

# THE PHILOSOPHICAL MESSENGER



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## THE SHORE

Michigan, thy shores give broad vantage-ground for views and dreams of thy expanse. Ground are thy rocks, worn with thy battlings into thy illimitable sands. Ragged and torn by thy winds are the trees that draw life breath near thee. From my watching-place near thy beach are visible the gliding forms of birds that flit between thy airs and those o'er solid earth, not fixed in their intent.

Here is the scene of thy sharpest contest with Earth—just at thy boundary line and hers. At peace ye dwell awhile, then battle comes. Thy roaring columns wide and high beat hard upon her battlements and moaning creep away again in sullen rout. Again the Titan Earth, deep underwashed, slides massily, in cliffy splendor of defeat, into the very bosom of her foe. Rough, deep roars of wrath the trembling earth sends seaward and the liquid deep leaps screaming with delight to embrace and then destroy. And gulls and terns and swallows-of-the-rocks bemoan their tiny homes outswept upon the ruinous waves.

Summer the season of truce; 'then is the war less fierce and foolish mariners regard the strife as past till sudden summer storms again attest the spirit of the elements. Then firm and safe the shore to view the wars, the driven ships with yelping fiends astern, the mountain-clouds that separate glide then coalesce to one black mass which lightnings split and see the hovering spirits of the air that come from far, drawn by the news of war begun.

Again come brighter days!

O fickle Air and Water, Earth! O wearying, changeful, secret Ethers all about unseen!

Man, whence is thy hope, thy unquenched fire of spirit thou canst live amid these tricky sprites! Ah, somehow knowest thou the deep divinity of thine inheritance, and, as now thou hast dominion over part of Nature other than thyself, so later will the All-Father give thee victory over all. First shalt thou know and gain dominion o'er thyself. Then shalt thou be the restored son of God, the prodigal returned, the wanderer, at home received again!

Long as the wavering, shifting shores of lakes abide they'll tell this tale to men returned out the exalted skies of heaven to live again embodied in the flesh!

Ah! The Shore! Emblem of that thin boundary space that lies between the lower and the upper worlds. Outward! Away! We look! Almost we see the other side, almost we mingle with the happy, heavenly throng!

W. V-H.

## THE COMING OF CHRIST

*(A letter and its answer).*

Dear Mrs. Russak:—In one of your recent lectures you stated that the work in the preparation for the coming of the Christ was of the greatest importance.

How can one so unworthy as myself hope to aid in that work or to be a channel of service? How shall we recognize Him when He comes?

Will you help me to see a little clearer? I am a school teacher and have little time or opportunity for such work; indeed, I should little understand how to go about it, if I had my entire time to give to the work.

I shall be so grateful to you for your advice.

Yours faithfully,

M— G—

Dear Miss G.:—There is not the slightest doubt about the importance of our work, especially that pertaining to the preparation for the coming of the Christ. The event is so near that it behooves us to double and redouble our feeble efforts in it. What are the facts that confront us?

*First.* A World Teacher is coming.

*Second.* He is coming to found a World Religion.

In analysing oneself in respect to these facts, it is well to ask oneself: "What are my capabilities and opportunities, and where is my field of work? How are these facts related to me, or I to them?" In the answering of these questions I feel that we shall bring ourselves into a better understanding as regards the work.

Each one of us is a unit in the humanity that is expected to recognize Him; and who among us has not experienced the heart's cry: "Shall I recognize Him when He comes?" You, too, ask the same question.

We are taught in occultism that we recognize and are impressed by the virtues and faults of others only in just so great a measure as we ourselves possess (or have once possessed) those virtues or faults. Shall then the Law cease to operate when His divine feet shall tread our "lower levels"?

The Law is there and it shall be our support until "the day be with us." It is as the Father-Mother arms stretched out to aid us, when as young babes we are learning to tread the Path alone—ready to steady us when we are in danger of falling or to pick us up when we fall. We are so marvellously helped sometimes that I feel sure that if we chanced to glance behind us we should find the arms there too.

Now as a teacher you have many children struggling to learn to walk in life's path. Are their steps so well understood by you—lived by you—that you are sure you are leading them to the greatest usefulness? What a splendid opportunity to instil into their minds the truths of Theosophy, and to inculcate the virtues that will help them also to recognize the Christ when He comes. Is not this an unusual opportunity for work?

Do you know that each act, emotion and thought of theirs, yours, mine, is either helping or hindering the coming of the Christ? It is a fact, but how difficult for us to realize it. "Father forgive them they know not what they do"—I just heard these words spoken out of the everywhere-here.

Think what it would mean if all the Theosophists in the world did realize it, and would from this day forth live up to it. I wonder what change it would bring about in our world of Theosophy?

It might be that it would help to build such a reservoir of force in the mental world that He might use its power to impress the thoughts of the world's humanity to much greater ideals. It might be that it would help to build such a great reservoir of force in the astral world, that He might use it as a channel for greater love on earth. It might be that if our actions and words were all worthy of Him, in this physical world, we might become as the fingers of His hand which could be used to touch the blind eyes of ignorance and bring light to them.

How difficult is the realisation that there



are so many little great ways of sharing in the work!

Let us now glance at the second of the facts: Christ is to found a World Religion. How can we help in that—now as well as when He comes?

What is that religion to be? It is to be a Brotherhood-of-Man Religion. In it we shall be led to realize the Fatherhood of God. Its creed is Love. Have we not been promised that Love shall redeem the world? The day is at hand for that promise to be fulfilled.

Why? Because the stage of the evolution of the Race permits of it. We have had the stages of the physical and intellectual perfectionment. The possibility of the spiritual perfectionment is here, and He is coming to demonstrate it. He is to give us a doctrine of ethics relevant to the day. It will contain the essence of all Truth in all the religions of the world and erase the warring difficulties and differences.

How many of us have studied the religions of the world? How many of us have received what another religion has to teach us? Or given to another of what he most has need from our own? The Christ is to teach us of all religious truth, shall we then fully appreciate His message?

You ask how one so unworthy as yourself can be used as a channel. Have you then the much desired power of being able to judge yourself?

Every channel, we believe, is being used by Those who have in charge the world's work. Some persons, who have the power

to do so, have seen in different countries where Theosophic books and magazines are being printed, that the Great Ones are even magnetizing the machinery that does the work, sending out help in that way.

One student saw that a cashier in a bank (one who was an earnest student) was being used as a channel for Their force. The money that passed through his fingers,—that fresh from the mint—was charged with a force that would help those who touched it to be better men or women. Yet that same person had not long before complained that there was no work for him to do to serve the Masters as he was shut up in a bank all day.

We have been given some work to do in each position of life that we are privileged to fill. Let us not worry because we have not greater things to do; if we must worry at all, let it be for fear we shall not see the work to be done in, or the lesson to be gained from, each experience as it comes to us.

So, in the Coming of the Christ, there is both the inner and the outer work to do. We cannot safely confine all our efforts to one or the other—both are vitally important.

Let each of us know himself and work from the without to the within, in no way forgetting the knowledge and the work from the within to the without. Let us unite Wisdom and understanding to love of service on the Path—the Path upon which we hope soon to meet Him face to face.

*Marie Russak.*



### EARLY WORKERS IN THE AMERICAN SECTION\*

There is one fact that differentiates the American Section of the Theosophical Society, from all other sections. That fact is this; that the starting of the whole theosophical movement was in the territory now constituting the American Section. Anything like a history of the American Section, cannot avoid the including of these early days, even though—strictly speaking—there was at that time no such thing as a Section. The society in those days was far from being what it is to-day, a world-wide organization, dividing the whole of the civilized globe into definite areas called sections.

The workers concerned with the beginnings of the Theosophical Society are well known to us. They were pioneers, and besides the possession of certain qualities that fitted them for their work, they had in addition that other quality so necessary to pioneer work,—strength. In Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott we see two people of very different temperaments, very different qualities, very different abilities, and even of different sexes; and each supplying something that the other seemed to lack. Col. Olcott was the organizer and Madame Blavatsky the teacher. These among our earliest workers we may never forget. A little later came William Q. Judge. Perhaps some of you may remember him as a man who made a great mistake. Well! what if he did. Remember that it takes a great man to make a great mistake and remember also that his keen intellect and utter devotion were at the service of the Theosophical Society for many years, at a time when workers were few and the need great. We venture to hope that his rare qualities may, in the near future, be at the disposal of his beloved society, and in the outer world.

Associated with Mr. Judge was one without whose name, any account of the workers of the American Section would be incomplete. His uncompromising regard for

truth, his devotion through lean years, his sacrifice of time, money, and energy, and his care for the society during the trying times that followed the secession, all entitle him to a place among the foremost of our workers. I refer to Alexander Fullerton. His work for the society seems to be over for this incarnation, and he needs and should have our kindest thoughts.

From the time the society was started there have been workers in the ranks who, though they may not have attained the prominence of some of the leaders, are yet responsible for much of the good that may be credited to the society. We have had and have at present, many quiet unassuming people that are doing their best in the place they may be to further the interests of theosophy and spread its truths, and to live their lives according to its precepts. Even so the society as such needs more workers. It seems as though there were none but what might bring some quality, some aptitude that could be made useful. One can never tell what may or may not be done until one tries. So I say, try all sorts of things and you will find some one thing that you can do. If you will mix with the present workers you will find that they are all doing things that they never did before. It almost as though the one quality demanded of a worker at present, is the ability to do what he cannot do. It is most surprising to notice how difficulties vanish before a firm front. Very naturally much of the work is not the best of its kind. Along some lines, special training counts heavily in favor of its possessor, and such training is not found in many of our best workers. In looking over the list of our members that are younger in years we can notice that the lack of trained workers is being provided for and that some older souls are coming among us, and on them will fall the burden of the work in the future. They have all our best wishes for success.

*William Brinsmaid.*

\*A white Lotus Day address.



## WITHIN HARBOR

Sooner or later there comes to every earnest aspirant the deep conviction that peace is his supreme necessity; that only in freedom from the surging emotions that so long have swept in devastating billows across his personality, can he do work that will be acceptable to the Masters.

Yet almost inevitably will he whose karma brings him near the gateway of the probationary path find that no tranquil, placid life has been outlined for him by those who know. Uncertainty, sudden changes, sharp contrasts, divided by the dizzying abyss of doubt and fear mark the uneven tenor of his way. Every hope he holds, every plan he makes, every new relationship entering his life will be but another "hostage to fortune," another test of his weakness, another call for self-control. Few indeed may be the days unshadowed by storm clouds, brief the periods of unthreatened calm. And the most striking thing about it is that often when the crisis is past all the tragedy of it is seen to have been an illusion; there was no danger of disruption though the very foundations of the personal life seemed to tremble and yield.

Again and again will he find himself between two contending factions, with dear and trusted friends on each side. Helpless, fearing, shrinking from the shock of conflict, he suffers the pain of a hundred battles. Liberal enough he may be to see the right on both sides yet not wise enough nor strong enough to show the right to others and end the strife.

Trials of this nature he must regard as pre-initiatory tests; tests devised not so much by the manipulation of the factors of his outward life as by the distorted view he is led to take by seemingly untoward events; and by his response to these emotional fluctuations may he judge the state of his soul-growth.

"If thy Soul smiles while bathing in the Sunlight of thy Life; if thy Soul sings within her Chrysalis of flesh and matter; if thy Soul weeps inside her castle of illusion; if thy Soul struggles to break the

silver thread that binds her to the *Master*; know O Disciple, thy Soul is of the earth."

Not only from without is his peace imperiled, within his own personality will he find contradictions and conflicts which will undermine his best intentions and disperse his energy. He well may say: "Within my earthly temple there's a crowd. There's one that's humble and there's one that's proud. There's one that is heartbroken for his sins; there's one that unrepentant sits and grins." But from the many diverse factors of the self he must choose the highest and cling unfalteringly to that, putting aside all others, however alluring.

That which is highest in his power will not lie on the line of least resistance. Supreme effort is the price of every onward step, for the path lies uphill all the way.

The action and reaction, swift and extreme, occasioned by the agony of suspense and fear and the ecstatic bliss of relief as the crisis passes and all is seen to be well, will, as nothing else can do, teach the unreality and impermanence of this changeful life. Steadied and calmed by suffering, he will be more ready and more able to cut his way out of the jungle of illusion using the unswerving weapon of nonattachment. Every step in this direction leads him nearer the stable and permanent, the Higher Self, from which he can clear-eyed and unshaken look out upon the world and choose his work, making the best use of the talents that are his, unhindered by prejudice and free from the promptings of the lower self.

To reach and identify himself with this center will be the most difficult and at the same time most important work of this period of the man's evolution. It will be difficult because it is a turning of the whole tide of life. The forces which hitherto flowed outward from center to circumference must now turn upon themselves and return to their source. The divine energy which through him has long dispersed itself in all the countless activities of ordinary life must now be indrawn

and centralized until within the heart there burns the Light unquenchable.

No longer in "bondage to a hundred ties of expectation," life assumes a far different aspect, more simple and more profound; its simplicity will appear in all the outer vestures of his being, in all his dealings with the world, because, behind simplicity of life will lie simplicity of motive, singleness of aim. To himself the first evidence of the activity of this center will be the consciousness of a new indwelling Spirit, the realization of his own duality, a duality made up on one hand by the host of emotions and ambitions which act through the lower mind, and on the other by that Alter Ego in whom he sees the Master of them all, who sits in calm exalted judgment over all the lower; the One to whom fear in all its numerous and insidious forms is but a word forgotten; the one who can wait in calm unfaltering certainty because the eternal years of God are His. Emerson in speaking of this higher self says: "Within this erring, passionate, mortal self, sits a supreme, calm, immortal mind whose powers I do not know, but it is stronger than I; it is wiser than I; it never approves me in any wrong; I seek counsel of it in my doubts; I pray to it in my undertakings."

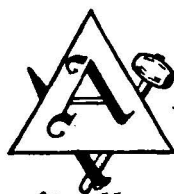
As the aspirant gains confidence in him-

self—not in the lower self whose temptations he must conquer—but in that higher Self within him that is the Self of all, he will begin dimly, remotely, to realize the peace that is founded on eternal things; to feel the strength and wisdom of the Great Self, and to enjoy complete unwavering faith in the ultimate triumph of the work it wills to do; faith in the wisdom of its workings even within his own little life and willingly, gladly, will he resign himself to the Law.

It may be many lives yet before he is passion-proof, free from "the personal luggage of human transitory sentiments" but at least a time will soon come when he will know that he is stronger than once he was; when though he may find himself lifted upon a spent wave of emotion which seems to have rolled in from ages gone; feeling its waning strength and knowing what its power and passion must once have been; yet it can not longer engulf him and fling him bruised and exhausted upon the shore, shipwrecked again.

Safely shall he ride these billows, guided by the light which no wind can extinguish, that "light which burns without fuel or wick," until at last he shall enter the harbor of the peace that knows no storms.

*Ella M. Stark.*



All you have to do is to take the marble of the lower self, and with the chisel of will and the hammer of thought to cut away the matter that prevents the Beautiful within you from being seen; to let the God within you shine out in glory and lighten the world in which you live.

*Annie Besant.*



## CHEERFULNESS

*"If we identify ourselves with the One Life,  
Like it we sing for joy."—Book of Items.*

Would that those words might be so graven on the heart of every theosophist that in his daily living he might "set it forth and show it accordingly."

While in the present transitional stage of civilization, with its turmoil and stress and nervous tension, it is little wonder that the face of the man or woman of the world reflects these things, but for the theosophist, with his recognition of the unreality of the transitory, there seems little excuse that he should not have attained to at least some measure of that "joyous serenity," which we are told should be the "hall mark" of every theosophist. As a matter of fact, however, are the great majority of us quite living up to our responsibility in this respect?

"By their fruits shall ye know them," and certainly the fruit of theosophic study should be the theosophic life, which can mean nothing less than "disengagement from the objects of the senses"—another way of saying attainment of a sufficient degree of tranquility, not to be thrown off one's balance by the pin-pricking annoyances of daily life, which we all, while living in the world, have to endure. This theoretically we all recognize, but it seems to be a question of strength as to how many of us are able to put it into practice when the test comes. Yet if our philosophy is to be of any worth to us personally, and if it is to "set the pace," so to say, for the civilization of the future—for that which is to crystalize out of the present social chaos—it must be something more than words. Not without meaning have we been told that the time has now come for "less talk and more work," and theosophic "work" means—unless my interpretation be very far astray—something more than mere erudition.

Only by growing impersonal—by rising into that higher indifference which no longer values popularity, in the sense that the world has put its stamp on that word, by becoming frankly unconcerned as to

whether we are praised or criticized—do we develop sufficient strength to become what every theosophist is aiming to become, a spiritual force for the upliftment of the world. Self-pity is one of the stumbling blocks which the sincere and well-intentioned occultist has to avoid as he would the plague, if he is to carry his good intentions into action, for nothing is more fatal to spiritual progress than the pose of martyrdom.

The life theosophic is more than the mere negative thing of self-denial as regards the desires of the flesh. It is—or should be—a life of positive spiritual power: a life so radiant and at the same time so filled with tender sympathy for those who are in genuine distress of body or mind, that the mere living it would be worth more than a dozen lectures or books in the way of propaganda.

Drummond has said "Christianity wants nothing so much as sunny people."

The same might with truth be said of theosophy, for sunniness is the best antidote for all things petty—for mischief-making, backbiting, talebearing and all other forms of maliciousness and little-mindedness.

The power of a smile! If we only realized truly, in inner consciousness what these words mean—the cheery glance, the hearty handshake, the clap on the shoulder, to the man who is "down and out"—these things mean more and play a larger part in living the life theosophic than those of us realize whose attention is either so closely riveted to our books that we think of little else than "rounds and races," etc., or else are so intent upon our own spiritual development that we become self-centered and take ourselves, and all other things, far too seriously. We are on such a tension to "become" spiritual, that there is danger of our forgetting the possibilities of *being* spiritual at the moment, by radiating light and spiritual health and optimism and joy. "The fruits of the spirit are love, joy, long suffering," etc., says the great Christian initiate, St. Paul, and let us not forget that

among the first of all the fruits he puts joy. Robert Ingersoll said that if he had the creation of the world he would have "made health contagious instead of disease." As a matter of fact, health is contagious—health of spirit and health of mind and health of body; for the life radiant, which means that of optimism and joy and mental equilibrium, reacts with wonderful tonic effect upon the physical vehicle.

Phillips Brooks once said: "Happiness is

the natural flower of duty. The good man ought to be the thoroughly bright and happy man," a sentiment with which every occultist, as well as every Christian must agree, for the further we glimpse that which lies "behind the veil," the more must we realize that, as regards his own throes and sorrows, he who would help "hold back the heavy karma of the world" must indeed become "incapable of tears."

*Janet B. McGovern.*

#### THE SELF MEDITATES AND ASPIRES

All, all have served;—  
That brute form held me first,  
The hunger and the thirst,  
The senses ecstasy,  
The rage and agony,  
The succour and the slaying,  
The pain each passion flaying,  
All, all have served.

All, all have served;—  
The powers that slow upgathered,  
The sins their misuse fathered,  
The seeking after gladness,  
The disillusioned sadness,  
The strength that asked no more,  
The weakness that would soar,  
All, all have served.

All, all shall serve!  
Be each new life the crucible  
For elements reducible;  
The good the bad confuting,  
The dross to gold transmuting;  
Behold the transformation,  
The Spirit's consummation!—  
All, all shall serve. H. G. C.

#### THE COSMIC MAN

The Spirit of the Present sings  
The song of universal things.

The walls of self and faction melt away.  
Farewell the age of sect and clan,  
Good-morrow to the Age of Man.

We leave the narrow bounds of yesterday,  
To set our feet upon the height,  
And there behold the broader light.

O'er all the seas and lands and cities shine,  
Until we see that every place  
And every day and every race,

Are gleaming with a radiance divine.  
As dimly wakes the racial soul,  
The consciousness beneath the whole  
Stirs greatly, and the nations feel the thrill.  
It wakes to greet the era's morn  
On which the Cosmic Man is born

To be its messenger and do its will.  
Beneath a universal sun,  
Humanity, organic, one,

Its warring parts reduced to harmony,  
And learn the truth of truths at last,  
That brotherhood alone is liberty.

*J. A. Edgerton.*

—From *The New Age*.



## SARNATH

Of all the sacred places in or near Benares Sarnath is the most important and the most interesting. In the whole of India it ranks second only to Buddha Gaya, the place of the Buddha's illumination. As a proof of increasing public interest in the ruins of Sarnath the Government of India has lately sanctioned a liberal expenditure of state funds to provide a fine museum on the spot and to encourage the work of excavation now going on.

Unlike most sacred places in India Sarnath is easy of access. It is about four miles from Benares and a broad level road, for the most part through the open country, connects the two. It is a quiet peaceful place much loved by those who come to Benares Conventions. Tradition tells us that a deer forest existed here in the time of Buddha; the name Sarnath indicates this as it is a shortened form of Saranganath, lord of the deer. It is said that seers confirm the popular tradition.

It is thought that some of the ruins date from the time of Buddha, the 6th century B. C., his followers having erected monuments and buildings on the spots associated with important events of his life and work. Other portions of the ruins are known to have a later origin. A small brick building on a little mound was built by Akbar at the close of the 16th century to mark the spot where his father sat when he visited the place.

The earliest accounts of Sarnath are by two Chinese travellers, devout Buddhists, who came here, the one at the beginning of the 5th century A. D., the other about two centuries later. The latter gave a detailed description of the structures then existing, many of which disappeared during the succeeding twelve centuries.

A relic of special interest to theosophists is a beautifully polished stone pillar originally from fifty to seventy feet in height crowned with a magnificently sculptured capital. Two large portions of the pillar remain. The column was erected by the great king Asoka who, after his conversion

to Buddhism, tried to ameliorate the sad condition of his people whose homes had been desolated by war. The inscription the column bears is an edict enjoining obedience to the "order" and a warning against schism. The capital found buried at a little distance represents four lions' heads, one looking in each direction. Below this is a band showing four wheels and four well chiseled figures of animals, a lion, an elephant, a bull and a horse. It is remarkable that neither pillar nor capital shows any weathering. They have apparently been unaffected by the changing seasons of Indian climate. This pillar now lying broken on the ground suggests the thought that the monument Asoka has since helped to raise is more enduring than stone. The outer form indeed may change but the Divine Truth it represents is founded upon the Rock of Ages, eternal as God Himself.

The most striking object in the whole region is the "Dhamek Tower" or "Great Stupa" supposed to mark the exact spot where the Buddha first began to teach the good law. It is ninety-three feet in diameter at the base and has a height of 110 feet. It can be seen on a clear day from certain minarets in Benares. It rests upon a firm brick-work foundation 28 feet deep. The lower portion to the height of 43 feet is of stone boldly sculptured in geometrical designs and flowered scroll work. In one portion a few living creatures are represented. Above 43 feet is a girdle of brick-work faced with stone. The remainder is of cemented brick. The stupa is hollow. Within the memory of living men there was an opening leading into the central chamber; this was closed to prevent accidents. Previous to this a shaft was sunk in the center and a stone slab was found bearing the inscription which is translated: "Of all things proceeding from cause, their causes hath Tathagata explained. The great Sramana (Buddha) hath likewise explained the causes of the cessation of existence."

By the demolition of buildings at differ-

ent periods and from other causes the ground at the base of this tower stands 18 feet above the original level and rests upon the ruins of a still more ancient structure. Indeed it is said that the city Sarnath stands upon another ruined city whose date is not yet determined.

Although a large number of statues and other sculptured works of art are now preserved in various museums in India it is sad to think of the destruction allowed to go on before the people awoke to the value of these archaeological remains. Enormous quantities of materials have been carted away from Sarnath. One vandal bore away a whole sacred tower to use in his building operations. Some years later the base of this tower was examined and a stone box was found in which was a marble casket containing valuables. The box is now in a museum in Bengal, the casket and contents disappeared. Over fifty years ago an enthusiastic British general carried on excavations and discovered many statues some of which he placed in the Calcutta museum. He relates that forty statues left on the ground were carried off and thrown into the Barna river to check the cutting away of the bed between the arches of a bridge. The ruins of Sarnath

were also used as a quarry in the construction of another bridge over the same river. A government college in Benares was largely built with bricks from the same source. Some rescued pieces of art may now be seen in the college grounds.

In the Sarnath collection there are images of other great personages, but the statues of the Buddha predominate, a few of heroic size with large stone umbrellas. The figures in sitting posture represent various attitudes of meditation.

When the burden of life's work seems heavy and one's courage flags it is a good time to take an afternoon off and with one or two congenial friends visit Sarnath. A carpet is spread in the shade of the great tower. Books may be brought but are best left unopened. A lunch basket and the necessary things for making tea are good accessories. Although we may not see the white light said to radiate from the great stupa we may enter into the spirit of the place and go home with a deeper appreciation of the beauty of the Lord Buddha's life and work and with a firmer resolve to help prepare for the coming of His successor.

*S. E. Palmer.*

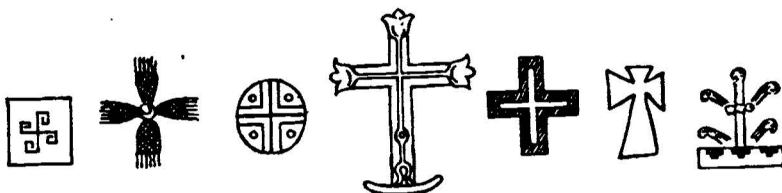
With Earth's first clay They did the last  
man knead,  
And there of the last Harvest sowed the  
seed;

And the first morning of Creation wrote  
What the last Dawn of Reckoning shall read,  
Yesterday this Day's madness did prepare,  
To-morrow's silence Triumph or Despair.

*Omar Khayyam.*

It is the way of the Tao to act without  
thinking of acting, to conduct affairs with-  
out feeling the trouble of them; to taste  
without discerning any flavour, to consider  
the small as great, and the few as many,  
and to recompense injury with kindness.

*—Lao Tze of China (5th Cent. B. C.)*





## REINCARNATION

*A Lecture*

- 1) Malachi 4:5. "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord."
- 2) Luke 1:17. "And he shall go before him in the spirit, and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; and to make ready a people prepared for the Lord."
- 3) John 1:21. "And they asked him, What then? Art thou Elias? And he saith, I am not."
- 4) Matt. 17:11-13. "And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. But I say unto you, That Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of Man suffer of them. Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist."
- 5) Matt. 11:14. "And if ye will receive it this is Elias, which was to come."

In this closing lecture of our present series, treating of the principles of New Thought, and Christianity, we are to consider a teaching which is probably the most vital of all, especially in its function as a solvent of practically all of the problems arising from the marked inequalities, and baffling mysteries of life.

The teaching, we are to consider, is common to both Christianity and New Thought, though in the Christian Church it has been held in abeyance since it "was condemned at the second Council of Constantinople in the 6th century, about 553 A. D."

The teaching referred to is the doctrine of Reincarnation, which was taught by the Founder and the early Fathers of the Christian Church, especially by Clemens of Alexandria, and Origen, his pupil; the Fathers upon whose interpretation of the Holy Scriptures liberal Christianity is based. But before Christianity appeared it was taught (and is taught to-day), in Hindu, and Buddhist temples, and by the priests of India, Persia, and Japan; and was taught also by the priests of the early Egyptian,

Greek and Roman religions. And as it was a part of the birthright of practically every people, and is a part of our Christian inheritance, we should not neglect it and the truth which it contains, now that it is being re-discovered, and brought to the attention of mankind by those who are pursuing the higher ways of life fearlessly and steadfastly.

The Doctrine of Reincarnation, as found in the Holy Scriptures of practically all ancient peoples, including the Jewish and Christian Scriptures; and which is coming to the fore today through the activity of the New Thought, and other similar organizations, which are made up of men and women who "Hunger and thirst after righteousness," is not to be confused with the degraded form which is sometimes called "transmigration," and which teaches that the souls of men re-appear in animals. For as it was enunciated by the ancient Teachers, and by Jesus himself in Matt. 11:13-14, it is pure and uplifting.

That there may be no confusion in our minds in his use of the names Elijah and Elias, when referring to John the Baptist, I will simply remark that Elijah and Elias are names used for the soul, who, according to Jesus, re-appeared in his own race in the personality of John the Baptist: a personality remarkably like that of the more ancient Elijah. In fact they have all the earmarks of the same character, as we should naturally expect them to have. "Both were preachers of righteousness; both were zealous and brave in the rebuke of evil in high places; the strong, vigorous character of the prophet Elijah re-appearing in the equally strong and vigorous character of John the Baptist. And when we find that identity of character together with certain outward resemblances ("his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins," as the New Testament puts it), closely following the Old Testament description of Elijah, and when above all we find the twice-repeated solemn declaration of the Master, it is exceedingly difficult to escape the conclusion that John the Baptist was

really a reincarnation of Elijah, "if the Gospel be reliable," as one eminent author puts it.

And if we are to accept one doctrine given to the world by the Master Jesus, given positively, and intelligently, we certainly ought to consider, and consider seriously the doctrine which makes them all intelligible, and complete, which he gave with equal positiveness and intelligence.

Nor was Jesus conscious merely of the pre-existence of John the Baptist on the earth, for he declared of himself, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day. And he saw it, and was glad." Again, he said, "Before Abraham was, I am." And yet again, "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." All indicating that he was thoroughly conscious of an existence which he had before the one, the record of which has so changed and uplifted the world, during the last 2,000 years. There are yet a few other instances in the Jewish career of Jesus, which indicate his familiarity with the doctrine, and his acceptance of it; and also that he did not regard it as heresy. "He asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I the Son of man am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist, some Elias, and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets." Again when his disciples said, "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents that *he was born blind*?" Jesus did not rebuke them, but simply answered, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." Take away the idea of the doctrine of reincarnation from this question, and there is no sense to it. It is an idle question.

Now, the Doctrine of Reincarnation is as follows: the soul of man evolves through a series of lives on the earth, appearing in that particular body, family, and environment, which shall make adequate provision for the particular moral, and spiritual needs of the soul at a given time, and mete out to him the mixture of bane and blessing which he has created in a previous life, or lives.

The poet Wordsworth wrote,  
"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;

The Soul that rises with us, our life's star  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar.

Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
From God, who is our home."

Another famous poet, Whitman, wrote:  
"As for you, Life, I reckon you are the  
leavings of many deaths.

No doubt I have died myself a thousand  
times before."

George Eliot says, "Our deeds still travel  
with us from afar, and what we have been,  
makes us what we are."

Henry Ward Beecher declared: "We sleep,  
but the loom of life never stops, the pattern  
which was weaving when the sun went  
down is weaving when it comes up to-  
morrow."

Prof. Francis Bowen wrote: "The doctrine of metempsychosis (reincarnation) may almost claim to be a natural or innate belief in the human mind, if we may judge from its wide diffusion among the nations of the earth, and its prevalence throughout the historical ages."

We find in Dryden's translation of Ovid:  
"Souls cannot die. They leave a former  
home,  
And in new bodies dwell, and from them  
roam.

Nothing can perish, all things change  
below,  
For spirits through all forms may come and  
go.

Death hath no power the immortal soul to  
slay,  
That, when its present body turns to clay,  
Seeks a new home, and with unlesened  
might,

Inspires another frame with life, and light."

Plato says: "Souls are continually born  
over again into this life."

Our own great poet, Emerson, wrote:  
"We wake and find ourselves on a stair.  
There are other stairs below us, which we  
seem to have ascended; there are stairs  
above us, many a one, which go upward and  
out of sight."

One might easily fill books with quota-



tions from men who believed, and taught the Doctrine of Reincarnation; but it is not necessary to multiply these unduly. We simply wish to show that the doctrine was taught by Jesus,—that it was held by the common people and his disciples in his day,—that it was proclaimed by Origen, who “states that his ideas on the subject were not drawn from Plato, but that he was instructed by Clemens of Alexandria, who studied under Pantaenus, a disciple of apostolic men.”

And further, we should remember that it was taught in the early Christian Church until the second Council of Constantinople condemned it, anathematizing anyone who preached, taught, or believed it.

Although, as a general teaching, the doctrine disappeared from the Christian Church, it was held, and taught by heretical sects, the Albigenses, for instance, and by a few churchmen; as well as by many poets, and philosophers through the ages, even unto the present day, when we find many different people, especially of the New Thought School, headed by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, reformulating the old, old doctrine, recasting it in modern terms.

The value of this doctrine to humanity is considered practically inestimable, by those who accept it, and order their lives by its teaching.

1) It is extremely valuable as a theory of life to those who have felt the woeful lack of time and opportunity to accomplish the best work of their lives, and to do all that they feel capable of doing. The average life of man is about forty years. A short space indeed, when we think of the time expended in eating, and sleeping, and preparing for our life's work. And when we remember the mental, moral, and physical; the domestic, economic, and financial handicaps, under which a large proportion of the human race trudges along, we recognize quite clearly the fact, that the popular, or traditional conception of the length of the individual human experience on the earth, is wholly discouraging, and unsatisfactory.

But turning to the subject of our lecture this evening, we find that it immensely lengthens the time, and broadens the field

of opportunity for each human soul, giving to each all the time it can possibly need in which to accomplish its mighty task of “working out its own salvation,” and providing no end of adequate opportunities for the fulfilment of the same. For it teaches that we all came forth from God, probably millions of years ago. The spirit that is in us having been obliged to pass through all the kingdoms that are below us, at last knocked for admission into the human kingdom, having won the right to possess a body, appearing in the physical form of a primitive man or woman. As the lives and years increased, each soul moved slowly upward, rising above its savage, animal nature; increasing its intelligence, and moral power by experience; confirming age by age the confidence and grace of God; passing from grade to grade in moral, and spiritual character, coming to where we now stand by sheer effort, despite many falls, and backslidings, much sinning, and wrong-doing. And now, possessing a clearer consciousness of what lies before us in the way of character building, and the great responsibility and opportunity which is ours, we should endeavor to follow the teaching of our common Master, when he says, “Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect,” a teaching which is without meaning, if we are cut off from earth (which is the scene of struggle for the races of earth), before we have sufficient opportunity to learn all of life's lessons. Here surely is a definite value, which may be given to the Doctrine of Reincarnation; for many people of all faiths are discouraged, and many more despair of ever doing anything with themselves; while others are so woefully limited by mental, moral, and physical afflictions, that they are wholly without hope if God has made no provision here below for the ample working out of their lives. For He has taught us through our Christian Scriptures, even as He taught other races, that we are His children, far away from Him in consciousness, it is true, imperfect, weak, halt, blind, and deaf in many respects, yet His children still; and, as His children, destined to attain to “final holiness and



happiness," entering more and more into harmony with Him, as we "work out our own salvation." And He has promised that "the last enemy to be overcome is death." Not the fear of death, but death itself. And the "Angel of Christ" has said, "He that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God; and he shall go no more out." That is, shall no more be reborn into the earthly life, be exiled from the heavenly realms. According to the doctrine of reincarnation God's mercy is from everlasting to everlasting, not only for those who love Him; but for all of his children, and that each shall have all of the time, opportunity, and strength to enable each to attain unto "the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

2) The value of the Doctrine of Reincarnation to mankind, lies also in the fact that it offers a thoroughly reasonable explanation of the terrible inequalities and afflictions of human life.

The inequalities are not merely surface differences, according to this doctrine, but are fundamental to the soul, and are indicative of its moral and spiritual standing in God's Kingdom.

The afflictions, however, are indications of the fact that men have sinned against the Law of Love, and Truth, and are simply the manner in which is required to "reap what he has sown." Physical deformity, defect, or other limitation, indicates the fact that in some previous life, or lives, the individual so limited has committed some crime against the law of God, "for God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"—another statement which is valueless unless the Law of Retribution, or Causation applies to the whole range of man's experience. Physical wrongs must naturally be worked out on the physical level of life, else man cannot learn the lessons which the physical life teaches.

Spiritual deformity, on the other hand, is due to wasted, or misused opportunities and privileges, and the non-fulfilment of moral and spiritual responsibilities.

These do not, in any way, indicate any difference in the natures of the souls of

men: for all are from God, and all are made in His spiritual image. It simply indicates the fact that all are not "in the same class in the School of Life," and that while men are equal in nature, they are not equal in their mental, moral, and spiritual development. They stand on different stairs in life. They belong to different classes in the School of Life, of which Jesus was, and is an "alumnus." We have the record of his "Commencement Day," when he endured the last great test of his knowledge, and ability; and overcame death, accomplishing the resurrection, through his understanding of the laws of physical life, and his grasp of the powers, which make transmutation possible by an effort of the will. St. Paul looked forward to the time when he should "attain unto the resurrection of the dead," stating that he was striving toward this great end. And urges "as many as are (or would be) perfect," to strive as he is striving.

3) We pass now to the consideration of another reason why men should consider this Doctrine of Reincarnation of great value, that is, the satisfactory conception of the justice of God, which it presents to us.

Looking about us we find that men are rich, or poor,—strong, or weak,—well, or ill,—intelligent, or ignorant,—powerful, or lacking in might,—wise, or foolish,—limited, or free,—criminal, or non-criminal,—blind, or endowed with sight,—deaf, or keen of hearing,—and seeing all of these characteristics, (many of which are not the result of any thought, or deed occurring in the present life of these fellow-souls, but were incidental to birth), we naturally wonder why these things should be. And many times we are led to question the justice of God, if not openly doubt it. For the God who could condemn anyone to the life of a criminal, to a life of immorality, to physical blindness, to hourly affliction, to dire poverty, to idiocy, to an unwholesome body, to slavery of any sort, to any one of many different forms of limitation, without adequate reason, is a God who is not only wholly unjust, but is entirely unworthy of our love and service. And when to this we add the traditional view of life, which limits us to this one short life-cycle on the earth, in

which some find great joy, and others misery and despair that is horrible to contemplate, the Creator of such unholy, unlovely conditions is inestimably mean, and contemptible. It is absolutely true that there is no reasonable explanation of God's justice, in the traditional Christian conception of His manner of creating, and arranging the individual life of man.

For it is nothing to say that joy, and peace, and happiness shall be ours in heaven, if we have missed it here below. For the Heaven of which Jesus tells us is "within" us. And our enjoyment of this heaven is absolutely dependent upon our consciousness of heavenly conditions. If we cannot sense, and appreciate heavenly conditions in our heart and mind to-day, while on earth, the mere fact of our physical death to-day would not make it possible for us to enjoy heaven over there.

But once bring in the teaching of Jesus, and of His disciples in the New Thought, and theosophic schools, relative to the doctrine of reincarnation, or the process of our moral and spiritual regeneration, or evolution, and the entire problem is cleared up, and reasonably solved. For it gives us the key for which Christianity has been groping for many generations. God has caused it to be brought forward at this time, in this generation, that men and women may unlock some of the mysteries of life, understand His great purpose more fully, and learn to co-operate with him more intelligently, in the knowledge that "He doeth all things well."

For this doctrine holds that Jacob superceded Esau, at birth, and founded Israel, not by accident, but because of his previous righteous actions, in other lives:—that Esau was displaced because of his previous unrighteousness:—that John the Baptist was permitted to "prepare the way" of Jesus, because of his zealous enthusiasm after righteousness during his earlier life, as Elijah; and that his latter days were darkened, and he was beheaded because of previous sin, possibly because of his misuse of spiritual power, when he, as Elijah, drew down the fire from heaven to destroy the troops, sent out to take him by the king of

Israel. For misuse of spiritual power always brings dire punishment.

This doctrine also gives an adequate reason for the wonderful character of the Master Jesus. During his Jewish life (the one which is so precious to the world) he certainly could not have been "tempted as we are," nor could he have had the time, and opportunity to bring about that magnificent spiritual development, the power and authority of which he used so abundantly, and intelligently for the good of men. And if he was a specially created being, specially endowed, his life is of no value, as an example to us: for we cannot attain unto it. But if he acquired the habit of righteousness by righteous living in other lives,—if he had cultivated his spiritual powers in other lives,—if he had triumphed over the multitude of sins which human-kind is heir to, in other lives, and came to full birth in his last Jewish experience, (as we believe he did), then is his life understandable, and worthy of our emulation; and then also is there some meaning to the phrase, "the only begotten Son of God," making Jesus to be the first fully born son of God, that is, the only human being out of all the races of the earth who has become "at one with God," and gained the whole inheritance.

Besides these notable instances, the Doctrine of Reincarnation is the key to the problem of the present life of each individual soul. For it makes it plain that present inequalities, and afflictions, and limitations are due to, and are the effects of, past causes, which we ourselves instituted,—that each helps us to pay our debts to the Law of God, and to each other,—that each but is a temporary condition from which we shall be released when we have paid the full penalty,—that the lesson of pain well learned to-day will bring joy to-morrow; and that finally, as a result of all our learning, and striving, and suffering, and achieving, we shall "overcome death," accomplish "the resurrection from the dead," become "a pillar in the temple of my God, and go no more out," attaining unto "the final harmony of all souls with God."

Here is a reasonable, wholesome, intelli-



gible doctrine, which, when fully understood, effects the complete solution of the vexing problems of life. It was given "very early" in the history of man, so early in fact, that it is impossible to state just when, and by whom it was given. It is taught to-day, and believed in by fully two-thirds of the earth's population. It is an essential feature of the Jewish, and Christian Scriptures. It was held and taught by the wisest of our early Church Fathers, and was discarded by the Church only after the latter had lost its spiritual vision, and become a great temporal power. It has been sung by minstrel, and poet, taught by philosophers of all ages, and is finding wide acceptance among the people of this western hemisphere, where God is working out great problems. And it is being openly accepted and declared by many of those hosts of progressive men and women who have left the Christian Church, and organized the mystic and mental science cults of to-day, with the possible exception of the so-called Christian Scientists.

It opens up wonderful vistas of thought and life. It holds out the promises of an abundant life, made full, and strong, and efficient, *by experience*, through a long series of lives on the earth, which are as stairs up which we mount to our Home, on the heights of God.

Sir Oliver Lodge, in his latest book, "Reason and Belief," writes, "My message is that there is some great truth in the idea of pre-existence; not an obvious truth, nor one easy to formulate, a truth difficult to express." But nevertheless a truth. And Prof. Huxley, in his book, "Evolution and Ethics," (p. 61) writes: "None but the hasty thinkers will reject it on the ground of its inherent absurdity. Like the doctrine of evolution itself, that of transmigration (reincarnation) *has its roots in the world of reality.*" . .

As Christian men and women we need this larger truth, or doctrine to help us to interpret life, and to aid us in our endeavor to make wise use of our present opportunities. For it clearly illustrates the process by which Jesus came to the place where he could exert such power, and could speak with such authority, "For he knew what was

in man," and he "was at one with God." It also teaches the process by which the theories relative to the "just retribution for sin, and the final harmony of all souls with God," are realizable in fact.

And we should not allow any prejudice to stand in the way of our endeavor to understand more of this matter and if we find the doctrine valid, to accept it, and thus make provision for our daily entrance into "newness of life in Christ,"

Let me in conclusion quote the following inspiring poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who tells us of the hope in Reincarnation for all men.

#### THE LAW

The sun may be clouded, yet ever the sun  
Will sweep on its course till the cycle is run.  
And when into chaos the systems are hurled,  
Again shall the Builder reshape a new world.

Your path may be clouded, uncertain your  
goal;  
Move on, for the orbit is fixed in your soul.  
And though it may lead into darkness of  
night,  
The torch of the Builder shall give it new  
light.

You were and you shall be; know this while  
you are;  
Your spirit has travelled both long and afar.  
It came from the Source, to the Source it  
returns;  
The spark that was lighted eternally burns.

It slept in a jewel, it leaped in the wave;  
It roamed in the forest, it rose from the  
grave;  
It took on strange garbs for long aeons of  
years,  
And now in the soul of yourself it appears.  
From body to body your spirit speeds on;  
It seeks a new form when the old one is  
gone;  
And the form that it finds, is the fabric you  
wrought  
On the loom of the mind with the fibre of  
thought.

As dew is drawn upward, in rain to descend,



Your thoughts drift away and in destiny  
blend.

You cannot escape them; for petty, or great,  
Or evil, or noble, they fashion your fate.

Somewhere, on some planet, sometime and  
somehow,

Your life will reflect all the thoughts of  
your now.

The Law is unerring; no blood can atone;  
The Structure you rear you must live in  
alone.

From cycle to cycle, through time and  
through space,

Your lives with your longings will ever keep  
pace.

And all that you ask for, and all you desire.

Must come at your bidding, as flames out of  
fire.

You are your own devil, you are your own  
God.

You fashioned the paths your footsteps have  
trod.

And no one can save you from error or sin  
Until you shall hark to the spirit within.

Once list to that voice and all tumult is done,  
Your life is the life of the Infinite One;  
In the hurrying race you are conscious of  
pause,

With Love for the purpose, and Love for the  
cause."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Rev. Chas. H. Emmons,

Universalist Clergyman, Portsmouth, N. H.

To delude the sight till death;  
Whatso'er the unseeing saith.

Love that closes dying eyes,  
Wakes them too, in glad surprise;  
Love that makes forever wise.

Soul—whilst murmmuring "There's no  
soul"—

Shall upspring like flame from coal,  
Death is not life's final goal.

Brúno lives! Such spirits come,  
Swords immortal tempered, from  
Fire and Forge of Martyrdom.

You have soul enough for seven;  
Life enough the earth to leaven;  
Love enough to create heaven!

One of God's own faithful few,  
Whilst unknowing it are you,  
Annie Besant, bravely true.

—From "My Lyrical Life,"  
By Gerald Massey 1839.

All services ranks the same with God:  
If now, as formerly he trod  
Paradise, his presence fills  
Our earth, each only as God wills  
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,  
Are we; there is no last nor first.

—Browning.

The most favored of God will be he who  
shall see his Lord's face night and morning,  
a felicity which will surpass all the pleasures  
of the body as the ocean surpasses a drop  
of sweat.

—Mohammed.

There is no Death! What seems so is  
transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the suburg of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

Longfellow.

## THE MASTER MIND

*The Master Mind*

The entire quantity of what we have named matter now in existence in the sidereal universe, has been formed from electrons. This total quantity was once dissociated into separate electrons, no two touching, and all of them quiescent. At least, all of the eighty-eight (88) phases of matter—elements—now known to chemists can be dissipated back into electrons, by means of high potential electricity in Crooke's Glass Vacuum tubes. Electrons are not matter, so-called, when at rest. They must travel around each other to constitute matter. From this series of statements, nothing exists but electrons. These are pure electricity; and are so excessively minute that no human mentality is able to imagine how small they are. A row one inch long could contain between twelve and thirteen trillions; those determinations having been made by a number of electricians and physicists, aided by recondite mathematics.

*The Mind Supreme*

The object of writing this article is to put forth and advocate the set, fixed and central truth, namely: these electrons were created by eternal MIND. Mind is the only Creator. Whether space is infinite or finite cannot be known, nor even thought of by the phase of mind now functioning, manifesting or expressing in its throne-room on earth, the human brain. Likewise the quantity of electrons, whether finite or infinite. In either case, contemplation of the quantity is beyond mind within brain. For purposes of fixing the human mind, circumscribing its space flight, cut out a sphere from space, whose diameter is a distance traversed by light during one million years moving with the velocity of 186,380 miles during each second of time. Let this sphere be filled with electrons at absolute rest. The Creator wills that matter be formed; then directive mind directs that for the most formative matter to appear one electron shall revolve around another. The first revolution formed the first atom. That the different chemical

elements depend entirely for their differing properties on the number of electrons in the center the number in revolution around them, the distances of their orbits of revolution, the set, fixed specific speeds of revolution and lastly, but not least, the directions of revolution is a basic and fundamental fact in all electrical activity. This is the origin of induction, without which, electricity could not be used by man. Those specific speeds and numbers of revolutions are enormous, and are measured by thousands per second. Negative electrons revolve around positive—the origin of polarity. A nascent or free revolving electron is the most wonderful entity in existence save one—a thought. Nascent means being born, being set in living motion. A clock or watch can wind itself as easily as can an electron start itself revolving of its own volition nor will. This leads to the one great standard and final question now propounded to science.

*Directivity and Activity*

The position taken in this writing is that directive mind, directs that electrons shall revolve at definite rates, distances, numbers and directions to appear as matter. Activity does not reside within electrons: they are directed where to go, and when and how revolve to develop matter by an external force and this mighty force is Mind, and Mind only and alone. The only word that can be selected in the entire series of languages of man as a name of this mind is Creator.

*Primordial Phrenoids or Mentoids*

These are thought forms or more accurately thought bodies. Suppose that the Creator desires that hydrogen, iron, titanium, platinum, carbon shall be formed. Then phrenoids are directed to any point in space to assemble quiescent electrons and set them into their pre-determined specific speeds. Thus to-day, in this the auspicious twentieth century, rigid science positively demands the existence of the Creator. It has been discovered in the very nature of thought and of language, that the Creator

is mind. None is at present able to conceive the might and majesty of the Creative mind, yet the human mind is very well aware that this basic mind exists. This mind created electrons and from them formed all matter whatever. How mind wrought these gigantic works of creation and formation may never be known to mind in its human phase of isolation. And yet it may, for with the present rapid expan-

sion and discovery, man may yet discover creative processes. Who will deny this great and grand possibility? All that part of the mighty sidereal structure now within range of vision in the most powerful telescope and telecameras is resting upon an electrical base—basic electrons. But these have a great foundation, promordial mind—the Creator.

*Edgar Lucian Larkin.*

### RIGHTS AND SERVICE

It is an every day occurrence to see some one who is dissatisfied with his station in life and is continually clamouring for his rights; and it is well.

Dissatisfaction with the actual state of things is one of the steps in the advance of Evolution, the prodding of the Spirit seeking after a broader Life and a fuller expression of His infinity.

Truly has a great Soul said once that, when a man begins to feel thoroughly dissatisfied and disgusted with the state of things around him, he has taken the first step towards Religion.

Dissatisfaction is altogether the result of comparison by an uncontrolled mind: when I look at those of my fellow men who seem to be better off than myself, I naturally feel a longing for those possessions which I associate with pleasure and happiness, not counting the possible cost and the pain they may bring along. Desire may even be accompanied by envy and jealousy in their most painful forms.

Such is the common experience of mankind; every one of us has gone through it and has suffered from it many a time, and the most of us have not yet learned the lesson that Life is trying to teach us.

But he who would be a disciple, the one who has caught a glimpse of the Light, no matter how dim and faint it may have

been, and who is even now seeking for the way, must outgrow desire and the crying for rights.

Sooner or later, every man comes to realize that desire cannot be satisfied, that happiness is not to be obtained through self gratification, and that all worldly achievements are but mere child's play in the face of the future. What then is to be done?

These words of Krishna tell us what to do: "This, my Maya, is Divine being made of qualities, and very difficult to cross; yet him that comes to Me I will help to cross the River of Life." So too our Master: "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart."

Thus, to the disciple, to him who has entered the path of knowledge and attainment, the march of evolution cannot be any longer a matter of personal rights nor even of duty. It has become a privilege, the privilege of Service. To give out to the world the very best that is in one, under any and all circumstances with absolute faith in the results, and with conscience and the Master's teachings as the only guide, this is indeed the disciple's highest privilege, because Life manifesting in man, and consequently the surest and shortest way to the goal.



*THE "PARCIVAL" OF WOLFRAM VON  
ESCHENBACH*

The beginning of this song has now been reached, since he is born for whom this legend was named. You have heard of his father's joys and sorrows, of his life and death; now you shall hear how the son grew up in strength, how he was carefully kept away from knight-errantry, but how a mighty force from within himself carried him up to the highest good.

Queen Herzeleide nursed her little son herself, and centered all her life and love in him. Rich in goods, but poor in joy, she relinquished her three kingdoms and withdrew herself with a few servants into the wilderness of Soltane. She gave orders that no one should speak of knighthood, that her son might never be attracted into its life, and be lost to her as her husband was. The boy grew up; they let him make bows and arrows, with which he killed birds, but when he shot one which had just been singing sweet songs, he would cry with pain. Once he heard his mother speak of God, and he asked her what that was. She told him that God was bright as the day, he had the face of a man, he was merciful and loving, and always ready to aid those who called on him; but there was one who is called the keeper of hell, he was black, and practiced only untruth, from him and from doubt her son should always turn away his thoughts.

The boy became strong and courageous; he would go out hunting, whether it was flowery summer or icy winter, and come back heavily laden with game. One day he was out near a hill-side when he heard the sound of horses' hoofs and soon a number of knights came trotting up, their armor shining brightly in the sun. The boy thought they were gods, and, throwing himself in their way, he called on them for help. Count Ultra-Lak Karnahkarnanz was the foremost; he stopped his horse rather angrily, but seeing the boy's beautiful face he asked him whether he had seen two knights pass that way, who had forcibly carried away a maiden. But the boy repeated his prayer, "Oh help me merciful

God, who givest help in all troubles." The count said, "I am not God but only His servant. We are merely four knights." Then the boy asked what a knight was, and who could make him one. Karnahkarnanz told him that King Artus conferred knighthood, and showed him how he would defend himself with his sword, and how the iron rings on his body would serve to protect him. Then the boy exclaimed, "Oh if the deer had such a hide my arrows would not wound them, yet have I killed many a one." The knights rode on to where the men of Herzeleide were plowing the fields, and were told that the two knights with the maiden had galloped by that morning. It was Meliakanz whom the four knights were following, and in the end they succeeded in freeing the beautiful Imaine de la Belle Fontaine from his grasp.

Full of joy the boy now ran to his mother and told her all that had happened, which caused her to faint with terror. He begged to be given a horse so that he might ride at once to King Artus. She saw with sorrow that it was useless to try to dissuade him from his purpose, but she hoped to thwart his plans by dressing him in fool's garments, so that the ill treatment of people might induce him to return to her. A shirt and cap in one piece was cut for him out of sackcloth, and on the pointed end of the cap a cuckoo was fastened. Rough leggings of calf-skin were put on him. When he was ready to set out, his mother instructed him to avoid crossing a dark stream, but ride in bravely where it was clear and shallow, he was to greet every one he met, to learn willingly and confiding by how to conduct himself should a wise old man wish to teach him, he should strive to obtain rings and greetings from good ladies, and demand their kisses, this would bring him great courage and good fortune, if they were chaste and good. Finally he was to know that the overbearing Laebelin had slain their faithful lord Turkentals, and robbed him of two countries, Waleis and Norgalis, which he had ravaged with fire and sword. The boy

angrily declared he would revenge this outrage.

With the dawn of day he set out on his journey to find King Artus. The queen had kissed him, and followed him, keeping him in sight as long as she could. And when he had disappeared, her heart broke because of her great grief, and death released her from her sorrows.

The boy rode toward the forest of Persilian; he came to a small brook which a cock could easily have stepped across, but as the stream seemed so dark because trees and grass were shading it, he rode along it all day long rather than attempt a crossing. Thus mindful was he of his mother's instructions. He spent the night as well as he could, and in the morning a crossing was found.

On the other side was pitched a costly tent of tri-colored velvet, high and broad. Near it hung a leather cover, to be put over it when it rained. In the tent lay sleeping Jeschute, the beautiful wife of Duke Orilus of Lalander. As Parcival looked at her he saw a ring on her hand. Remembering the words of his mother, he jumped into the tent and embraced the lady, who awoke in great fright, and protested loudly. But Parcival kissed her, paying no attention to her threats; then he forcibly took off her ring and also a golden clasp from her body. Then he complained of great hunger, and she let him eat some fruit, wine, and bread which stood near by. As he was very deliberate, the lady begged him to return her ring and clasp, and leave quickly, for her husband might return and vent his anger on him. Parcival declared he did not fear her husband, but that he would take his leave since she so desired. Kissing her again, to her great fright, he bade her a kindly adieu, and quickly trotted away on his horse.

Hardly had he gone a mile when Orilus returned, and saw with anger and jealousy that some man had been in the tent. He accused his wife, who protested her innocence, and told him what had happened, but declared shyly that she believed that a handsomer lad than this one had never been seen. But this made Orilus only the more

violent. Was this the way she repaid him for his knightly service for her sake? Although her brother Erich, son of King Lach, had thrown him into the dust at Prurin, yet he had fully paid off his score at Karnant, where his spear pierced Erich's shield and he cried for mercy. He bade Jeschute to remember that Galoes, the proud son of Gandin had been slain by his sword; and how she herself saw him unhorse Pliopheri. In spite of his great deeds he now had to endure shame and scandal! Especially was he hated by the Knights of the Round Table, of whom he had ridden down eight in the tournament of Kannedich, in presence of Jeschute and his sister Kunneware, who had vowed not to smile until she had found the knight to whom the highest praise should be given. If this knight should come against him, he would give him battle just as he had done that morning to a brave lord who now lay dead near the crag. He would not punish her bodily, he went on, but he would no longer regard her as his wife.

Then she sorrowfully begged him to be just to her, declaring she would rather die at the hands of some other man, so that her death should not bring him shame. But Orilus told her to renounce such martyrdom, he would never let her wear other garment than what she then wore, and make her ride with him after the young squire, with saddle and bridle stripped of all ornaments. And thus they rode hotly after the young Parcival.

As Parcival was riding down a mountain-side he heard a woman's cries of sorrow, and soon near a cliff he found the lady tearing her chestnut hair in despairing grief. At her feet lay her beloved knight Schianatulander, slain. The boy greeted the lady and offered to revenge the death of the knight with his bow and arrows, if she would tell him who had slain him. The lady Sigune thanked him, but said that he could not help her, as her lover met his death in knightly contest. She asked him who he was and soon recognized that it was Parcival, whose mother was her aunt. She told him whose son he was, and that he ought rightfully to be king of Norgalis, in the capital of Kingrival. Two brothers had



done him great injury: Laehelin robbed him of two countries, and Orilus slew his cousin Scianatulander, who was a knight of his service.

As Wolfram von Eschenbach, the poet-knight, assumes that his hearers are acquainted with the tragic story of Sigune and Schianatulander, which forms the main plot of his poem "Titurel," it will be well to summarize it here. Sigune was the daughter of Duke Kiot of Katalonia and of Joisiane, daughter of Frimutel, the Grail-king. Joisiane died in giving birth to her, so Tempetiere, the brother of Kiot, took the baby girl and raised her together with his own daughter Konduiramur. But when Herzeleide had lost her first husband Kastis on her wedding-day, she took Sigune to her as a consolation. When the girl grew up she met at the time of the tournament of Herzeleide at Kanvoleis, a young page whom the French queen Amfise had given to Gamuret when he left his country to seek adventure in the heathen lands. This page was Schianatulander, a grandson of Gurnemanz, and son of Mahaute and of Gorgegris, who was slain by Mabonagrins at Joie de la Cour. Sigune and the page fell deeply in love, and he served her as a true knight until his death. He accompanied his lord Gamuret on his second journey to the Baruch, and when the Anjou knight was slain, he returned to Europe, took charge of Gamuret's kingdoms, and was happy in his love. But once, coming home with Sigune from a visit with Herzeleide, he stopped to fish in a clear stream, while she sat under a tent, and it happened that a brachet (hunting dog) with a costly cord, set with rich stones, tied to his collar, came running up. She fed the dog and read the words which were stitched upon the cord. These words described the virtues as a wreath of flowers, and each verse ended with the words, "Now guard well the way!" which was the reason that the dog was called Gardevias. Sigune the son of a cousin of King Artus, whom quite plain. A knight came riding out from the city, whom he greeted; he was poor and wretched, and saddle and bridle but could not catch him. As Sigune made slung over his shoulder. His horse was

the gaining of the cord his knightly duty, he had to go on this quest. This led him to engage finally in battle with Duke Orilus of Lalander, to whom the brachet belonged. Sigune was present when this happened, and her knight was slain. Her despair knew no bounds, and Orilus himself could not retain his tears. She prayed him to kill her also. He said to the dying knight, "Noble Schianatulander, may you kill her also. He said to the dying recover after this joust. I will give back both the countries, since Fate has willed that I should fell you." But the knight lay senseless, and Orilus rode away in sadness. Sigune prostrated herself over her lover, and embraced him. "Woe is me," he said brokenly, "even if my wounds would let me recover, your sorrow would kill me." Thus he died, and thus Parcival found them.

Hearing the story of Sigune, Parcival desired to meet Orilus at once and revenge himself and his cousin; but she, fearing that he would be slain also, directed him falsely, so that he soon reached a highway which led to Bretagne. According to his mother's instructions he greeted every one he met on the way, whether knight or tradesman, mounted or on foot. As evening approached, the boy became very tired, so he asked for lodging at a well-built house. The fisherman who owned it, however, was very hard-hearted and selfish; he demanded pay for taking in anybody to lodge. Parcival drew forth the golden clasp of Jeschute, and offered it to the man if he would give him some supper, and show him the way to King Artus' court in the morning. Of course the man accepted eagerly, and early in the morning they were on the way to Nantes, the capital city. When it could be seen clearly in the bright sunlight, the fisherman told the boy to ride in alone, for a peasant would not be kindly treated there.

So the boy rode on alone in his fool's dress, a quiver full of arrows (gabilots) was delighted with the poem. Suddenly the dog escaped from her, she called her lover and demanded that he should at all costs procure for her the cord. He ran barefooted after the dog, in spite of the thorns,



King Uterpandragon had raised, and was named Ither of Gaheviesz, but known always as the Red Knight, since all his gear about him and his horse was of that color. Even his hair was of a burning red. He was King of Kumberland, and only a visitor in Nantes at this time; he claimed the land by hereditary right. He was holding in his hand a golden beaker which he had taken from Artus' table. Returning Parcival's greeting kindly, he praised his beauty, and asked him to deliver to King Artus the message that he did not wish to seem a fugitive but would wait there until some one should match him in battle. For he had, so he explained to Parcival, spilled some wine out of the beaker into Queen Ginevra's lap, as a sign that he laid claim to the country. Therefore Parcival should tell the queen that he had poured the wine on her without his will, but had quietly carried off the beaker; for if the brave knights would now let their king thirst for want of his drinking vessel, it would add little to their honor.

Parcival promised to deliver this message, and rode on into the gate of Nantes, making his way through the streets and followed by a swarm of street-gamins. As he reached the palace a young squire named Iwanet received him as a comrade. Seeing many knights moving around, Parcival said, "I see here many an Artus; tell me which one can make me a knight?" The page laughed and replied that he had not seen the right one as yet, but would soon do so; and he led him into the castle where the heroes of the Round Table were gathered together. Parcival greeted them politely, and delivered his message. All the knights as well as Artus and the queen crowded around the boy and heard his great wish to be made a knight. Artus said that he should remain with them a day, and that then he should receive some gifts for the service of delivering the message. But the boy exclaimed impatiently that he could not wait; if he could not have the armor of the Red Knight he did not want the gifts from the king, his own mother who was a queen could give them to him as well. The king smiled and said he was

sorry that he could not furnish him the gear of the Red Knight; besides he grieved that he had lost his good will by no fault of his own. Keye, the seneschal, advised the king to let the boy go out and chase the Red Knight, that he would have to meet with many a hard knock anyhow, and might as well begin now. Somewhat in doubt as to whether Parcival might not be slain, the king finally gave his consent, and so Parcival started out for his first battle.

All the knights and ladies were at the windows to see him ride out. The noble lady Kunneware was so near that what Parcival saw as he rode by, rankled painfully in his faithful bosom for a long time. For Knight Antanor and Lady Kunneware of Lalander had sworn a strange compact together. Kunneware had vowed that she would rather die than laugh, until that knight should meet her who had attained the highest prize on earth; and Antanor, that not the least word should escape him until Kunneware should laugh. Now as Parcival was riding by in his fool's costume and on his woe-be-gone steed, she laughed out loud. Thereupon Keye, the seneschal, seized her by her blond hair and beat her with a wand, scolding her for never so much as favoring with a smile any one of the many noble knights who had ridden into and out of the court of King Artus, while now she was laughing for a foolish youth who had never won knightly honor, in fact was wholly ignorant of knighthood! Although many things occur in anger, yet in Germany he would never have had the right to beat the fair maiden, who received much sympathy from her friends. And if her brothers Orilus and Laehelin had seen the unworthy deed, there would not have been so much of it. Now Antanor, who had seemed a fool because of his strict silence, stepped forth and spoke to Sir Keye angrily, saying that the boy for whom he was punishing Kunneware would some day repay him for what he had done. Then Keye turned on him and beat him about the head.

Parcival felt a great desire to seize the spear and hurl it upon the unworthy seneschal, but there, was too great a crowd

around them all. So he rode on, and at the gate of the city young Iwanet took leave of him, and let him ride alone to the field where Ither was waiting for him. The youth told him how he had well carried out his charge, but that no knight had shown a desire to meet Ither in battle. And that King Artus had granted him his wish, bestowing on him Ither's horse and armor. Therefore he asked the Red Knight to dismount at once and deliver to him his gear. The knight thought the youth was out of his wits. "What right has the king to give away my armor, I would like to know? I suppose he has given you my life as well, if I let it be taken away from me. Indeed, if you have long stood in his favor, your service deserves its reward." Parcival angrily retorted, "Well I know what I am to earn, since the king has promised me knighthood. Give me my things. I will no longer be a servant. But if you want to deprive me of my rights, your name might well be Laehelin, of whom my mother has told me." And he seized the bridle of the Red Knight's horse, but Ither pushed him back with such a powerful thrust of the butt end of his lance that both Parcival and his horse fell to the ground, and the red blood spurted from his mouth and nose. But Gamuret's son quickly arose, seized his hunting spear, and drove it through the cleft where the visor lay close to the helmet of Ither. It entered into the eye and neck, so that the Red Knight fell from his horse without uttering a sound.

Then Parcival tried to strip him of his armor but could not succeed. Young Iwanet had heard the noise of the battle, and now came up, and praised the young victor for having so bravely withstood and overcome the proud king of Kumberland. He showed Parcival how to disarm the slain knight and to arm himself with the gear. He tried to persuade the youth to discard his leggings of calf-hide, but Parcival exclaimed that he would never take off what his mother had put on him. So he was armed completely with the garment and armor of the Red Knight over his fool's clothes. Golden spurs were fastened to his

shoes, and the heavy sword belted around his waist. He wanted also his quiver full of arrows, but Iwanet said that a knight had no business to carry around with him such childish weapons. Then he showed him how to draw his sword, and charged him never to turn to flight. Parcival sprang into the saddle without using the stirrup, and then Iwanet taught him how to use the shield properly, and finally handed him the lance. When all was ready Parcival asked the page to tell King Artus what had happened, and to make complaint that a knight had beaten a maiden because she had laughed on his account. He would be her avenger, and would never forget her disgrace and his own. The golden beaker he was to return to King Artus. Thus they parted, after bidding each other godspeed.

Iwanet covered the body of Ither with flowers, red and white, and set up a cross by pushing Parcival's spear into the ground, and tying a crosspiece on it. Then he rode into town to tell the court of the knight's untimely end. The body was carried back to the city by Queen Genevra and all the knights of the Round Table, all deeply mourning for the slain knight, whose body was buried with royal honors. It had all been brought about by the armor which Parcival in his simplicity had desired, and which the knight had denied him. Later, when he reached understanding the incident would hardly have occurred.

Parcival meanwhile rode indifferently over stock and stone, uphill or downhill, just as his horse was minded, which was of such a nature that whether it was cold or hot, and whether the road was smooth or rocky, it did not lose a drop of sweat; and even if it had run two days, the girth need not be shortened by a single hole. The simple youth in one day rode almost such a distance as a man with understanding could not cover in two days. Then, as the sun was sinking, he saw shining the metal roofs of a tower, which seemed to him to grow more and more out of the ground. It proved to be the castle of Gurnemanz of Graharsz, and when Parcival came near he found the gray-haired knight sitting under



a tall linden tree. Parcival was too tired and awkward to salute Gurnemanz properly with the shield according to custom, but he said confidently that his mother had bidden him to learn wisdom from one who had gray hair, and asked to be allowed to serve and obey him. The old knight received him kindly. He let fly a sparrowhawk from his hand, that flew to the castle. The tinkling of the tiny bells fastened to its collar brought out a number of servants, who took Parcival in charge, at the command of Gurnemanz. His simplicity and inexperience gave them some trouble. At first he would not descend from his horse, since King Artus had made him knight. Finally he yielded, but when taken to his bedroom, he refused to remove his heavy armor, although sorely bruised by the long ride of fifty hours. Again he was at last persuaded to disarm, and when they found the fool's dress under the armor, and reported it to the host, he was almost ashamed of his young guest, whose external appearance had pleased him so much. He thought that he wore the fool's garment for the sake of his lady, but the servants assured him that with the youth's nature and manners it was out of the question that he should have won a lady, who had taken him into her service. Gurnemanz went to see for himself these strange things, and when he saw how bruised he was, he bandaged Parcival with his own hands, then took him to the table where he stilled his great hunger, for he had not been given anything to eat since he had mounted at King Artus' court, and ridden out to battle. After supper he was given a soft warm bed; when he arose with the morning's light his bath was already waiting for him. However, he first sent away the maidens attending him, as he was not used to the customs of knight-errantry. When, after his bath, he had been richly clothed by pages and chamberlains, he made so handsome an appearance that all the knights gave praise to the mother who had brought such a wonderful youth into the world, and predicted that he would gain ladies' love and favor wherever he might strive to obtain them.

Gurnemanz soon found how inexperienced his guest was, but also what a rich store of virtue as yet undeveloped lay in his heart. So he undertook to train him so well in wisdom, knighthood, and morality, that the teachings should be an honor to the pupil as well as the teacher. He was instructed in the service of mass, instituted for the benefit of the soul, and taught to sacrifice, cross himself, and bless, and meet the devil with prayer. The old knight let him tell his whole story, how he rode out, how he took Jeschute's ring and clasp, and how he finally slew Ither of Gaheviesz. Gurnemanz deprecated the fall of that hero; since Parcival now wore his armor, he always called him the Red Knight. The teacher let the youth gossip at length, then he advised him kindly not to talk so childishly, not to speak constantly of his mother, and diligently to learn more of other facts. He said, "Hold faithfully to my counsels, which will save you from wrong deeds. Above all never take off the garment of morality, for dishonor falls upon him who is devoid of shame and modesty, and his body grows toward hell. Your bearing shows that you have been chosen for a leader of nations. If you are sprung from a high source and destined to reach yet greater heights, hold this firmly in your soul: to be compassionate and kind to one who suffers in misfortune and sorrow. Often a worthy man battles against distress with modesty. Always be ready to aid such an one, and if you can thus heal the sorrow, the grace of God will attend you. Be sensible in retaining as well as in giving. It does not show a high mind if one spends his goods carelessly, nor does it bring honor to strive too much for wealth. Be moderate in all things. One more counsel: *do not ask questions too much!* Yet be not taciturn; let deliberation choose the proper words so that speech and reply be harmonious, for in speech and narration is made known the fool and the sage. Let mercy be constantly united to your strength. If you overcome some one in battle, and he prays for mercy, be generous and grant him his life, however much he may have offended against you.

You will often wear armor and carry weapons, but when you remove them, let there be no sign that you bore them, and clean your hands and face; thus will you appear bright and handsome, as ladies like to see it. Be manly and confident, serve the ladies honorably and willingly, for that heightens the life of the youth. Never to yield to doubt and hesitancy shows true manliness. It would be easy for you, if you wanted to betray them, to gain their trust, but as against faithful love false trickery is of short duration. It easily betrays itself by its speech. Avoid all dishonorable and clandestine paths to a lady's love; this will disgrace you for all time. I will speak more regarding woman: man and woman are as intimately united as the sun and the day; they have sprung from the same source. That, young man, remember well."

Parcival bowed his head respectfully before his wise teacher. Then Gurnemanz called out his knights and they rode out on the meadow to instruct the young hero in the practice of arms. And the pupil showed himself so eager and willing to learn the points of a good knight, how to manage his horse, how to joust, and even to unhorse experienced men, that soon he won high praise, and renown. Many men were soon saying that the grief of their lord for having lost all his three sons in battle, would soon be lightened, for he would surely not hesitate long before giving his only daughter, Liasze, in marriage to Parcival. In fact, that evening at the supper table Gurnemanz asked his daughter to come and sit beside the young hero, jestingly requesting him not to rob her of her ring, as he had done with the lady of Orilus, which shamed Parcival not a little, though he kissed the maiden willingly. But in spite of the excellent opportunity, the two young people were rather reserved, and their conversation restrained.

After three weeks of training and knightly exercise Parcival realized that he must first go out and perform deeds of valor before he might think of winning the love of a lady. So he prepared to leave the castle Graharsz. The old knight rode out with him for a part of his way, and was

much moved to sorrow when the time of parting came. He said, "Now I see in you my fourth son lost. My first son Centefur lost his life through Klamide and Kingrun, because he served the fair Konduiramur, who refused to give her land and her hand to Klamide. This cut deeply into my heart. You have left me inconsolate only too soon. Woe is me, that I may not die; since my land and my fair daughter do not attract you. My other son was Caselajoiene, whom Ither de Noie slew in a tourney at Kannedich for a sparrow-hawk. Then was my joy carried to the grave also. My third son was named Gorgegris, to whom the beautiful Mahaute was given in marriage by her proud brother Ekhunat. He hurried to the tournament of Joiedelacour, the capital of Brandigan, where he met his death at the hands of the strong Mabonagrín. This caused the death of Mahaute and also of my wife, who were grief-stricken." Parcival was much moved by the sorrow of his teacher, and promised to return to him, should he succeed in gaining knightly praise, and then Gurnemanz might give him his daughter Liasze in marriage. As his departure gave so much sorrow to his teacher, he would hasten to relieve his wounds. And so he took his leave of his friend and host.

Parcival's appearance and manners were now such that he had no reason to be ashamed in the company of any knight. But the teachings of his mother stirred up thoughts which had hitherto lain dormant in his bosom. The wide world became too narrow for him, and a misty veil hung before his eyes. The green fields did not attract him; in him and around him was a gray dusk of dawn, after he had left Simplicity (Ignorance) behind him. Yet his father's nature could not leave the youth; he thought of the beautiful maiden Liasze, who had so willingly and kindly honored the young Red Knight who had no one to love him. He was unable to direct his horse, but let it follow its own inclinations through forests and fields. But he did not lose his way, for in the evening of the same day that he left Graharsz, he arrived in the kingdom of Brobarsz, after



crossing over a wild and rough mountain-range. Following the course of a mountain stream, which rushed and foamed in its narrow course between rocky crags, he soon reached the city of Belripar, where Tempetiere had lately been king, and had bequeathed at his death the kingdom and the city to his daughter Konduiramur. The stream shot swiftly by the walls of the city to join the near-by sea. A small ferry led over the stream to the city. On the other side were sixty knights or more, with helmets on, who shouted to him to turn back. It seemed that Parcival bore himself so royally and fearlessly that they took him for their enemy Klamide, who held the city in siege. But Parcival let them shout, drew his horse on to the raft and pushed off. Ere he reached the other bank the shouting had ceased, for the warlike knights had retired into the city. So our hero rode without hindrance to the walls of the city, upon which a part of the lordly castle reared itself proudly. He knocked on the gate, but received no answer; it seemed as though the garrison was sunk in sleep. At last a maiden appeared in the windows of the castle, and asked, "Are you coming as an enemy? That is unnecessary, for we have long been besieged by mighty armies, both by land and by sea." But Parcival answered, "I am ready to serve you if I may, and if you will give me your greetings in return." The maiden informed her lady of the castle, and soon Parcival was admitted into the city. Everywhere on the streets he saw the glare of weapons; long files of slingers, bowmen, and foot-soldiers were passing through the streets. But all were looking weak, for the city was famine-stricken. The queen's marshal led the visitor with some difficulty through the crowds to the queen's castle. Here also were many well-armed knights but all were of an ashen color, and pale as death. There was no more cheese, meat, bread, and wine to be had, and the stricken city was attacked more fiercely day by day by Klamide the proud king of Brandigan, because the young queen would not listen to his wooing. The knights of the court greeted Parcival somewhat diffidently, for they had so

little to offer him. But they spread for him a rug under a linden tree, his weapons and armor were taken off by polite servants, and a red mantle of velvet was given him. After washing himself at the well he seemed to vie with the sun's light in brightness. Then the host courteously invited his guest to appear before the queen.

As he approached the broad stairway to the palace a light arose before him as from a star. Kiot of Katalonia, and Manfyliot, both dukes, but now devoted to the service of God, were leading their niece, the queen of the land, to the head of the stairway to meet their guest. She kissed the young knight, gave him her hand, and led him into the reception hall. Many knights and ladies were around them, but all were weak and tottering with hunger. Even the queen's face showed traces of suffering, yet was she far more beautiful than any lady whose beauty has ever inspired poets to song. Even the two Isoldes could not have retained the prize for beauty in the presence of Belripar's maiden queen.

But Parcival sat silently beside the queen, disconcerted by her wondrous beauty, and remembering the advice of Gurnemanz when he dispelled his ignorance (*Einfalt*) and told him to avoid unnecessary questions. The queen was a little embarrassed by Parcival's silence. Then she spoke first, telling him that the maiden at the window had told her that he had offered to serve. This was an answer to her longing wish, for it had been a long time since such willing visitors had come near. She asked him frankly from what place he had come. He replied that he had left a sorrow-stricken knight Gurnemanz of Graharsz, that morning, having ridden out from his castle. The queen was much astonished, since her best messenger required at least two days to complete the journey. Gurnemanz was the brother of her mother; their house had long been plunged in misfortunes and sorrows. She begged him to remain in the castle over night, and share what little food there was. Then her uncles Kiot and Manfyliot, who were unarmed and had free access to the city from their hermit cottages in the

mountains, promised to send in some provisions that very day. They rode home and soon their servant came trotting back, loaded with food. This was at once divided among the starved people; only a little remained for Parcival and Konduiramur. Then he was led to his sleeping chamber, which was sumptuously prepared. Parcival dismissed the attending knights and was soon fast asleep.

With the first gray dawn of the morning he was awakened by the entrance of the queen who came to him in tears and knelt at his bedside. He bade her rise, telling her she might kneel thus only before God. Then she told him her sorrows: how King Klamide and his seneschal Kingrun had ravaged and slain many of her relatives, knights, and vassals; how her father Tempetiere had died, leaving her without counselor. That morning Kingrun would come again to demand the submission of the city to the king, and her giving herself as wife to Klamide. But she declared that she would rather throw herself from the highest tower in the castle before she would become the wife of the man who slew her lover Centeflur, the knight without a flaw, and the brother of Liasze. Then Parcival consoled the royal maiden, saying that he would be her shield against Klamide. The queen thanked him most sincerely, and left his chamber, much revived in hope.

The young hero, after he had received the blessing, armed himself in his red gear, and rode out from the castle, which the enemies were already approaching with Kingrun at their head. Parcival and Kingrun came riding heavily together, both were unhorsed by the might of their lance-thrusts. Then they drew their swords and clashed in battle. Soon the strength of Parcival repaid with interest the loss of six knights of Konduiramur, felled by Kingrun in the siege. Wounded by several mighty blows his helmet was hewn from his head, and then the seneschal fell senseless to the ground. Then Parcival placed his knees on his breast and offered him pardon if he would deliver himself prisoner to Gurnemanz. But Kingrun declared he would rather lose his life before he would do that. Then

Parcival gave him the alternative to yield himself to the queen, which he also declined, saying that he would be cut to pieces by those to whom he had brought great grief. Finally Parcival pledged Kingrun on his knighthood to ride into the land of Bretagne and there yield himself to the lady Kunneware who had suffered on his account, to give his greetings and thanks to King Artus and his court, saying that they should never see him again until he had succeeded in removing the disgrace from Kunneware and himself.

On his return to the city Parcival was received with great joy. Hope had come back to the defenders, while the enemies were thrown into fearful doubts. The queen joyfully embraced and kissed him, exclaiming that she would never be wife of any man but this her deliverer. The knights and citizens ratified this decision with loud voice and swore allegiance to him as their sovereign at once. Just then two ships were driven into the harbor by the winds; they were loaded with provisions. The populace was about to take forcible possession of them, but the commander restrained them until he had brought the merchants to Parcival. He ordered that their cargos should be bought at twice their value, and distributed the provisions and wine among the hungry people, and thus the famine was brought to an end. The chaste courtship and love of Parcival and Konduiramur was modestly changed to the married state after the third day, and the queen gave her land and city, and herself, to her dear lord.

While the nuptials were celebrated, King Klamide was at Brandigan. A squire came galloping in with the message that a strange knight had joined the defenders, had conquered Kingrun, who had pledged himself never to fight against Belripur again, but had promised to ride to King Artus' court. It was said that queen Ginevra had sent the Red Knight Ither of Kumberland to the aid of the city, since the knight who felled Kingrun bore the armor and emblem of that knight.

The king was much angered to hear this news which was soon confirmed by a second



courier. It did not at all agree with Kingrun's last message, saying that the city would soon be forced by the famine to surrender, and that the queen would yield because of her love for him. A second army was gathered together and quickly marched to Belripar. Galogander, the duke of Gippone, proposed advancing against the fortifications on horseback, but in the siege which ensued he met his death, as did also Count Narrant, a proud lord from Ukerland, and many a worthy poor man. The army of Klamide attacked the city with engines and towers, on foot and on horseback. But the citizens hurled upon them long logs tied to ropes. With the two ships carrying provisions, the wild fire of the heathens had been brought into the land; with this they burned the attacking drop-bridges, the shielding roofs used in the assault, and the engines which hurled rocks into the city, as well as all the war-engines which were brought near the walls.

Meanwhile Kingrun arrived in Bretagne and found King Artus at his hunting castle Karminal in the forest of Persilian. He yielded himself prisoner to the lady Kunneware, who was much pleased, while Sir Keye, the seneschal, was shamed and angry.

Parcival did not like the way the defenders put to death each of their enemies who fell into their power. He forbade this, and thereupon they captured twenty before leaving the battle. Then Parcival saw that Klamide with his knights was not fighting near the walls, but waiting for opponents in the open field some distance away. So he with a band of knights galloped out to meet them. Duke Galogander rushed against him, but the proud knight was slain at the side of Klamide, who was himself endangered thereby, and commanded his army to cease from the attack. The men of the city had won much praise and held the advantage. On the third morning Parcival spoke kindly to his prisoners, took their parole, and released them, clad in their own armor. Their friends thought that they had been starving in the city, but were assured that on the contrary they had been feasting every day. And they praised highly the queen's knight and husband. This news

galled Klamide greatly. He immediately sent messengers to the city to challenge to single combat with him whatever knight the queen had chosen to defend her hand and country against him. Parcival joyfully accepted this challenge, and both heroes prepared for battle. Klamide mounted his battle-steed Gueriorsz, which his nephew Grigorsz, the King of Ipotente, had sent him, together with other rich presents, by Count Narrant, who had come from the north over the Uckersea with five hundred brave knights from Grigorsz.

Now Parcival came riding out, clad in his red armor, and Klamide began the combat by rushing against him with pointed lance. Both horses fell to the ground, and the knights drew their swords. Parcival's mighty blows fell so fast upon Klamide that he thought rocks had been hurled on him from the city. Finally his strength gave out, and a great blow felled him to the ground. For the first time in his life the proud king had to yield himself prisoner. He begged for his life, saying that his disgrace was complete, and that his death would not increase Parcival's renown. Then Parcival remembered the counsel of Gurnemanz and spared his life, bidding him yield himself prisoner to the lord of Graharsz. But Klamide refused, saying that Centefur, the son of Gurnemanz, had been slain by his seneschal Kingrun just as he was pressing him (Klamide) and endangering his life. Then Parcival sent his prisoner to King Artus to yield himself to Kunneware, just as his seneschal had done.

The attacking army was withdrawn, and King Klamide, after recovering from his severe wounds, started on his journey to fulfil his pledge. The Round Table was now held at Dianasdrun, where the field was covered with a great multitude of tents. The festival of Pentecost was being celebrated according to the custom of the court. Klamide, with helmet closed, arrived just as the knights had seated themselves at the table, and yielded himself at once to Kunneware of Laland. She took him by his mailed hand and led him to Queen Ginevra. She begged him to take off his helmet, and when it was seen that the knight was Klamide

there was much surprise. Although King Artus had suffered much in the land of Klamide, he was ready to forgive him, now that this king was a prisoner at his court. Keye, the seneschal, now declared apologetically that Kunneware's knight had taken too seriously that affair of his beating the lady. But the court agreed that Keye had exceeded his rights.

Under Parcival's wise reign the land of Brobarsz rose to high fortune and riches. Many proud and noble knights surrounded

him at court, and he was most happy in the love of his queen. But one morning he begged Konduiramur to give him leave to ride out and see how his mother was faring, as he had not heard from her since his departure. He would also serve her in any knightly adventure which he might encounter. The queen gladly granted his request, and so Parcival rode out alone early in the following morning.

*(To be continued).*

*C. L. B. Shuddemagen.*

### DE PROFUNDIS

Longing for light, yet in darkness abiding,  
Crying for help, yet spurning Thy dear  
hand,

Sowing the sin, deaf to Thy whispered  
chiding,

Lord, here I stand.

Loving Thee true, yet in the deed denying,  
Knowing the right, yet choosing oft the  
wrong,

Weary of sense, and yet for sense-thrill  
sighing,

Lord Christ, how long?

Yet one hope even in hell's depths I cherish,  
Though each foul fiend of the pit mocks  
my say,

Through Thee I shall be whole before I  
perish

Dear Lord, some day.

*C. J.*

### THE MESSAGE.

Forest bird, stealing from thy shadowy  
covert

To chant thine even-song to man,

What message bringest thou

Unto my lonely heart?

"O friend, the night cometh, and I know  
The fearsome darkness will soon envelope  
me,

Yet I have faith!

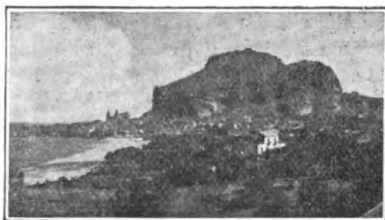
Yea, I have faith that on the morrow

Another sun will rise in glory,  
Another day more beautiful than this  
Will dawn for me.

Therefore in patience and peace do I wait  
for its coming,

Yea, in peace do I go to my slumber,  
And in patience I wait for the light."

*Helen G. Crawford.*





## PERSONALITY AND INDIVIDUALITY

These two words have been often misused, and frequently written as interchangeable in their meaning, but careful analysis and interpretation of each, in the light of theosophy, will serve to distinguish them one from the other. One thing is certain; in manifestation they are always found together. In the petty faults and the sublime efforts of the genius, the glory and ignominy of a nation's king, the infinite patience and infantile dependence of the beggar who stands at our gate, personality and individuality are each portrayed.

Personality is the essence, the aroma, the subtle pervasive influence that surrounds the temporal bodies with which we are endowed during this present incarnation. Since they are all perishable, the personality is also perishable. It is impermanent, fleeting, evanescent. It comes into our life at birth and departs at our death, taking with it perhaps, our good name, our fair reputation, our highest aspirations, stealing quietly away "like a thief in the night."

Individuality is eternal, everlasting, imperishable. Until perfection is reached our individuality will continue life after life, and in proportion as we learn to subdue our personality and to show forth our individuality do we become great, good and God-like in character. Our individuality is the bit of Divinity which is our birth-right into the human race. No one can take it from us, and it is only a question of time until each one of us can manifest our true selves in such a manner that all men shall see in our every action the individuality, the God within us.

A clear differentiation between the personality and the individuality is given in the religious teachings of the East. They give a technical term to the individuality and call it the Spiritual Triad, or Atma-Buddhi-Manas, which means literally, the Permanent Atom, or eternal seed of consciousness. Atma means the highest principle of life; Buddhi pertains to eternal bliss; and Manas, relates to everlasting knowledge of intelligence. From this Permanent Atom are put forth the various

bodies used by man at his present state of evolution, and as they come into manifestation, they form his personality. It is quite impossible that any but a very limited amount of this eternal being-bliss-knowledge unit of consciousness can manifest in any one life, hidden as it is by the personality. The idea can be conceived by picturing to yourself a large circle and calling it the individuality. On its circumference draw a number of tiny circles and then consider each one to be a personality, or the amount of consciousness apportioned to any single incarnation; and you realize to some extent what a tiny bit of the God within we are able to show at any one time. True it is that as we grow in spirituality we are able more and more to overcome our personality; so it is that each incarnation may be pictured as a slightly larger circle than the one preceding it, and a very small portion of added individuality is visible with each succeeding life.

Having made clear to our minds the palpable difference which must always exist between the words "personality" and "individuality" to the man who uses them advisedly, we may take some illustrations of souls who make known by their actions the stage of growth which they have reached in the present incarnation. In all cases of genius, heroes and saints, this statement holds good: They are slightly in advance of general mankind and hence are able to manifest their individuality more clearly. "Genius is but the momentary grasping of the brain by that larger consciousness, forcing it into an insight, a strength of grip and a width of outlook that causes its noble reach. It is the putting down more of the larger consciousness into an organism capable of vibrating in answer to its thrills."

This definition applies alike to the genius, the hero, and the saint. No one is required to be continually manifesting genius; great men all have their inspired moments. Neither can one constantly be a hero; occasions do not always arise for this characteristic of the soul to show itself. And while there is more opportunity to be a

saint all the time than to be either a genius or a hero, human nature so far has furnished no instance of continual saintliness. It is in each case only where the individuality transcends the personality, where a man is able to rise above his mean, petty personality and be at one with his God-like individuality temporarily, that examples arise which call forth the admiration, the enthusiasm and the devotion of humanity.

One of the writers along occult lines has given an amusing instance of the differentiation between the personality and the individuality of one particular man. The man's mother-in-law had accidentally fallen into the water. She could not swim and the man could. He stated afterwards that he was more than reconciled to her loss, and had no desire to save her, but something within himself *forced* him to spring into the water and rescue her. In other words, his noble individuality, which could not look

unmoved upon loss of life in any human being without making an effort to succor it, drove him, against his ignoble personality, hampered by his aversion for the drowning woman, to do what he would afterwards have regretted not doing if he had not done it. For, in our present state of civilization, a man who would be frank enough to tell his feelings in such a matter, has developed a conscience in keeping with the civilization of which he is a part.

The unconscious growth of the individuality becomes in time the conscious growth of the individuality. Century after century, life after life the growth of the soul continues, with no backward step, with no deviation nor interruption, ever striving to a loftier conception of existence, ever tending to a higher stage of evolution.

"Some call it Evolution,  
And others call it God."

*Clara S. Henderson.*

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The day is short and the work is great. It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work, but thou must not therefore cease from it.

*The Talmud.*

#### THE INFLOW.

When the sea,  
On-rushing from Infinity,  
Seeks the land,  
Every waiting bay  
It blesses on its way,  
Every thirsty inlet drinks from its kind  
hand;  
And then—O beauty!—it o'erflows  
The green lap of the marsh—that inmost  
close

Of the sea-reach. And the glad shore  
Takes up its new-inspired life once more.

*Helen G. Crawford.*

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;  
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—  
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-  
house.

And peradventure to *The Master* too.

Whose secret Presence . . . .

. . . . . eludes your pains;

Taking all shapes . . . . . ; and

They change and perish all—but He remains.

A moment guessed—then back behind the  
Fold

Immerst of darkness . . . . .

*Omar Khayyam.*



## CLOTHES

The student of theosophy learns so much more of the facts of nature than the ordinary man that he inevitably and quite rightly leads a life which differs in many particulars from that of the less instructed. Fortunately in all the most vital matters—in his thoughts and feelings, and in his attitude of constant helpfulness towards others—he can make the fullest use of the information which he has acquired, and no man can say him nay. In the most important even of external customs, vegetarianism and abstinence from tobacco and alcohol, our students usually assert their inalienable right as human beings to do what they know to be the proper thing, though even in thus obeying their conscience they not infrequently meet with opposition and ridicule. All these are matters of principle, matters in which it would be wrong to yield. In addition to all this, his knowledge frequently shows the student that many of the physical-plane habits of man are eminently undesirable, but it is not always possible for him to follow common-sense in this line, no matter how obviously sensible it may be.

Take for example the question of clothing. Here we come to a subject upon which all the considerations dictated by the sight of the higher planes and the additional knowledge which occultism gives are in direct contradiction in nearly every way to the fashions at present prevailing in the West. In the course of a series of researches, extending over many years, into past incarnations of individuals and the history of earlier races, it has happened to me to see clairvoyantly a large number of the civilisations of the world, in all parts of it and at widely diverging periods, and it has also come within my duty to examine the inhabitants of at least two other planets. These various races have differed widely in customs and costumes, but never in any of them at any time have I seen anything approaching in hideousness the dress which is at present the fashion in Europe for males.

It is supremely ugly, ungainly and un-

healthy, and the only point, so far as I can see, which can be urged in its favour is a certain measure of practical convenience. It is tight-fitting, whereas all clothing ought to be loose. It is made principally of materials which are from the inner point of view most undesirable, and the only colours (or lack of colours), which custom permits are precisely the worst that could possibly be chosen. Our outer garments are black, or brown or grey, (and one has only to study *Man Visible and Invisible* in order to see what those hues signify), or if a shade of blue is sometimes permitted, it is so dark that one can scarcely distinguish that it is blue at all.

There are certain practical reasons for all these unpleasant features. Our clothes are tight-fitting because we wish to be ready at any moment to exhibit activity in running, jumping or riding. They are made of heavy woolen materials in order to keep out the cold; they are made in these ugly colours in order to disguise the dirt which accumulates upon them after even a single day's wear, owing to the fact that we are not yet sufficiently civilised to make all kinds of fires consume their own smoke, and that we have not yet learned to make a road that shall be free from dust and mud. If anyone desires to know what a load of unspeakable filth he is carrying about with him, let him take any old coat or other outside garment which he has discarded, and wash it thoroughly in a tub of water, as underclothing is washed; the colour of the water will be a revelation to him.

From the occult point of view nothing will justify a man for existing in such a condition of filth. Clothing which is not only washable, but frequently washed, is absolutely the only kind that is conceivable from the occult point of view. I know quite well that as things stand in western countries it is practically impossible for the most earnest student to do in this respect what he knows he ought to do. For the slavery of custom is so absolute that a man cannot live among his fellows unless

he follows it. It is very strange that this should be so, and it is very discreditable to us as a nation; it utterly disposes of our claim to be considered a liberal or free-minded people; but so it is. Information as to what ought to be done in these matters is therefore unhappily useless to our western brothers, because they simply cannot do it; but fortunately there are other countries in the world which, though perhaps equally under the slavery of custom, happen to have a better custom in regard to this particular matter, and so information about it may be at least of use to them.

A man dresses primarily for decency and for the sake of his own comfort; but he ought surely also to consider the aspect which he presents to his fellow-creatures, and even for that reason alone the superlative ugliness of our present costume is a positive sin.

I am aware then that, for the westerner at least, I am suggesting counsels of perfection which cannot be followed, when I say what occultism prescribes in the matter of dress. I am not speaking of the customs in any race or religion, or of what any man or set of men happen to approve. I am simply prescribing what is dictated by a scientific consideration of the higher side of life, and the unseen elements which are all the time entering into it. The prescription then is as follows. All dress should be loose and flowing, never under any circumstances exercising pressure upon any part of the body; and in no case should any part of it be composed of wool or leather. How then are we to keep ourselves warm? Well, the Chinese, who at least in the north of their country suffer under a most appalling climate, contrive to solve the difficulty by using garments of padded silk or cotton, something like eider-down quilts, and it is quite certain that it is within the resources of science to supply us with a number of efficient substitutes for wool, if there were only a demand for them. Old-fashioned doctors in England used to have a craze for recommending the wearing of wool next the skin—the very last thing that ever ought to be al-

lowed to touch it; for as has been well said by a doctor more up-to-date:

"It is an animal product which can never be properly cleaned; it creates unnatural heat; it becomes felted and chokes the pores; it absorbs moisture very slowly and dries very slowly, therefore retaining the moisture of the body; it enervates and enfeebles the system, encourages chills and colds, and promotes rheumatism; it often causes and always irritates rash and other skin diseases; it cannot be boiled without destroying the fabric, and it always shrinks."

From the occult point of view the condemnation of it is even more emphatic, and includes various other reasons.

Clothes ought to be of brilliant colours, not only for the sake of giving pleasure to the eyes of our neighbours, but also because of the effect of the colours upon ourselves. The present system of dressing entirely in sub-fusc hues is undoubtedly productive of a vast amount of depression and stagnation of thought, and by it we entirely lose the different effects which may be produced upon the disposition by the wearing different colours. When we have advanced sufficiently for a reasonable custom to become possible, it will be of interest to discover the qualities of the colours which are most suitable for particular types of people; at present it would be of little use.

In many oriental countries the customs in these matters are far more rational. In Burma for example, when lecturing on a festival day at the Great Golden Pagoda in Rangoon, I have seen my audience stretch out before me like a splendid flower-bed with variegated colours. The delicately coloured satins worn by the Chinese there on festival occasions produce in the vivid tropical sunlight an effect not easy to be surpassed, and one cannot but wonder how it is that we, who certainly belong to a later race than these people, and may not unreasonably claim to have advanced distinctly beyond them in many of the departments of civilisation, should yet have fallen so utterly and lamentably behind them in this particular of dress. The worst features of it are



really quite recent. I myself can remember in my childhood having seen a few survivals of the ordinary costume of a century ago, when brilliant colours were still worn by gentlemen on other occasions than in the hunting-field. It has really taken us only about a century to reach the lowest possible level in these matters; how long will it take us to rise again to beauty and gracefulness and dignity?

I suppose no one can deny that special care of the feet is desirable. They perspire freely, and as we walk about they soon become foul, which is horrible even from the most material point of view. From the occult standpoint it is much worse, for the magnetism which is always pouring forth from the man pours principally from his extremities, and if in passing out it bears with it an aura of concentrated foulness, the man is actually radiating disease and injury to others as he moves about. The foot of the average man or woman is distorted in a manner which from the artistic point of view is criminal, and not infrequently severe pain is the result. The feet should never be encased in boots too tight for them, and thick heavy walking-boots should never be worn an instant longer than is absolutely necessary, but should be replaced by something soft, loose and easy. Indeed it is far better that whenever possible the feet should be left uncovered altogether, or when that is considered impossible, that a light sandal should be used without stockings or socks. This plan could hardly be adopted amidst the horrible filth of our large towns, but it surely ought to be possible in country houses and at the seaside. It could be done indoors everywhere, and would be healthier and more comfortable on the physical plane, as well as correct from the occult point of view. But while we are all such slaves of fashion that any man who lives and dresses rationally would probably be regarded as insane, I suppose that it is hopeless to expect people to have sufficient strength of mind to do what is obviously best for them.

From the point of view of occult hygiene great care should be taken with regard to

the head, which should be left uncovered whenever possible, and never allowed to get hot. Indeed a hat is an utterly unnecessary article of clothing, and people would be much better in every way without it; but here again probably the foolishness of fashion will as usual stand in the way of common-sense. Think too, how much money might be saved by discarding all these unnecessary and positively harmful articles of dress—hats, boots, stockings, collars, cuffs, corsets. The folly of wearing a hat becomes immediately obvious when we remember that in the coldest weather we habitually leave the face entirely uncovered, even though there is usually but little hair on it, whereas we are careful to put considerable and most unsanitary weight upon the upper part of the head, which nature has already abundantly covered with hair.

The compression of a hat, and the heat caused by it, are constant sources of headache, and also cause the loss of the hair, for it will be noticed that among the races who wear no head-covering there are no bald men. Heat in the neighbourhood of the brain is always undesirable; it tends to congestion not only of the blood but also of the currents of vitality, and is frequent cause of foggiess and confusion of thought. Yet the average man, if he meets another without a hat, looks at him with surprise and regards him as eccentric; and even if that man courteously and convincingly explain to him his reasons for leaving his head uncovered, the idea of unpleasant eccentricity would probably still remain. So entirely is the ordinary man the slave of custom and so little is he ruled by common-sense.

I was delighted to notice that in the sixth root-race colony of the future the people are guided in these matters by reason and by a sense of beauty. Is it in vain to hope that even earlier than that we may arrive at something a little more satisfactory than the shockingly unaesthetic costume of the present day? Here at Adyar we have effected some improvements, for we have at least discarded hats and shoes—that is to say so long as we are within our own do-

main; but when we appear in public I blush to admit that we become as fashionable as others! But of course, this is only lest the imputation of unnecessary eccentricity should be cast upon our beloved Society; so it is not a mere ignoble concession to popular prejudice. I think our feeling is somewhat this: We must inevitably appear eccentric to the outer world in various ways, such as vegetarianism and the avoidance of alcohol. The world will tolerate in us what it thinks a reasonable amount of eccentricity, and still be willing to listen to theosophical truths; but if we go beyond a certain limit, it decides offhand in its ignorance and conceit that we are all mad together, and declines without further examination to hear anything that we have to

say. Therefore, though we stand unflinchingly by our principles in greater matters, we are willing to give up our comfort in less important things, and even to fall in to some extent with the popular follies (when they are *only* foolish, and not actually wicked) in order not to deprive the weak minded and conventional of any opportunity of listening to the truth that they may be capable of taking. When the theosophical community, of which we hear so many rumours, is founded on a sufficiently large scale, we may perhaps find ourselves in a position at last to adopt a sane and rational dress without harming our cause in the eyes of the ignorant.

C. W. Leadbeater.

(*Adyar Bulletin*).

"That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!

The sesamum was sesamum, the corn  
Was corn. The silence and the darkness  
knew!

So is a man's fate born.

He cometh reaper of the things he sowed,  
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth;  
birth;

And so much weed and poison stuff which  
mar

Him and the aching earth.

If he shall labour rightly, rooting these,  
And planting wholesome seedlings where  
they grew

Fruitful and fair, and clean the ground  
shall be

And rich the harvest due."

From "*The Light of Asia*," by Sir Edwin  
Arnold.

#### OPPORTUNITY

They do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.  
Wail not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;  
Each night I burn the records of the day,  
At Sunrise every soul is born again.  
Laugh like a boy at splendors that have  
sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and  
dumb;  
My judgments seal the dead past with its  
dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come.  
Tho' deep in mire, wring not your hands and  
weep,  
I lend my arm to all who say: "I can."  
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep  
But he might rise and be a man.

Walter Malone.



## BUDDHA-GAYA

Buddha-Gaya, in the province of Behar, in India, is the most sacred spot in the world, for it was there that the great Indian Prince Siddhartha became the Lord Buddha. You have all read how, after spending many years in trying to find the truth by ascetic practices, He sat down under the Bo-tree to meditate, declaring that He would not rise until He found what He sought. After days of thought, enlightenment came to Him, and under that tree He passed the great Initiation of the Buddha.

He often revisited the place, and His disciples built a little temple there to mark the exact spot. Three hundred years later King Asoka (who was Colonel Olcott, the first President of the Theosophical Society) rebuilt the temple almost exactly as it is now. It is said that his building also fell into ruins, and that the tower shown in the photograph was set up in the second century after Christ. It has been repaired several times since, but not changed in shape or size. The tower is solid, and is made of brick cemented with mud, yet it has lasted for many centuries, and looks well and almost fresh. It is fifty feet wide at the bottom and a hundred and seventy feet high.

The second photograph shows the Bo-tree, and the very spot where the Lord sat so long. The Bo-tree which we see now is not the old one; that fell, because of its great age, in the sixteenth century, and this is a young shoot which grew from the same root. The trunk of the original Bo-tree lay there and was covered by sand; but a few years ago it was dug up, and pieces of it were sent to the chief Buddhist countries as relics. The building at the right side of the photograph is the lower part of the large tower, and the square level place is where the Lord Buddha sat. It was levelled by King Asoka, and the four stone pillars are part of a stone railing which he erected

round it. The gentleman standing there is one of the good members from Benares. I took these two photographs with my own camera, when I was there with Mrs. Besant in November, and I have had them printed for the *Lotus Journal*, because I thought that its readers would like to know how so sacred a place looks, and perhaps in this way I can share with some other boys the pleasure that it gave me to see it.

When I sat quietly under the tree for awhile with Mrs. Besant I was able to see the Lord Buddha, as He had looked when He sat there. Indeed the record of His meditation is still so strong that it needs only a little clairvoyance to see Him even now. Besides, I had the advantage of having met Him in that life, in the year 588 B. C. and became one of His followers, so that it was easier for me to see Him again in this present life. But I think almost anyone who is a little sensitive would see Him at Buddha-Gaya by staying quiet for a little time, because the air is full of His influence, and even now there are always great Devas bathing in the magnetism, and guarding the place. It will always be sacred until the Lord Maitreya becomes Buddha in His turn.

The place now belongs to a Hindu abbot called a mahant, who has become very rich from the offerings of pilgrims, and has a huge house like a castle, and many elephants. The Buddhists, who ought really to have the whole of it, have now only a small temple and monastery with one monk. But he wears the same kind of yellow robe as the Lord Buddha used to wear two thousand five hundred years ago, and so I was glad to see him, for I have worn it myself through two lives, and it is pleasant to see it again.

*Alcyone.*

*(The Lotus Journal).*



### THE LAW OF JUSTICE—CAUSE AND EFFECT

There is an old proverb which says that our "deeds whether good or evil follow us like shadows."

Very old sayings like this one always contain truth. At first glance you may wonder how deeds or actions could in any manner "follow us like shadows." It means that one cannot get rid of the effects of his thoughts and actions on himself, and on others, no more than he can separate himself from his shadow.

The effect of a good deed becomes part of you, because you created it, just as the effect of evil thinking and doing never fails to bring to you unhappiness and despair. The effects of our thoughts are written on our faces, because Nature, God's law, is never deceived and "every tree is known by its fruits." Thoughts build character and character is stamped upon us: in the voice, the countenance, and the style of our walk. The Bible says "As a man thinketh so is he." and a modern poet says:

"I hold it true that thoughts are things,  
Endowed with bodies, breath and wings;  
And that we send them forth to fill  
The world with good results or ill."

Will you send forth thoughts like a dove or a raven? The choice is yours,—and the consequence, happiness or unhappiness. The Law gives back the equivalent of that which is given. Right action is the natural effect of right speaking and right thinking. Let us clearly understand the meaning of the word "law." It means that which is laid or fixed, an express command, an order. In the highest sense it means the will of God, as the Supreme Ruler concerning the character and conduct of all responsible beings, and His will in carrying out His plan of the universe.

Cause and effect, or karma, is law in operation. You throw a ball against the wall, it re-bounds with the same force with which you threw it. So do unkind thoughts, and words, rebound upon the one who sends them.

You throw a stone into the water and

watch the ripples as they spread further and further out from the center. The force with which you throw the stone is the cause, and the spreading ripples the effect. Thus a cruel or a good action has its effect, like the spreading ripples, for evil or good on the visible or invisible world. In the course of centuries, the wind and rain loosen particles from the hard rock, and these are grains of sand, each minute grain partaking in character of the mother rock.

This is the cause, and the result is that millions and millions of grains of sand, loose or compact, form the substance of the earth. One grain of sand is a small thing, but it has its place and purpose in the universe, and has the spirit of the Creator in it. He created all things, "in Him we live and move, and have our being." Nothing is small or insignificant in His eyes. You and I have our places and our work to do, how well we do our work depends upon how much we love, and feel grateful to the Infinite Giver of Life.

Did you ever plant a seed in the ground, and wait,—and watch it grow? The little acorn can teach us the lesson of life and growth,—cause and effect. In its heart dwell the life-forces, just as they exist in your heart. When the acorn is placed in the proper soil, with proper conditions, it evolves its strength, its character from within, and serenely, and patiently in time grows to be a magnificent tree, the pride of the forest.

Our most helpful lessons are learned from Nature. Let us consider the spider as our teacher, in that he is a symbol of the power within each one of us, which creates our surrounding conditions in life.

The spider spins his filmy threads, from leaf or bough, thus creating from his own being his own web of destiny. He has divine power and intelligence, and it is left to him whether he will weave a web which will prove a success or a failure. On what does this depend? It is according to where and how he weaves his threads of



life. So it is with man—his hopes, his motives, the quality of the thoughts, words, and deeds which he is daily weaving. The poet Whittier said:

"The tissue of the life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of Destiny  
We reap as we have sown."

Study the wonderful pattern of a spider's web-wheel; observe how it is executed according to a *design* and always perfect in detail. Let us try to keep true the design or purpose of our lives and to weave into it bright threads of love and kindness. Do we not find in the spider and his web a lesson of wonderful patience, industry, and perseverance?

If you should pick up a burning coal of fire, what would be the result? Your hand would be burned, yet you surely would not blame God for it. You knew better and violated a physical law. That is a practical demonstration of karma.

The earth revolves around the sun giving us day and night; the Seasons come and go; the ocean ebbs and flows, and the great planets—stars you call them—keep to their own paths or orbits; the little flower by the roadside sends forth its sweet fragrance—all ruled by changeless Law. If weary and in despair, you should be lost in a dark night, and you should see a bright light ahead, would you not be glad and make every effort to reach it? So the knowledge that God rules his world by Law, and not by chance should be a light to guide you through life. The realization of the meaning of St. Paul's words "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

No one can do wrong without suffering wrong. The thief steals from himself. What? All that makes him a true man,—which is a good character, honesty, self-respect, the respect of others, a clear conscience, and the love of God. He may have robbed his brother man of money, or other earthly treasures, but stolen goods never bring lasting gain to their possessor. Emerson said "There is no such thing as concealment. Commit a crime and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on

the ground such as reveals the track of every partridge, and fox, and squirrel, and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track." There is always some evidence left, something as a rule, that becomes a telltale on the wrong doer.

In ancient Greece, thousands of years ago the people believed that a goddess named Nemesis followed and punished guilty men. She was represented as having wings, but generally went on foot, which signifies that the punishment of crime, although sure, is generally slow. The homely saying "That curses like chickens come home to roost," embodies this law of justice. He who speaks ill, swears and curses, cannot escape from suffering, because this "sin against God," like his shadow, remains in his heart, keeping his thoughts impure and unkind; also because he has tried to hurt another, and the force which he sent out into the invisible air, the spirit of his thoughts, will come back with its poison to him. It is as though he were standing in a muddy pool, and saw on either side, the pretty green fields filled with bright flowers, and singing birds, but could not come close to them or enjoy them, because his heart, his thoughts, and deeds were unclean. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." They shall recognize Him everywhere—in the beauty of the flowers, in the hum of bees, in the grandeur of the sunset, or in the majestic waves of the ocean.

God is Love, and if we cultivate love in our hearts we are serving Him. Just to do some little deed of kindness each day,—a kind word or a smile—to make the effort to give pleasure to others, and that includes being kind to animals, to strive to be unselfish—these are the materials which build a happy, beautiful character. Be like the little boy who tried to amuse his sick brother. He said "I make Jim happy and he laughs, and that makes me happy, and I laugh." The soul of man is immortal, eternal. It returns to earth-life, in a new body, many, many times, in order to gain experience and learn all the lessons in this great school-room of life. It is not

reasonable or possible that all can be learned in one brief earth life. We each find ourselves placed here amidst certain surroundings, with certain duties, and responsibilities, and with certain opportunities.

In this world of law each one is reaping the results of past thoughts, desires, and actions.

If this was the only earth-life, how unjust it would seem that one child should be born with so many better chances of happiness than another who seems deprived of so much that is desirable in life. When a child is born into a beautiful home, lavished with love, and given every opportunity for self-improvement, be assured that God is not showing him any partiality, but that the child has earned such blessings in past lives. Earned it through kindness, through obedience to parents or guardians, and not by wasting opportunities. The youth who squanders his time, is dishonest and disobedient to those in authority, forming evil habits, desiring only vicious companions, who never has any regard for the welfare of others, caring nothing for self-respect or self-culture, "will reap as he has sown" not only in this life but in the future lives on earth, a harvest of hardships, sorrows, and bitter regrets. Suffering follows evil as surely as "the wheels of the cart follow the heels of the ox." Each one of us must earn the cause of happiness, by having the will, the wish, and making the effort to give happiness, or kindness to others. That is the price we pay for heaven,—even the very fact of thinking kindly of others brings a sweet satisfaction. One who is surrounded by many kind friends, who are ever ready to help and serve him, has earned that pleasure. In his past life on earth no doubt but that he was

a helper, seeking ever the interests of others, sharing with others the bounty of his store, whether he had much or little. He gave sunshine to others, therefore he is entitled to congenial surroundings. One who loves his parents and tries to be a comfort to them, ever thinking of others, earns the right to a happy home where he is tenderly loved. Let us learn a lesson of karma, from the beautiful old legend of the poor girl and her rose-tree. She had lost every friend on earth, and would have been sad and lonely, but she was unselfish and thought of something besides herself and its sorrows. Tenderly she cared for her little rose-tree and each day it seemed to smile its thanks to her with one bright red blossom. Though longing to keep the fragrant flower for herself, this she would not do, but always placed it before the picture of the Christ. God saw her do this, as He sees everything. At last quite suddenly she died, and when she found herself in Heaven, there were such crowds and crowds of angels about her, that she was bewildered, and she could not find her way. All at once she saw a pathway, edged with roses, before her, and one of the angels said "These are all the roses you gave to our Lord on earth, and He made them into a pathway for you, which will lead you straight to those you love."

No good effort is ever lost. Only our deeds can help or hinder us. Underneath and through all life and form exists the changeless Law, and this knowledge should bring to us hope and strong endeavor to live in harmony with it.

"Before beginning, and without an end,  
As space eternal and as surety sure,  
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,  
Only its Laws endure."





*THE RIDDLE OF LOVE AND HATE*

To the great majority of us life presents a series of tangles and puzzles—tangles we cannot unravel, puzzles we cannot solve. Why are people born differing so widely in mental and in moral capacity? Why has one infant a brain denoting great intellectual and moral power, while another has a brain which marks him out as one who will be an idiot or a criminal? Why has one child good and loving parents and favorable circumstances, while another has profligate parents who detest him, and is reared amidst the foulest surroundings? Why is one "lucky" and another "unlucky?" Why does one die old and another die young? Why is one person prevented by "accidents" from catching a steamer or a train that is wrecked, while scores or hundreds of others perish unaided? Why do we like one person the moment we see him, while we as promptly dislike another? Questions like these are continually arising and are as continually left unanswered, and yet answers are within reach; for all these seeming incongruities and injustices, these apparently fortuitous events, are merely the results of the working out of a few simple and fundamental natural laws. As understanding of these underlying laws makes life intelligible, thereby restoring our confidence in the divine order and endowing us with strength and courage to meet the vicissitudes of fortune. Troubles which strike us like "bolts from the blue" are hard to bear, but troubles which arise from causes we can understand, and can therefore control, can be faced with patience and resignation.

The first principle that must be firmly grasped ere we can begin to apply it to the solving of life's problems is that of Reincarnation. Man is essentially a Spirit, a living and self-conscious individual, consisting of this self-conscious life in a body of very subtle matter; life cannot work without a body of some kind: that it, without a form of matter, however fine and subtle the matter may be, which gives it separate existence in this universe; bodies are often therefore spoken of as vehicles, that which

carries the life, making it individual. This Spirit, when he comes into the physical world by the gateway of birth, puts on a physical body as a man puts on an overcoat and hat to go out into the world beyond his own home; but the physical body is no more the man than the overcoat and hat are the body which wears them. As a man throws away worn-out garments and puts on new ones, so does the Spirit cast off a worn-out body and take to himself another (Bhagavad-Gita) When the physical body is outworn the man passes through the gateway of death, dropping the physical vesture and entering the "unseen" world. After a long period of rest and refreshment, during which the experiences of the past life on earth are assimilated and thus increase the powers of the man, he returns again to the physical world through the gateway of birth and takes on a new physical body adapted for the expression of his increased capacities. When Spirits which were to become human came into the world millenia ago, they were but embryos, like seeds, knowing neither good or evil, with infinite possibilities of development—as being the offspring of God—but without any actual powers save that of thrilling feebly in response to external stimuli. All the powers latent within them had to be roused into active manifestation by experience undergone in the physical world; by pleasure and pain, by joy and suffering, by success and failure, by fruition and disappointment, by successive choices badly made the Spirit learns his lessons of laws that cannot be broken, and manifests slowly one by one his capacities for mental and moral life. After each brief plunge into the ocean of physical life—that period generally spoken of as "a life"—he returns to the invisible world laden with the experiences he has gathered, as a diver rises from the sea with the pearls he has riven from the oyster-bed. In that invisible world he transmutes into moral and mental powers all the moral and mental materials he has bathed in the earth-life just closed, changing aspirations into capacities to achieve,

changing the results of efforts that failed into forces for future success, changing the lessons of mistakes into prudence and foresight, changing past sufferings into endurance, changing errors into repulsions from wrong doings, and the sum of experience into wisdom. As Edward Carpenter well wrote: "All the pains I suffered in one body became powers that I wielded in the next."

When all that was gathered has been assimilated—the length of the heavenly life depending on the amount of mental and moral material that had been collected—the man returns to earth; he is guided, under conditions to be explained in a moment, to the race, the nation, the family which is to provide him with his next physical body, and that body is moulded in accordance with his requirements, so as to serve as a fit instrument for his powers, as a limitation which expresses his deficiencies. In the new physical body, and in the life in the invisible world that follows its off-throwing at the death which destroys it, he retreads on a higher level a similar cycle, and so again and again for hundreds of lives, until all his possibilities as a human being have become active powers, and he has learned every lesson that this human life can teach. Thus the Spirit unfolds from infancy to youth, from youth to maturity, becoming an individualised life of immortal strength and of boundless utility for divine service. The struggling and unfolding spirits of one humanity become the guardians of the next humanity, the spiritual intelligences that guide the evolution of worlds posterior to their own in time. We are protected, helped and taught by spiritual intelligences who were men in worlds older than our own, as well as by the most highly evolved men of our own humanity; we shall repay the debt by protecting, helping and teaching human races in worlds that are now in the early stages of their growth, preparing to become, untold ages hence, the homes of future men. If we find around us many who are ignorant, stupid and even brutal, limited in both mental and moral powers, it is because they are younger men than we are—younger brothers; and hence their errors should be

met with love and helpfulness instead of with bitterness and hatred. As they are, so were we in the past; as we are, so shall they be in the future; and both they and we shall go onward and onward through the everlasting ages.

This then is the first fundamental principle which renders life intelligible when applied to the conditions of the present; I can only work out from it in detail here the answer to one of the questions propounded above, namely: why we like one person and dislike another at sight; but all the other questions might be answered in similar fashion. For the complete answering, however, we need to grasp also the twin principle of Reincarnation—that of Karma, or the Law of Causation.

This may be stated in words familiar to all: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Amplifying this brief axiom, we understand by it that a man forms his own character, becoming that which he thinks; that he makes the circumstances of his future life by the effects of his actions upon others. Thus: if I think nobly I shall gradually make for myself a noble character, but if I think basely, a base character will be formed. "Man is created by thought; that which he thinks upon in one life he becomes in another," as a Hindu scripture has it. If the mind dwells continually on one train of thought, a groove is formed into which the thought-force runs automatically, and such a habit of thought survives death, and, since it belongs to the Ego, is carried over to the subsequent earth-life as a thought-tendency and capacity. Habitual study of abstract problems, to take a very high instance, will result, in another earth-life, in a well developed power for abstract thinking, while flippant, hasty thinking, flying from one subject to another, will bequeath a restless, ill-regulated mind to the following birth into this world. Selfish coveting of the possessions of others, though never carried out into active cheating in the present, makes the thief of a later earth-life, while hatred and revenge secretly cherished, are the seeds from which the murderer springs. So again, unselfish loving yields as harvest the philanthropist and the



saint, and every thought of compassion helps to build the tender and pitiful nature which belongs to one who is "a friend to all creatures." The knowledge of this law of changeless justice, of the exact response of nature to every demand, enables a man to build his character with all the certainty of science, and to look forward with courageous patience to the noble type he is gradually but surely evolving.

The effects of our actions upon others mould the external circumstances of a subsequent earth-life. If we have caused widespread happiness we are born into very favorable physical surroundings or come into them during life, while the causing of widespread misery results in an unhappy environment. We make relationships with others by coming into contact with them individually, and bonds are forged by benefits and injuries, golden links of love or iron chains of hate. This is Karma. With these complementary ideas clearly in the mind, we can answer our questions very easily.

Links between Egos, between individualised spirits, cannot antedate the first separation of those spirits from the Logos, as drops may be separated from the ocean. In the mineral and vegetable kingdoms the life that expresses itself in stones and plants has not yet evolved into continued individualised existence. The word "Group-Soul" has been used to express the idea of this evolving life as it animates a number of similar physical organisms. Thus a whole order, say of plants, like grasses, umbelliferous or rasoceous plants, is animated by a single group-soul, which evolves by virtue of the simple experiences gathered through its countless physical embodiments. The experiences of each plant flow into the life that informs its whole order, and aid and hasten its evolution. As the physical embodiments become more complex, subdivision slowly and gradually separates off, the number of embodiments belonging to each subdivisional group-soul thus formed diminishing as these subdivisions increase. In the animal kingdom this process of specialisation of the group-souls continues, and in the higher mammalia a comparatively small number of creatures is animated by

a single group-soul, for nature is working towards individualisation. The experiences gathered by each are preserved in the group-soul, and from it affects each newly born animal that it informs; these appear as what we call instincts, and are found in the newly-born creature. Such is the instinct which makes a newly hatched chicken fly to seek protection from danger under the brooding wing of the hen, or that which impels the beaver to build its dam. The accumulated experiences of its race, preserved in the group-soul, inform every member of the group. When the animal kingdom reaches its highest expressions, the final subdivisions of the group-soul animate but a single creature, until finally the divine life pours out anew into this vehicle now ready for its reception, and the human Ego takes birth, and the evolution of the self-conscious intelligence begins.

From the time that a separated life animates a single body, links may be set up with other separated lives, each likewise dwelling in a single tabernacle of flesh. Egos dwelling in physical bodies come into touch with each other; perhaps a mere physical attraction draws together two Egos dwelling respectively in male and female bodies. They live together, have common interests, and thus links are set up. If the phrase may be allowed, they contract debts to each other, and there are no bankruptcy courts in nature where such liabilities may be cancelled. Death strikes away one body, then the other, and the two have passed into the invisible world; but the debts contracted on the physical plane must be discharged in the world to which they belong, and these two must meet each other again in earth-life and renew the intercourse that was broken off. The great spiritual intelligences who administered the law of Karma guide these two into rebirth at the same period of time, so that their earthly lifetimes may overlap, and in due course they meet. If the debt contracted be a debt of love and of mutual service, they will feel attracted to each other; the Egos recognise each other, as two friends recognise each other, as two friends recognise each other, though each wearing a new dress,

and they clasp hands not as strangers but as friends. If the debt be on of hatred and of injury, they shrink apart with a feeling of repulsion, each recognising an ancient enemy, eyeing each other across the gulf of wrongs given and received. Cases of these types must be known to every reader, although the underlying cause has not been known; and indeed these sudden likings and dislikings have often foolishly been spoken of as "causeless," as though, in a world of law, anything could be without a cause. It by no means follows that Egos thus linked together necessarily re-knit the exact relationship broken off down here by the hand of death. The husband and wife of one earth-life might be born into the same family as brother and sister, as father and son, as father and daughter, or in any other blood relationship. Or they might be born as strangers, and meet for the first time in youth or in maturity, to feel for each other an over-mastering attraction. In how brief a time we become closely intimate with one who was a stranger, while we live beside another for years and remain aliens in heart! Whence these strange affinities if they are not the remembrances in the Egos of the loves of their past? "I feel as if I had known you all my life," we say to a friend of a few weeks, while others whom we have known all our lives are to us as sealed books. The Egos know each other, though the bodies be strangers, and the old friends clasp hands in perfect confidence and understand each other; and this, although the physical brains have not yet learned to receive those impressions of memory that exist in the subtle bodies but are too fine to cause vibrations in the gross matter of the brain, and thus to awaken responsive thrills of consciousness in the physical body.

Sometimes, alas! the links, being of hatred and wrong-doing, draw together ancient enemies into one family, there to work out in misery the evil results of the common past. Ghastly family tragedies have their roots deep down in the past, and many of the awful facts recorded by such agencies as the Society for the Protection of Children, the torture of helpless children even by their own mothers, the malignant

ferocity which inflicts pain in order to exult in the sight of agony: all this becomes intelligible when we know that the soul in that young body has in the past inflicted some horror on the one who now torments it, and is learning by terrible experience how hard are the ways of wrong.

The question may arise in the minds of some: "If this be true, ought we to rescue the children?" Most surely, yes. It is our duty to relieve suffering wherever we meet it, rejoicing that the Good Law uses us as its almoners of mercy.

Another question may come: "How can these links of evil be broken? Will not the torture inflicted forge a new bond, by which the cruel parent will hereafter be the victim and the tortured child become the oppressor?" Aye! "Hatred ceases not by hatred at any time," quoth the Lord Buddha, knowing the law. But He breathed the secret of release when He continued: "Hatred ceases by love." When the Ego who has paid his debt of the past by the suffering of inflicted wrong is wise enough, brave enough, great enough to say, amid the agony of body or of mind: "I forgive!" then he cancels the debt he might have wrung from his ancient foe, and the bonds forged by hate melt away for ever in the fire of love.

The links of love grow strong in every successive earth-life in which the linked two clasp hands, and they have the added advantage of growing stronger during the life in heaven, whereinto the links of hate cannot be carried. Egos that have debts of hate between them do not touch each other in the heavenly land, but each works out such good as he may have in him without contact with his foe. When the Ego succeeds in impressing on the brain of his physical body his own memory of his past, then these memories draw the Egos yet closer, and the ties gain a sense of security and strength such as no bond of a single life can give; very deep and strong is the happy confidence of such Egos, knowing by their own experience that love does not die.

Such is the explanation of affinities and repulsions, seen in the light of Reincarnation and Karma.

Annie Besant.

From the "Theosophist."





# Karma and Reincarnation League



## WHY WE SHOULD SPREAD THE TEACHINGS OF REINCARNATION AND KARMA

Centuries ago the glad tidings flashed forth that a Savior was to be given to the world, and that He was to be born among the Jewish people. Long had they hoped for such an event to take place, and when they became convinced that the time had actually arrived when their prophecies were to be fulfilled we can imagine the excitement that ran riot throughout the whole nation. People gathered in little groups,—on street corners, at the market place, along the dusty road, at the palace gateway, within the king's chamber,—everywhere might be seen people of all degrees of social rank and nationality, eagerly discussing the prospect of this Christ who was to be born King of the Jews. And there were many conjectures as to Him, and many plans for and against His coming. From that time on, forms were destroyed, and hearts were torn with anguish. In the king's palace jealousy and hatred reigned, and terror filled the breast of every mother of a man child.

Years passed; the pure body of the Essene child grew out of boyhood into the stature of a man—and the Christ stood before the waiting people.

How was He received? All were unprepared to know Him as He was, to greet Him as their Great Deliverer. Alone, shining in sun-lit garments of white purity, humble in that knowledge which levels all things great and small, a Master of Masters stood before them and they knew Him not. A few there were who felt the greatness of a Mighty One in their midst; a faithful few followed, for a brief time, along His thorny path; but in His last hour of agony, all had departed. He rested His Godly head upon a cross, deserted, alone.

Jesus, the Christ, we are taught was a

great Master—Master in the sense of being a high Initiate, as well as a spiritual teacher. He belonged to the Great White Brotherhood, and, that Truth might be brought to an ignorant but needy people, He sacrificed His physical body to the ravage of bloodthirsty bigots. But His mission was fulfilled. It was the temporal man only that suffered destruction. Jesus was the man, Christ the principle, and that *principle* can no more die than the breath of morning, whether it be the morn of to-day or when the Universe awoke. We are taught that long after the physical body had returned to dust, Christ, the Spirit, lived and the disciples who had forsaken Him; lives *to-day*, and watches over the religion which He founded and will preserve through the centuries. He taught the principles of Reincarnation and Karma. He has never allowed those principles to be forgotten. Always there have been those born under the Great Law who have preserved those teachings, waiting for the hour to strike when He would come again into human form among men, and receive from them this evidence of unbroken memory. And now it is again proclaimed that He shall come. Once more he shall tread this earth, known of men, just as surely as when the Sea of Gallilee bore His walking figure on its waves, and the banks of the Jordan were marked by His footprints. That is why we are to spread the teachings of Reincarnation and Karma. It is for this reason that all who have studied the doctrine of rebirth, and learned something of the Law of Cause and Effect on the different planes, should pass that knowledge along the lines that all who stand in the ranks shall understand the meaning of Reincarnation and Karma, and thus help to prepare the way for Him. If, when He arrives among us, He can find a people well versed in the understanding of those two words,

He cannot again meet with failure in them as He is. He will not again be tossed upon the sea of doubt and unbelief. His divine right questioned and the truth of His message unrecognized.

And every member in our Society may become one of His helpers, not one person is there in the whole world so poor or lowly, so untrained and uneducated, or even wicked and debased that he may not be taught something of these principles, and learn to rise and better his conditions. Even the confessed criminal may take courage, knowing that he shall have another chance, and start anew. One beautiful old lady, who had worked within prison walls, teaching Reincarnation and Karma to weary hearts behind iron bars and singing with them the old familiar hymns, states that the favorite

one of all was *When He Counteth Up His Jewels I'll Be There*. The prisoners would raise their voices in confidence and sing with the courage of renewed hope. We do not have to be accomplished speakers and gifted authors to proclaim these truths to the world, we have only to work them into the hearts of the people by any method which shall show the love and brotherly feeling which we would extend to them. One can always find some person who knows less than he himself does, and to him that one can act as teacher to pupil. We can try to quicken the vibrations of every person who comes to us in need, and in so doing we are working for Him, helping to prepare the way for Him to come.

*Addie Tuttle.*

To everyone We have given a Law and a Way. And if God had pleased, He would have made all mankind the people of one religion. But He hath done otherwise, that He might try you in that which He hath severally given unto you. Wherefore press forward in good works. Unto God shall ye return, and He will tell you that concerning which ye disagree.

—*Koran.*

One's own self conquered is better than all other people; not even a god, a Gandharva, not Mara with Brahma could change into defeat the victory of a man who has vanquished himself, and always lives under restraint.

Self is the lord of self, who else could be the lord? With self subdued a man finds a lord such as few can find.

—*Buddha.*



*In an Indian Village.*





It is announced that Mrs. Besant will lecture in London on "The Immediate Future." The special dates and subjects are:

June 11, "Impending Physical Changes."

June 18, "The Growth of a World-Religion."

June 25, "The Coming of a World-Teacher."

July 2, "Social Problems: Self-Sacrifice or Revolution?"

July 9, "Religious Problems: Dogmatism or Mysticism?"

She will lecture to fellows of the Theosophical Society only on "Evolution in the East" June 20 and 28, July 4, 11, 19 and 25.

Many members are writing for periodicals and with great success. An article by Mr. F. E. Martin on Reincarnation appears in the *Houston Chronicle*, which is most lucid and convincing.

Mrs. T. D. Talbot, librarian, desires for the public library at Klamath Falls, Ore., the following which may be sent directly to Mrs. Talbot: In the Outer Court, The Path of Discipleship, Ancient Wisdom, The Bhagavad Gita.

Mr. W. G. John, General Secretary of the Australian Section, in a recent letter makes the following statement: "We held an Australian Congress this year at Adelaide, a good deal further west and south than we have ever been before, but in spite of the fifteen or sixteen hundred miles, I believe we shall have a good gathering."

During the Summer School, Mr. Jinarajadasa will conduct classes on the following topics: The Religious Philosophies, 1. Vedas and Vedanta; 2. Buddhism; 3. Zoroastrianism; 4. Confucianism and Taoism; 4. Mo-

ammedanism; 5. Christian Mysticism. Another course will take up the topic of Karma as illustrated in the lives of Alcyone and Orion. There will also be classes to instruct members in the preparation of lectures.

During Mr. Jinarajadasa's stay in Chicago in June and July he will deliver a course to the public on "The Problem of Life": 1. The Problem of Birth; 2. The Problem of Childhood; 3. The Problem of Youth; 4. The Problem of Manhood; 5. The Problem of Old Age; 6. The Problem of Death and After.

Mr. George E. Pinto, a member of the Huntington Lodge, is deaf and also has very poor eyesight and hoping to improve his health is walking across country from Boston to Kansas City. A recent letter from him indicates that he is improving under the influence of the exercise and fresh air.

**WANTED.**—One February, 1909 *Messenger* to complete files. Please send to the General Secretary, 31 N. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

**WANTED.**—To communicate with active musicians, members of the Theosophic Society, to whom the development of a school of music upon theosophical principles and a co-operative and profit-sharing plan would be of personal interest.

*Frank L. Reed,*

623 Chestnut St.

Meadville, Pa.

Owing to the resignation from her official connection with the work of the Karma and Reincarnation League of Miss Alma Kunz, that department of theosophic activity is for the moment in the hands of the general Secretary.



Mr. Pekka Ervast

Herewith I have the honour to inform you that at the Fourth Annual Congress of the Theosophical Society in Finland, held in Helsingfors, April 16th and April 17th, I was re-elected General Secretary for one year.

With fraternal greetings,  
Yours faithfully,  
Pekka Ervast.

The following summary of Mr. Myers' propaganda stereopticon lecture may show its general character:

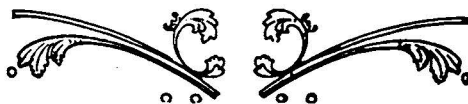
The title is "Boys and Girls in Many Lands." The dominant idea is the fundamental unity of aspiration in all human nature, irrespective of race, creed, sex, caste or color. After a brief description of the general scheme of evolution, the slides are cast showing groups of children of different races, and a description of their religions is given. The slides illustrate the marked difference in races and sub-races and it is pointed out that each of the seven races has its special religion, a form of Divine Wisdom suited to its development. Each religion has a key-note different from the others. The set of slides also includes several diagrams, and a picture of Alcyone.

*Paris. France.*

The Spanish members of the Theosophical Society intend publishing a General Bibliography. The work will be undertaken by Dr. Raimond Von Marle of the Madrid branch. As it is impossible to do this without co-operation, it is hoped that one member of every National Section will come forward who will undertake to give a complete list of all the books published by his own Section and of all the articles written in the Theosophical Reviews of his Section. Before it officially made known at the September Congress in Genoa that this bibliography is in preparation it must be ascertained whether such co-operation is forthcoming.

Will each Section therefore please inform the editor whether the necessary help will be given.

Further information will then be given afterwards by Dr. Raimond Von Marle, 4 Rue Aumont—Thiéville, Paris.



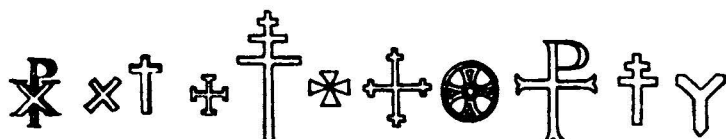


**H. P. B.**

I say that you have attained contact with the Master, and that *before you can hope to go further you must realise that which you have had*. I know that Master has (without interfering with karma) precipitated and in other cases retarded some events and contingencies in the lives of all of you who are earnest and true. Had you paid attention to these casualties and little events, the working of these alone might have revealed to you a guiding hand. It is the first rule in the daily life of a student of

For once compared and summed up, these events (the most trifling are often the most illuminative) would perceptibly reveal to you the course you have to follow. Working by himself no man can achieve this. Where you work in common it is comparatively easy. It concentrates the attention upon the laws governing the simplest events in life, those events being guided by the invisible Guru, the Master under whose guidance is the Theosophical Society. It draws attention from things that would only interfere with mental training; it sharpens and develops the intuition, and makes you gradually sensitive to the smallest changes in the spiritual influence of the Guru. Once an earnest student joins the T. S., there are no more meaningless or trifling circumstances in his life, for each is a link purposely placed in the chain of events that is to lead him to the Golden Gate. Each step, each person he meets with, every word uttered, may be a word purposely placed in the day's sentence with the purpose of giving certain importance to the chapter it belongs to, and such or another karmic meaning to the volume of life.

*Adyar Bulletin August 15th, 1910.*



## KARMA



**F**OLLOW questions, perhaps, puzzle students more, whether the students be old or young, than that of Karma. What is it? when did it begin? how far does it limit us? are we its servants or its masters? must we fold our hands meekly before it, or struggle vigorously against it? if to-day grows out of yesterday, and yesterday out of the day before, and so on, backwards and backwards, how can the band man even become good? are we not really compelled by an iron necessity, are we not "dumb, driven cattle," who cannot become heroes, whatever poets may say?

We may spend a little time usefully in thinking over these questions and other resembling them, for here as elsewhere, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Karma is but too often a crippling fetter instead of being, as it ought to be, a strength, a guide, a force enabling us to act wisely and well. Like all other laws in nature, it binds the ignorant and gives power to the wise.

Here is our first step: Karma is a Law of Nature. We might go further, and say: It is the Law. For it is everywhere and always—omnipresent, all-pervasive. Other names are given to it in the West, and the names are useful, because they are not surrounded by all the traditions and discussions which blur the meaning of Karma in the East. The western philosopher calls it: "The Law of Causation"; he sees in every happening a double fact—it is both an effect and a cause; it is an effect, for it has a cause; something went before and made this thing to happen; it is also a cause; for it will generate a new happening, another thing will arise from it. As a man is a son of his father, and is also the father of his son; as his father was a son of his own father, and as his son will be a father of his own son in turn, so is it with causes and effects; each event is at once an effect and a cause—an effect of the past, a cause of the future. This observed succession, this invariable relation, is generalised under the term: The Law of Causation. The human

intellect recognizes this law as fundamental, and sees in it the assurance of stability and order as well as of human progress.

We are continually causing effects, unconsciously and consciously. The more we understand our power and Nature's conditions, the more can we bring about the effects we desire, and prevent the events we dislike.

The western scientist calls Karma, "The Law of Action and Re-Action," and he also sees it as a fundamental law. "Action and Re-Action are equal and opposite," he says. You push an object: its resistance is its reaction against your push; you fling an elastic ball against a board: it springs back to you with a force proportional to that of the impact. Everywhere in Nature he finds this law, and he counts on it with certainty in his manipulations of objects.

In both these western terms the word 'Law' appears. What is a Law—a Law of Nature? It is the statement of an observed succession, of an invariable sequence; it may be put as a formula; wherever A and B are, there C follows. Hence it is a statement of conditions, and the result which arises from them. It is not a *command*; it does not say: "Do this," or "Do not do this," like a human enactment. It does not say: "You must have A and B, and therefore C;" but rather: "If you want C, you must bring A and B together; if you do not want C, you must take care that A and B do not come together; if you keep A away from B you will not have C." Hence a law of Nature is truly said to be not a compelling but an enabling force: it tells you the conditions which enable you to produce or avoid a particular thing, and is only compulsory in this sense, that if you make the conditions you *must* have the result. Because of this inevitable sequence ignorant people are helpless in the grip of natural laws; they ignorantly produce conditions, and the results hurtle around them, confuse and crush them. As we gain knowledge, we take care as to the conditions we produce, and thus avoid undesirable results.

A law of Nature is said to be inviolable, for this relation between cause and effect



cannot be altered. We can disregard natural laws as much as we please, but the law breaks us; we do not break it. If you slip off the top of a building and fall heavily to the ground, you do not break the law of attraction, or gravitation; you disregard it, and your fall proves its truth; a well-known formula gives the velocity with which you will strike the ground.

We partly answer, then, our first question: "What is Karma?" by the statement Karma is a law of Nature of universal validity, called in the West the Law of Causation, or the Law of Action and Re-Action.

Annie Besant, P. T. S.

*Theosophy in Australasia.*

(To be continued.)

#### THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES IN MALTA

It cannot fail to interest your readers to learn that one of the youngest lodges of the Theosophical Society has just been organized in the historic and highly magnetised island of Malta. In a letter received from my sister, Mrs. Gilbert Graham, she tells me that on her return to Valetta from her recent visit to Chicago, she and her husband held an informal meeting of friends interested in Theosophical matters at her home in the many-stepped Strada Lucia (a veritable Jacob's Ladder of Theosophical possibilities), and from this meeting was born last month a Maltese Theosophical lodge of nine members. I do not know if a charter has yet been applied for, but this will surely follow as the membership has already grown from nine to twenty members most of whom are well versed in theosophical literature and have been long active in furthering its teachings.

Centuries ago the Knights Templar of St. John of Malta long and successfully barred the path between the Orient and the West; to-day in the shadow of their wondrous church, radiating its spirit of great aims greatly striven for, rises this

latest but potential lodge of our Society. May it live long and usefully, fortified by the gracious atmosphere of its surroundings, and giving to the link which Malta now forms in the chain of modern life between the long estranged East and West an ever stronger mental welding.

Perhaps for a future number of the *Theosophical Messenger* we may receive from Mrs. Graham some interesting account of the Maltese shrines of its mediaeval Knights Templar. In the meantime may I be permitted to quote from her letter the following passages as showing the simple faith and ways of their modern successors.

"I have utilized this Eastertide in taking part, whenever possible, in the numerous Roman Catholic ceremonies. The Maltese are worthy of study at work and play. They are grown up children in heart, full of a mixture of blind faith, devotion, childish ignorance, and careless indifference and therefore the more interesting to watch. Our faithful servant Ricardo volunteered to take me through seven churches on Holy Thursday, explaining that he had to visit this number, and say prayers in each; although he thoughtfully added, that if I accompanied him his prayers would necessarily have to be cut down to a mere 'salute.' So finding him indifferent as to the length of his devotions I went with him. In each church were life-sized figures representing the "seven words from the Cross"—very moving and pathetic in their realism but rendered comic by paper roses and fire-grate ornamentings. Then I had to watch a big procession go round the town; and afterwards attended a most solemn and impressive service in the Cathedral of St. John. And yesterday to fill my cup of admiration of things past and present a priest visited this house, and went through each of its rooms to bless and chase out the sins of the past year. So now we ought to be all right; we have a clean slate at No. 111 Strada Santa Lucia."

J. B. Lindon.





## The Field



### *St. Paul.*

The St. Paul Lodge has changed its home for a much more comfortable one in Room 301, Court Block.

Fire elementals were the cause of removal and since they injured nothing which cannot be replaced and compelled us to seek long needed new quarters perhaps we ought to give them our grateful thanks.

The new room is bright and cheerful with two large windows through which come an abundance of light and air, and we hope that it may prove so attractive as to bring us many new members.

On Easter Sunday Dr. John McLean, president of the lodge gave a lecture appropriate to the day. The subject for the next week is "The Strengthening and Use of Thought Power" which will end the Sunday lecture course begun on the first Sunday in October.

The regular meetings are held on Thursday evenings. The book being used for study this year is "The Pedigree of Man;" and we have been particularly fortunate in having Mrs. Taylor, a former member of the Buffalo Lodge unite with us, since she has been able to help us over many of the hard places in the study.

The St. Paul Lodge took advantage of Mrs. Russak's visit to Minneapolis in that its members attended as many of her meetings as possible, and thus the lodge will be helped and there will no doubt be more of "love and understanding" among its members.

*Angie K. Hern.*

### *Rochester.*

"White Lotus Day" was observed by members of the two Rochester lodges of the Theosophical Society, who met at the home of Dr. L. B. Daily, No. 224 Rose-dale street, last night, to commemorate the death of the founder of the Society,

Madame H. P. Blavatsky. The principal addresses were made by John L. Goddard and Claude Bragdon. Mr. Bragdon's address was especially interesting from the point of view of an outsider, since he suggested the trials and persecutions, that were undergone by Madame Blavatsky in attempting to reveal to the world the "Ancient Wisdom." In closing Mr. Bragdon said:

"We are taught that Madame Blavatsky's karma entitled her to inaugurate the great work of revealing and interpreting the 'Ancient Wisdom' of the elder race to the younger nations of the West at a time when they were psychologically and physiologically prepared to receive it. The word 'entitled' implies the idea of privilege. To the great souls of the world it is a privilege as well as a duty to help to kindle, in lesser souls, the inward light.

"It was thus that H. P. Blavatsky looked upon her mission, and it is thus that we should look upon ours. For we are missionaries to this community, just as she was a missionary to the world at large. The fact that we find ourselves in the society she founded is a sufficient guaranty of that. H. P. Blavatsky, like the merchant in the parable, has indeed traveled into a far country, having left in our hands the precious treasure of the ancient wisdom. Are we burying our talents or are we investing them?

"Never, surely, was such opportunity for investment, such promise of a rich and sure return. Men are hungry for this great synthetic, reasonable, inspiring view of life, this rational method of self-development. It is indeed a 'changing world' which we inhabit. Let us do our part to bring about universal brotherhood among men."

*Superior.*

The Superior Lodge has grown from



three to seventeen members in the past year and a half.

The Lodge is carrying on an active propaganda campaign and its doors are wide open to the public. The public is interested and looking our way.

The members are striving hard to live the principle of "Brotherhood."

The chief aim of every member is service and each is active in charity work; doing all that their time and opportunity will permit.

The spirit of good-will and harmony existing among the members, acts as a powerful force in drawing others to the center.

Every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock Mrs. A. L. Booth, the president, lectures in the auditorium of the public library, on "Practical Theosophy in Every Day Life"—this topic including a wide range of subjects.

The lectures are proving popular and the audiences are made up of inquirers from the various churches and many others.

After attending this class for six months or more, one is eligible for membership in the Theosophical Society.

The lodge has a good sized library and there are twenty-seven theosophical books in the public library and they are in constant use.

Last month a Friday evening class was started by two of the members, to take up the study of "Esoteric Christianity" and "Occultism in the Abstract."

This class is chiefly made up of members from the Sunday afternoon class, but it is hoped that others will be attracted by the different aspects presented by the members.

Ultimately we hope for students from this class.

The following is taken from a Superior paper and indicates the activity of our Superior members:

"The Theosophical Society holds its regular meetings for members on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock in Room 28, Winthrop block, Fourth Avenue west and First Street. Use the evenue entrance; public study classes

are held Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock, subject: "Esoteric Christianity." A public study class is also held on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock and any one interested in theosophical study is welcome to attend.

To-morrow, Monday, May 1, at 8 p. m., Alice L. Booth will give the fifth in a series of lecture recitals at 28 Winthrop Block. The subject will be "Socialism and the Coming Christ." Anyone who is interested in the betterment of mankind, and especially those who heard Mrs. Booth in her previous lecture on the "Universal Brotherhood and Vegetarianism in the Light of Theosophy," will not miss this fitting complement of that great theme.

The study class in Esoteric Christianity which is conducted by Mrs. John Bach Sundays at 3 p. m. in the same room, is growing in numbers and interest. Last Sunday the subject was "The Atonement," the keynote of which is sacrifice as a fundamental principle underlying the law of evolution of all life from the lowest form, the inorganic, to the highest, the human. To-day the subject is "The Sacraments," and Mrs. Bach will give their occult and spiritual interpretation, as well as their historical and mythical setting."

#### *Buffalo Lodge.*

Mr. Rogers has come and gone leaving behind him in the Buffalo Branch an enthusiasm which is most marked in every line.

He gave a series of four public lectures and one talk to members and their friends, all of which were well attended.

The most pleasing part of his visit here is the fact that those who attended were people who were not in the habit of coming to the Branch. We have adopted a system of getting the names and addresses of those who attend the meetings, with the result, that when a lecturer comes to us, we circularize those on the list. This plan has proven very successful and we feel that it is a move in the right direction.

Mr. Rogers is an interesting and pleasing talker and carried his hearers with him as he went from point to point in his argument. It was interesting to watch the faces in the

audience and note the rapt attention they gave to his words.

As the result of his visit there is a slight increase in membership and the formation of a class of beginners—composed of non-

members—some twenty persons.

We consider this visit of his the most successful in years.

*T. P. C. Barnard.*

## Correspondence School

### ANCIENT WISDOM

#### LESSON THIRD

1. Describe the descent of spirit into matter until the mineral kingdom was reached.
2. What direction did the evolution take from this point and what was its culmination?
3. What are the two main divisions of the physical body, and from what divisions of the physical plane are the materials of each drawn?
4. What is the general function of the physical body?
5. What is the particular function of the etheric double?
6. How can the physical body be refined?  
Send answers to Addie Tuttle, 2453 E. 72nd Street, Chicago, Ill.

### THE ASTRAL PLANE

1. How is the Astral Plane subdivided and how are these subdivisions grouped?
2. What is meant by "rising from one sub-plane to another"?
3. How does astral sight differ from physical?
4. What different classes of objects are seen on the Astral Plane?
5. What is the "human aura"?
6. Which is the most conspicuous part of the aura? Why?

7. Which is the densest part and how does it differ in origin from the other parts?

Send answers to Miss A. de Leeuw, 658 Jefferson Ave., Detroit; Mich.

### ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY

(Pages 189 to 202 inclusive).

#### QUESTIONS

1. What lies before the Initiate after he passes his fourth Initiation?
2. What does the Crucifixion portray as related to the evolution of man?
3. What is meant by "descending into hell"?
4. What is the attitude of the Arhat toward Humanity?
5. What takes place at the fifth Initiation?
6. What is the meaning of Atonement?
7. What is the general understanding of the Atonement as related to Christ and Humanity?
8. What was the teaching of the Atonement in the early Christian Church?
9. Tell of the doctrines of the Atonement accepted in the present age.
10. Has the doctrine of Vicarious Atonement accomplished any good?
11. What do the different religions say of the Law of Sacrifice?
12. What is the Law of Sacrifice as related to the Kingdoms of Nature?

Send answers to Mr. D. S. M. Unger, 30 N. La Salle St., R. 801.





## Book Reviews



### THE SOUL OF THE INDIAN

The original attitude of the American Indian toward the Eternal, the "Great Mystery" that surrounds and embraces us, was as simple as it was exalted. To him it was the supreme conception, bringing with it the fullest measure of joy and satisfaction possible in this life.

The worship of the "Great Mystery" was silent, solitary, free from all self-seeking. It was silent, because all speech is of necessity feeble and imperfect; therefore the souls of my ancestors ascended to God in wordless adoration. It was solitary, because they believed that He is nearer to us in solitude, and there were no priests authorized to come between a man and his Maker. None might exhort or confess or in any way meddle with the religious experience of another. Among us all men were created sons of God and stood erect, conscious of their divinity. Our faith might not be formulated in creeds, nor forced upon any who were unwilling to receive it; hence there was no preaching, proselyting, nor persecution, neither were there any scoffers or atheists.

There were no temples or shrines among us save those of nature. Being a natural man, the Indian was intensely poetical. He would deem it sacrilege to build a house for Him who may be met face to face in the mysterious, shadowy aisles of the primeval forest, or on the sunlit bosom of virgin prairies, upon dizzy spires and pinnacles of naked rock, and yonder in the jeweled vault of the night sky! He who enrobes Himself in filmy veils of cloud, there on the rim of the visible world where our Great-Grandfather Sun kindles his evening camp-fire, He who rides upon the rigorous wind of the north, or breathes forth His spirit upon aromatic southern airs, whose war-canoe is launched upon majestic rivers and inland seas—He needs no lesser cathedral!

That solitary communion with the Unseen which was the highest expression of our religious life is partly described in the word *hambeday*, literally "mysterious feeling," which has been variously translated "fasting" and "dreaming." It may better be interpreted as "consciousness of the divine."

The first *hambeday*, or religious retreat, marked an epoch in the life of the youth, which may be compared to that of confirmation or conversion in Christian experience. Having first prepared himself by means of the purifying vapor-bath, and cast off as far as possible all human or fleshly influences, the young man sought out the noblest height, the most commanding summit in all the surrounding region. Knowing that God sets no value upon material things, he took with him no offerings or sacrifices other than symbolic objects, such as paints and tobacco. Wishing to appear before Him in all humility, he wore no clothing save his moccasins and breech-clout. At the solemn hour of sunrise or sunset he took up his position, overlooking the glories of earth and facing the "Great Mystery," and there he remained, naked, erect, silent, and motionless, exposed to the elements and forces of His arming, for a night and a day or two days and nights, but rarely longer. Sometimes he would chant a hymn without words, or offer the ceremonial "filled pipe." In this holy trance or ecstasy the Indian mystic found his highest happiness and the motive power of his existence.

When he returned to the camp, he must remain at a distance until he had again entered the vapor-bath and prepared himself for intercourse with his fellows. Of the vision or sign vouchsafed to him he did not speak, unless it had included some commission which must be publicly fulfilled. Sometimes an old man, standing upon the brink of eternity, might reveal

to a chosen few the oracle of his long-past youth.

The native American has been generally despised by his white conquerors for his poverty and simplicity. They forget, perhaps, that his religion forbade the accumulation of wealth and the enjoyment of luxury. To him, as to other single-minded men in every age and race, from Diogenes to the brothers of Saint Francis, from the Montanists to the Shakers, the love of possessions has appeared a snare, and the burdens of a complex society a source of needless peril and temptation. Furthermore, it was the rule of his life to share the fruits of his skill and success with his less fortunate brothers. Thus he kept his spirit free from the clog of pride, cupidity, or envy, and carried out, as he believed, the divine decree—a matter profoundly important to him.

It was not, then, wholly from ignorance or improvidence that he failed to establish permanent towns and to develop a material civilization. To the untutored sage, the concentration of population was the prolific mother of all evils, moral no less than physical. He argued that food is good, while surfeit kills; that love is good, but lust destroys; and not less dreaded than the pestilence following upon crowded and unsanitary dwellings was the loss of spiritual power inseparable from too close contact with one's fellow-men. All who have lived much out of doors know that there is a magnetic and nervous force that accumulates in solitude and that is quickly dissipated by life in a crowd; and even his enemies have recognized the fact that for a certain innate power and self-poise, wholly independent of circumstances, the American Indian is unsurpassed among men.

The red man divided mind into two parts,—the spiritual mind and the physical mind. The first is pure spirit, concerned only with the essence of things, and it was this he sought to strengthen by spiritual prayer, during which the body is subdued by fasting and hardship. In this type of prayer there was no beseeching for favor or help. All matters of personal or selfish concern, as success in hunting or warfare, relief

from sickness, or the sparing of a beloved life, were definitely relegated to the plane of the lower or material mind, and all ceremonies, charms, or incantations designed to secure a benefit or to avert a danger, were recognized as emanating from the physical self.

The rites of this physical worship, again, were wholly symbolic, and the Indian no more worshiped the Sun than the Christian adores the Cross. The Sun and the Earth, by an obvious parable, holding scarcely more of poetic metaphor than of scientific truth, were in his view the parents of all organic life. From the Sun, as the universal father, proceeds the quickening principle in nature, and in the patient and fruitful womb of our mother, the Earth, are hidden embryos of plants and men. Therefore our reverence and love for them was really an imaginative extension of our love for our immediate parents, and with this sentiment of filial piety was joined a willingness to appeal to them, as to a father, for such good gifts as we may desire. This is the material or physical prayer.

The elements and majestic forces in nature, Lightning, Wind, Water, Fire, and Frost, were regarded with awe as spiritual powers, but always secondary and intermediate in character. We believed that the spirit prevades all creation and that every creature possesses a soul in some degree, though not necessarily a soul conscious of itself. The tree, the waterfall, the grizzly bear, each is an embodied Force, and as such an object of reverence.

The Indian loved to come into sympathy and spiritual communion with his brothers of the animal kingdom, whose inarticulate souls had for him something of the sinless purity that we attribute to the innocent and irresponsible child. He had faith in their instincts, as in a mysterious wisdom given from above; and while he humbly accepted the supposedly voluntary sacrifice of their bodies to preserve his own, he paid homage to their spirits in prescribed prayers and offerings.

In every religion there is an element of the supernatural, varying with the influ-



ence of pure reason over its devotees. The Indian was a logical and clear thinker upon matters within the scope of his understanding, but he had not yet charted the vast field of nature or expressed her wonders in terms of science. With his limited knowledge of cause and effect, he saw miracles on every hand,—the miracle of life in seed and egg, the miracle of death in lightning flash and in the swelling deep! Nothing of the marvelous could astonish him; as that a beast should speak, or the sun stand still. The virgin birth would appear scarcely more miraculous than is the birth of every child that comes into the world, or the miracle of the loaves and fishes excite more wonder than the harvest that springs from a single ear of corn.

Who may condemn his superstition? Surely not the devout Catholic, or even Protestant missionary, who teaches Bible miracles as literal fact! The logical man must either deny all miracle or none, and our American Indian myths and hero stories are perhaps, in themselves, quite as credible as those of the Hebrews of old. If we are of the modern type of mind, that sees in natural law a majesty and grandeur far more impressive than any solitary infraction of it could possibly be, let us not forget that, after all, science has not explained everything. We have still to face the ultimate miracle,—the origin and principle of life! Here is the supreme mystery that is the essence of worship, without which there can be no religion, and in the presence of this mystery our attitude cannot be very unlike that of the natural philosopher, who beholds with awe the Divine in all creation.

It is simple truth that the Indian did not, so long as his native philosophy held sway over his mind, either envy or desire to imitate the splendid achievements of the white man. In his own thought he rose superior to them! He scorned them, even as a lofty spirit absorbed in its stern task rejects the soft beds, the luxurious food, the pleasure-worshiping dalliance of a rich neighbor. It was clear to him that virtue and happiness are independent of these things, if not incompatible with them.

There was undoubtedly much in primitive Christianity to appeal to this man, and Jesus' hard sayings to the rich and about the rich would have been entirely comprehensible to him. Yet the religion that is preached in our churches and practiced by our congregations, with its element of display and self-aggrandizement, its active proselytism, and its open contempt of all religions but its own, was for a long time extremely repellent. To his simple mind, the professionalism of the pulpit, the paid exhorter, the moneyed church, was an unspiritual and unedifying thing, and it was not until his spirit was broken and his moral and physical constitution undermined by trade, conquest, and strong drink, that Christian missionaries obtained any real hold upon him. Strange as it may seem, it is true that the proud pagan in his secret soul despised the good men who came to convert and to enlighten him!

Nor were its publicity and its Phariseism the only elements in the alien religion that offended the red man. To him, it appeared shocking and almost incredible that there were among this people who claimed superiority many irreligious, who did not even pretend to profess the national faith. Not only did they not profess it, but they stooped so low as to insult their God with profane and sacrilegious speech! In our own tongue His name was not spoken aloud, even with utmost reverence, much less lightly or irreverently.

More than this, even in those white men who professed religion we found much inconsistency of conduct. They spoke much of spiritual things, while seeking only the material. They bought and sold everything: time, labor, personal independence, the love of woman, and even the ministrations of their holy faith! The lust for money, power, and conquest so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race did not escape moral condemnation at the hands of his untutored judge, nor did he fail to contrast this conspicuous trait of the dominant race with the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus.

He might in time come to recognize that the drunkards and licentious among white men, with whom he too frequently came in

contact, were condemned by the white man's religion as well, and must not be held to discredit it. But it was not so easy to overlook or to excuse national bad faith. When distinguished emissaries from the Father at Washington, some of them ministers of the gospel and even bishops, came to the Indian nations, and pledged to them in solemn treaty the national honor, with prayer and mention of their God; and when such treaties, so made, were promptly and shamelessly broken, is it strange that the action should arouse not only anger, but contempt? The historians of the white race admit that the Indian was never the first to repudiate his oath.

It is my personal belief, after thirty-five years' experience of it, that there is no such thing as "Christian civilization." I believe that Christianity and modern civilization are opposed and irreconcilable, and that the spirit of Christianity and of our ancient religion is essentially the same.

The American Indian was an individualist in religion as in war. He had neither a national army nor an organized church. There was no priest to assume responsibility for another's soul. That is, we believed, the supreme duty of the parent, who only was permitted to claim in some degree the priestly office and function, since it is his creative and protecting power which alone approaches the solemn function of Deity.

The Indian was a religious man from his mother's womb. From the moment of her recognition of the fact of conception to the end of the second year of life, which was the ordinary duration of lactation, it was supposed by us that the mother's spiritual influence counted for most. Her attitude and secret meditations must be such as to instill into the receptive soul of the unborn child the love of the "Great Mystery" and a sense of brotherhood with all creation. Silence and isolation are the rule of life for the expectant mother. She wanders prayerful in the stillness of great woods, or on the bosom of the untrodden prairie, and to her poetic mind the immanent birth of her child prefigures the advent of a master-man—a hero, or the mother of heroes—a thought

conceived in the virgin breast of primeval nature, and dreamed out in a hush that is only broken by the sighing of the pine tree or the thrilling orchestra of a distant waterfall.

And when the day of days in her life dawns—the day in which there is to be a new life, the miracle of whose making has been intrusted to her, she seeks no human aid. She has been trained and prepared in body and mind for this her holiest duty, ever since she can remember. The ordeal is best met alone, where no curious or pitying eyes embarrass her; where all nature says filling of life!" When a sacred voice comes to her out of the silence, and a pair of eyes open upon her in the wilderness, she knows with joy that she has borne well her part in the great song of creation!

Presently she returns to the camp, carrying the mysterious, the holy, the dearest bundle! She feels the endearing warmth of it and hears its soft breathing. It is still a part of herself, since both are nourished by the same mouthful, and no look of a lover could be sweeter than its deep, trusting gaze.

She continues her spiritual teaching, at first silently—a mere pointing of the index finger to nature; then in whispered songs, bird-like, at morning and evening. To her and to the child the birds are real people, who live very close to the "Great Mystery"; the murmuring trees breathe His presence; the falling waters chant His praise.

If the child should chance to be fretful, the mother raises her hand. "Hush! hush!" she cautions it tenderly, "the spirits may be disturbed!" She bids it be still and listen—listen to the silver voice of the aspen, or the clashing cymbals of the birch; and at night she points to the heavenly, blazed trail, through nature's galaxy of splendor to nature's God. Silence, love, reverence—this is the trinity of first lessons; and to these she adds generosity, courage, and chastity.

In the old days, our mothers were single-eyed to the trust imposed upon them; and as a noted chief of our people was wont to say: "Men may slay one another, but they can never overcome the woman, for in



the quietude of her lap lies the child! You may destroy him once and again, but he issues as often from the same gentle lap—a gift of the Great Good to the race, in which man is only an accomplice!”

This wild mother has not only the experience of her mother and grandmother, and the accepted rules of her people for a guide, but she humbly seeks to learn a lesson from ants, bees, spiders, beavers, and badgers. She studies the family life of the birds, so exquisite in its emotional intensity and its patient devotion, until she seems to feel the universal mother-heart beating in her own breast. In due time the child takes of his own accord the attitude of prayer, and speaks reverently of the Powers. He thinks that he is a blood brother to all living creatures, and the storm wind is to him a messenger of the “Great Mystery.”

At the age of about eight years, if he is a boy, she turns him over to his father for more Spartan training. If a girl, she is from this time much under the guardianship of her grandmother, who is considered the most dignified protector for the maiden. Indeed, the distinctive work of both grandparents is that of acquainting the youth with the national traditions and beliefs. It is reserved for them to repeat the time-hallowed tales with dignity and authority, so as to lead him into his inheritance in the stored-up wisdom and experience of the race. The old are dedicated to the service of the young, as their teachers and advisers, and the young in turn regard them with love and reverence.

Our old age was in some respects the happiest period of life. Advancing years brought with them much freedom, not only from the burden of laborious and dangerous tasks, but from those restrictions of custom and etiquette which were religiously observed by all others. No one who is at all acquainted with the Indian in his home can deny that we are a polite people. As a rule, the warrior who inspired the greatest terror in the hearts of his enemies was a man of the most exemplary gentleness, and almost feminine refinement, among his family and friends. A soft, low voice was considered an excellent thing in man, as well as in

woman! Indeed, the enforced intimacy of tent life would soon become intolerable, were it not for these instinctive reserves and delicacies, this unflinching respect for the established place and possessions of every other member of the family circle, this habitual quiet, order, and decorum.

Our people, though capable of strong and durable feeling, were not demonstrative in their affection at any time, least of all in the presence of guests or strangers. Only to the aged, who have journeyed far, and are in a manner exempt from ordinary rules, are permitted some playful familiarities with children and grandchildren, some plain speaking, even to harshness and oburgation, from which the others must rigidly refrain. In short, the old men and women are privileged to say what they please and how they please, without contradiction, while the hardships and bodily infirmities that of necessity fall to their lot are softened so far as may be by universal consideration and attention.

There was no religious ceremony connected with marriage among us, while on the other hand the relation between man and woman was regarded as in itself mysterious and holy. It appears that where marriage is solemnized by the church and blessed by the priest, it may at the same time be surrounded with customs and ideas of a frivolous, superficial, and even prurient character. We believed that two who love should be united in secret, before the public acknowledgment of their union, and should taste their apotheosis alone with nature. The betrothal might or might not be discussed and approved by the parents, but in either case it was customary for the young pair to disappear into the wilderness, there to pass some days or weeks in perfect seclusion and dual solitude afterward returning to the village as man and wife. An exchange of presents and entertainments between the two families usually followed, but the nuptial blessing was given by the High Priest of God, the most reverend and holy Nature.

The family was not only the social unit, but also the unit of government. The clan is nothing more than a larger family, with

tutes the tribe. The very name of our tribe, Dakota, means Allied People. The remoter degrees of kinship were fully recognized, and that not as a matter of form only: first cousins were known as its patriarchal chief as the natural head, and the union of several clans by inter-marriage and voluntary connection consti-brothers and sisters; the name of "cousin" constituted a binding claim, and our rigid morality forbade marriage between cousins in any known degree, or in other words within the clan.

The household proper consisted of a man with one or more wives and their children, all of whom dwelt amicably together, often under one roof, although some men of rank and position provided a separate lodge for each wife. There were, indeed, few plural marriages except among the older and leading men, and plural wives were usually, though not necessarily, sisters. A marriage might honorably be dissolved for cause, but there was very little infidelity or immorality, either open or secret.

It has been said that the position of woman is the test of civilization, and that of our women was secure. In them was vested our standard of morals and the purity of our blood. The wife did not take the name of her husband nor enter his clan, and the children belonged to the clan of the mother. All of the family property was held by her, descent was traced in the maternal line, and the honor of the house was in her hands. Modesty was her chief adornment; hence the younger women were usually silent and retiring: but a woman who had attained to ripeness of years and wisdom, or who had displayed notable courage in some emergency, was sometimes invited to a seat in the council.

Thus she ruled undisputed within her own domain, and was to us a tower of moral and spiritual strength, until the coming of the border white man, the soldier and trader, who with strong drink overthrew the honor of the man, and through his power over a worthless husband purchased the virtue of his wife or his daughter. When she fell, the whole race fell with her.

Before this calamity came upon us, you could not find anywhere a happier home than that created by the Indian woman. There was nothing of the artificial about her person, and very little disingenuousness in her character. Her early and consistent training, the definiteness of her vocation, and, above all, her profoundly religious attitude gave her a strength and poise that could not be overcome by any ordinary misfortune.

Indian names were either characteristic nicknames given in a playful spirit, deed names, birth names, or such as have a religious and symbolic meaning. It has been said that when a child is born, some accident or unusual appearance determines his name. This is sometimes the case, but is not the rule. A man of forcible character, with a fine war record, usually bears the name of the buffalo or bear, lightning or some dread natural force. Another of more peaceful nature may be called Swift Bird or Blue Sky. A woman's name usually suggested something about the home, often with the adjective "pretty" or "good," and a feminine termination. Names of any dignity or importance must be conferred by the old men, and especially so if they have any spiritual significance; as Sacred Cloud, Mysterious Night, Spirit Woman, and the like. Such a name was sometimes borne by three generations, but each individual must prove that he is worthy of it.

In the life of the Indian there was only one inevitable duty,—the duty of prayer—the daily recognition of the Unseen and Eternal. His daily devotions were more necessary to him than daily food. He wakes at daybreak, puts on his moccasins and steps down to the water's edge. Here he throws handfuls of clear, cold water into his face, or plunges in bodily. After the bath, he stands erect before the advancing dawn, facing the sun as it dances upon the horizon, and offers his unspoken orison. His mate may precede or follow him in his devotions, but never accompanies him. Each soul must meet the morning sun, the new, sweet earth, and the Great Silence alone!

Whenever, in the course of the daily



hunt, the red hunter comes upon a scene that is strikingly beautiful or sublime—a black thundercloud with the rainbow's glowing arch above the mountain; a white waterfall in the heart of a green gorge; a vast prairie tinged with the blood-red of sunset—he pauses for an instant in the attitude of worship. He sees no need for setting apart one day in seven as a holy day, since to him all days are God's.

Every act of his life is, in a very real sense, a religious act. He recognizes the spirit in all creation, and believes that he draws from it spiritual power. His respect for the immortal part of the animal, his brother, often leads him so far as to lay out the body of his game in state and decorate the head with symbolic paint or feathers. Then he stands before it in the prayer attitude, holding up the filled pipe, in token that he has freed with honor the spirit of his brother, whose body his need compelled him to take to sustain his own life.

When food is taken, the woman murmurs a "grace" as she lowers the kettle; an act so softly and unobtrusively performed that one who does not know the custom usually fails to catch the whisper: "Spirit, partake!" As her husband receives the bowl or plate, he likewise murmurs his invocation to the spirit. When he becomes an old man, he loves to make a notable effort to prove his gratitude. He cuts off the choicest morsel of the meat and casts it into the fire—the purest and most ethereal element.

The hospitality of the wigwam is only limited by the institution of war. Yet, if an enemy should honor us with a call, his trust will not be misplaced, and he will go away convinced that he has met with a royal host! Our honor is the guarantee for his safety, so long as he is within the camp.

Friendship is held to be the severest test of character. It is easy, we think, to be loyal to family and clan, whose blood is in our own veins. Love between man and woman is founded on the mating instinct and is not free from desire and self-seeking. But to have a friend, and to be true under any and all trials, is the mark of a man!

The highest type of friendship is the relation of "brother-friend" or "life-and-death

friend." This bond is between man and man, is usually formed in early youth, and can only be broken by death. It is the essence of comradeship and fraternal love, without thought of pleasure or gain, but rather for moral support and inspiration. Each is vowed to die for the other, if need be, and nothing is denied the brother-friend, but neither is anything required that is not in accord with the highest conceptions of the Indian mind.

The attitude of the Indian toward death, the test and background of life, is entirely consistent with his character and philosophy. Death has no terrors for him; he meets it with simplicity and perfect calm, seeking only an honorable end as his last gift to his family and descendants. Therefore he courts death in battle; on the other hand, he would regard it as disgraceful to be killed in a private quarrel. If one be dying at home, it is customary to carry his bed out of doors as the end approaches, that his spirit may pass under the open sky.

Next to this, the matter that concerns him most is the parting with his dear ones, especially if he have any little children who must be left behind to suffer want. His family affections are strong, and he grieves intensely for the lost, even though he has unbounded faith in a spiritual companionship.

The outward signs of mourning for the dead are far more spontaneous and convincing than is the correct and well-ordered black of civilization. Both men and women among us loosen their hair and cut it according to the degree of relationship or of devotion. Consistent with the idea of sacrificing all personal beauty and adornment, they trim off likewise from the dress its fringes and ornaments, perhaps cut it short, or cut the robe or blanket in two. The men blacken their faces, and widows or bereaved parents sometimes gash their arms and legs till they are covered with blood. Giving themselves up wholly to their grief, they are no longer concerned about any earthly possession, and often give away all that they have to the first comers, even to their beds and their home. Finally, the wailing

for the dead is continued night and day to the point of utter voicelessness; a musical, weird, and heart-piercing sound, which has been compared to the "keening" of the Celtic mourner.

The old-time burial of the Plains Indians was upon a scaffold of poles, or a platform among the boughs of a tree—their only means of placing the body out of reach of wild beasts, as they had no implements with which to dig a suitable grave. It was prepared by dressing in the finest clothes, together with some personal possessions and ornaments, wrapped in several robes, and finally in a secure covering of raw-hide. As a special mark of respect, the body of a young woman or a warrior was sometimes laid out in state in a new teepee, with the usual household articles and even with a dish of food left beside it, not that they supposed the spirit could use the implements or eat the food, but merely as a last tribute. Then the whole people would break camp and depart to a distance, leaving the dead alone in an honorable solitude.

There was no prescribed ceremony of burial, though the body was carried out with more or less solemnity by selected young men, and sometimes noted warriors were the pall-bearers of a man of distinction. It was usual to choose a prominent hill with a commanding outlook for the last resting-place of our dead. If a man were slain in battle, it was an old custom to place his body against a tree or rock in a sitting position, always facing the enemy, to indicate his undaunted defiance and bravery, even in death.

I recall a touching custom among us, which was designed to keep the memory of the departed near and warm in the bereaved household. A lock of hair of the beloved dead was wrapped in pretty clothing, such as it was supposed that he or she would like to wear if living. This "spirit bundle," as it was called, was suspended from a tripod, and occupied a certain place in the lodge which was the place of honor. At every meal time, a dish of food was placed under it, and some person of the same sex and age as the one who was gone must afterward be invited in to partake of the

food. At the end of a year from the time of death, the relatives made a public feast and gave away the clothing and other gifts, while the lock of hair was interred with appropriate ceremonies.

Certainly the Indian never doubted the immortal nature of the spirit or soul of man, but neither did he care to speculate upon its probable state or condition in a future life. The idea of a "happy hunting-ground" is modern and probably borrowed, or invented by the white man. The primitive Indian was content to believe that the spirit which the "Great Mystery" breathed into man returns to Him who gave it, and that after it is freed from the body, it is everywhere and pervades all nature, yet often lingers near the grave or "spirit bundle" for consolation of friends, and is able to hear prayers. So much of reverence was due the disembodied spirit, that it was not customary with us even to name the dead aloud.

It is well known that the American Indian had somehow developed occult power, and although in the latter days there have been many impostors, and, allowing for the vanity and weakness of human nature, it is fair to assume that there must have been some even in the old days, yet there are well-attested instances of remarkable prophecies and other mystic practices.

A Sioux prophet predicted the coming of the white man fully fifty years before the event, and even described accurately his garments and weapons. Before the steamboat was invented, another prophet of our race described the "Fire Boat" that would swim upon their mighty river, the Mississippi, and the date of this prophecy is attested by the term used, which is long since obsolete. No doubt, many predictions have been colored to suit the new age, and unquestionably false prophets, fakirs, and conjurers have become the pest of the tribes during the transition period. Nevertheless, even during this period there was here and there a man of the old type who was implicitly believed in the last.

Notable among these was Ta-chánk-pee Hó-tank-a, or His War Club Speaks Loud, who foretold a year in advance the details



of a great war-party against the Ojibways. There were to be seven battles, all successful except the last, in which the Sioux were to be taken at a disadvantage and suffer crushing defeat. This was carried out to the letter. Our people surprised and slew many of the Ojibways in their villages, but in turn were followed and cunningly led into an ambush whence but few came out alive. This was only one of his remarkable prophecies.

Another famous "medicine-man" was born on the Rum River about one hundred and fifty years ago, and lived to be over a century old. He was born during a desperate battle with the Ojibways, at a moment when, as it seemed, the band of Sioux engaged were to be annihilated. Therefore the child's grandmother exclaimed: "Since we are all to perish, let him die a warrior's death in the field!" and she placed his cradle under fire, near the spot where his uncle and grandfathers were fighting, for he had no father. But when an old man discovered the new-born child, he commanded the women to take care of him, "for," said he, "we know not how precious the strength of even one warrior may some day become to his nation!"

This child lived to become great among us, as was intimated to the superstitious by the circumstances of his birth. At the age of about seventy-five years, he saved his band from utter destruction at the hands of their ancestral enemies, by suddenly giving warning received in a dream of the approach of a large war-party. The men immediately sent out scouts, and felled trees for a stockade, barely in time to meet and repel the predicted attack. Five years later he repeated the service, and again saved his people from awful slaughter. There was no confusion of figures or omens, as with lesser medicine-men, but in every incident that is told of him his interpretation of the sign, whatever it was, proved singularly correct.

The father of Little Crow, the chief who led the "Minnesota massacre" of 1862, was another prophet of some note. One of his characteristic prophecies was made only a few years before he died, when he had declared that, although already an old man,

he would go once more upon the war-path. At the final war-feast, he declared that three of the enemy would be slain, but he showed great distress and reluctance in foretelling that he would lose two of his own men. Three of the Ojibways were indeed slain as he had said, but in the battle the old war prophet lost both of his two sons.

There are many trustworthy men, and men of Christian faith, to vouch for these and similar events occurring as foretold. I cannot pretend to explain them, but I know that our people possessed remarkable powers of concentration and abstraction, and I sometimes fancy that such nearness to nature as I have described keeps the spirit sensitive to impressions not commonly felt, and in touch with the unseen powers. Some of us seemed to have a peculiar intuition for the locality of a grave, which they explained by saying that they had received a communication from the spirit of the departed. My own grandmother was one of these, and as far back as I can remember, when camping in a strange country, my brother and I would search for and find human bones at the spot she had indicated to us as an ancient burial-place or the spot where a lone warrior had fallen. Of course, the outward signs of burial had been long since obliterated.

The Scotch would certainly have declared that she had the "second sight," for she had other remarkable premonitions or intuitions within my own recollection. I have heard her speak of a peculiar sensation in the breast, by which, as she said, she was advised of anything of importance concerning her absent children. Other native women have claimed a similar monitor, but I never heard of one who could interpret it with such accuracy. We were once camping on Lake Manitoba when we received news that my uncle and his family had been murdered several weeks before, at a fort some two hundred miles distant. While all our clan were wailing and mourning their loss, my grandmother calmly bade them cease, saying that her son was approaching, and that they would see him shortly. Although we had no other reason to doubt the ill tidings,

it is a fact that my uncle came into camp two days after his reported death.

At another time, when I was fourteen years old, we had just left Fort Ellis on the Assiniboine River, and my youngest uncle had selected a fine spot for our night camp. It was already after sundown, but by grandmother became unaccountably nervous, and positively refused to pitch her tent. So we reluctantly went on down the river, and camped after dark at a secluded place. The next day we learned that a family who were following close behind had stopped at the place first selected by my uncle, but were surprised in the night by a roving war-party massacred to a man. This incident made a great impression upon our people.

Many of the Indians believed that one may be born more than once, and there were some who claimed to have full knowledge of a former incarnation. There were also those who held converse with a "twin spirit," who had been born into another tribe or race. There was a well-known Sioux war-prophet who lived in the middle of the last century, so that he is still remembered by the old men of his band. After he had reached middle age, he declared that he had a spirit brother among the Ojibways, the ancestral enemies of the Sioux. He even named the band to which his brother belonged, and said that he also was a war-prophet among his people.

Upon one of their hunts along the border between the two tribes, the Sioux leader one evening called his warriors together, and solemnly declared to them that they

were about to meet a like band of Ojibway hunters, led by his spirit twin. Since this was to be their first meeting since they were born as strangers, he earnestly begged the young men to resist the temptation to join battle with their tribal foes.

"You will know him at once," the prophet said to them, "for he will not only look like me in face and form, but he will display the same totem, and even sing my war songs!"

They sent out scouts, who soon returned with news of the approaching party. Then the leading men started with their peace-pipe for the Ojibway camp, and when they were near at hand they fired three distinct volleys, a signal of their desire for a peaceful meeting.

The response came in like manner, and they entered the camp, with a peace-pipe in the hands of the prophet.

Lo, the stranger prophet advanced to meet them, and the people were greatly struck with the resemblance between the two men, who met and embraced one another with unusual fervor.

It was quickly agreed by both parties that they should camp together for several days, and one evening the Sioux made a "warriors' fast" to which they invited many of the Ojibways. The prophet asked his twin brother to sing one of his sacred songs, and behold! it was the very song that he himself was wont to sing. This proved to the warriors beyond doubt or cavil the claims of their seer.

*Charles Alexander Eastman.  
From "The Soul of the Indian."*

