

A U M

TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION.

Would you paint a great picture, be a good man. Would you carve a perfect statue, be a pure man. Would you enact a wise law, be a just man." JOHN RUSKIN.

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—♦—RUSKIN.—♦—

By A. N. W.

Born in the early part of the century, John Ruskin was of those faithful souls who have guarded the Lamp of Truth amid the rough storm of commercial upheaval, and the dead calm of international prosperity; one who has never ceased in his endeavor to induce his fellow men to see this light, and let it illumine their work, of whatever nature or quality.

He was one of the torch bearers of the nineteenth century who has not feared to cast the light he carried into the darkest phases of our civilization, his enthusiasm has never flagged, his direct truthfulness has not faltered. Like one of the prophets of old crying to the people to leave their idols and turn to the true god, he has ever proclaimed the highest, the best and the noblest. "There is in man," says Carlyle, "a higher than love of happiness, he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness. Was it not to preach forth this same higher that sages and martyrs, poet and priest, in all times have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony through life and death, of the God-like that is in man, and how in the Godlike only has he strength and freedom!"

This counsel of perfection is Ruskin's gospel. "For all noble things," he says, "the time is long and the way rude. Patience and submission to the eternal laws of Pain and Time, and acceptance of them as inevitable, smiling at the grief, with heart of peace accept the pain, and attend the hours; and as the husbandman in his waiting, you shall see first the blade, and then the ear, and then the laughing of the valleys. But refuse the law and seek to do your work in your own time—and you shall have no harvest."

"A great idealist never can be egotistic," says Ruskin, "the whole of his power depends upon his losing his sight and feeling of his own existence, and becoming a mere witness and mirror of truth, and scribe of visions, always passive in sight, passive in utterance, lamenting continually that he cannot completely reflect, nor clearly utter all he has seen." Again he writes, "I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by hu-

military doubt of his own powers, or hesitation of speaking his opinions; but a right understanding of the revelation between what he can do and say and the rest of the world's doings and sayings." Such men have "a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that greatness is not in them, but through them, that they could not do or be anything else than God made them; and they see something divine and god-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful."

John Ruskin was born in 1819; he spent most of his childhood at Herne Hill, where his father, a prosperous wine merchant, had purchased a house. Recounting some of the advantages of his childish education he says: "Best and truest of all blessings I had been taught the perfect meaning of peace, in thought, act, and word." Never, he says, had he heard his father's or mother's voice raised in any question with each other, nor seen an angry, or even a slightly hurt, or offended glance in the eyes of either; never heard or saw a servant scolded, nor saw any disorder in household matters, nor had he any idea of anxiety. In this way was preserved to him what he calls, "This priceless gift of peace." He also received a perfect understanding of the nature of obedience and faith, he learned to obey every word of father and mother, simply as a ship her helm. Nothing was promised that was not given, nothing ever threatened that was not inflicted, and nothing told that was not true. "Peace, obedience, faith, these three for chief good, next to these the habit of fixed attention, with both eyes and mind,—this being the main practical faculty of my life, but," he goes on to say, "I had nothing to love."

This want of love was deeply felt. He pathetically relates that his parents were to him "in a sort, visible powers of nature, no more loved than the sun and moon." So this little being spent an isolated childhood, though so carefully trained and anxiously watched. Still he was happy, living in a world of his own creation. Anne Richie (Thackeray's daughter), writing of the childhood of Ruskin, says: "Almost every child has some natural glamour and instinct of its own, by which the glare of life is softened, and the first steep ways garlanded, and eased, and charmed. We call those men poets who retain this divine faculty all their lives, and who are able to continue looking at the world with the clear gaze of childhood. Such a poet was Ruskin if ever man was one."

Ruskin was entered at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1837, his parents having set their hearts on his going into the church, but though that was not to be, he has ever been a teacher, and a preacher of the church not built with hands. The great Universal Brotherhood of men acknowledge him as one of the teachers who have been sent by those who know, for he has ever upheld truth, and declaimed against falseness. Ruskin describes the first sermon he ever preached, he remembers himself as a very little boy, thumping on a red cushion before him, saying, "People be good!" This has been his theme ever since. After taking his degree at Oxford, he began to ask himself what his work in the world was to be. What should he do so as to be of the greatest help to his fellow

men? and soon after this, on publishing the first volume of *Modern Painters*, he seemed to feel where his power lay, and to understand the message he had to deliver. It is the right understanding of the work he has to do, that often constitutes the success or failure of the worker. Speaking of his time he says, "I must get on to the days of opening sight, and effective labor, and to the scenes of noble education which all men who keep their hearts open receive to the end of their days." That he has kept this open heart all through his life, is very apparent, as one perceives how his earlier ideas and criticisms are modified, and often altered for broader, wider views of life and art.

Writing of *Modern Painters*, he says, the second volume was not meant to be in "the least like what it is." Going to Italy to revise his first impressions of art, he found much to see that had before escaped him, and much that he had already seen that was viewed through a different medium; his gaze was now profounder, his insight deeper. Writing of his life in Italy at this period, he says: "Serious, enthusiastic, worship and wonder and work: up at six, drawing, studying, thinking, breaking bread and drinking wine at intervals; homeward the moment the sun went down." This was the sort of life our poet and seer led, while he was putting his noble thoughts into words.

It is about this period that Ruskin seems to have come under the influence of Carlyle, whom he speaks of as one of the three great masters who had helped to form his character, the others being Tintoretto and Turner, the first having died two hundred years before, while Turner was still in his prime. What Carlyle thought of Ruskin is shown by a letter he wrote to Emerson about this time. He says: "There is nothing going on among us as notable to me as these fierce lightning bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness, that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have."

Ruskin's intuition and vivid imagination, when brought into combination with his capacity for work, and his great love of nature, were not to be exceeded. "My entire delight," he writes, "was in observing without being observed: if I could have been invisible all the better. I was absolutely interested in men and their ways, as I was interested in marmots, and chamois, and trout, the living habitation of the world, the grazing and nesting in it, the spiritual power of the air, the rocks, the water; to be in the midst of it, and rejoice and wonder at it; this is the root of all that I have usefully become." This extract shows his sympathy with all creatures, all that lives, from the elements up to man: all life he saw was but part of the One Life, that divine essence that throbs through the universe.

All architecture Ruskin held embodied certain stages and crises of the human evolution. "The Seven Lamps" was written to show that "certain right states of temper, and moral feeling, were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced." In the *Stones of Venice*, he endeavors to prove that the Gothic architecture of Venice sprang from, and

displayed "a state of pure faith, and of domestic virtue, and that its renaissance architecture rose from a state of concealed national infidelity and domestic corruption."

Everything had for him a moral and a meaning. He loved to dwell on things as they should be, rather than as they are. "In these books of mine," he says in *Modern Painters*, "their distinctive character as essays on art is their bringing everything to a root in a human passion, or a human hope." Ruskin has many wonderful thoughts on color harmony and symbolism. In *Deucalion* we note this passage: "In these natural relations of color the human sight, in health, is joyfully sensitive, as the ear is to the harmonies of sound; but what healthy sight is you may well suppose I have not time to define,—the nervous powers of the eye being dependent on the perfect purity of the blood supplied to the brain, as well as on the entire soundness of the nervous tissue to which that blood is supplied; and how much is required through the thoughts and conduct of generations to make the new blood of our race of children, it is for your physicians to tell you when they have themselves discovered this medicinal truth, that the divine laws of the life of men cannot be learned in the pain and death of brutes."

Writing on the symbolic meaning of colors, he tells us that "Or, or gold, stands between the light and darkness as the sun who rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course, between morning and evening. Its heraldic name is Sol, and it stands for the strength and honor of all men who run their race in noble work, whose path is as a shining light. *Purple*, or purple, is the kingly color: it is rose color darkened or saddened with blue, the color of love in noble or divine sorrow, borne by the kings whose witness is in heaven, and their labor on the earth. Its stone is Jacinth, Hyacinth and Amethyst." "You hear me tell you this positively and without hesitation," he says, "what these things mean, but mind you I tell you so after thirty years' work, and that directed wholly to the end of finding out the truth, whether it was pretty or ugly to look in the face of." He goes on to tell us that he has found that "the ultimate truth, the central truth, is always pretty, but there is a superficial truth, or halfway truth which may be very ugly, which the earnest and faithful worker has to face, and fight, and pass over the body of, feeling it to be his enemy, but which a careless-seeker may be stopped by, and a misbelieving seeker will be delighted and stay with gladly."

Of symbols he says: "It is perfectly true that every great symbol, as it has on one side a meaning of comfort, has on the other side one of terror: and if to noble persons it speaks of noble things, to ignoble persons it will as necessarily speak of ignoble things." Again he says, "Under all these heraldic symbols, as there is for thoughtful and noble persons the spiritual sense, so for thoughtless and sensual persons there is the sensual one, and can be no other. Every word has only the meaning its hearer can receive." "The symbols can only reflect to you what you have made your own mind, what you have determined for your own fate."

Ruskin has recorded that he perceived very early in life the deep sanctity of nature, from the least object to the greatest. Nature he seems to view as a great entity which caused him a feeling of intense awe mixed with delight; it was as if he recognised a vast being—a Planetary Spirit—causing an indefinable thrill, indicative of an entity beyond the normal human ken, but recognisable by one who can ascend into the higher realms of vision. "It is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies," he writes; "not in the clash of the hail, or in the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice."

Ruskin is one of the most eloquent writers on the beauties of nature that England has produced, and sees plainly that every form of life is simply another medium through which the divine manifests; "this life that passes through form after form," he says, "from rocks, flowers, trees, animals, culminates in man—man within whom the divine essence is able to function—and returns to God who gave it." And again he writes, "Nature worship will be found to bring with it such a sense of the presence and power of a great spirit as no mere reasoning can induce."

Some years ago Ruskin wrote an article in a current magazine on the "Nature and Authority of Miracles." In this paper he says he thinks it impossible to know what are the laws of Nature, and also impossible to determine if the laws so called by man are absolute, or if they are not amenable to other forces of which our finite intellect is not cognizant. "I know so little," he says, "and this little I know is so inexplicable, that I dare not say anything is wonderful because it is strange to me, and not wonderful because it is familiar." He implies that it is the abnormal that often gives the key to the normal, as the momentary flash of the lightning illumines the landscape. It is not the uniform forces, but the rare ones, that put us in connection with those divine powers which we know encircle us, though our corporeal eyes are not yet able to view them. Spiritual influence has ever been intermittent; in other words, the medium is not always able to transmit the light, and then occur those periods of spiritual darkness when there is no "open vision," no power to reflect the light. So Ruskin seems to say that what are called miracles, though superhuman, need not be supernatural. It is indeed true that the laws of Nature are far too vast for our interpretation; we may be quite sure that those laws, did we know them, are absolute and eternally fixed, but with our limited knowledge how can we tell what is a law, or what its limits are? When we can lay claim to true wisdom, when our intelligence is illuminated by the light of divine insight, then, perhaps, we might venture to say if the laws of nature extend to the marvels we sometimes call miracles, and if they are not the outcome of some law of which we are now ignorant.

The bond that unites us to our fellow men, "the electric chain by which we are darkly bound," is a subject of deep thought for our philosopher; in unity he perceives the strength of the race for action. He says, "The love of the

human race is increased by their individual differences, and the unity of the creature made perfect by each having something to bestow, and to receive, bound to the rest by a thousand various necessities, and various gratitudes, humility in each rejoicing to admire in his fellows that which he finds not in himself, and each being, in some respect, the complement of his race." And again he says, "There is not any matter, nor any spirit, nor any creature but it is capable of a unity of some kind with other creatures. The unity of earthly creatures is their power, and their peace, the living peace of trust, and the living power of support of hands that hold each other and are still."

"It is good," says Ruskin, "to read of that kindness and humility of Saint Francis of Assisi, who spoke never to bird, or cicada, nor even to wolf, and beasts of prey, but as his brothers, and so we find are moved the minds of all good and mighty men." Ruskin, who felt this brotherhood with all that lives, was much drawn to St. Francis. He tells a story of his own life while in Rome which might be mentioned here as typical of this brotherhood. He was in the habit of giving alms to the poor he met in the streets, and among these he was especially attracted, by his beautiful and sad expression, to a begging friar, who stood on the steps of the Pincio. This man generally received a gift from him as he passed. One day the grateful beggar endeavored to kiss the hand of his benefactor, who, drawing his hand away with sudden impulse, bent down and kissed the beggar's cheek. The next day the poor man called at Ruskin's house to offer a gift, which he said was a relic of St. Francis d'Assisi, a small portion of rough brown cloth, that had formed part of the saint's robe. Ruskin then remembered that he had once dreamed that he was a Franciscan friar, and in this way he was led to make a pilgrimage to the convent of St. Francis of Assisi, where he first saw those frescoes of Giotto, which he found more beautiful than anything that Tintoretto, whom he had so much admired, had produced.

Was it, perhaps, St. Francis himself, who, in the form of the beggar, led the master to the shrine where he found what so delighted him? At least it shows that the love of all beings, the seeing the divine shining through the lowliest of creatures brings its own reward, and whoso gives a cup of cold water to one of these little ones hears the refrain, "Ye have done it unto me." So he who has such power to penetrate into the heart of things, into the life of the crystal, nay, even that in the commonest stone, or bit of stick, he has also power to see that the divine spirit of harmony and life permeates all men.

Deucalion, which Ruskin calls "A collection of studies of lapse of waves, and life of stones," he dedicates to Proserpine and Deucalion, "because," he says, "I think it well that young students should first learn the myths of betrayal and redemption and the spirit which moved on the face of the wide first waters as taught to the heathen world, and because in this power, Proserpine and Deucalion are at least as true as Eve or Noah, and all four incomparably truer than the Darwinian theory. And in general the reader may take it for a first principle both in science and literature, that the feeblest myth is better than the

strongest theory ; the one recording a national impression on the imaginations of great men and unpretending multitudes ; the other an unnatural exertion of the wits of little men, and half wits of impertinent multitudes."

Speaking of the tendency to burlesque everything, so prevalent in our time, Ruskin says that it is the "effervescence from the putrid instincts which fasten themselves on national sin, and are in the midst of the luxury of European capitals, the mocking levity and gloom being equally signs of the death of the soul ; just as contrariwise, a passionate seriousness, and a passionate joyfulness are signs of its full life." He goes on to say, "It is to recover this stern seriousness, this pure and thrilling joy, together with perpetual sense of spiritual presence, that all true education of youth must now be directed. This seriousness, this passion, this universal religion, are the first principles, the true root of all art, as they are of all doing, and all being. Get this *vis viva* first and all great work will follow."

Ruskin defines the difference between religion and superstition in the following passage, "Superstition," he says, "is the fear of a spirit whose passions are those of a man, whose acts are the acts of a man, who is present in some places, not in others, who makes some places holy, and not others ; who is kind or unkind, pleased or angry, according to the degree of attention you pay him, or praise you refuse to him ; who is hostile generally to human pleasure but may be bribed by sacrifice of a part of that pleasure into permitting the rest." This, he says, "whatever form of faith it colors is the essence of superstition. And Religion is the belief in a spirit,—to whom all creatures, times, or things are everlastingly holy, and who claims all the days we live, and all the things we are, but who claims that totally because he delights only in the delight of his creatures ; and because, therefore, the one duty they owe Him, and the only service they can render Him,—is to be happy. A spirit, therefore, whose eternal benevolence cannot be angered, cannot be appeased ; whose laws are everlasting, so that heaven and earth must indeed pass away if one jot of them failed ; laws which attach to every wrong and every error a measured, inevitable penalty ; to every rightness and prudence an assured reward ; penalty of which the remittance cannot be purchased ; and reward of which the promise cannot be broken."

This sounds like an exposition of the *Law of Karma*. Ruskin goes on to show us the effect of this true religion on Art, and the baleful influence of superstition. "Religion" he remarks, "devotes the artist, hand and mind, to the service of the Gods ; superstition makes him the slave of ecclesiastic pride, or forbids his work altogether in terror or disdain. Religion perfects the form of the divine statue, superstition distorts it into ghastly grotesque. Religion contemplates the Gods as the lords of healing and life, surrounds them with glory of affectionate service, and festivity of pure human beauty. Superstition contemplates its idols as lords of death, appeases them with blood, and vows itself to them in torture and solitude. Religion proselytes by love, superstition by persecution. Religion gave granite shrine to the Egyptians, golden temple to the Jew, sculptured corridor to the Greek, pillared aisle and frescoed wall to the Christian."

Ruskin tells us that there is only one way in which we can assure good art, and that is "to enjoy it." If what is false or second rate appeals to us, we shall only get that. He says "*No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort, a great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort.*" Of all the greatest works we do not say, "there has been great effort," but there has been great power here. This he adds, "is not the weariness of mortality but the strength of divinity." But, he thinks the man of genius is, as a rule, more ready to work than other people, and is often so little conscious of the divinity in himself, that he is apt to ascribe his power to his work, and has said when asked how he became what he is, "If I am anything, which I much doubt, I have made myself so merely by labor." This was Newton's way of speaking of himself, and Ruskin thinks that it would be the general tone of men whose genius had been devoted to natural sciences.

Genius in art, he thinks, must be more self conscious, "It is no man's business whether he has genius or not," he continues, "work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced result of such work will be always the things God meant him to do and will be his best. No agonies nor heart rendings will enable him to do any better. If he be a great man they will be great things; if a small man, small things; but always if thus peacefully done, good and right; always if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow, and despicable."

Ruskin speaks of the men who have made art their profession, and says that they are not generally happy men; the reason, he thinks, is that "they are expected, and themselves expect, to make their bread *by being clever*—not by steady or quiet work; and are therefore, for the most part, trying to be clever, and so living in an utterly false state of mind and action." What is the artist's true function? What his real work? Ruskin believes that that work is a religious one, that the artist has power to give reality to forms of faith, and truth to ancient myths and histories, by giving visible shape to them. The art of any country, he says, is the "exponent of its social and political virtues."

Speaking of the morality of art, he says, "So far from Art being immoral, little else except Art is moral; life without industry is guilt, and industry without Art is brutality; and for the words 'good,' and 'wicked,' used of men, you may almost substitute the words 'makers,' or 'destroyers.'" The true workers, he says, "redeem inch by inch the wilderness into the garden ground; by the help of their joined hands the order of all things is surely sustained, there is no hour of human existence that does not draw on toward the perfect day."

One of the most popular of Ruskin's books is "Sesame and Lilies." It is divided into two parts: "Sesame, or King's treasures," and "Lilies, or Queen's gardens." Under the former heading he has much to say to us of books and how to read them.

He tells us of "Bread made of that old enchanted Arabic grain the *Sesame*, which opens doors; doors not of robbers, but of Kings' Treasuries." He says this food for the mind, this power we all have, of becoming conversant with the

thoughts and feelings of great and divinely taught men, is given us through books. All books, he tells us, "are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour and the book of all time." "The *real* book is written when the author has something to say which he believes to be true, and useful or helpfully beautiful," and this he must say as clearly and melodiously as he can. "He would fain set it down for ever, engrave it on rock if he could; saying 'this is the best of me,' for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, and loved, and hated, like another, my life was as the vapor and is not; but this I saw and knew." He goes on to say that books of this kind have been written in all ages by great thinkers; that we have the choice of all these, and that life is short,—then speaking of the possibilities of this short life he says: "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable boy, when you may talk with Queens and Kings! Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on no other terms; you must, in a word, love these people if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use."

If an author is worth anything, we cannot get at his meaning all at once, for while he says what he means, he cannot say it all; the deepest thought is hidden away and given as a reward to those who seek long enough. "No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*, nor is it serviceable until it has been read and re-read and loved and loved again, and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it as the soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store."

Of education, Ruskin says it is not "the equalizer, but the discerner of men." So far from being instrumental for gathering riches, "the first lesson of wisdom is to disdain them and of gentleness to diffuse." He thinks it is not yet possible for all men to be gentlemen, as even under the best training some will be too selfish to refuse wealth and some too dull to desire leisure, but even that might be possible, he says, "if England truly desired her supremacy among the nations to be in kindness and in learning," and he continues, "above all, it is needful that we do this by redeeming the people from their present pain of self contempt, and by giving them rest." We ought, he says, to aim at an "ideal national life," when none of the employments shall be unhappy, or debasing in their tendency.

Speaking of the Theatre and the Museum as means of noble education, he says: "Dramatic and Didactic Art should be universally national, but the museum is only for what is eternally right and well done according to divine law and human skill; the least things are to be there, and the greatest; but all good with the goodness that makes a child cheerful and an old man calm; the simple should go there to learn, the wise to remember." Ruskin spent some of the best years of his life in endeavoring to show the beauty and excellence of Turner's work; he then had perfect faith in the power of great truth, or beauty to prevail, and take its rightful place. But he found, or seemed to find, that his time had been wasted, and what grieved him most in this disappointment was the discovery that the most splendid genius in art might be allowed

to labor and perish unknown, "that in the very fineness of this art there might be something rendering it invisible to ordinary eyes." That was the first mystery of life revealed to him.

But he goes on to tell us that the more his life disappointed him, "the more solemn and wonderful it became;" it seemed as if "the vanity of it was indeed given in vain, but that there was something behind the veil of it which was not vanity." He saw that the failure, and the success in petty things, that was worse than failure, both came from "an earnest effort to understand the whole law and meaning of existence, and to bring it to a noble end;" and he came to see that all enduring success in art, or in any occupation, comes from a solemn faith in the advancing power of human nature, however gradual; and in the promise, however dimly apprehended, that the mortal part would be swallowed up in immortality. Ruskin speaks of Turner as "a man of sympathy absolutely infinite, a sympathy so all-embracing," that he knows of "nothing comparable to it but that of Shakespeare." Contrasting Turner and Millais, he says: "They stand at opposite poles, making culminating points of art. They are among the few men who have defied all false teaching, and have, therefore, in great measure done justice to the gift with which they were entrusted." So Ruskin gives out his gospel of Love and Beauty. To him the Artist is one of the chief mediums through which this message reaches the people. The function of the true artist is to be a seeing and a feeling creature, an instrument, so sensitive, so tender, that the most evanescent expression of things visible shall not escape him, and the invisible also shall so affect his work that the soul of it shall be understood by those that look on it; his place is neither to judge nor to argue, but to gaze, to perceive both what is visible to the outer vision and that inner sight "which is the bliss of solitude."

Let us all cultivate this artistic vision and endeavor to attain to this fount of joy and beauty, that might be such a power wherewith to aid Humanity. All literature, all art, should be studied with the view of gaining power to help those who have not this knowledge. It is this power over the illiterate, the unhappy, which is in the truest sense "kingly," and this, the "only one pure kind of kingship," enables one to guide and raise others not so endowed.

All true education should be used first to obtain this kingship, this divine power over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over those around us, who need our aid. Ruskin recognizes in all his works the idea of humanity advancing through long ages to a state of perfection; and that this natural evolution can be hastened by the mutual aid of each individual, when banded together in a strong phalanx. Already those of clear vision discern signs of a change, a new influence is abroad, occult powers are working, and there seems to be a presentiment in the hearts of many that a new era is dawning, when all men will indeed be brothers.

THE SPIRITUAL THREAD IN OPERA.—“FAUST.”

By ELIZABETH CHURCHILL MAYER.

“It is the artist’s lofty mission to shed light on the depths of the human heart.” So speaks Schumann, himself an artist, in one of his Davidite articles.

The true artist is born into this life with a soul attuned to the Beautiful. We use this term not in the modern superficial meaning, but in the manner of the old Greeks, implying that which is perfection, harmony and completeness in the man, as well as in the universe.

Such minds are the flower of humanity. Existence would be a cold, lifeless thing, like the earth without its sun, were it not for these creative souls, the poets, painters, sculptors, writers and musicians, who are continually bringing into objective form one or another aspect of the Beautiful.

So well did the ancients understand the laws of well-being that the study of the Beautiful, in its deepest sense, was an important part of their education. Plato advised that music and gymnastics be the two first essentials acquired—*music* to produce harmony and equilibrium of character, which is soul expansion, and *gymnastics* to develop strength and symmetry of form. These ideas were carried out to a great extent in their dramas, which were intended to educate the masses. By impersonating gods and goddesses they really partook of their substance, and called out in themselves spiritual powers which were godlike. “What a man thinks that he becomes,” is an axiom running through all the ancient religions. Could the operas and dramas of to-day be interpreted by actors equally conversant with the true philosophy of life, the thought of the world would be changed as by magic. They would become in reality true priests and priestesses of their art.

Victor Hugo says: “It is in the theatre that the public soul is formed.” The picture that the stage presents to-day is somewhat appalling. I fully believe that many a one takes up this profession with a lofty purpose, but finds himself unable to sustain that purpose under the mental pressure of the race, which has a morbid craving for novel diversions. Sooner or later the artist inevitably succumbs and becomes the common-place puppet of the public. The work of regenerating the stage and drama will be the mission of some strong and lofty soul, fully conscious of his purpose, who dares to do what he knows to be true.

Let us carry our thought into the operatic world. Many of the best masters of music have found extreme difficulty in getting desirable material for their operas. This was the reason why great Beethoven never wrote but one opera, “Fidelio.” Glück and Mozart drew much of their inspiration from Greek mythology, which offers abundant resource. Strangely enough, one of the most popular operas with the matter-of-fact public of the present day is a

mystical one, "Faust." We refer to the opera whose music was written by Gounod over forty years ago. Doubtless the two foremost reasons for its great popularity are these: because it deals with the most human, if one of the deepest problems, connected with humanity, and because it has a musical setting that could not be surpassed in its treatment of the subject. True, as now given, the opera of "Faust" is merely a fragment from the complete tragedy of "Faust." For a thorough comprehension of the opera one should read Goethe's entire poem.

Coupland styles this masterpiece of the great German poet as "the mystery-play of the nineteenth century." Founded on the Faust and Magus legends, opportunity was open to Goethe to weave around the characters of the drama all his deep knowledge of alchemy, philosophy, mythology and mysticism. The character of Doctor Faust reveals the evolution of that most complex of all problems, the soul's growth and final "birth into beauty."

A few days before his death Goethe wrote Von Humboldt: "More than sixty years ago the conception of 'Faust' lay clear before my youthful mind." The first part was completed in 1775, but the second part was not finished until the year 1831. Thus the experience of a genius' lifetime was woven into the poem. It is quite evident that Goethe was a strong admirer of and believer in ancient Greek philosophy. In the second part of the poem, founded on the Magus legend, he reveals a clear insight into what were termed the "Mysteries."

To fully grasp the meaning of the work one must also be a student of this ancient philosophy.

It would seem that Goethe had planned that this poem should be performed like *Æschylus'* plays as a trilogy. He also covers his meaning in much the same way as *Æschylus* did by personifying as nature-spirits, etc., the powers which work in man's nature. It is a marvel that this great work has not been dramatized into successive parts. Given under proper management and interpreted by students competent to understand and bring out the true beauties hidden therein, a series of most unique, instructive and beautiful performances could result.

The opera of "Faust" is slightly changed from the original work. Many of the wittiest, most caustic and significant conversations between Mephistopheles and Faust are omitted. The "Prologue in Heaven" furnishes the clue to the poem—indeed, without it, much of the meaning would be obscured. Some of the translators omitted it because many considered it impious. As, however, the modern mind labors under no such delusion, a brief synopsis of the Prologue is subjoined. The quotations are from the translation by Anna Swanwick.

The Lord is giving an audience to some of the angels, who have charge of the several spheres of the Universe, and amongst them is Mephistopheles. He evidently does not have an audience with the Lord very often, and expresses his pleasure in this manner:

"Since thou, O Lord, approachest us once more,
And how it fares with us, to ask art fain,

Since thou hast kindly welcomed me of yore,
Thou see'st me also now among thy train.

* * * * *

Of suns and worlds I nothing have to say,
I see alone mankind's self torturing pains.
Better he might have fared, poor wight,
Had'st thou not given him a gleam of heavenly light;
Reason he names it, and doth so
Use it, than brutes more brutish still to grow."

Upon hearing this, the Lord asks Mephistopheles if he has nothing but blame to give—if nothing ever does seem right to him on the earth. Mephistopheles answers, "No, everything is in miserable plight." The Lord then inquires whether Mephistopheles knows his servant, Faust. "The Doctor?" says Mephistopheles, contemptuously. He is rather cynical about Dr. Faust's being a servant of the Lord, and points out in a flippant manner Faust's ambition and selfishness. The Lord replies to this:

"Though now he serves me with imperfect sight
I will ere long conduct him to the light."

Mephistopheles then wagers that he can lead Faust away from the Lord. The Lord allows this, saying, "that so long as Faust lives on earth it is not forbidden Mephistopheles to tempt him." "But," he adds, "after Mephistopheles has diverted this mortal spirit from his primal source," and used all his powers to drag him down, that he will still be obliged to own that a *good* man, even in the last depths of sin, will retain his consciousness of right."

Mephistopheles delightedly affirms that he can win the wager, and adds:

"Excuse my triumphing with all my soul,
Dust he shall eat, aye, and with relish take,
As did my cousin, the renownèd snake."

The Lord answers:

"I ne'er have cherished hate for such as thee.

* * * * *

Ever too prone is man activity to shirk;
In unconditioned rest he fain would live;
Hence this companion purposely I give
Who stirs, excites, and must as devil work."
Heaven closes, leaving Mephistopheles soliloquizing thus:
"The ancient one I like sometimes to see,
And, not to break with him, am always civil—
'Tis courteous in so great a Lord as he
To speak so kindly even to the devil."

Although this interview has been the subject of much discussion, to students of the Universal Wisdom as expounded by Mme. Blavatsky and her successors there is no impiety conveyed. On the contrary, it is pregnant with meaning.

When Lucifer fell to earth and endowed man with celestial fire, man became the dual being we now see—one part constantly aspiring toward union with its divinity, the Lord, the other caught in the mad whirl of the animal desires, becoming the devil, or the God in man perverted.

“The throne of Satan is the foot-stool of Adonai.”

The tragedy of “Faust” can be taken as symbolical either of what occurs in the soul of the whole human race, or in the individual only. For the sake of simplicity, we will suppose the latter. Faust then represents a lofty soul, capable of wonderful achievement, still chained to his lower nature. Until he is completely emancipated from those desires he will have as his constant companion the devil, who is the synthesis of all that is evil in his nature.

The play opens showing Faust a man about fifty years of age, seated in his dimly lighted, narrow Gothic chamber. He is surrounded by shelves, hemmed in with dusty volumes, worm-eaten and musty. Boxes and instruments used for alchemy and magic are piled around in confusion. Faust is a man who has lived an austere, good life in the abstract, and has an intellect cultivated to an abnormal extent—indeed, that is where the danger point has been reached.

Discontented, restless, he feels that, notwithstanding his extraordinary knowledge, there is yet something he fails to grasp, and what that is he cannot fathom. He concludes to leave it all and take his own life. As he is raising a phial of poison to his lips he is stopped by hearing the ringing of bells and a chorus of angels singing.

It is Easter night, and the music takes him back to his childhood days; his mood softens, and he relinquishes the idea of death.

Faust’s complex character, revealed later on, is well brought out in these lines which he utters :

“Two souls, alas! are lodged within my breast,
Which struggle there for undivided reign:
One to the world, with obstinate desire,
And closely cleaving organs, still adheres;
Above the mist, the other doth aspire
With sacred vehemence to purer spheres.”

From this period the duality in Faust’s Soul becomes more and more apparent. At times the higher nature resumes its reign, then again he will be overcome by the most torturing desires. He soon becomes a prey to his morbid reflections, regrets that he did not die as he had decided, and in one great outburst of bitterness, curses the whole world he has hitherto known. With that curse he shuts off the higher nature, the devil takes this opportunity to appear, has no difficulty in making a compact with Faust, and from that time never leaves him.

Faust reveals his reason for leaving a good, blameless life and taking up an entirely contrary mode of living when he says to Mephistopheles :

“Vainly I have aspired too high;
I’m on a level but with such as thou.

* * * * *

Rent is the web of thought, my mind
Doth knowledge loathe of every kind.
In depths of sensual pleasure drowned
Let us our fiery passions still.

* * * * *

Excitement is the sphere for man.”

The reaction has begun. A man possessed of an ardent, brilliant mind like Faust, with lofty aspirations, cannot realize his highest possibilities by shutting himself away from humanity and its needs. So long as we are members of the human race we share willingly or otherwise its weal or woe.

The world is held by desire. But what is the cosmic law of affinity or attraction in the lower kingdoms becomes something very much more in man. He has the power to control desire, to love what and where he chooses. But how little is this principle understood. When desire is mastered by man, transmuted, and purified, he is raised to the plane of Divine Love, the power which holds the universe. This “obstinate desire” as Faust terms it, that has all these years been suppressed, but not conquered, flames out and takes complete mastery of him for the while. He craves “to know in his heart’s core all human weal or woe,” mad excitement, agonizing bliss.

Mephistopheles agrees to furnish him with the necessary experiences. As the initiative he promptly restores Faust’s youth by taking him to the Witch’s Kitchen. Here Faust is served with the draught which accomplishes the deed, and is shown in a mirror a vision of beauty, Marguerite.

The devil would appear in a different guise to each man. Naturally Faust’s devil would be an astute, intellectual subtle entity made still more powerful by Faust’s yielding. Mephistopheles represents the constricted narrow, false-hearted extreme lowest limit of the male quality in Faust—the antithesis to the divinity within, embodied selfishness, without one iota of the Beautiful or the Spiritual heart-force. That lofty aspirations are still potent in Faust is shown in his eager search for the Beautiful. His constant falling in love with beautiful women is for the reason that they appeal to his heretofore undeveloped, tender, sympathetic, intuitional faculties.

Goethe brings out very clearly throughout the poem that even Mephistopheles has his limitations. He quite frequently has to call on other powers to aid him in his undertaking. There are times when Faust completely leads and controls Mephistopheles, the latter seemingly unconscious of it; though in the Tragedy of Marguerite, the guiding power is Mephistopheles. Faust becomes inflamed with passion by the beauty of Marguerite, Mephistopheles adds fuel to the flame, brings about a meeting between them, suggests to Faust how to win her, and throughout plays his part untiringly. At times the purity and innocence of Marguerite appeal to the better qualities in Faust’s complex nature, then he suffers bitter pangs of remorse and struggles to break the connection between Mephistopheles and himself. He feels the guiltiness of bringing harm to such an angel. But Mephistopheles’ wily insinuations are yet too strong for Faust, and he yields.

The first meeting between Marguerite and Faust occurs at a village dance. Faust sees Marguerite passing along on her way to church. The gaiety of the peasants showing the pleasures and delights of youthful love afford a striking

picture as a contrast to the religious purity of Marguerite. This scene reminds one very forcibly of the one in "Zanoni," where Glyndon is tempted to break his vows by being drawn into a peasant's revel—although the motives of the two characters are unlike.

The sound and rhythm of dance music act as a maddening exhilarator upon youth. Gounod caught the appropriate musical setting to this opera and this waltz of the villagers, which is heard repeatedly through the opera, has a very peculiar effect. The sensuous music of the love passages between Marguerite and Faust is almost too realistic. The thrilling majestic music of the prison scene, and finale, make a fitting climax to the work, uplifting the auditors to a higher plane.

Under the instruction of Mephistopheles, Faust becomes a very clever wooer, and soon Marguerite has become entirely under the influence of his magical powers. What happens now to Marguerite need not be lingered over. It is her misfortune to suffer the saddest of all tragedies which can occur to a woman. Unable to stand the scorn of the villagers when the truth becomes known, and broken down by remorse at the death of her brother, who is killed by Faust, she becomes insane and kills her babe.

Faust is ignorant of the horrors Marguerite is passing through, for he has been enticed away, with little difficulty, by Mephistopheles. They attend a wild night on the Brocken, Walpurgis Night. In the midst of the revels Faust sees the phantom shape of Marguerite in such utter despair and woe, that his nobler qualities are once more aroused and he resolves to return and save her.

Mephistopheles, alarmed for his safety, and fearing that he may lose this Soul, by virtue of a noble deed, tries to dissuade him from going. Faust remains firm and the devil has to yield to the stronger Soul.

Faust finds Marguerite imprisoned, awaiting her execution, a total mental wreck. He is unnerved at the mischief he has wrought. After much pleading he makes her understand that he has come to take her away, and as she is about yielding to his wishes, she discovers Mephistopheles is with him. Her aversion to Mephistopheles is so great that the shock restores her reason. She refuses to go with them and appeals to Heaven for aid. Mephistopheles cries, "She is judged." A voice from Heaven says, "Is saved." As Faust disappears with Mephistopheles, a voice from within is heard calling to Faust.

This Tragedy of Faust is one that must appeal strongly to the hearts of men and women. It sounds the deepest, saddest note in the whole gamut of experiences. So long as men are dominated by desire and women remain negative to their own powers, just so long will this old story be played in the minor key.

Marguerite represents the type of womanhood which has been the product of the dark cycles. A beautiful, simple-minded, undeveloped woman. Pure at heart for she shudders whenever Mephistopheles appears as Faust's companion. Still the devil influences her in several instances, notably so in feeding her vanity by the present of the jewels, and again when he works on her emo-

tions in the church scene, by depressing her with remorse to the extent that she becomes insane. Yet selfishness never dominates her as it does Faust. If Marguerite had been Faust's equal or superior in culture and intellect, she would have become his inspiration and guide, her influence ultimately killing the devil in Faust.

But woman must have raised herself to a knowledge of what she is, wherein her true power lies, before she can preserve the true equilibrium which should exist between man and woman. And the work before woman to-day is to study, to analyze, and to understand her emotional, psychic nature in order that she may master and control it.

When this is done and the union with her higher intuitional faculties is accomplished, then her spiritual Soul will envelope her like a mantle of light, she will fulfill her destiny, and become the living epitome of the *Beautiful*. But until this has come about as a natural process for all, the majority of women will continue to suffer and learn from experience. A great shock is sometimes necessary to awaken the sluggish soul, and this happened to Marguerite, her true self became the conqueror and she died with the glory of divinity about her.

The Opera closes leaving us with rather vague notions as to Faust's future. But the second part of the poem completes the history of this remarkable character.

That Goethe fully intended the higher type of woman to be represented, as the necessary complement to Faust, is shown in the second part, which is based on the old Magus legend. Faust conjures up the phantom of Helena, the most beautiful of women, falls in love with her, and from that union springs the child Poetry.

Helena representing the highest type of the Beautiful, is uninfluenced by Mephistopheles, he loses his power over Faust, for the latter has ascended to an advanced sphere of action. He gradually loses his vitality and soon ceases to be much more than an automaton.

Ultimately Faust loses Helena, who is the *phantom* only, not the *reality*, and discovers the real purpose of life as he is about to die. He realizes then that "man is made for man," and that "all efforts must be glorified by consecration to the service of humanity."

The vision of Marguerite, now become a purified saint, greets Faust as he dies, and bears him upward, while the Mystic Chorus sings:

"The Indescribable
Here it is done.
The woman-soul leadeth us
Upward and on."

The majority of the enduring Operas contain something more than appeals to the mere appreciation of the beautiful music, fine singing and acting, and gorgeous stage embellishments. And that something is the underlying, mystical thread that is in reality the *Soul* of the *Opera*.

WHY THEOSOPHY IS OPTIMISTIC.

By HJOLMAR.

What Optimism hopes, Theosophy foresees. Its philosophy is the warrant of Optimism. A book which deserves more reading than it gets thus sums up the keynotes of this philosophy:

“There are three truths which are absolute, and which cannot be lost, but yet remain silent for lack of speech.

“The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor have no limit.

“The principle which gives life dwells in us, and without us; is undying and eternally beneficent; is not seen, or heard, or smelt; but is perceived by the man who desires perception.

“Every man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment.”

Whoever takes those three truths fully into his life must necessarily be an optimist by their warrant. The pessimist has partly or wholly failed to comprehend them, and so is without that illumination which he might have—is not in touch with facts.

Perhaps the pessimist is always a man whose mind has run away with him. It has either wrested, or reasoned, away from him his human-divine power of *knowing* such truths as the above; or it has frightened him out of use of that power by making gloomy pictures of his own past or future, or of the Universe. It is either fear, or the rank weedy overgrowth of ratiocination, that makes the pessimist.

How does the soul know that it is immortal, not reachable by death?

As the sun is above the clouds, sees the clouds rise, veil him from the earth, and in time dissolve in the clear air, himself remaining unaffected; so the soul—itsself beyond and above death—upon death, and that which is the prey and domain of death, looks down untouched. It surely may claim to know that it cannot be subject to that which arises, reigns and disappears in regions altogether below it.

As soon as a man recognizes himself as a soul, he is of necessity a Theosophist and an optimist, for he now knows his destiny and can confidently preach the “three Truths.” To understand the first two of these three requires almost no *thought*; whoever will do so may begin to *feel* that they are true; whoever will let this feeling grow within him will in time so thoroughly get hold of the *joy* in them that he will be able to look straight into the eyes of another man, of however lowly intellect, and say them with such conviction as to inspire in that other a portion of his own now clear and undislodgable knowledge. One burning match can ignite a boxful of others.

“These truths, which are as great as is life itself, are simple as the simplest mind of man. Feed the hungry with them.”

“Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry; it is a song.

“Look for it and listen to it first in your own heart.”

Perhaps men will go on “dispensing gloom” to themselves till they learn that they need not, and that a little attempt daily to *feel* the actuality of the first two “Truths” constitutes a self-dispensation of “glory.”

THAT BOURNE FROM WHICH.

By EDGAR SALTUS.

As one who to some long locked chamber goes,
 And listens there to what the dead have said,
 So are there moments when my thoughts are led
 To those thick chronicles whose pages close,
 Epochs and ages in that same repose
 That shall the future as the past o'erspread,
 And where but memory may tend the dead
 Or prune the ivy where once grew the rose.
 And as there to me from their pages streams
 The incoherent story of the years,
 The aimlessness of all we undertake,
 I think our lives are surely but the dreams
 Of spirits dwelling in the distant spheres,
 Who, as we die, do one by one awake.

[We gladly insert this beautiful sonnet contributed by the writer to the Universal Brotherhood Path; its mysticism will hardly, we think, be misinterpreted.—ED.]

UNFOLDMENT.

The caterpillar longs to fly,
 And, sleeping, wakes to find the gain
 Of wings show unimagined heights
 Which their best flights attempt in vain.

So with aspiring human soul,
 Unsatisfied with common things,—
 Desire for growth is gratified,
 But new wants come with golden wings.

LYDIA ROSS.

I CAN DO MUCH.

By COROLYN FAVILLE OBER.

Modern pedagogy introduces the study of psychology into the curriculum of an ever increasing number of its specialized departments, thus indicating the development of an apprehension of the power of thought. Inevitably this must lead to recognition of *thoughts as things*, and later to the knowledge of our responsibility as their creator. "My thought children," the literati call their printed productions. "Our institutions are the outgrowth of the thought of the nation," the students of political economy affirm, but we yet wait to be vitalized by the realization of the vast thought progeny which surrounds us, each thought a living entity eventually to become embodied in physical existence. Surely an appreciation of this momentous truth will marshal the thought forces of the world into decisively opposing lines, and we shall be compelled to choose with which side our powers shall be allied, the imperative moment arriving for each of us with the knowledge of our true position in life as "Thinkers," or radiators of thought force.

Let the imagination conceive of what must be the aspect of the limp, paralyzed and stupid little thought-form that has been projected into space by the expression, "I can do so little." Recall to mind that it is the law of all embodiments to follow magnets, and then attempt to realize the inevitable career of such a negative and helpless imbecile. What else could occur to it but that it should be drawn into the dark atmosphere of despair, increasing the gloom with its depressing whisper of impotence, "I can do so little."

Shall the incarnate Soul, a centre of divine energy, whose mission it is to manifest that energy until all that lives awakes to lofty possibilities of consciousness, be held back by thought-creations such as these? Or shall the acceptance of a sublime ideal and clearly defined objective point impel the counter declaration, "I can do much?" Charged with life in proportion to the depth of the conviction, with energy of will and buoyant faith, a thought-child of this order may become capable of angelic ministration. Penetrating the dark of the world, it quickens into a glow the latent spark in the hearts of the discouraged ones and inspires to new determination and consequent achievement.

The great question, then, for each of us is this: Shall we serve the world as master creators of bright and helpful messengers, or shall we remain the slaves of our own impotent thought-progeny?

Probably the task of imperial self-assertion,—not for self, but for her sex and for the race,—is more difficult for woman than for man, centuries of restricted environment having left inactive faculties that must once more be quickened into glad and confident activity; but none who read the signs will deny that the hour is ripe for her to overcome the hereditary sense of limitation, to redeem the time lost in her nap of ages, and to once more assume the regal prerogatives of her office.

Acting without the knowledge now in our possession, the women of the past century have executed pioneer work upon which we who follow, if we appreciate our indebtedness and our opportunity, shall build. A too careful examination can hardly be given to the achievements of those who dared to insist, amid every sort of opposition, "I can do much." Let us trace the effect along one of very many lines in the industrial world. Observe, for instance, the elevation of the professional nurse from the style portrayed to us by Dickens to the dignity of the present intelligent and efficient type; an example of what must ultimately be accomplished in every department of commercial life. Within the memory of the present generation those women who dared to conduct a millinery shop were considered too disreputable for association with their helpless but respectable sisters. With the courage of a true conviction, however, there were heroines who persevered until countless channels of activity are now open, and multitudes are added daily to the list of the self-sustained, each unit thus becoming more independently assertive, and each unconsciously forcing the standards of quality to be raised.

Robert Ingersoll, when asked how he would change the government of the world if he were God, replied: "I should make health contagious instead of disease." There is abundant demonstration that it is already so in the fact just quoted, for it was the contagion of a healthful impetus toward mutual helpfulness that, spreading rapidly uplifted the women of the United States by the hundred thousand; and, crossing seas and continents, its influence has also touched and raised the thought-power of our sisters in almost every corner of the earth.

Endowed with the confidence born of a consciousness of her limitless capacity as Soul; accoutred by her best knowledge of the reality and potency of thought-entities, the woman warrior member of the Universal Brotherhood Organization must take her place before the advancing hosts of women to hold before them a true concept of life and the sublime grandeur of its meaning. Standing in the glory of a new born day, the generic woman-soul must be permitted to proclaim through her, by thought and word and act, its trumpeted announcement of a resurrection. Not on ears incapable of hearing shall the blessed tidings fall; but aspiration shall be rekindled until, from the ranks of the rich woman and the poor, the cultured and the ignorant, the strong and the disabled, the free-born and the slave, the words shall reverberate like echoes, "I also can do much, for I, too, can think."

Not one to whom so high a calling has been vouchsafed has excuse for inactivity, and desire for membership with those who wear the badge of Universal Brotherhood *is* the call. Henceforth equipment for such service must be the ruling wish, and for those who desire to serve, the fields, by the first culture of the pioneers, are already fertile with suggestion.

How may the lost arts and sciences be revived except by restoration of our efficiency as workers? And will this efficiency appear again unless we learn to love our work as artists should? Who that realizes, even faintly, the

ever present living reality of Soul fails to apprehend the treasure everywhere concealed; and who, perceiving it, comprehends not the simple method by which it may be drawn forth?

It is active interest all along the line that develops the untold wealth waiting dormant in Nature's treasure-house; and such accomplishment, ascending plane on plane, it is for us everywhere to achieve. Approach, then, ye women who hold woman's future in your hands—approach the smallest task with holy reverence, and lose your sense of limitation in the doing. The homeliest, the most insignificant of duties, must be accepted as a sacred trust, and but awaits your living interest to develop possibilities far beyond your present ken. Regard each effort, then, as an opportunity for the expression of the real self within, and into it weave the whole life story, thus impressing all things of the present moment with the ideals and possibilities of the next, and restoring the artistic and the prosaic to their old-time, hand-in-hand companionship. The displacement of Nurse Gamp has been paralleled by the disappearance of many another similar anomaly, and all still existing forms of the old order must vanish before the "Thinker," whose intelligence shall raise every possible vocation into the all-inclusive province of high art.

We who proclaim that there is little we can do are self condemned for lack of vigilance in seeking opportunity. Even while we waste our force by giving utterance to the impious words, "I can do so little," cries of distress doubtless are made within our hearing, of which we remain unconscious because we have not given heed. Pre-occupation with personal concerns has dulled our powers of observation; otherwise we should know that anywhere and every instant there is not only work for us to do, but work that must remain undone until we do it. To shield ourselves behind the shabby old excuse, "I did not think," is now impossible. The imperative duty of the "Thinker" is to think, to remain incessantly on watch, and to act the moment opportunity is perceived. Lives go astray; tortuous iniquities exist; suffering remains unrelieved; poverty is left unaided; and souls sink into oblivion whenever the "Thinker" forgets to think.

To prepare for action is assuredly as much our duty as to act. The first command of any military drill—"Attention!"—is that which we most need, as the first requirement for any sort of service is that we shall be alert. The hour strikes suddenly when we are called upon to act, and those who prove their fitness are they who have discovered that fully to realize present opportunity is the whole secret of power. Any situation may avail us as a vital educator if we perceive our chance of preparation for mightier effort and more trustworthy guardianship. The more phases of existence we have to pass through the greater the insight we may acquire. The resourceful woman in emergency is always one whom Goethe describes as having "seen something and lived something." Back of all effective administration of affairs are the eons of experience through which the Soul has gained its power. Why, then, shall we not transform and glorify events by our appreciation of their profound signifi-

cance? And why not learn to adapt ourselves to any condition in which the law has placed us for our instruction until we become so wholly reconciled as to say of it, "For the sake of all my brethren, I thank God that I am here?"

To those who insist that the enormous opportunities of the present time belong only to a certain class of women, we must recall the magnificent work of the ignorant colored woman, Sojourner Truth, during our civil war. At a mass meeting the news of repeated reverses had so depressed the assembly that even the silver tongue of Wendell Phillips appeared to be half paralyzed. Rising from her seat, Sojourner pointed her finger at the orator and cried out, "Wendell, is God dead?" The effect was electrical. The courage of all who were present revived and a resolute enthusiasm took the place of the previous despondency.

The force of a deep conviction, in which was concentrated her whole life energy, gave to a woman who was entirely unadorned by special gifts or acquirements, the ability to arouse a vast and lethargic audience. A consummation far more glorious awaits us all, for each may aid to reinvigorate the soul-consciousness which is to redeem the race. With the duality of nature becoming ever more distinctly apparent, we cannot fail to comprehend how inevitably the influence from the ranks of darkness reaches and absorbs us when we are not actively co-operating with the powers of light. Whichever side we reinforce, reinforces us. The world languishes for the incentive of a living faith. It perishes from the disorders caused by prevalent low ideals. We must no longer permit ourselves to remain in a negative condition, but spread a contagion of health by placing ourselves with absolute assurance as a part of the army that makes eternally for righteousness and peace. Persistently holding up its standards of purer, truer living, and recognizing the imperishable treasure within the hearts of all, it is the queenly prerogative of the very least of us to revivify the listless and the down-hearted by the sublimity of our faith in their limitless possibilities of attainment.

Nor does so majestic a realization require always to be brought about by word of mouth, or even by outward act. "As we think, so are we," declares an authority very high indeed; for thinking, we learn to act, and acting, we learn to *be*. The new world which is opening for the race requires the creation of a nobler type of womanhood. For this it is primarily essential that we recognize ourselves as greater than any possible stress of circumstances; that we grasp firmly, and nourish with every thought, the ideal of our inherent wisdom and *virtue*, until all that is foreign to it shall die and fade away; and that, self-centred,—through knowledge of the eternal truths of being,—we become so positive an affirmation that our presence calls to all within the radius of its influence to awake and share our light and power.

So may we illumine the world with the radiance of a self-conscious declaration, "While life lasts in the body I can and *will* do much."

IN THE CONCRETE.

By W. T. HANSON

The path to the arcana of life lies everywhere. But can this mean that in all places the way is equally defined and direct?

Man need not be governed by environment. He can always somewhat change and in greater or less degree overcome every adverse circumstance. But is it not to give the mind over to folly, to fancy that indiscriminate conditions best conduce to a chosen line of work?

All the Lovers of the Race should know of Point Loma. Their interest in it is deep and vital. Explanation, description and illustration will convey something of its import, but little compared with the realization through actual experience of even a few months' residence here. To the student merely the benefits are inestimable.

Take the picture of Point Loma as drawn by travelers to this region. In its light consider the enlarged capacity into which the mind will expand—in which it will simply find the breath of its life when relieved from the thousand and one depressing influences inherent in the leaden atmosphere of towns, cities and localities, rife with the corrosive emotions and diseased ideas now prevalent in human affairs. The possibilities of a mind innately of an inextinguishable energy and steadfastness of purpose, and actuated by the right motive, are enormous anywhere. But imagine what the same mind can conceive and execute when surrounded by every natural encouragement instead of numberless infernal incubi.

All accounts agree that the climate of Point Loma is not surpassed—nay, not equalled—elsewhere on the earth. The evenness of the temperature the year round is wonderful and the degree something surprising in its effects. While the orange and the olive and, tenderest of all, the lemon, thrive to perfection (and the latter particularly must have warmth), light winter clothing is always essential to personal comfort. The latitude and sunshine on the one hand, the effect of these being tempered by the altitude and breeze on the other, always operate to balance each other, so that the temperature varies but slightly and appears so conducive to mental equilibrium as to incline one to imagine there exists between the atmosphere and the mind some connection, some bond or correspondence. Neither is it to be supposed that the equanimity is merely a descent to an inane lethargy. The bracing freshness of the air does not permit such, and a tendency to feverish activity is calmed by a glance at the great outlying Pacific, in its very bigness discouraging to fretfulness. Somehow there is here a combination of the influence of the mountain and the sea, which, like a chemical compound, possesses characteristics beyond those of its elements. More favorable than all others mentioned is the sun. Under the conditions existent here it does not appear possible to get too much of the sunshine. None of the ill effects noticeable in southern countries generally, and in the

warm season especially, are to be found. The liberating effect upon the student is unquestionable. For the tired and worn it is an elixir. For those whose life currents have well nigh burst their channels it is a reservoir of conserving power. For the worker it is an unfailing resource of inspiration and courage and joy. It is enough of itself to make one believe that the old sun worshippers knew not a little of the living truth.

The sunsets are marvelous. Adequate description is impossible. The expanse of the entire dome of the heavens is frequently utilized for the effects. If one will vividly recall the most brilliant and gorgeous and again the most delicate, dainty colorings he has ever seen in the immediate vicinity of the declining sun and extend the picture over the arching canopy in every direction from horizon to horizon, he may form some conception. And in addition, for the final glory, the very air is diffused with a luminant iridescence, beginning with a soft, roseate radiance, gradually shading with each moment through every hue to a halo of loveliest purple, which serenely ushers in the quiet night. To experience it actually is to entertain the feeling of a magical land so full of every beauty and joy that the very atmosphere is aglow with their splendors, and that somehow, sometime, all these in all their fullness are a heritage of human life and will enter into its everyday being.

Possibly, as powerful as they certainly are, the natural conditions of Point Loma would not alone suffice to stir these emotions. In conjunction herewith much is also due to the mythos of the place, and it is well understood now that myths are no dead things relating to a distant and crumbled past, but have very potently to do with the present. This the mere student may not rightly conceive, but the man of life knows it. And whatever much Point Loma may afford to the student, for the man of life it holds and will give more. Philosophy is good, but Life is better. Already at Point Loma there are people whose lives are wrapped in practical action. They know of a Teacher who has philosophy to give, but it is the philosophy of living, and therefore they also find in this personage the Leader who is conducting philosophy into life.

Katherine Tingley has established here, the ordained international centre of the Universal Brotherhood movement, many activities under various departments of the organization. Some of these, and comparatively speaking all of them, are as yet in the veriest germ. Fast maturing plans will soon inaugurate a wide range of operations on appropriate scales. At present one of the interesting features is the International Brotherhood League Colony, established during the great Brotherhood Congress held here in April, 1898. The colony is not merely entertaining. It is in the highest degree instructive. Any one connected with it by residence or close observation has had the inestimable tuition of seeing philosophy in the abstract pass into concrete fact, and thus has been afforded demonstrations in life as conclusive as any in chemistry scientifically made in the laboratory.

The colony seen when the grounds were purchased and again now will tell the story better than words. Just following the congress a number of rep-

representatives, for the most part comprised of prominent members and workers from all over the world, immediately erected a large building in addition to the other houses already on the grounds, and which is, indeed, a most unique structure. It embodies some of the very essence of Brotherhood. At the same time they cleared the grounds of growth incident to evidently a considerable period of neglect. In this state of regenerative thrift the place was turned over to the colonists themselves, or rather the nucleus. These are all interesting people, representative of many nationalities and every phase of life except the unintelligent and shiftless; students every one, each with strong, decided ideas of his own. In their characters, differences exist not merely of personal opinion, but racial idiosyncrasies, climatic influences and the opposing colors of diverse religious or non-religious sentiment. A radical change in the modes of living confronted them, what might be called self-denial to undergo, work to be done, and with all a clearly defined perception that the moment one preferred to do so he was, of course, perfectly free to withdraw if he chose. One common bond united them—confidence in the Heart and Head of the organization and a perception, though diverse conceptions, of the Principle of Brotherhood, an understanding of which to that time, comparatively, was largely theoretical. Of course every natural circumstance was favorable.

What they have accomplished shows the divine side of humanity. They require no further reiteration that the real things of life are not to be understood, much less attained, through intellectual gymnastics alone. The colony itself is its own sign. To be conversant with its life is to be continually in touch with an inspiration. To be absent even for a short time, to return, to behold on approaching, the plants, the flowers, the hedges, the lawn, the fields now green with grain, the arrangement of the houses, almost, as it were, nestling to each other, is to feel with renewed force the presence of order, intelligence, industry, consideration, freedom, a buoyant light-heartedness, and especially if it be toward night, when the lights are lit and close together twinkle cheerily, a delightful human feeling which makes one glad that he lives to know it. It may be an old, old emotion coming to existence again from bygone ages of purity and grandeur, but it also appears to possess a wondrous touch which perhaps the children of earth have never felt before.

Something of this nature is in the atmosphere of Point Loma. The colonists and the others in the Universal Brotherhood Movement have good ground for an active faith in the near at hand rehabilitation of mankind, and the effulgence of living joy into the world.

This much almost before beginning. Of what, then, is it the forerunner? Who will undertake to behold the larger future? Or, more to the point, who will lay hold of these blessed and ineffable potencies, man's rightful heritage, available now to individual aspiration, and marshalling them under the positive, dynamic will, usher them into general, concrete life.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THE PROTESTING CHURCHES.

By JEROME A. ANDERSON, M. D.

There are moments in every man's life when he is forced to choose between the evil and the good. Similarly, with larger organisms; there comes to them, too, a time where they must choose—where their very existence as an organic body depends upon their choice. The nation that makes the wrong choice goes down the by-paths of decay to death. The Church or society must likewise choose wisely or perish.

Such a moment of choice has now come to the Protestant Churches of the West.

Protestantism must forego its creeds, in this hour of world-peril. TOLERANCE must be its motto and watchword. Tolerance for each other's beliefs and methods of worship; tolerance even for warring creeds and dogmas. Then must come tolerance for other religions and other faiths. With this will come a widening of spiritual horizons; higher conceptions of God; a glad recognition that salvation for the human soul runs in broader and deeper channels than they have hitherto dreamed; an ecstatic glimpse of the dawn of Universal Brotherhood!

All religions are one in essence—as the philosophy of Universal Brotherhood amply demonstrates. Protestants must throw aside the unworthy fear of “infidelity,” and examine the evidence. Nor need they go outside their own Bible, although if they will, their hearts will be gladdened by finding that Christ spoke truly when he said, “Other sheep have I which are not of this fold.” Mis-translations, mis-interpretations, forged interpolations, have so darkened counsel, that Christians do not recognize the sacred mine of truth which underlies the Oriental allegory and exuberant metaphor of their Holy Book. Let them search the Scriptures in the true spirit, and they will find therein indeed the words of everlasting life.

It is to show some of these hidden truths that the latest Brotherhood Series—the “Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings”—is being published. The essence of the Bible is not to be found in any dead-letter interpretation—around which creeds and dogmas are always built. The inner, spiritual meaning must be sought for, and this series will be most helpful in this direction.

These inner truths are always the same in any Bible. They are eternal; they may be concealed by words for a time, but the soul of man will never rest for long before it will tear aside the deluding veil. Let the Protestants take advantage of the Pentecostal outpouring which accompanies the new cycle, and open their hearts to higher truths, to holier conceptions. Let them lift their eyes above and away from cramped and distorted dogmas, and they will perceive that,

truly, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." They will cease to torture and slay because one calls Him "Brahm" whom they call "Jehovah." They will recognize that God is One in essence, although He may be known under a thousand names. The effect will be wholly good. Fear and hate are allied; when we cease to fear God we will begin to love not only Him, but each other.

PER OMNIA.

By T. R. E. McINNES.

I know not how nor whence I came—
 I stand as one without a name—
 Yet free and fearless I proclaim:
 I am!

I know not to what bourne I go
 Of Heaven's bliss—or Hell's dire woe—
 But this one thing of all I know:
 I am!

Nor Heaven nor Hell can utterly
 Disperse the root and core of me—
 I will be what I will to be:
 I am!

HOLLOW NUTS.

Not always doth performance run
 Where Reason points the way;
 And oft'ner is a deed begun
 Ere Reason has its say.

So, Inclination taketh tack
 Around all fields of strife;
 So, men and women idly crack
 The hollow nuts of life.

—R. H. CHENEY.

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.



In a very interesting little book, "Our Flag," by R. A. Campbell,* the story is told of the American flag, its origin, history and meaning, and the following extracts have been made to show the author's interpretation and "mystic meaning" of the Stars and Stripes. The book gives an insight into a phase of the history of the United States that is fascinating and full of the deepest interest.

In a succeeding issue will be given the interpretation of the Universal Brotherhood flag—the flag of the School for the Revival of Lost Mysteries of Antiquity—designed by Katherine Tingley, and now used together with the American flag on the cover of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH.

—*Published by H. E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.



MYSTIC MEANING AND ESOTERIC INTERPRETATION OF THE NEW FLAG—THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The flag of a nation should be the symbol of the ideal upon which the nation is founded, and this must always be the ideal of manhood, as that ideal is conceived of by the founders of the nation. This is true, because every possible organization among men is, in accordance with the theory of such organization, in the form of a man. In other words, every organization among men, so far as the principles and purposes, the operations and results, of such organization is concerned, is simply a man who is in size the sum total of all men in the organization, and who in form is the collated aggregates of their recognized ideal man. The ideal nation, therefore, must be in the form of the ideal man—with all the recognized characteristics of the ideal man as to rights, duties, purposes, methods of operation and destiny. It naturally follows that one's conception of the ideal man simply needs enlargement to constitute his conception of the ideal nation. When, therefore, one has determined the appropriate design to symbolize his conception of the ideal man, he has also found the appropriate design for the flag of his ideal nation.

The Stars and Stripes, as above described, are the appropriate elements for the flag of our new ideal nation, because they are the complete and beautiful symbols of the characteristics of the ideal man.

* * * * *

All these forms of government have, heretofore, been organized upon the fundamental false assumption that the man who is strong of arm or superior in the accident of rank or intelligence has the natural or (as it is sometimes called) the Divine right to dominate absolutely, for his own purposes, and by such methods as he may choose, all other men who are weaker in muscle or who are less intelligent or less self-assertive; and that consequently the masses have

few, if any, rights which the one who is stronger or wiser is bound to respect. In short, the principle of government has heretofore, been that might—whether of brawn or will—gives the right to absolute and unquestionable domination; and that lighter physique or weaker will is the sin that bears the natural penalty of abject and unquestioning servitude. Our new National Government is founded upon the declaration, "All men are free; and every man has an equal right to life, liberty and happiness." This is at least the negative side of philanthropy; because it recognizes the equal rights of man as man—of every individual man; and it impliedly suggests willing and chosen co-operation, instead of arbitrary domination and enforced obedience.

Philanthropy looks at man in the singular number, and it estimates man individually. Philanthropy aims to render man virtuous rather than obedient. It seems to lead man into holiness rather than to inculcate obligation.

Philanthropy fosters intelligence rather than the impartation of traditional rules; and it stimulates individual, productive usefulness rather than the enforcing of habitual, routine drudgery. Philanthropy aspires to develop each man into a "king," who will purely and wisely rule himself, and into a "priest," who will commune with the highest and make his life one of practical purity. Philanthropy aims and endeavors to elevate and perfect humanity by arousing, teaching and assisting each individual man to perfect himself.

Now the Stars and Stripes symbolize man, the philanthropic man, the man who is aspiring to, planning for, and developing in all that renders him a more perfect human being.

THE COLORS.—Red is the symbol of a man in the realm of his desires, his impulses, his yearnings and his aspirations. As red is shaded and darkened it types the sensual and the selfish nature in man, and it then symbolizes impurity, dishonesty, injustice and tyranny. As red is tinted and lightened toward the more delicate shades of pink it types tenderness, gentleness, affection tinged with weakness; and thus impractical sentimentality. The clear red types that ardent and pure love which is at once kind and courageous. It symbolizes that manly philanthropy which aspires to the greatest good of the individual man, and thus of the entire race, and that will strive for that end regardless of whether the path lie in the well worn highway, with consequent smooth traveling, or whether it must encounter fatigue, opposition and temporary discomfiture.

White is the symbol of man in the intellectual domain, and it represents wisdom, intelligence, knowledge, healthful imagination, clear intuition and correct thinking; and it, therefore, symbolizes justice. Blue is the type of a man in the realm of his physical existence and operation. It therefore refers to man's physical well being, his activities and his productive usefulness—to his condition, welfare and success in actual development, as manifested in the phenomenal world. The red and white, in alternate equal stripes, teach that in all man's life and work the pure purpose and the wise plan must be equal factors; and these factors must be co-ordinate and constant; that purity and intelligence are the essence and form of every successful operation that finds its

outworking and resulting effect in the blue field of man's practical life and manifestation. The three red and the three white alternate stripes, that run the full strength of the flag, symbolize the beautiful truth that aspiration and intelligence, affection and thought, purpose and plan, will and system, must be the grand underlying, general and comprehensive factors in the whole of every pure, true and useful life; and that this must be the case in each of the three planes of man's life—the moral, the intellectual and the physical.

The seven short alternate red and white stripes opposite the blue field refer to the particulars and details of man's life. The red stripe at the base of these seven and opposite the lower margin of the blue field, signifies that every special purpose, plan and activity should have a pure and philanthropic foundation; while the red stripe at the top alludes to the special, superior and perfecting human quality attained by the individual, and through the individual by the race, by such constant, loving, wise and useful endeavor. The short, alternate, red and white stripes opposite to the blue field particularize the teachings of the full-length stripes; that is, they announce and emphasize the idea that the special and temporary purposes, plans and activities of every day's operations, like the grand aspiration, theory and effort of one's life, should be pure, intelligent and effective—and at the same time harmonious and mutually co-operative—on the three planes of will, intellect, and experience; in short, that the ideal aim and object of the whole life of man should also be the special aim and object of every particular subsidiary purpose, plan and act.

As the blue field symbolizes man in the realm of physical existence and productive manifestation, the white stars therein will readily and beautifully symbolize the definite and special attainments in which his ideal aspirations and his actual developments are fully unified or harmoniously adjusted. The five-pointed star, one point up, symbolizes the man whose philanthropic purpose is clearly and fully defined in a dynamic will that is intelligently, absolutely and unchangeably determined. He who has a pure purpose which transcends all others, an intelligent plan which includes all others, with an exalted and unswerving determination that utilizes all minor operations, and who is devoting his whole being and life to accomplish his grand purpose, is appropriately represented by the pentagram, one point up.

The thirteen stripes, while they will for a long time—and perhaps always—very well represent the number of colonies which unite their interests, their efforts and their governmental destinies in the formation of the first independent nation in America, have yet a very beautiful and a very important, and a much deeper meaning.

Thirteen is, according to the initiating instruction of the Ancient Magi, the number of "Progress, Perpetuity and Perfection." There were twelve tribes of the children of Israel—but Moses, the thirteenth, was the one who ruled and directed them all; or the Levites, the priestly, and therefore the most honorable of them all, may be numbered as the thirteenth. There were twelve disciples in the Apostolic College; but Jesus, its founder and enlightener, was

over them all, and he was the thirteenth. There are twelve gates to the Holy City of the Apocalypse; but the grand avenue of Divine influx from above, without which the other twelve would be only gates to eternal darkness, is the thirteenth. There are twelve signs in the Zodiac; the sum total of them all is the surrounding firmament, in the centre of which is the thirteenth, the illuminating and sustaining sun. There are twelve months in the year, which, in their aggregate and union, form the year which is the thirteenth. All the ill omens ever attached to the number thirteen are simply suggestions of the retribution which overtakes those who profane that which is essentially sacred.

Thirteen as applied to man symbolizes the natural man whose instinctive and selfish impulses are being regenerated into harmonious and co-operative perfection with his ideal aspirations. It, therefore, symbolizes the actualizing of the ideally perfected family, church or nation, which is founded upon and developing upon the grand truths of the Absolute Fatherhood of the Divine and the consequent Universal Brotherhood of Man.

In short, then, the Stars and Stripes symbolize the man who, with a pure heart, clear brain and working hands, is philanthropically, intelligently and successfully, step by step, realizing his aspirations in developing continually into a higher and holier ideal, Divine Manhood.

As the flag of our nation, the Stars and Stripes will symbolize a philanthropic government founded upon these principles, administered in accordance with these theories, and, therefore, accomplishing for its individual citizens, and thus through them for the race, the glorious result of a perfected humanity—bound together in an ideal and an actual Brotherhood of Man.

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The American flag was, therefore, one of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars from May 1, 1794, until the next change, which took place July 4, 1818.

* * * * *

The admission of new States into the Union again rendered the flag of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes out of harmony with the number of States in the nation.

Congress appointed a committee "to inquire into the expediency of altering the flag of the United States." On January 2, 1817, this committee made the following report:

* * * * *

"The national flag being in general use, it appears to the committee of considerable importance to adopt some arrangement calculated to prevent, in future, great or extensive alterations. Under these impressions they are led to believe no alteration could be more emblematic of our origin and present existence, as composed of a number of independent and united States, than to reduce the stripes to the original thirteen—representing the number of States then contending for, and happily achieving their independence—and to increase the stars to correspond with the number of States now in the Union, and hereafter to add one star to the flag whenever a new State shall be fully admitted.

* * * * *

“The committee cannot believe that, in retaining only thirteen stripes, it follows that they refer to certain individual States, inasmuch as nearly all the new States were a component part of, and represented in, the original; and inasmuch, also, as the flag is intended to signify numbers, and not local and particular sections of the Union.”

MEANING OF OUR FLAG.

Alfred B. Street speaks of the flag in the following glowing terms:

“The stars of the new flag represent a constellation of States rising in the West. The idea was taken from the constellation Lyra, which, in the hands of Orpheus, signified harmony. The blue of the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanter’s banner in Scotland, significant also of the league and covenant of the united colonies against oppression, and involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The stars were disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union, the ring-like serpent of the Egyptians signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed, with the stars, the number of the united colonies, and denotes the subordination of the States to the Union, as well as equality among themselves. The whole was a blending of the various flags previous to the Union Flag—the red flag of the army and the white one of the floating batteries. The red color, which, in Roman days, was the signal of defiance, denotes daring, while the white suggests purity. What eloquence do the stars breathe when their full significance is known!—a new constellation, union, perpetuity, a covenant against oppression; justice, equality, subordination, courage and purity.”

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

By FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn’s early light
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 O’er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket’s red glare,
 The bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
 Oh! say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
 O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe’s haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o’er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam
 Of the morning’s first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.
 ’Tis the star-spangled banner; oh! long may it wave
 O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the foe that so vauntingly swore
 Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save
 The hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever when free men shall stand
 Between their loved homes and war's desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
 Then conquer we must
 When our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto,—“In God is our trust;”
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

NOTHING BUT FLAGS.

By MOSES OWEN.

A party of sight-seers were “doing” the State Capitol, at Augusta, Maine. Coming to the elegant case in the rotunda in which are arranged the Colors which her regiments carried so gallantly during the late Civil War, they passed it by with a cursory look—one of the number remarking, “All that nice case for nothing but flags.” That remark inspired the following poem; and thus does unappreciative stolidity often arouse genius and make it eloquent.

“Nothing but flags!” but simple flags,
 Tattered and torn, and hanging in rags;
 And we walk beneath them with careless tread
 Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
 Who have marched beneath them in days gone by,
 With a burning cheek and a kindly eye,
 And have bathed their folds with the young life's tide,
 And dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.

“Nothing but flags!” yet methinks at night
 They tell each other their tales of fright!
 And dim spectres come, and their thin arms twine
 Round each standard torn, as they stand in line.
 As the word is given—they change! they form!
 And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm!
 And once again, through the smoke and strife,
 Those colors lead to a Nation's life.

“Nothing but flags!” yet they’re bathed with tears;
 They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears;
 Of a mother’s prayers, of a boy away,
 Of a serpent crushed, of a coming day.
 Silent they speak, and the tear *will* start,
 As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
 And think of those who are never forgot—
 Their flags come home—why come *they* not?

“Nothing but flags!” yet we hold our breath,
 And gaze with awe at these types of death!
 “Nothing but flags!” yet the thought will come,
 The heart must pray, though the lips be dumb.
 They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
 On those dear-loved flags come home again;
 Baptized in blood, our purest, best,
 Tattered and torn, they’re now at rest.

AMERICA.

By SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

My Country, ’tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim’s pride,
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

My native country,—thee
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom’s song;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break—
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers’ God—to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright,
 With freedom’s holy light;
 Protected by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

OUR FLAG—PAST, NOW, AND FOREVER.

By CELIA WHIPPLE WALLACE.

In childhood's sunny hours, with rare and sweet delight,
 Our country's flag I saw by gallant hands unfurled,
 And floating on the air—bright as a tropic bird—
 Beneath the June-blue sky, above our own home world.

The rocky wall of mountains 'round my village home
 Seemed a strong fortress, a God-set and sure defense,
 A rhythmic moving band of stalwart martial men,
 Held in the circling arms of God's omnipotence,
 Emblessed with power all wrong and evil to undo.

Beneath the waving flag of my loved native land,
 With rapture swelled by childish and exultant form,
 A bliss possessed me that I could not understand.

There fluttered in the graceful folds of that bright flag
 A mystic glory, like a shower of falling stars;
 And, baptized in its rare, red rain of shining light,
 I then and there became an armored child of Mars.

My perfect shield—the thrilling love of Fatherland—
 That stayed the poisoned spears aimed at my inmost heart—
 Well was thou, then, the Fatherland of childhood days;
 But, now, my dear heart's only shelt'ring one thou art.

My country's emblem, as thou wavest bright on high,
 A blessed charge thou hast—o'er Freedom's sons to fly—
 With stripes of Justice, and with stars of Love, unfurled,
 Thou surely wilt, in time, enfranchise all the world.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

By EDWARD J. PRESTON.

O, glorious flag! red, white and blue,
 Bright emblem of the pure and the true;
 O, glorious group of clustering stars!
 Ye lines of light, ye crimson bars,
 Always your flowing folds we greet,
 Triumphant over all defeat;
 Henceforth in every clime to be
 Unfading scarf of liberty,
 The ensign of the brave and free.

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

X.

Rameses the Great.—Meneptah.—The Libyan Invasion.—The Revolt.

The reign of Rameses lasted about seventy years. He had at first shared the throne with his father, in consideration of his descent on the mother's side from the royal lineage of Râ, the eponymous ancestor of the kings who were recognized as legitimate and of divine authority. When the death of Sethi left him with undivided power, he continued to pursue the former course of action. Egypt was then the umpire of the nations, and the conquests of Rameses enabled him to add the title of "Victorious" to his official designations. He had extended his dominion into the territory of the Khitans, in the north, chastized the Libyans and their auxiliaries in the west, and subjugated numerous Ethiopian tribes in the south. Multitudes of captives had been brought home in the various campaigns and placed in laborious employments in different parts of the country. They had been carefully distributed in groups widely separated from one another, thus obliterating their national identity and preventing dangerous combinations. The extensive public works, the temples, quarries and mines, were provided with laborers, and every department of administration conducted with energy.

Yet, despite the "hard bondage" which was imputed to the Egyptian servitude, there was great care to provide for the physical wants of the laborers. They were held strictly to their work under the truncheons of vigorous overseers; they were not bought and sold as chattels; and they enjoyed many privileges like those of the peasantry. Multitudes of them preferred the "flesh-pots" and the abundance of food that they enjoyed in Egypt more than the blessings and attractions of an ideal liberty. It would seem that with all the drawbacks of their servile condition, the captives in Egypt were treated with a mildness that was not often found in other countries.

It is not to be supposed, however, that all ranks and classes of prisoners were consigned to like conditions of servitude. They were often placed according to their ability and mental qualities in positions of responsibility. Indeed, it has always been possible for men in the East to rise from humble, and even from servile, employments to become officials of rank, counsellors of state, commanders of troops, and there are examples in which they actually seized imperial power.

With these additions to the population, it has been estimated that more than a third of the families of Egypt were descendants of Asiatic colonists. In the eastern canton of the Lowlands they were most numerous. Language, manners, and even religion, the hardest of all to change its forms, were modi-

fied, and the Egyptian vernacular gave place more or less distinctly to Semitic terms and forms of speech. Even the members of the literary class, the priests and scribes, conformed to the new fashions of the time. Many were eager to forsake the temples for service in the armies and civil employments. Penta-ur, the private secretary of Amun-em-ant, the Royal Librarian, was an example. He was perhaps the most brilliant, but he was only one among a multitude of others.

In vain did the old teachers endeavor to arrest the progress of the tide that was now sweeping away the former customs and notions. The new modes of pronunciation of words, and the interlarding of speech with foreign expressions, and such as were in use among the alien and mongrel population of Northern Egypt, gave them abundant opportunity for sharp criticism, which they freely bestowed. An example of this appears in a letter from a preceptor to his former pupil. "Thy piece of writing is a cargo of high-flown phrases," he declares. "Their meaning may serve as a reward for those who seek to ascertain what it is." "I know thee," the veteran instructor continues; "it matters little what utterances flow over thy tongue, for thy compositions are very confused. Thou comest to me with a covering of ill-uttered representations, a cargo of blunders. Thou tearest the words to tatters; thou dost not take pains to find their force."

He concludes his diatribe with equal severity "I have struck out the end of thy composition, and I return thy description. What thy words contain has remained on my lips. It is a confused medley when one hears it. An uneducated person would not understand it. Your utterance is like that of a man from the Lowlands, speaking with a man from the Elephantina. But as a Scribe of the King thou art like the water employed to fertilize the land."

In ancient times, the glory of the parent consisted in a multitude of children. In this respect Rameses II. was truly great among kings. It may also be added that he was a tender and affectionate father. The temple of Abydos has preserved the names and effigies of sixty sons and fifty-nine daughters; other records enumerate a hundred and ten sons. He had three wives; the first, Isi-nefer, the favorite, called also Nefer-ari-Amun, Mien-Mut, and the daughter of the Khitan king, who became the Queen in his later years. By them he had twenty-three sons and eleven daughters.

Six sons accompanied him in the war against the king of Khita, and took part in the battle of Kadesh. Khamus, the son of Queen Isi-nefer, was the best beloved, and was associated with him in the government for many years. He took great pains to revive the religious observances in the northern cities, which had fallen into abeyance under the Hyksos and Theban rule. The worship of Apis had almost ceased, but he restored it to its former activity. He held the positions of High Priest of Ptah at Memphis, Governor of Thebes and General Superintendent of Public Worship. In these capacities he made the preparations and regulations for the Festival of the Thirtieth Year. His zeal for religion and the Sacred learning won for him great praise, but his indifference to

political matters was distasteful to his father, who foresaw the eminent peril awaiting the Dynasty. Khamus died in the fifty-fifth year of the reign of Rameses, and Menepthah, his oldest surviving brother, became the colleague of his father. The monuments have also preserved the names of the royal princesses Benat-Anat, Meriamen, Neb-tauï and Meri. It has been conjectured that Benat-Anat, who was the favorite daughter, was the daughter of the Khitan wife; she was afterward herself a queen, but no more is known.

The astronomic knowledge indicated by some of the inscriptions of this reign was quite considerable. On the ceiling of the Rameseum at Gurnah was an astronomical projection of the heavens, perhaps representing the horoscope of the king. In the accompanying description the dog-star is mentioned as rising in the morning just before sunrise at the beginning of the year. This indicated that the true length of the year was known, and it is certain that the priests of Egypt reckoned it almost exactly the same as modern scientists.

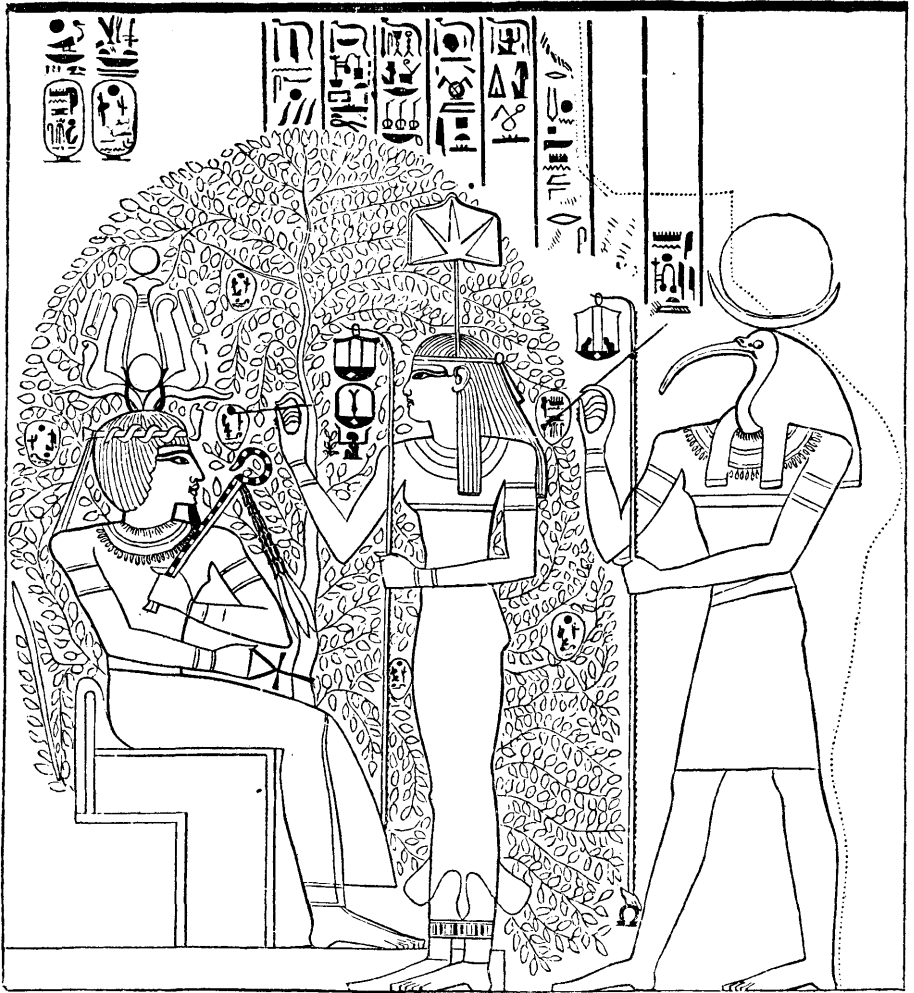
A cloud often comes over the heart as the individual passes from the activities of mature life into the shadow of advanced age. Many who had been loved are no more among the living, and what is more sorrowful, those for whom we have cared and labored repay with cold ingratitude. For it is not that which has been bestowed that promotes warmth of sentiment in the many, but rather what is expected.

Such was the final experience of Rameses the Great. His active life had been employed to sustain his dynasty and maintain the prosperity of Egypt. He was domestic and even uxorious, and he was warmly devoted to his children. But those of them who had, by reason of their superior age, been his most familiar companions, had died, and the others harassed him by their bickerings and jealousies. His was a cheerless old age.

The records do not treat of this, but the evidences at our hand have a speech of their own. Rameses at the death of his father had been eloquent in word and act to display his filial piety. With him it was religion, and the Tomb of Sethi in the valley of Bab-el Molokh was a gorgeous palace hewn out of the rock and painted with all the decorations that could have been seen in the actual abodes of kings. It was a monument of splendor and affection.

No such manifestation was exhibited in regard to Rameses himself. "The tomb of Rameses is an insignificant structure," Brugsch-Bey remarks, "and it is seldom visited by travelers in the Nile Valley, who scarcely imagine that the great Sesostris of Greek legend can have found a resting place in these mean chambers."

Of such a character was the last memorial of the Grand Monarque of Egypt, whose glory had shone over the countries and whose honorary statues that were set up during his lifetime had reached the dimensions of a colossus—so huge that modern mechanical skill has shrunk from the attempt to remove them. Can it have been indifference or the bitter feeling of a disappointed expectation that occasioned this conspicuous neglect? Perhaps the priests of Amun-Râ had held over his body the Grand Assize of the Dead, and declared



The god Thôth and Sufekh (goddess of History) writing the name of Rameses II. on the fruit of the Persea (Relief from the Rameseum) at Thebes.

him not deserving of funeral honors. For Rameses had not heeded their pretensions of superior right to kings, but, like Jeroboam of Israel, had set up a distinct priesthood of his own.

More likely, however, a crisis had occurred in the affairs of Egypt that required the new monarch's attention in other directions. The Nineteenth Dynasty, itself an offshoot from the lineage of King Nub and Apapi, had never been regarded with favor, but the prodigious energy and statercraft of Sethi and Rameses had defeated any effort for its overthrow. Each of them had forestalled it further by placing the Crown-Prince upon the throne as a royal colleague, leaving no opportunity for dispute in the succession.

Mene-Ptah, or Ptah-Men was the thirteenth son of Rameses II. His elder brothers had died during the lifetime of their father—nobler and braver men whom he had survived. He inherited the false and objectionable characteristics of his predecessors, but not their genius or virtues. "He was neither a soldier nor administrator," says Lenormant, contrasting him with Sethi and Rameses II., "but a man whose whole mind turned on sorcery and magic." This, however, is a misconception arising from an improper rendering of a term in the Bible.* He was pusillanimous and vacillating, and like cowardly persons generally, an oppressor and treacherous.

He came to the throne at an inauspicious period. Egypt was no longer an arbiter of the nations. The vassal and tributary countries had cast off the yoke imposed by Thothmes III. and Sethi. The Khitans, a "Turanian" people had, after a long contest with Rameses II. with indefinite results, induced him to consent to a friendly alliance in place of suzerainty. In the severe famines which about this time scourged the countries of the Levant the necessity to buy grain in Egypt for sustenance operated to preserve friendly relations. Wheat was shipped in abundance to the Khitans and peaceful intercourse was maintained with the principalities of Syria and Palestine.

At the west, however, there was a state of affairs widely different. There were frequent incursions from Libya and the northern sea-coast into the fertile lowlands of Egypt till the inhabitants feared to cultivate the land. One might sow and another reap. The weakness of the court of Tanis gave rise to general dissatisfaction, and the native princes were at strife with one another.

Advantage was taken of these conditions to form a confederacy of several nations with the purpose of conquering new homes in Northern Egypt. This alliance is described in the inscription as consisting of peoples from "all the countries north of the great sea." The whole number of invaders has been estimated at not less than forty thousand, and they brought their wives and children with them with the purpose of settling in Egypt. The chiefs had their thrones and the other paraphernalia of their rank; and the troops were armed with bows and arrows and with swords of bronze and copper. There were also a number of war-cars and a large force of cavalry.

They advanced as far as Heliopolis, sweeping over the Delta like a swarm of locusts. The frontier towns were destroyed and the whole country was ravaged. "The like had never been seen, even in the times of the kings of Lower Egypt, when the pestilence (meaning the Hyksos rulers) was in the land and the kings of Upper Egypt were not able to drive it out." The whole region was desolated, the fields were overrun and wasted, the cities pillaged, and even harbors were destroyed. The invading force was finally concentrated in the nome or canton of Prosopis, threatening both the ancient capitals, Memphis and Heliopolis.

*The Hebrew word translated "magicians" in the Pentateuch is *hartumi*, which the Greek text in Genesis renders *exegetes*, or interpreter. Parkhurst supposes them to be hierogram-mates or Scribes of the temple and court. The priests of Tanis seem to have been called *hartots* or *Khartots*. But the term "magic" anciently implied all manner of learning, and nothing objectionable.

The terror which was created was abject. "All the kings of Upper Egypt sat in their entrenchments, and the kings of Lower Egypt were confined inside their cities, shut in by earthworks and wholly cut off by the warriors from communication outside; for they had no hired soldiers."

At this point the Libyan king offered terms. He demanded a treaty as liberal in its conditions as the one between Egypt and the Khitans, and likewise wheat for his people and a cession of land to colonize. It was plain that not only the realm of Lower Egypt was in peril, but the fate of the Nineteenth Dynasty was itself in the balance.

Perhaps such a proposition to King Sethi would have been answered by an attack without further parley. But another Meneptah was on the throne of Egypt, and had not an army at his command. The princes of Upper Egypt refused their assistance, the king temporized and acted on the defensive, meanwhile he sent recruiting agents into Asia to collect an army of mercenaries. When all had been made ready, he assembled his princes and generals, and gave them their orders to prepare for battle, declaring his purpose to lead in the fray.

His courage, however, failed him. When the time for action drew on, he excused himself on the pretext of a dream or vision in which Ptah had commanded him to remain in Memphis, and let his troops march out against the enemy. The battle took place on the third day of Epiphi, the eighteenth of May. The enemy hesitated to begin the charge, and the Egyptian forces attacked them with the war-cars and infantry. "Amun-Râ was with them, and Nubti (Seth or Typhon) extended his hand to help them." The battle lasted six hours, when the Libyans were routed and fled. "Not a man of them was left remaining," is the boastful language of the inscription. "The hired soldiers of his Holiness were employed for six hours in the slaughter."

The Libyan king, when all was lost, turned and fled away, leaving his queen and family to the mercy of the conquerors. Meneptah in the inscription declares that "the miserable king of the Libyans stood full of fear and fled like a woman." Yet he had commanded his men till the fortune of the day had turned against them, while the bragging Egyptian was cowering inside the walls of Memphis.

The victorious soldiers hurried to the plunder of the forsaken camp, and then set fire to the tents of skin and furniture. The catalogue of the battle enumerated among the killed 6,365 that were uncircumcised, and 2,370 circumcised; also 9,376 prisoners.

The generals did not follow up the enemy and the king hastened to disband the foreign troops. They might, if retained in service, become as dangerous to him as the Libyans themselves.

Such was the great battle of Prosopis. Once more Lower Egypt rejoiced at a deliverance from invaders, which enabled the inhabitants to follow their pursuits in peace. The officials of the royal court vied with each other in fulsome praises of the king, and the inscription afterward placed on the inner walls of the Great Temple of Thebes,* sets forth the invasion and victory with

the exaggeration so common in oriental verbiage. "I made Egypt once more safe for the traveler," the king is made to say; "I gave breath to those in the cities."

The subsequent history of the reign of Meneptah does not exempt it from imputation of being inglorious. The principal redeeming feature was the brilliant array of writers continuing from the time of Rameses that adorned the royal court. The monuments preserve no record worthy of mention. It appears, however, that Meneptah sought to follow the example of Horemhebi, the successor of Khuenaten, and make friends with the priests of Thebes. The absence of the royal court in Northern Egypt for so many years had enabled them to enlarge their power to actual rivalry with the throne itself, as the power of the Bishops of Rome in later times became overpowering, by the removal of the imperial capital to Constantinople. The account is given by Manethô, and preserved in a treatise imputed to Flavius Josephus.

"This king* desired to become a beholder of the gods like Horus, one of those who had reigned before him.† The meaning of this statement is that Meneptah, copying the example of Horemhebi of the Eighteenth Dynasty, sought initiation into the Secret Rites, thus to become a *theates*, *epoptes* or *ephoros*, a witness and student of the higher knowledge. This would bring him into close fraternal relations with the priest of Thebes. He applied accordingly to Amenophis, the prophet of the Temple, who imposed the condition that he should "clear the country of lepers and the other impure population." He evidently meant the alien colonists and their descendants, whom the kings had introduced into Egypt as captives in their military expeditions and dispersed over the country. It was the practice, we notice in the inscriptions of the monuments, to designate all persons of other nations "vile."

Manethô states that the king accordingly collected eighty thousand of these persons and set them at work in the quarries in the region east of the Nile. Some of them were priests, probably those who belonged to the temples of Rameses II. The prophet who had counselled this measure foresaw the result of the harsh treatment, that it would bring calamity upon Egypt, and committed suicide. This filled the king with consternation, and he resolved upon a change of policy toward his unfortunate subjects. He set apart the city of Avaris or Pelusium, which had been evacuated by the Hyksos kings, a city which had been from the first sacred to the god Seth. Here they were permitted to make their residence. After they had been there for a sufficient time they determined to set up for themselves, and placed a priest from Heliopolis named Osar-siph in

*The high priest of this temple was named Loi, or Levi. This name and several others of this period have a striking Semitic flavor. Benat-Anat, the princess, has already been noticed; her sister was Meriamen, or Miriam, and in the quarry at Silsilis is a record of Phineas, a man of superior rank. Other examples may be cited.

†Josephus gives the name of the monarch as Amunophis. In the Chronicle of Manetho it is rendered Amunenepthes, which, though read sometimes as Amunophis, is Meneptah.

*This sentence is quoted from a little work entitled, "Josephus Against Apion." The writer affects to deny the existence of the kings Horus and Meneptah, whom he calls Amunophis, and rails at the conceit of "beholding the gods," whom he sets forth as being simply the ox, goat, crocodile and baboon. So gross ignoring of religious matters and historic persons indicates either a reprehensible disregard of truth, or else that the work thus ascribed to Josephus is not a genuine production, but only an irresponsible forgery.

command. He changed his name to Moses or Mo-u-ses. He promulgated an enactment forbidding them any longer to worship the gods of Egypt, or to pay regard to the sacred animals, but to use them for food and in sacrificing. He likewise directed them to build again the walls around the city and put them in readiness for war. He also sent ambassadors to Jerusalem, to the Hyksos princes, asking their help, and promising to yield up to them the city of Avaris, and aid them to recover their former dominion. They accepted his invitation and invaded Egypt with a force of two hundred thousand men.

Meneptah was filled with dismay. He hastened to assemble the Egyptian troops, and removed the sacred animals to the royal residence. His son Sethi, a lad of five years old, was sent to a place of safety, and he took his place at the head of his army of three hundred thousand warriors. He did not venture to fight when the enemy advanced to meet him, but retreated to Memphis. Then, taking the Apis and other sacred animals, he retreated with his army and the multitude of Egyptians into Ethiopia. Here he became the guest of the under-king and lived there in exile thirteen years. An army of Ethiopians was sent to guard the frontier. The usual account is given of misrule, oppression and flagrant impiety on the part of the invaders from Palestine. They are described as making themselves more obnoxious than the former Hyksos rulers. They burned cities and villages, it is affirmed, and likewise destroyed the statues of the gods, killed the sacred animals for food that were revered by the Egyptians, and compelled the priests and prophets to do this, after which they were expelled from the country. At the end of the thirteen years predicted by the prophet, the Ethiopian army entered Egypt, bringing the king and crown-prince, and drove the invaders into Palestine.

The later years of the reign of Meneptah afford us little interest. He designated his son Sethi as Crown Prince of Egypt, and there were no further military achievements. Nevertheless there was much dissatisfaction, and other aspirers to the throne were watching their opportunity. A period of confusion was approaching, when the throne should become a shuttlecock for ambitious chieftains to play with, till the man should arise to bring order from the chaos, establish anew the sovereign power, and give Egypt another term of greatness.

“Whoever uses soft words to friends without sincerity, him the wise know as one that speaks but acts not.”

“The chief object of the Theosophical Society is not so much to gratify individual aspirations as to serve our fellow-men.”—From a letter quoted in *The Occult World*.

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

The following letter has been received with a request for answer of the questions therein in the Students' Column:

As a student of Theosophy, permit me to ask the following questions:

1. What do Theosophists think of God?
2. Is there a God in Theosophy?
3. If so, what are the proofs that there is a God?
4. What are the proofs that the soul of man is immortal.
5. How can a man, poor, and utterly dependent upon a not Theosophical Society be master of his own fate.

J. H., Syracuse, N. Y.

Questions 1 to 4 may be taken together, but before attempting an answer it must be premised that what is proof to one person is not necessarily proof to another, and furthermore that the ultimate tribunal of proof for each man is himself. Also, it must be mentioned that there are Theosophists who are adherents of all the great religions of the world and that consequently there are many different ideas held in regard to God among Theosophists, according to the philosophy or religion which each upholds. For Theosophy does not consist in the acceptance of any set of formulæ or beliefs, but rather and essentially in living up to the highest that is in each. But on the whole Theosophists generally agree in the recognition of the divinity, unity, sacredness and interdependence of all life and the progressive development of all forms of life.

The first question is really answered in the above, that God or the divine is to be found within man's own heart. This is the teachings of all the Saviors of humanity. The proofs of the being and existence of God can be found only in the way pointed out by Christ in the following words: that "whoso doeth the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine;" and in the words of Krishna in the Bhagavad Gita: "Whoso is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously within himself in the progress of time."

Neither the existence of God nor the immortality of the soul can be proved to any one who has not developed within himself the power to perceive and recognize the divine, or who has not awakened to a sense of his own immortality. The proposition is exactly similar to that of trying to prove the glories of a sunset to a blind man or the transcendent powers of the mind to a stone. The consciousness in the stone through long ages and imperceptible degrees will develop through all the kingdoms of nature until, in the human kingdom, the higher human perceptions are possible. But it must wait the slow course of development for this divine unfolding to take place. So the man, incapable of recognizing divinity and immortality, must wait the slow growth and development of another sense by which these may be cognized, and the spiritually blind must wait the opening of the inner eye before the sublime powers and destiny of the soul can be conceived.

In answer to the last question I do not think that to be really master of

one's fate depends on being either in or out of a Theosophical or Untheosophical Society, though certainly there is greater freedom to be found the nearer we are to the Truth and the more our surroundings conform thereto. To be master of one's fate requires that one shall be master of oneself and rule one's own kingdom of heart, mind and body. When this is done, and the doing of it does not depend on outer conditions, then one's fate is moulded accordingly and one realizes that he is free indeed though chains may shackle hands and feet.

ORION.

WHAT IS THE REAL OBJECT OF LIFE?

In a long and interesting conversation with a friend who is an enthusiastic Club woman and who claims among other advantages that Club Life and association will in time bring about a feeling of true Sisterhood among women, the above question was raised. I asked myself how many of these women, how many of all the people in the world, have formed any distinct idea of what the purpose of Life is, or of what the end is toward which they struggle with such effort and for which they alternate helplessly between happiness and misery, joy and despair?

Only the Student of Theosophy, it seems to me, can find a satisfactory answer to such questionings. It is probably true that Life itself through stress of overwhelming disappointments, through heart-break and sore distress, forces a man to fall back upon the hidden Truth which lies always at the center of his Soul so that he finds the Theosophical answer for himself. This can only happen to one who is *strong*. The weak are crushed out by such heroic treatment.

Study of Theosophy at once leads one to the sure understanding that the only real object of Life is the evolution of the perfect man—one who has reached spiritual wisdom—one who *lives* Brotherhood, who rays out from himself Love and Compassion for every creature that lives, just as a perfect flower breathes perfume to everything around. Each one gives in its own way and according to its own nature what it has for the world. Man gives compassion; the Flower fragrance, and both are one.

V. F.

"I am the same to all creatures; I know not hatred nor favor; but those who serve me with love dwell in me and I in them."—*Bhagavad Gita*, Chap. ix.

"Those who have the eye of wisdom perceive it [the Spirit], and devotees who industriously strive to do so see it dwelling in their own hearts; whilst those who have not overcome themselves, who are devoid of discrimination, see it not, even though they strive thereafter."—*Bhagavad Gita*, Chap. xv.

"The man of doubtful mind hath no happiness either in this world or in the next, or in any other."—*Bhagavad Gita*, Chap. iv.



A LETTER FROM "SPOTS."

DEAR LITTLE BUDS AND BLOSSOMS:

The warriors of the Golden Cord of the Universal Brotherhood are very busy all over the world sowing seeds of loving kindness to the people of the earth and all creatures. Look at the picture and see how happy these little children are, out in the nature fields of sunshine.

The buds and blossoms in which is entwined the golden cord, the cable tow of love, make the pretty frame-work of this lovely picture, and all the little boys and girls who take hold of this cord with their hearts, look just like these flowers. Look into the eyes of all the children that are trying to love everybody, and see if it isn't so. Don't their eyes shine, and aren't they just brim-full of joy?

I hope that some day there will be a cable-tow as big as the whole earth, so that every little child in the world can take hold of it, and not one be left out. I shall be the happiest little dog in all the world when that happens.

How I wish that all the little poor children, and sick children, and all the little children who haven't much sunshine in their hearts and home could come out into these beautiful green fields and make a picture like this. Wouldn't they soon get well in the fine, fresh air; and wouldn't their little hearts sing out with a great joy to be with the happy birds, the pretty butterflies, the dear little lambs, the trees, flowers and sunshine! It just makes my heart jump to think of it!

I hope that one of these days every city will have its great, big parks, where every child can have a little play-house, and each a little garden-plot, where they can learn to be industrious, to love the flowers and sunshine.

Of course, it would never do to leave out the dogs and pussies, and then the children, the flowers and all creatures would all be just like one big family, working and playing and being happy together.

I haven't told you anything about my little Cuban friends for a long time.



CHILDREN'S NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL, MACON, GA.

See p. 687.

(Received through courtesy of "THE NEW CENTURY").

Well, they are the happiest family you ever did see. It would do your whole heart good to see them and hear them. They have learned to speak English and do so many pretty things. They want to be busy all the time, and you ought to see the lovely doll things they make. They even make the dolls themselves, and chairs for them to sit on, and little beds to sleep in, and a whole lot of more things that belong to dolls. And you ought to see how big their hearts have grown. I think they always were big, but they are bigger than ever now, big enough to hold all the children, all the dogs, all the pussies and everybody and everything that is on the earth to love.

Just suppose everybody in the world was like that; what a beautiful world it would be. Well, I am trying very, very hard to help the world along and from what I sometimes hear my Mistress whisper, she thinks I am doing very well.

Now, children, hold the golden cord firm; keep it stretched so that it will encircle all the little children in the world and those, too, that are not yet born. Keep it ever in the sunshine of your hearts, and when you are grown up, you will find the world much happier than it is to-day.

I'm off to Point Loma, the garden-spot of the world, and how I wish I could take you *all* with me. The little Cubans are going with me and some Lotus Home babies. You know all of them cannot go at once, but by and by I hope we shall all meet there.

With love to you all, good-by.

I will send another letter soon.

SPOTS.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

By PIXY.

"To-night we will go down to the sea," said my fairy friends, "and we must prepare you for the trip." Then Verita reached up into the air and pulled down a gorgeous suit of glove-fitting clothes, woven from radiant sea-bows, so that the pressure of the water would not hurt me, for you know light has a reflecting and resisting power of its own. After the suit was donned she gave me a pair of magic boots, with which I could travel as fast as they could, either on top of the water or underneath it, and then she held the daintiest kind of perfume to my nose and the fragrance went down to my lungs and made them waterproof, so that I would have no trouble about breathing while in the water.

When all was ready we slipped down to the beach and skipped over the water, past the lighthouse and away out of sight of the land. Then we seemed to be in the middle of a great basin of water, the rim extending high on every side, and right at that point we said good-by to the air and sank below the surface. A great many fishes were attracted by the light from my clothes and the pearl lights of the fairies, but we went so fast they didn't have much chance to see who we were.

It seemed hardly a moment until we were on the bottom of the ocean, with six miles of water above us. There were hills and valleys and plains and mountains. Where we struck ground again the soil was whitish and rather bare, but there was some shrubbery, with rather heavy trunks, looking like trees that forgot to throw out branches and put all their energy to getting as big around as they could. Then there were other plants that seemed to be part fish, and the fairies told me that the blossoms on some of the plants did grow into fish, and after they got big enough they broke loose from the stem and swam away. But at that depth there was not so much life as higher up on the ocean bed.

"It is because of the quietness that the nymphs chose the very bottom of the sea as a retreat for rest and revel," said Purita, "and here we are at the great palace of the sea fairies." It wasn't a place where one would suspect there was a palace, unless he knew of it before, for we were now at the bottom of a great chasm, the walls extending high on either side, but before I had time to think much we went around a huge boulder and into a flood of light which came through a beautiful triumphal arch. We were welcomed with the sweetest, bell-like music you can imagine, and which made the water ring and tingle with its sound. Then a multitude of mermaids swam to us singing a welcome, and they were followed by the mermen, for in the sea the mermaids go first.

The nymphs sent messengers ahead, and when we arrived at the royal reception room the Queen was seated on her throne of brilliant green, surrounded by a host of courtiers. After presentation to Her Majesty, which was not nearly so formal as presentation to a human queen, my guides told her I would like to know all about the water world and its people, and so the court story teller came forward and this is what he said:

"Floating around up in the sky there are great oceans of water, without any land to make them muddy or to soak up and waste the water. We came from one of those oceans, but most of our folks live there yet. Once our ocean bumped against the earth and a lot of the water spilled out, and many of us came with it. Then, too, the water of that ocean evaporated and some of the sprites go up in the vapor and slide down to the earth on raindrops, so more and more of our people are coming here all the time."

This settles the question of the flood, for the nymphs came with it and remember it.

"The water sprites," he continued, "are always eager for adventures, and are traveling almost constantly. It has been charged by humans that we were deceitful and always trying to lure sailors to destruction, but this is not so. Our work is to keep the waves placid and gentle, and to help people to be joyous and lively. But, like all beings on the earth, we are affected by human thoughts, and when those thoughts are evil they overpower us sometimes and compel us, against our own will, to cause storm and wreck."

The Queen of the Nymphs interrupted him and said I must carry a secret from her to the Lotus Buds. It is a real secret, for no one can understand it except the Lotus Buds, or some one in sympathy with them; and here it is:

"Tell those children of the Earth, for me, that the future happiness of all the creatures of the Earth is in their keeping, and if they will keep their minds pure and sweet then all the rest of humanity and all the other kingdoms will be compelled to think good thoughts, and when all envy, ambition, avarice and passion shall have disappeared the people of the sea can mingle with the children of earth and air and fire in completest harmony. They are the masters, we the servants, and although humanity compelled us to rebel against the wrongs inflicted, we would far rather have good masters and render the homage of love. Tell the children that they have it in their power to help the mermaids and mermen to become conscious servants of Truth."



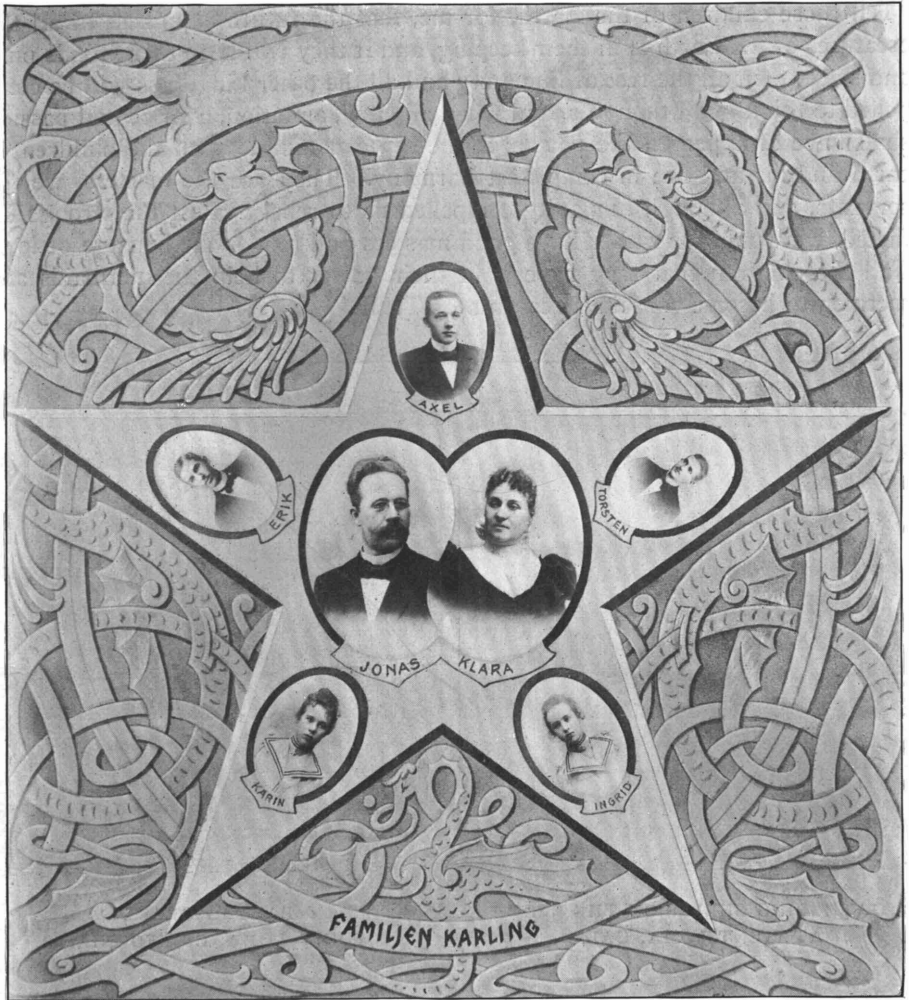
GATHERING SHELLS ON THE BEACH
AT POINT LOMA, CAL.



PAMPAS GRASS,
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA.



GROUP OF DELEGATES TO THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS
AT BRIGHTON, ENGLAND, OCTOBER, 1899.



AN IDEAL THEOSOPHICAL FAMILY, JÖNKÖPING, SWEDEN.

Every week brings good news from Sweden, reports of work, new activities, new applications for membership, two batches recently received within one month numbering 20 and 14 respectively. We feel the ties between the comrades here and those in Sweden are very close and we know that all the comrades will rejoice to make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Karling and their family, to whom we send Greetings and through them to all the members of the Universal Brotherhood in Jönköping. A recent letter from Bro. Karling states that he and Mrs. Karling have begun International Brotherhood League work among the young people, especially among the working young men and women in Jönköping. Mr. and Mrs. Karling have charge of a large training school for practical work, of about 300 pupils, and thus have a wide sphere of influence.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

The following report from Macon and the accompanying picture have been received by the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH through the courtesy of *The New Century*:

THE NEW YEAR FESTIVAL AT MACON, GA.

Following the suggestion given in the *New Century*, the Macon International Brotherhood League workers had a New Year Festival for the Lotus Group, the Boys' Brotherhood Club and the Industrial School.

In spite of bitter cold, unusual in this section, by seven o'clock in the evening a goodly number of boys and girls were assembled in the reading room, the doors of the large hall being kept mysteriously closed. Curiosity and expectation ran high, the children standing on tip toe and trying in every way to catch a glimpse of the next room whenever one of the grown people had to pass in or out.

At last the strains of the "Lotus Home March" were heard, the doors were thrown open, and all marched in, the children leading. The platform at the end of the hall had been draped from ceiling to floor with yellow and festooned with garlands of pink flowers, and in letters of gold ran the legend, "Life is Joy—1900."

Outside the world was covered with snow, but within it was summer and sunshine. From the centre of the drapery extended a golden horn, upon which all eyes were fastened. The programme began with music, after which President White greeted the children, then more music, which was enthusiastically applauded—the best violinist in the town having come to play for us. The children were then told that the exercises following would be symbolic, the platform, with its color and brightness and hope, and raised above the rest of the floor, representing the New Century, into which each could step as his name was called, and which held great things in store for all who would make the effort when the opportunity came. And as behind all matter is spirit, so to-night the spirit of the new century, though unseen, would manifest. Then through the golden horn was heard the spirit of the new century proclaiming, "Helping and sharing is what brotherhood means." This was vigorously applauded. "Life is joy"—more applause.

Then came the names, and as each was called and the owner stepped forward and up to the platform, a present, tied up in gay tissue paper and ribbons, fell from the horn to a padded table beneath. As the children received their gifts they took their stand in the **New Century** around the **Leader's** picture. There was great fun, the little ones screaming with delight as some one's package would occasionally bounce from the table to the floor.

When all present had responded to the call, the accompanying photograph was taken and the formal exercises declared at an end. Then out of the various parcels came neckties, collars, belts, work bags, dolls and tea sets, and books, fairy tales and stories of mythology, books of adventure, and picture books for the very little ones. On each was written the child's name and an appropriate motto. It was a jolly evening. Refreshments were served and the children danced and played till nine o'clock came, when with shining faces they departed, feeling, we believe, that "Life is joy."

THE LOTUS SUPERINTENDENT.

PORTLAND, ORE., Dec. 24, 1899.

DEAR LOTUS MOTHER:

As we have been informed of the vast importance of the old members contributing what money they could give, from the heart, to the "Great Cause," Universal Brotherhood Organization, and having such money reach "Headquarters" before the close of this year, we, as the Lotus Group, of Portland, Ore., "The Coming Workers," respond also to that call, sending you inclosed, New York exchange, payable to E. Aug. Neresheimer, amount \$10, to be used in whatever fund or direction you deem wisest.

We might say that the bulk of this remittance is the proceeds from an entertainment given by us with the idea to contribute the amount made to the "Cuban Fund," but placing our full confidence in "Lotus Mother," we cheerfully and willingly adopted the suggestion of our superintendent to forward as much as we could from our treasury to you, to be used in whatever fund or whatever work you thought best.

We also wish to add our warmest, purest and most loyal greetings to "Lotus Mother" and her co-workers, who stand beside her, ready and willing to serve her in her noble work, and to wish the "Great Cause," Universal Brotherhood, a happy, happy, prosperous New Year, and that the new century will find us "standing at attention," with our hearts full of hope and confidence, welcoming the dawn of the Golden Age, when Universal Brotherhood will be lived as taught by the noble Organization of which we are a part. Lovingly your Buds. Signed by twenty-seven Lotus Buds, ages from 3 to 13 years.

A delayed report of an entertainment given by the Boys' Brotherhood Club and New Century Guard at Los Angeles shows the interest that is being awakened in the young population of the city. The boys have good talent among them, and there is every promise of their making their club a great power for good.

From all the reports of the New Century Guard and the Brotherhood Clubs it is very evident that the boys realize that a great opportunity rests with them, and their enthusiasm in maintaining their clubs and the interest that they show of their own accord in the principles of Brotherhood is one of the marks of the dawn of the new era.

ANOTHER CUBAN CRUSADE.

Active preparations are now being made for sending a large quantity of supplies for relief of the still poverty-stricken inhabitants of Santiago de Cuba. These supplies of food and clothing have been received from all parts of the country, nearly all of the U. B. Lodges being represented. Through the Boston Lodge, Messrs. Grinnell Manufacturing Company, New Bedford, Mass., donated 1,263 yards of cotton goods for dresses for women and children, which were made up by the members. Through the Chicago Lodge a donation of 50 barrels of crackers has been contributed by the National Biscuit Co., manufacturers of the "Uneda biscuit."

It is impossible to understand from public reports the widespread destitution that still exists, in spite of the great improvement already begun in the condition of Cuba. As is so often the case, much of the worst suffering and want does not become known, and many of the most worthy people, gentle, refined and educated,

suffer only in silence. But the work of our Leader, Katherine Tingley, in Santiago last year has brought her in touch with these people and enabled her to learn of these most worthy cases. And through Sr. Emilio Bacardi, the ex-Mayor of Santiago, and Signorita Antonia Fabre, who came with our Leader to America and with her has visited many of the cities of the United States, and also Sweden and England, she has been able to reach out to these people and to help them.

These supplies will be shipped to Cuba on the Ward Line steamer sailing Feb. 22d, and on March 1st Senorita Fabre will return to her native country for a short time as America's representative of the International Brotherhood League and will distribute the supplies with the assistance of Sr. Bacardi.

On March 12th will be held the first anniversary of Cuba's Liberty Day, founded by Katherine Tingley, president of the International Brotherhood League, and proclaimed as such for all time by Sr. Bacardi, the then Mayor of Santiago. The children will assemble in the *Plaza del Dolores* in Santiago, and already are making great preparations for the festival. The Lotus Buds of America will send to the Cuban children a beautiful banner, on which will be inscribed in Spanish: "From the Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the International Brotherhood League of America to the children of Cuba."

The S. R. L. M. A. Prospectus will be issued Feb. 17.

Preparations are being made to commence cutting the stone for building the Temple at Point Loma. There will be erected a music hall, a factory at the I. B. L. colony, an office for larger work of the Universal Brotherhood, and other buildings.

On Feb. 8 a party of Cubans left New York for the Cuban colony at Point Loma, also some children from Lotus Home in charge of Miss Isabel Morris, who rendered such noble service among the sick and dying at Montauk Camp and as one of the workers of the International Brotherhood League at Santiago de Cuba.

The Aryan Theosophical Society of New York is preparing to erect a lasting memorial to the memory of W. Q. Judge and H. P. Blavatsky at Point Loma.

Commencing in January and extending over four meetings, a debate was had upon Theosophy and Christianity—"Which is more adaptable to the needs of the times?"—at the Sunday evening meetings of the Universal Brotherhood, 144 Madison Ave., New York. A shorthand report of the debate is given in this, and will be continued in the next, issue of the magazine.

(This has been held over till next month for lack of space.)

The main subject of the meetings at the present time is "Theosophy and the Bible," which is evoking a great deal of interest. There is always a good attendance, and at the close of the address very intelligent questions are asked from the audience.

J. H. F.

LODGE ACTIVITIES.

The reorganization of the H. P. B. Lodge, U. B., No. 10, has inaugurated the most delightful lodge meetings ever held—such is the general verdict. It is an unwritten rule that every member called upon to address the meeting must do so, and so harmonious is the atmosphere that it is rare indeed for there to be a refusal. Another unique feature which has proved to be of great value and interest is the

resumé of the thoughts given out by the various speakers and forming part of the minutes of the meetings. In doing this the names of the speakers are not given, and the reading forms a fitting prelude to the consideration of the new subject.

INDIANAPOLIS, U. B. 83.—We hail the dawn of brighter days for the Movement. We should realize fully that we must stand firm for Truth, Justice and Love—there is no middle ground! We must go forward if we would not hinder. We are all loyal supporters of the Universal Brotherhood. There is not a disaffected or disgruntled member in the Lodge. We keep the light burning in the window for discouraged souls to find the path to Truth, Light and Liberation.

G. W. STRONG, President.

MALDEN LODGE (Mass.), U. B. 114, holds public meetings on Sunday afternoon. We are located near the boundary line between Malden and Everett, two great centres of population, and so feel that from our central position we have a great opportunity of rendering service in the work. Our youngest brother, David Ayers, has materially increased the circulation of the magazine and the *New Century* by his persistent and well-directed efforts. Our Lotus Group has always been a success and keeps up its good record.

CHAS. D. MARSH, Sec'y.

Brother Seth Wheaton, one of the oldest and most faithful workers at St. Louis, Mo., writes: "The force proceeding from our Leader is a two-edged sword, especially affecting those who are near her. To the pure in heart a beneficent blessing, but to the impure and selfish a 'stumbling block.' For this cause I am not surprised at the few failures which have occurred, and am thus able to regard them with sorrow for the poor, deluded ones, but without the least concern as to the Movement or the wisdom of our Leader. Loyalty, faith, trust, are alone to be counted worthy of consideration."

The Pacific Coast Committee report of Lodge work on the coast is enthusiastic and shows the steady progress being made along all lines of activity. The Boys' Brotherhood Clubs are making fine progress, and from the work among the children and the young people is arising a great hope for the future.

FOREIGN REPORTS.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGE, No. 1, AUSTRALIA, Nov. 21, 1899.

U. B. Lodge, No. 1, Sydney, Australia, continues with unabated zeal its efforts to awaken the hearts of this sunny land to the reality of our victorious movement. Our meetings are energetically and enthusiastically carried on right through the hot summer months as on the dreariest and wettest days of winter.

Our Sunday evening lecture, as advertized in the *New Century*, is our public weekly event. But our I. B. L. addresses every Wednesday also bring good audiences. Since Brother T. W. Willans returned from the great Congress at Point Loma things have been going at high pressure pace. The change in him and the wonderful power with which he spoke, and the positive freedom with which he poured forth an endless stream of broadening and convincing truths was at first well-nigh paralyzing. But this spirit, this new power, was catching and invigorating, and in a short time our members have nearly all toed the line and given addresses from their hearts most successfully, where before they couldn't read a paper. All de-

partments of our work are in a state of energetic health and progress. The History Class, for members only, every other Friday, has become our study class, and is conducted on the camp fire lines by Brother Willans, Dr. Wilder's papers on Egypt being the special subject. The Lotus Class continues to grow in the loyal hands of Mrs. Willans.

Recently three ship loads of the New South Wales contingent of soldiers left for the Transvaal war, and we sent parcels of the *New Century* and UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD MAGAZINE, and the following copy of letter received from the commanding officer at sea speaks for itself:

"TRANSPORT SHIP KENT, AT SEA, Nov. 2, 1899.

"FROM THE OFFICER COMMANDING N. S. WALES TROOPS,

"TO THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD:

"On behalf of the officers, warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the N. S. Wales contingent proceeding on active service to South Africa by the transport ship Kent, I beg to thank you for your kind donation of one bundle periodicals.

GEORGE L. LEE, Major Commanding Troops, S. S. Kent."

We have had some peculiar storms here lately, including earthquake shocks near, but the atmosphere is cleared and a glorious brightness has succeeded.

ALF. A. SMITH.

The following are a few of the greetings received from the members of U. B. Lodge, No. 1, Australia, by the Leader. It is impossible to give them all, but the same spirit of devotion and loyalty runs through all.

"With what joy we enter on the new century now that Truth, Light and Liberation is assured for humanity."

"I hail with pleasure the new day, and send fraternal greetings to the Leader and her coadjutors in the noble cause of Universal Brotherhood."

"Gratitude and love for Truth, Light and Liberation—Joy!"

"Success to the U. B. this new century. Full love and devotion to our dear Leader."

"In this the dying hour of the old century I want to put on record my love and devotion to H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, and my heart's devotion to the Great Cause to which they have so unselfishly and grandly devoted their lives."

"Continued prosperity to Universal Brotherhood, happiness to its members, joy to all the world, and my heartfelt love to our beloved Leader."

"Joy in many, many hearts, brotherhood in the air, freedom for the human race—all these priceless possessions and many more, your imperial gift to a helpless world. All I have of love and gratitude to yourself and the Cause, for they are one, I give."

HALIFAX, Eng., Jan. 19, 1900.

The Lotus work here is amazing! We could have a class every night of the week if we had but more workers.

How many million copies of Jan. U. B. P. are you printing? We'll want them all. Our beloved Eri will see Freedom after all.

E. M. WHITE.

The January issue of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH was twice the usual size, and the manager of the Theosophical Pub. Co. states that he has not been able to fill all the orders.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGE, No. 1, CARDIFF, WALES.

Lodge members working steadily and with great zeal. The Lodge is solid. Weekly meetings of the I. B. L. are held in the Lodge rooms. A woman's sewing meeting has been started, the object, to prepare clothes for war-relief work. In the Lotus group a great growth is noticeable, from twelve to forty-nine in seven meetings. This increase will necessitate a division of the group in the future into two sections. On Dec. 1st a children's festival was held in our rooms. Fifty-five children took part, dressed in white, as at the Brighton festival. The first part consisted of Lotus songs and marches and the second part of tableaux. There was a large audience of the parents and friends of the children. The Boys' Brotherhood Club has also been active. Meetings for drill and debate are held on Wednesday evenings, and at the open meeting on Dec. 6th a magic lantern entertainment was given.

EMILY TILLEY, Pres.

JANUARY 22, 1900.

We have decided to take a house for our new quarters at Brixton. It will enable us to do so much more work. This new move has opened up enormous possibilities, especially with regard to the children and women's work. A painting class has been started for some of the older Lotus Buds—from natural flowers. Close contact with the flowers does help them so much. The Saturday Lotus Group has now been divided, young ones in the morning, elder ones in the afternoon. The U. B. meetings are continued as usual; Boys' Club doing well, Girls' Club the same. We are getting steadily deeper into the stream of work. Some of our members' papers have been fine.

JESSIE HORNE.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 13, 1900.

The members here (Lodge 4) feel increasingly the Joy of Living and participating in the work. All goes on well, and the harmony and devotion are grand.

H. MILTON SAVAGE.

U. B. LODGE No. 2, BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

We have two Lotus circles every week—one for the "tiny buds" and one for the bigger ones, with good attendance. A Girls' Club has been started which some of the mothers also attend. In our meetings of the club we begin with one of the Brotherhood songs, after which the girls beg to be taught sewing, then more singing, followed by physical drill to music. We exchange ideas and read a short story while the sewing is being done.

EDITH CLAYTON.

The H. P. B. Lodge meetings at 19 Avenue Road are growing all the time.

SIDNEY CORYN.

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

A Boys' Club was started here Nov. 18th. We are very happy to have been able to start this work in Stockholm, and we have the best expectations for the future. The thought of the great work, and especially of the importance of the work among the growing up generation, strengthens our interest, and we try all in our power to fulfill our duty.

W. VON GREYEZ.

WAR AND BROTHERHOOD.

At the usual meeting of the International Brotherhood League at 17 Working street, on Sunday evening, the question, "Is War Consistent with Brotherhood?" was considered. It was said that there was a continual struggle going on in every man and race, between fear and valor, the old and the new. The war spirit was one of those great forces playing through mankind which in an unbrotherly age became perverted and manifested as international strife and bloodshed. But it was in itself a good force. Let the spirit of brotherhood take possession of a man or a people, and the war spirit would be deflected into its proper channel; men would devote that energy which now is expended in Jingoism and lust of foreign conquest to the conquest of their own lower natures, and a nobler type of humanity would rise up.—South Wales *Daily News*.

LONDON, Jan. 9th, 1900.

There seems to be quite an awakening of the consciences and Higher Selves over here, to judge from the more frequent newspaper notices of matters which the Theosophists have been trying to inculcate. These notices are more in harmony with Theosophical ideas than ever before, so that it would seem that "European thought" is being "leavened" and gradually "rising" to a more wholesome and higher plane of thought and tolerance. Conservative bigotry is receding more and more into the background, and "Brotherhood" is more freely and frankly acknowledged a necessity to "civilized" nations. Reincarnation is also gaining hold on men's minds, as will be seen from the following: In a barber shop I go to usually one of the assistants spoke thus to a customer last week:

Customer: Have you been long in London? Do you like it better than Italy?

Barber: I no am Italy. I comes from Turkey, but no am a Turkey. I likes you England vera mooch great. Turkey he no good. When I dies, I come back agen, and be borned English; be great man; cause all English great mans.

Probably he was a Mohammedan, but conversation did not go far enough to learn it. "Theosophy" he had never heard about, so far as could be gathered then, but next visit will be utilized for further conversation and inquiry. RUDOLPH.

A MASONIC BROTHER.

A Free Mason whose life corresponds to the teaching of our ritual, who studiously observes all that which it enjoins, who practises all of its obligations, to such a one a Brother may in confidence repose. The counsel of a Brother who will assist us in our need, and remember us in his devotions, we may be sure will be divested of every selfish consideration, and to his bosom we may confide the trials and the difficulties incident to our struggles in this life. His breast will be a safe repository of all that he receives, and to him may be intrusted with safety such confidential communications of an honorable nature as we would only impart to one who felt a real interest in our welfare.

A true Brother is more than a friend. He is bound by the golden chain of love, and in prosperity and adversity, in all the trials of life, remains not only firm, but sticketh closer, and the rivets are more firmly forged in misfortune, in distress and danger; yea, he will fly to rescue his Brother in the hour of peril, even though his life should be endangered thereby.

A true Brother may not only be intrusted confidentially with the secret communings of our own breast, but he will defend his Brother from the aspersions of malice, hatred or jealousy, in his absence as well as in his presence.

These are all points which the bonds of fraternity and close relation of brotherhood naturally and constitutionally exact.

The design of Free Masonry is to improve, elevate and exalt the members of the fraternity, so that they may adorn the temple of the living God. This life is but an initiatory probation.

There is a world beyond, in which higher degrees are in reserve—in which

higher mysteries will be unfolded—but man's duty here on earth is to live a life of purity in conformity with the teachings of Free Masonry, and then when the gavel of the Supreme Grand Master shall call us away, death will have no sting, and we will advance onward in our progressive mission to the unseen world, knowing no fear, no danger, and we will enter the mansions of light in God's eternal world, and continue our labors throughout an endless immortality, seeking for more and more light from the exhaustless lamp of wisdom of God the Father.—Masonic Advocate. [Italics mine, Editor.]

MASONRY IN CUBA.

R. W. REMIGO LOPEZ DESCRIBES A VISIT TO THE AMERICAN LODGE IN HAVANA.

HAVANA, CUBA, Oct. 18.

Editor *Masonic Standard*:

DEAR SIR—I arrived in Havana last Thursday and was surprised to see in the paper that an American Lodge was about to be instituted under the Grand Lodge of the Island of Cuba. I at once went to the office of the Grand Secretary, Senor Aurelio Miranda, with whom I afterward went to visit Havana Lodge, and found it to be the first English-speaking Lodge on the Island of Cuba, composed of some of the most energetic Masons that could ever come together in any part of the world. Brother E. W. King hails from the State of Texas, and holds the important office of W. M. Brother William B. Knight, S. W., hails from the State of New York. Brother George N. Rowe, J. W., hails from the State of Texas, and Dr. Henry Dejan, Secretary and Representative to the Grand Lodge, almost indispensable on account of his perfect knowledge of the Spanish language, hails from the Republic of Chili. The Lodge was duly consecrated. Brother Calixto Farjardo, G. S. W., acting R. W. G. M., addressed the Brethern as follows:

“W. M. and dear Brothers of Havana Lodge: I feel much regret in not being able to express myself more fluently in your language, to praise the acts done by you, and consummated in this day's work. I wish to congratulate you first upon your success in bringing your Lodge within the constitution of the Grand Lodge of the Island of Cuba and installing it within its jurisdiction. Your enthusiastic membership portend much honor and pleasure to the Cuban craft. I congratulate you upon your membership and your earnestness; I trust that your Lodge may soon be a Masonic beacon that will cast Masonic light throughout the Island of Cuba and help to strengthen the ties of friendship and brotherly love between the people of the United States of America and the people of the Island of Cuba. In conclusion, permit me to invoke the blessing of the Great Architect of the Universe for the prosperity of your Lodge, yourselves and your families, and for the prosperity of all the Grand Lodges of the United States of America.”—*Masonic Standard*.

SAN DIEGO RAPIDLY INCREASING BUSINESS.

SAN DIEGO, Jan. 27.—The increase in the import and export business of the harbor is shown in a short report made to the Chamber of Commerce by Collector Bowers. The exports of 1898 amounted to \$249,441, and those of 1899 to \$2,631,599, while the imports of 1898 were \$142,106, and of 1899, \$1,501,588. These figures show an increase of \$2,382,158 in the exports and \$1,359,482 in the imports for a single year.—San Francisco *Bulletin*, Jan. 28, 1900.

 CHARTERS REVOKED.

Since the formation of the Universal Brotherhood the following charters have been revoked: 1898, Syracuse, N. Y.; 1899, Lewiston, Me.; Toronto, Canada; Hot Springs, Ark.

A new Lodge has been formed at Auburn, Me., and the Hot Springs Lodge has been reorganized.

 SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY.

For information relating to the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, excepting financial matters, address Frank M. Pierce, Representative of the S. R. L. M. A. Donations to the Museum and of books to the School Library should be carefully packed and addressed to Rev. S. J. Neill, Assistant Librarian, Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

FRANK M. PIERCE,

Representative of S. R. L. M. A.,
144 Madison Avenue, New York.

 DO NOT FORGET THIS.

The Secretaries of the U. B. and the E. S. are pleased to acknowledge the influx of stamps in response to the following notice. We are glad to see even this sign of helpfulness:

If every letter sent by members to Headquarters, 144 Madison Avenue, New York, contained one stamp or more, many hundred dollars would be saved to use in other needed work. Do not stick the stamps to letters, SEND THEM LOOSE.

Comrades! do not forget this.

EDITORS.

 PROPAGANDA DEPARTMENT.

A fund has been established for the free distribution of Brotherhood literature. The fund to be equally divided in obtaining the following:

- 1) The New Century Series; The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings.
- 2) The Universal Brotherhood Path.
- 3) The New Century.

To be placed in the prisons in America, also hospitals, work-rooms, free reading rooms, lodging houses, steamboats, and to soldiers and sailors.

This project is originated by Katherine Tingley, who has given great attention to it, and she feels confident that it will be well sustained by all members of the Universal Brotherhood and by all who are interested in Humanitarian Work.

Contributions to be sent to

J. H. FUSSELL.

Treasurer Propaganda Department,
144 Madison Ave., New York.

 MONTHLY REPORT OF CONTRIBUTIONS.

J. L.	\$1.00	E. M. K.	\$2.00
E. R.	1.00	R. P.50
Anon	1.00	C. K.	2.00
A. J. J.	1.00	R. C. K.75

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.



"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it."

UNIVERSAL Brotherhood or the Brotherhood of Humanity is an organization established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.

This organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in nature. The principal purpose of this organization is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is fact in nature and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

The subsidiary purpose of this organization is to study ancient and modern religion, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of nature and the divine powers in man.

This Brotherhood is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

Every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, each being required to show that tolerance for the opinions of others which he expects for his own.

The Theosophical Society in America is the Literary Department of Universal Brotherhood.

The International Brotherhood League is the department of the Brotherhood for practical humanitarian work.

The Central Office of the Universal Brotherhood Organization is at 144 Madison Avenue, New York City.*

*) For further information address F. M. Pierce, Secretary General, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.*

(UNSECTARIAN.)

"Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means."



THIS organization affirms and declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and its objects are:

1. To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.
2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.
3. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women, and assist them to a higher life.
4. To assist those who are, or have been, in prison, to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.
5. To endeavor to abolish capital punishment.
6. To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them.

*) Address all inquiries to H. T. Patterson, General Superintendent, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

HOW TO JOIN.

The Universal Brotherhood welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life, and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living power in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The Organization is composed of Lodges, and is divided into various National Centers to facilitate local work. The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine A. Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Any person endorsing the principal purpose of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD may apply to Headquarters, 144 Madison Avenue, New York, for membership in the Universal Brotherhood Organization or any of its departments.

Three or more persons may apply for a Charter to form a subordinate Lodge.

For all information as to fees, dues, etc. (which differ in each country), address,

F. M. PIERCE,
Secretary General, Universal Brotherhood,
144 Madison Avenue, New York, City.

FORM OF BEQUEST TO SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY.

"I give and bequeath to the School for the Revival of the lost Mysteries of Antiquity, a corporation duly organized and existing under and by virtue of the Laws of West Virginia, and incorporated thereunder on the 28th day of May, 1897, the sum of..... Dollars, to be paid by my executor hereinafter named, exclusively out of such part of my personal estate not herein otherwise specifically disposed of, as I may by law bequeath to educational institutions, and I hereby charge such of my estate with the aforesaid sum, and I direct that the receipt of the President and Secretary of said corporation holding such office at the time of the payment of this legacy, shall be sufficient discharge of the legacy."

Note:—The above should be inserted as one of the clauses of the Last Will and Testament of the person desiring to make a bequest to the Corporation. The validity of the bequest will depend upon the strict compliance by the deviser in drawing and executing his Will and fixing the amount of his bequest in accordance with the Statutes of the State in which he resides and his estate is located. The amount bequeathed by any person should not exceed the proportionate amount of his estate which the laws of his State allow him to give to an educational institution, and the formal execution of the Will containing this bequest should comply strictly with the Statutes of the State of his residence.

Any one wishing further information regarding the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity may apply to F. M. Pierce, Special Representative, or H. T. Patterson, Sec'y 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

7. To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war, and other calamities; and generally to extend aid, help and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.

It should be noted that the officers and workers of the International Brotherhood League are unsalaried and receive no remuneration, and this, as one of the most binding rules of the organization, *effectually excludes those who would otherwise enter from motives of self-interest.*

None of the officers hold any political office, the League is not connected with any political party or organization, nor has it any political character; it is wholly humanitarian and unsectarian.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

THIS Society was formed in 1875 under the name of the Theosophical Society, by H. P. Blavatsky, assisted by W. Q. Judge and others; reorganized in April, 1895, by W. Q. Judge under the name of the Theosophical Society in America, and in February, 1898, became an integral part of Universal Brotherhood Organization.

The principal purpose of this Society is to publish and disseminate literature relating to Theosophy, Brotherhood, ancient and modern religions, philosophy, sciences and arts.

Its subsidiary purpose is to establish and build up a great world library, in which shall be gathered ancient and modern literature of value to the great cause of Universal Brotherhood.

SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY, AT POINT LOMA, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

ALTHOUGH American in center, this school is international in character—"a temple of living light, lighting up the dark places of the earth."

"Through this School and its branches the children of the race will be taught the laws of physical life, and the laws of physical, moral, and mental health and spiritual unfoldment. They will learn to live in harmony with nature. They will become passionate lovers of all that breathes. They will grow strong in an understanding of themselves, and as they gain strength they will learn to use it for the good of the whole world."

THE ISIS LEAGUE OF MUSIC AND DRAMA, OF THE ART DEPARTMENT OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

THE Isis League of Music and Drama is composed of persons carefully selected by the Foundress who are interested in the advancement of music and the drama to their true place in the life of humanity. Its objects are:

- (a) To accentuate the importance of Music and the Drama as vital educative factors.
- (b) To educate the people to a knowledge of the true philosophy of life by means of dramatic presentations of a high standard and the influence of the grander harmonies of music.

Headquarters: 144 Madison Avenue, New York City, and at Point Loma, San Diego, California.