailed by karma has so weakened and worn out the personality, that it is no longer a fit instrument for the ego to work through, and it goes on repeating its lessons over and over, only slightly influencing or being influenced by the ego until death on the various planes disintegrates it.

It is possible, of course, that this experience is useful, perhaps even necessary in some cases, but it seems a slow and unhappy way, unworthy of the divinity which is our heritage. It shows weakness unworthy of man, the image of God.

What would be the "manly" way of meeting the experiences and conditions of life which we call karma? It would first of all mean that we meet them bravely and unafraid, and that although they may for a time puzzle, delay and even submerge and apparently overcome us, yet we are their masters and they merely instruments in the hands of a loving Providence to help in our development. It would mean ever to keep before us the ideal of freedom from karma, even when most limited by it. We, who know something of the power of thought, know what a tremendous influence a continual holding of such an ideal must have upon the shaping of future conditions.

But above all, the manly way of dealing with karma is to discard it when we are through with it. This means holding on to the little facts of living just long enough to learn their lessons, to classify them and to extract from them their essential quality, and then to drop them completely and entirely.

The power of dealing thus with the problems and conditions of life is possible in its perfection only to the strong, highly evolved soul, who has learned through the experience of many incarnations the transitory nature of facts. But all of us may strive to learn more and more of this manly way.

*Erna D. Strassburger.*



*SOCIALISM TO-DAY*

Extremes are always carefully to be avoided by men who wish to guide their conduct in life according to calm reason. The present situation in Russia shows us forcibly how Prussian militarism and Russian bolshevikism can work together for the ill of the world. In following out these studies of recent history, it is worth while to investigate a little into the work of the socialism of to-day.

It seems to be the outstanding fact in socialism that many of its ideals are incapable of being put into practical working. This would indicate one of two conclusions: either the ideals are not in accordance with those great fixed principles which dominate the whole life of the universe, or they are unsuited to the present conditions in our world of facts. It may be quite possible that there are some ideals which belong to the first conclusion and others to which the second applies.

Russian bolshevikism is practically anarchism,—a scheme under which no man is supposed to be subjected to any law but that of his own will or desire. The present government of Russia is apparently violating its own principles,—at least if some of the newspaper reports can be trusted,—by authorising or allowing the perpetration of various outrages upon the lives, liberties and properties of those Russian citizens who happen to belong to other political parties or classes. All this will probably result in teaching some of the Russians that anarchy is not only destruction of government, but leads to self-destruction of the citizen and his rights and liberties as well.

German socialism, if we can judge from apparently existing facts and conditions, has never been able to emancipate itself from its moral as well as physical subjection to the ruling military autocracy. More than this it seems to be true (as for instance Trotzky has charged) that the German socialists are not true to their principles but are themselves tainted with the lust for conquest or with complaisance in those benefits which a conquering paternalistic autocracy may be expected to confer upon them. Many minds had hoped that the German *Sozialdemokratie* would free Germany from militarism and thus bring about a quick ending of the great war. But it now appears futile to look for any leading help from that quarter, and if Germany is ever to be saved from herself by herself, it seems much more reasonable to look for those saviors and liberators among those great masses of Germans who have been loyally supporting their autocratic government but who have gradually become educated through the stern school of the war to recognise the unwisdom of continuing an irresponsible military despotism. And for this to be brought about it may require some very decisive successes for the allied armies.

When we turn to French and British socialism, it is very encouraging to note that whatever the theories that may have been held, the great masses of socialists have not been thereby prevented from clearly recognising their duties as men and cheerfully entering upon them.

In America we seem to have at least three different types of socialism. The highest of these might be called the intellectual socialists,—those



who are guided largely by principles of justice and order. Then there are the great masses of labor socialists, who try to make of socialism a practical means to achieve the apparent welfare of their own class interests. Finally there is the third type, consisting of extremists and irreconcilables who have little or no respect for legal authority and very little regard for the property rights of other men, and who have been well called the American bolsheviki.

The great war has placed these various classes of socialists in the fire test of character and true worth and the results have been and will be most interesting. There seems to have been clearly displayed a strong tendency for partisan socialism to insist on small selfish rights and to disregard the duties of citizenship. In fact, more than this, it seems as though a large part of socialism in America were more in harmony with the enemies of modern democracy than with American ideals.

This has already resulted in the repudiation of the socialist party by many of its best minds. These men have chosen to remain true to principles rather than to follow their own party in erroneous ways. They charge the present leaders of reactionary socialism of misleading the party much as the German militaristic philosophy has misled the German people, of prostituting the ideals of socialism to personal, selfish interests.

Thus the Socialism of America to-day appears to have in it a large amount of those qualities which are self-destructive: pro-German, anti-American, selfish, narrow, unpatriotic, anarchic. Under these circumstances the party may have local political triumphs but will be less and less

influential in the affairs of the nation at large.

It seems more and more patent that socialism has a curious karma of influencing the progress of civilisation through its mental and abstract qualities but not through practical demonstrations in the physical world. Perhaps in some things the socialists are too far ahead of their time; perhaps in others they are still maintaining contradictions. But one fact seems certain and of very great importance: socialism has erred and is erring because it deals with life from points of view which are too narrow and too personal. If it is ever to achieve a considerable measure of success in bringing its greater principles into physical working, it must recognise the law of justice and order and the truth that the personality is not the whole of man.

C. S.

### FIELD NOTES

From Holland Mrs. Louise van der Hell sends sixty-two applications for membership and two for Charters.

The best way for spreading our teachings has been found by the Holland members to be through the free distribution of literature and their magazine. "What people want is an explanation and a better understanding of what has been taught and what is written in the Bible. Those of the middle class are as a rule religious and many of them are not satisfied with the frequent contradictions and the unintelligible sayings in the Bible, but, on the other hand, clinging whole-heartedly to their religion, very often gladly welcome our Ideals, which enable them to comprehend so much easier what before was inconceivable. "We place our Dutch magazine in most of the public libraries."

A new Group of the *Legion* has been organised in Birmingham, Alabama. The *Legion* work needs to be very much expanded through the states of the Old South.