

For well did Pythagoras answer the question, "In what do we most resemble the gods?" when he replied, "In doing good and speaking truth."—LONGINUS.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

VOL. XV

FEBRUARY 1901

NO. 11

The Color Cycle of Nature

By Grace G. Bohn



THE color panorama of Nature is a radiant symbol of the eternal cycle of the soul. It paraphrases not only the larger cycles of racial and universal evolution, but the lesser ones also that mark the karmic pulsations of the personal life. Nature's color symbol gives us another reason for the hope that is within us. It is another index that the destiny of man is not mean and empty, but full, rich, and divine. If we will look upon Nature with our soul eyes we shall come to believe that, as the Golden Age was in the beginning, so shall it be again, when the harvests of sorrow have all been gathered and the lesson of the soul has been learned. "As above, so below."

Early in the spring, before a single leaf has burst from the bud, even before the snow has disappeared, there spring up crocus blossoms, yellow, delicate purple, and white; no other colors, no red, no green save a mere hint in the tiny crocus leaf. Thus Nature's year begins with the colors of the Golden Age, verily its keynote, aspiration.

Only a few days pass and Mother Nature no longer clothes herself in purple and yellow. Saving the tiny wood violet, these colors have disappeared, and a walk through the woods in spring reveals to us chiefly the delicate tints of lavender, pink, blue, and white. There are white blossoms in all seasons, suggestive, perhaps, of that centre about which the colors pulsate.

It is a rare experience to walk over the forest carpet of moist leaves through which the brave little flowers timidly peer—hepatica, wood anemone, spring beauty, trailing arbutus in our northern states, trillium, squirrel corn, shooting star and a few others. One is fairly thrilled with the "feel" of growing things, and the air quivers and is full with the silent hum of a forest that is waiting for the birds to return.

But soon comes Summer, lavish, profuse, fairly drunk with color. Plenty of red she offers us in the peonies, poppies, roses, and brilliant wild cardinal flower; plenty of green in prodigal masses of foliage; yellow, with its saving grace only here and there. "The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice," yellow cowslips brighten occasional marshes; the gardens afford glimpses of yellow in California poppies and of yellow and purple in the pansies, while a few late dandelions brighten the roadway. But, during summer, red is the color most in evidence, foiled as it is by masses of vivid green.

The days pass on. The red of Nature becomes less brilliant, less profuse, gradually, for Nature is guilty of no abrupt leaps. The cornfields become less green and take on a coppery hue; rich bronze tints appear here and there in the landscape. The green of the maples, in changing, flashes at us vivid tints of red and yellow. The beeches turn to masses of quivering golden leaves, which fall reluctantly from the twig as if, forsooth, they would delay the period of obscurity and rest which ever follows the period of effort. For all things are of the law.

And when Autumn has fairly come, one may drive through the country in some of our central states for miles and look almost in vain for brilliant red or green. The green has a mellow, coppery shade; of scarlet there is but a saucy sparkle in the leaves and blossom-clusters of the sumac. The only flowers are the golden rod and purple aster, great masses, whole fields, perhaps of them. The purple and yellow have returned as dominant colors, not, however, in rare, tiny clusters as in the Spring, hugging close to Mother Earth and remaining but a few days—but profuse, waving high in the sunlight, and brightening the fields, not a few days merely, but many weeks. The cycle of color is complete.

Then comes the sleep of Winter, its whiteness covering all things as though Nature herself wished to be no longer an objective thing, but subjective, undisclosed, unmanifest. Over all she spreads the same calm whiteness whilst above the blue sky bends, a synthesis, as it were, of the sevenfold race cycle of the year's color.

Color brings its own message to the soul, even though the chattering mental self may be quite unconscious of it. Those who come close to Nature must often feel that the flowers of the Summer lack that high quality in their intangible message that the flowers of Spring and Autumn possess. This is not a theory, it is a fact though we cannot explain it. Some day, perhaps, we will know, when the mystery that lies hid in color is revealed.

Is not the color cycle of Nature one panoramic symbol of the evolution of the human soul? Differentiating from the Eternal, just as the earliest flowers spring from their (to them) eternal Mother, comes the soul of man. Pure, without experience, yet with possibilities that are infinite, it yearns to achieve and to know. Purple and yellow are its color symbols, verily, as it passes through the Golden Age. But the soul yearns for knowledge and experience. It continues its pilgrimage, a Prodigal Son, leaving the Father's

house for a time to gain the wisdom that a period of alienation, of sin and pain perchance, will bring to it. It clothes itself with veil after veil of Matter. As with the flowers of the year so with the soul: The purple of the dawn of life giving place to the red and green of selfish love and passion has well-nigh disappeared. The gold remains, unnoticed in life as in nature where during the Summer it appears mainly in humble flowers, just as man's intuition, the voice of the silence and of the soul, never quite dies away though it be for æons disregarded.

But at last passion and desire have taught the soul their lesson. "I will arise and go to my Father," and the Prodigal Son struggles slowly back on the Path that leads to the Father's house, the lower influences being gradually eliminated from its life just as the red disappears from the landscape, not abruptly, but gradually. The soul gradually unfetters, frees itself, conquers and transmutes the lower nature and becomes itself the dominant force in life, consciously and by virtue of the spiritual will. The Prodigal has at last returned to the Father, not the same unconscious soul that started on the long pilgrimage, but wise, strong, conscious, the aspirations purified, clothed by the Father verily, in "fine garments" and a "ring" upon the "hand," the symbols, always, of spiritual riches and power. And the purple and gold come back to the life of the soul, just as they are now coming back into the life of the race. The cycle will be complete.

To the true Theosophist, all nature is Divine, the garment of the living God. It is the eternal symbol.

Rest Unto Your Souls

By H. T. E.



Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.—*Matt. xi, 28, 29, 30.*

LET us call to mind the remarks of Henry Drummond on this text, that a yoke is a contrivance for rendering a burden easy to the neck of the ox. This is necessary because the word "yoke" is usually taken to mean a burden, and the point of the text thereby missed. "Take my yoke upon you," therefore means, "let me show you how to adapt yourselves easily to life which would otherwise be a burden."

There is too much talk of *giving up*, *sacrificing*, *mortifying*; though there is at least equal warrant in Holy Writ for *laying down* and *casting off*. The pas-

sage from worldly life to the higher life pointed out by Christ and other teachers is wont to be looked upon as a painful sacrifice of what is desirable for something dreary, austere and difficult — as if humanity were not already in a sufficiently dreary and difficult position! Poor humanity, that thou shouldst be so low thou canst picture nothing brighter! Has even hope departed from thy breast?

This notion is a delusion, and its gloomy, dispiriting character proclaims the dark source whence it proceeds. It is not of the gospel of joy, love and peace; it is of the man-made creed of austerity and despair. The beautiful appeal quoted above should be read by all who value their Bible, and taken in its plain sense of an invitation to be happy; not regarded, through a perverse twisting of the meaning of the English word “yoke,” as a command to assume a new burden.

There are powers, whether of the world or of our own flesh, whose most vital interest it is to prevent man from asserting his independent dominion as a being endowed with will and intelligence, and so escaping from their toils. Their plan is to represent the higher life as a life of toil and of regret for joys left behind. Our lower nature lends itself readily to this deception; through its sluggishness it shrinks from all change, even change from an undesirable condition. There are influences that are only too ready to take advantage of this weakness and discourage us from making the effort that will liberate us; and this they do by depriving us of the faith and hope and trust inspired in our breasts by the spirit of universal life which we share with all creatures, and by the promptings of that higher divine life that come from our higher nature. Great Masters like Christ come and assure us that our present life is beyond reason miserable and needlessly joyless, and that they have found a brighter life to which they are burning to lead us. But we persuade ourselves, or let ourselves be persuaded, that the message is one of toilsome effort and cheerlessness, and that we are required to forsake a good thing for something that is, by a wondrous logic, painted as right, but not pleasant. Can a life be at the same time right and unpleasant?

So great is the influence thus won over our minds by constant playing upon our fears that even the plainest statements of our scriptures do not suffice to dispel the illusion, but are misinterpreted to fit the morbid requirement. But surely it is clear enough that the great Masters came to cheer and relieve the world; they found it in trouble, they pointed out the wrong ways of living that had caused that trouble; and they inveighed against sacerdotal impostors who fostered those wrong ways of living.

What the world wants today is a message of hope and joy; it wants encouraging. We need a new Decalogue in which “Thou shalt not” is replaced by “Why don’t you?” **MUST NOT** should give place to **NEED NOT**. You *need not* go on worrying about your little personal concerns; you *need not* get angry; you *need not* rush about at the tail of importune lusts and pleasures that keep you occupied in the fruitless attempt to satisfy them. All this that

the world calls life is a slavery in which the will is ruled by desires and fashions and customs. It is a burden; lay it down; cast it off; be free!

Take an instance: property is one of the things we are asked to give up ere we can enter the "kingdom of heaven." Yet, if we tell a man that we he must give up his property, we confirm him in the notion that he is losing something desirable. Now the sense of property is a burden, and those who have very much of it are bowed down with care. Suppose we ask people to lay down this burden and be quit of the wear and tear of looking after it and fretting about it. Then the unpalatable injunction assumes the guise of a valuable hint or counsel as to how to attain that only real boon, happiness.

Let it be observed however, in passing, that it is not the actual goods and chattels themselves that constitute the burden we are invited to lay down; it is the attachment to them. It is this attachment that causes all the worry and waste of power that hinder our happiness. Job got all his wealth back again as soon as he had learnt to do without it. Property is one of the institutions of human life and has its proper functions and uses; but unless it is administered unselfishly and disinterestedly for the common benefit, it proves a curse. A man who is ready for poverty or riches and will use either justly and unconcernedly can be trusted with the handling of material resources.

One result of our wrong attitude of mind towards virtues and vices is that we make violent efforts to overcome faults when we should rather lay them down or step out from them. Anger is a case in point. We need to let go, to relax ourselves from anger, not to crush it by a powerful effort. Anger is a violent force itself and cannot be overcome by more violence. All beginners in a work tend to choose the most difficult way of doing it first, until practice shows them that it can be done easily. Often the overcoming of a fault depends much more on a quiet and penetrating consideration of the foolishness of it, than upon a knitting of the brows and a girding up of the loins.

Brotherhood is an easy life; the teaching that human welfare and happiness depend on the cultivation of a sense of impersonality and on making the concern of the mass our joy is a priceless truth given us for our salvation from utter misery. The difficulties come from our clumsy efforts to force ourselves into an unreal attitude of mind. Accustomed from youth up by the dark teachings of the world to know joy only in selfish gratification of the senses, we think that any other mode of life must imply sorrow and mortification. True, we talk of joy and perhaps believe intellectually that we shall attain it. But the old habit is hard to get out of, and we need to be constantly reminded that "ye shall find rest unto your souls."

"He whose heart is not attached to objects of sense finds pleasure within himself and through devotion, united with the Supreme, enjoys imperishable bliss."

"Whoever in acting dedicates his actions to the Supreme Spirit and puts aside all selfish interest in their results is untouched by sin, even as the leaf of the lotus is unaffected by the waters."—*Bhagavad Gita*.

The Right to Think

By Vindex



WHERE there is a right there is a duty. If we have the power rightly disposed to do a thing, the duty is incumbent and imperative. In whatever way we solve the problem as to how man became a thinking, reasoning, discriminating being, it is a fact that he possesses these faculties. If we assume that God gave man these faculties in the morning of creation in full measure as he has them at the present time or that the physical man has evolved to his present estate through millions of years, the right and duty to exercise these powers remain.

It is obvious that, inasmuch as each rational individual is in possession of the power to think, he cannot delegate to another the right that is inherent in himself, without which he would not be a man at all. For it is mind and the power to think that denote the man. The duty to think for myself—to exercise my faculties—is equally as imperative as the other duty—that I should not absolve another of his duty to think for himself, nor take upon myself his duty and think for him. We cannot do the duty of another with safety nor with profit to him, nor to ourselves. We may give advice, and counsel those who are in doubt, and aid in the solution of perplexing problems, that arise in the affairs of men; but after the exercise of the thinking principle, after advice and counsel received, each one should act for himself.

These propositions must be sound whether we assume from the knowledge we have that man fell from a high estate and thereby lost by his own fault, his clearness of mental perception, or whether we conclude that man has evolved from a low condition and is struggling upward to a higher level.

These words are written for those who believe in man's immortality. All such have faith in the evolution and salvation of the soul. That such a result is attained by responding to divine influences, all concede. Co-operation with the divine is the way that leads to the Path.

The ordinary professed Christian maintains that Christ—the Divine—separate and distinct, and actually disassociated from the soul, by his grace, procures salvation. Goethe says: "The God that dwells in my bosom can do nothing outside of me." The Theosophical doctrine teaches that the Christ dwells within and surrounds the human soul that is to be saved. The human soul is the Christ veiled and habited with a vesture woven of the characteristics and tendencies of the human.

It is by reason of the intimate association with the human soul, by divesting it of its grossness and material tendencies, that it may come to realize the

core and essence of its own life. The sacrifices of the God within, His experiences in human life, would be aimless if the humanity were shorn of its liberty to choose. The human soul is not redeemed against its will. Its yielding to the truth, the divine admonitions, is what leads to its disillusion and progress on the road to its high destiny. Its high destiny means perfect freedom. "If the Son (the Christ) shall make you free, you shall be free indeed."

From what I have already said, we cannot fall into the error of thinking that the divine principle dominates and crushes the human will. This would be contrary to the divine purpose. The design is not to destroy, but to save. The substitution of the divine consciousness for the human consciousness, by effacing the latter, would be vain and without purpose. "The Son of Man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." (*Luke ix, 56.*) The teacher of men should pursue the divine plan. A master is gentle with the erring. If he ever rebukes with severity, his purpose is to shock a set determination from passion or indifference, and thus rend the veil of matter, or reduce its grossness so that errors may be acknowledged and truth perceived. A wise teacher strives to find the center of opposition to a truth, and when he finds it, endeavors to unmask it so that the opposer may realize that the real cause of resistance is known. It is not infrequently the case that the real cause of opposition is partially or entirely concealed. A person may be held back from accepting a truth from human respect, or by some master vice. If Ephraim is joined to (his) idols, let him alone." (*Hos. iv, 17.*)

The wise teacher tries to discover the better and stronger side of a man's nature. He appeals to that. Appeals to emotions produce no lasting effects.

What a cruel thing it would be for men who know the value of human learning and the excellence of accurate thinking to deny any human being the privilege of increasing his store of knowledge and expanding his power to think. It would be adding insult to injury, after denying the privilege to a man and destroying his opportunity to improve his mind, to reprove him for ignorance. When men are deprived by misgovernment of the right to improve their power to think, the worst results and conditions ensue. Those responsible for the evil consequences say that the people are too ignorant to have any voice in public affairs. The nations that have been afraid of men who think—who have restricted education, opposed investigation, decried science—have retarded their own progress and material advancement and blighted the national life. The masses of people have been thereby degraded, impoverished and enervated. The few leaders of thought and moulders of public opinion bear the certain marks of weakness and tendency toward degeneracy. The inevitable results of their selfishness and illiberality are plainly stamped on the national character.

Where the mass of people are ignorant and depressed in any community, the few who are educated, who associate and deal with the mass are burdened and retarded in their intellectual and moral growth. They are in a large

measure held down to the plane of thought and desire of those they live among and are compelled to do business with. They are forced to speak the language of the people and yield largely to their modes and manners. Thus we find them often catering to their vagaries, encouraging their superstitions and pretending to believe all that the masses believe in religion and general social affairs. The orators and statesmen of Greece and Rome, their poets and artists, were compelled to yield in thought and act to the false notions and absurd beliefs of the mass of their countrymen. Their real thoughts were never revealed except to their intimate friends and associates. And although they knew that the mass of people were living in a state of utter delusion in regard to things of the most vital concern, they suffered sensibly and substantially amid the general eclipse in which the people groped their way. In such a state of affairs the leaders, who in the eyes of the people seem to follow the trend of the times, too often become inoculated with the views of dishonesty and insincerity to such an extent that, having no faith in the success of honest methods, they get entangled in the meshes of their own snares.

Selfishness, the bane of our civilization, the source of all our woes, affects the mind permanently in many respects, and in none more strikingly than this, that it dulls the discrimination and narrows the plan and scope of mental activity to its own little world, and thereby weakens the power to forecast the probable future from certain present conditions. The very selfish man does not realize that he is subject to the law of reflex action like all others. When things go wrong with him he is quite unconscious that he is the cause; and attributes to others what belongs only to himself. The mind that is fixed on petty, trivial things becomes unequal to the larger things of life. As we give, so shall we receive. The man who gives in the true sense receives more than the one that is the object of the donor's bounty.

As has been often remarked: "Tell me what a man is generally thinking of and I can tell you what sort of a character he is." Where a penalty may attach to expressed thought, there the general thought is of little value. The thought that most men fear is that which is calculated to arouse the slothful and indifferent, and which tends to improve present conditions. Those who object do so because they fear that *their own* condition will not be improved. And if *their* condition will not be improved, they mentally put the question, why make the change? They take no chances. The benefit that may come to others is left out of account. Fear seems to dominate such persons. If they should agree to abandon some worn-out article of their creed, they fear that some other one of more cohesive power will give way before the trend of thought, and that, one by one, every article of the creed will be abandoned. The faith of such men in divine influence is not as large as a grain of mustard seed.

Why not trust God for a short time even and let the debate go on with perfect freedom? Let men give expression to the highest thoughts they can think, and calmly consider their value. I believe it was Jefferson who said:

“Error is harmless as long as truth is left free to combat it.” We need faith in the invincible force of truth. Gamaliel, the Pharisee, maintained the right doctrine, that which I wish here to sharply present: “If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest, haply, ye be found even to fight against God.”—(*Acts v, 38, 39.*) The Council agreed with him. It is want of faith in the teachings designated as “right doctrine,” that urges some of its advocates to appeal to the sword, the symbol of physical force, instead of relying on moral suasion; forgetting that the Master said: “All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.”—(*Matt. xxvi, 52.*)

In the positive, material civilization and intellectual development of our times springs up the idea, which is prevalent now, that material force is the supreme power in the world, and that all must yield to it; that moral ideas must wait on and pay absolute deference to it. Instead of imprisonment being the penalty for obnoxious opinions expressed, the threat to take away support, the means of livelihood, is made. The prop that sustains the house is to be taken away. “You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live.”

In every case where absolute wrong is committed, the wrong-doer will endeavor to justify himself in the eyes of others, if not to his own inner consciousness, by the infernal expression, “the end justifies the means.” This is no fanciful view, but is the actual present operating policy, enforced wherever the heartless, soulless men now running the material forces of the world deem it expedient. Their shameless effrontery and pernicious extortion do not destroy completely their discretion. They have cunning and some prudence; but not the wisdom to know that their attitude if persisted in must lead to their own discomfiture and destruction. They do not deny that people have the right to think. To do so would not be politic. But the inference is that they should not think too loud. Such men care nothing about education unless they can dictate the kind it shall be. Theories may be discussed, but when once an attempt is made to carry them into actual practice, or to demonstrate the correctness of a principle, which, if applied in the practical affairs of life, would be beneficial to mankind, and injurious to the privileged few, objection is made. No one ever cared to object to the advocacy of the theory, as a mere theory, of our solar system, now accepted, so long as opinions concerning the same were not publicly expressed and no attempt made to demonstrate the truth of the theory. It was the public maintenance and demonstration of the truth of the theory that caused the trouble. When John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer maintained in their published works that the land should be as free as the light and air, few, if any, persons supposed that what was mentioned as theory would be advocated as a truth, to be put in practical operation under a change of laws in relation to land. But when it was proposed to practically apply the theory as a principle and make it operative, then those deeply concerned compelled Mr. Spencer to write an

apology to explain that he did not intend by what he had written on the subject that his readers should infer that he meant to interfere with vested rights or make it of practical application where conditions forbid.

The privileged class want to be let alone. A change, they think, would be detrimental to their welfare. There are no persons more short-sighted than those that are wrapped up in their own selfish interests; when, if they would consider the conditions of their fellow men, they could, on full reflection, know that what would improve the condition of others would ultimately redound to their own moral and material advantage, for those who have deeply studied the question realize that success and happiness come to each individual commensurate with his benevolent thoughts and disinterested efforts for the welfare of others.

Jesus had the same obstacles in his way. His teaching was a "stumbling block to the Jews, and to the Greeks foolishness." Mohammed had to face the opposition of those who believed in idolatry. The Meccans were deeply incensed against him. Their attachment to the traditional worship was the greater that the prosperity of their town rested upon it. Polytheism, in the estimation of the people of Mecca, made them prosperous. Hence they did not want their idols destroyed. Mohammed preached against idolatry, and the opposition was so intense in Mecca that he was obliged to flee from there to Medina, and the whole course of his reformation was changed. In consequence of the bitter hostility against his movement, from a prophet of peace he became a warrior and his religion spread by the aid of the sword.

Thus it is that at the foundation of objection to freedom of opinion we find material considerations as the chief cause; and those who seek to fetter men's minds are the agents of selfishness, stagnation and degeneracy.

D a i s i e s



OVER the shoulders and slopes of the dune
 I saw the white daises go down to the sea,
 A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
 The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
 The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
 And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"
 And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good."

—From "*More Songs from Vagabondia.*"

“At Eventide There Shall Be Light”

SKETCH OF A HOSPITAL LIFE

By Sister Mildred



SHE was not pretty, neither was she very lively or attractive in her ways; yet there must have been a “certain something” about her to call forth the remark made by the old bachelor minister, who lived in the house, that “she was not a common child and should have a particular training and care.”

From the utter indulgence of her uncle’s family, in which she was adopted when her mother died, the change was sudden and hard when her father took her home to his second wife, a good, but severe woman, who could not help being harassed by the changing moods — temper, she called it — shown by this child of three years of age. In consequence a certain strangeness developed between the child and her stepmother, that grew as the years passed and younger children came to the home.

So little Mildred was a lonely child. If she had not had an intense love of nature, her childhood would indeed have been very sad; but now she lived in an ideal world, the marvelous enchantment of which remained her most cherished memory through life. Her religious nature received its first impulses when, with her parents at church, she listened to the solemn chorals and beheld the devout demeanor of the simple-hearted country people. She was deeply impressed and often in her solitude would kneel and pray — for what? She had heard the minister ask for a pure heart and, as that appealed most to her nature, she prayed for a pure heart.

Through the loneliness and restraint of her childhood religious contemplations had been her greatest comfort; so, no wonder that, at the age of eighteen, she decided to devote her life to works of charity.

Having overcome the strong objections of her relatives, she went to the capital and entered the Deaconess Institution. After three years of probation, during which time she suffered from extreme over-work and spiritual depression, she was declared by the superiors to be “not strong enough for the vocation,” and consequently returned home.

The consciousness of being “a failure” was all she gained by that experience? No —, half a year later finds her enlisted as a nurse of the “Red Cross,” working harder than ever, freed from the religious supervision of the Deaconess House.

Yet, her religious nature trembled in the balance. The world seemed to her too worldly, and, as a means of screening herself against its influence, she

could not think of anything more effective than the severe rules and discipline of the Deaconess Institution and, finding no rest for her deep and aspiring spirit, she again decided to join the Sisters. Oh! how chill and dreary seemed this narrow world. To be confined with the insane day and night; patiently to minister to the sick, when heart and soul and body were ready to sink beneath their own burden—and thus for twelve long years.

At last she sank. A deathly fever took possession of her and held her in its arms for many months, soothing her through physical and mental exhaustion into rest and oblivion.

As health returned the awakening to life was terrible. The world so beautiful, the heart so warm and strong and yet, to save her soul, she must choose and follow the "narrow path." Foolish heart! Dost thou dream of happiness and home and love? Oh the perversity of human nature.

One evening she was suddenly called before the Mother superior and informed that the next day she would be sent to nurse an English tourist, very sick and wanting a nurse who could speak English,—she among the Sisters being thought best qualified for the post.

How bright and smiling the world appeared to her on that morning in May when the train took her through the glorious landscape of her beloved Norway. And the contented looking people of the old towns and villages where it stopped. Did they not care to "save their souls" or how could they be so at their ease?

Having arrived at Trondhjem there was a great day in town. The king was there to open a fair and everything was festive. What a change from the sick chamber with its gloom. Then the ocean passage along the grand and picturesque coast until "Ultima Thule" was reached and there remained only a few hours' drive through the most charming scenery of Namsen river.

It was toward sunset, when she arrived at the farmhouse occupied by the tourist. The doctor, a Norwegian, was there and introduced her to the family.

* * * * *

STOCKHOLM, June 7th, 188-.

DEAR MILDRED—It is so long since I heard from you that I begin to be anxious. You are always on my mind. I have a presentiment that you are in some great distress. What is the matter? YOUR LOUISA.

* * * * *

TRONDHJEM, August 15th, 188-.

DEAR LOUISA—You are right. Something *is* the matter. I have lived more, but also suffered more during the four months since I wrote last, than through all the rest of my life.

I was sent to Namsos to nurse an English tourist, a Colonel X. Let out from the confines of our dreary Hospital of C. everything in man and nature seemed to conspire to lay my poor heart bare to the allurements of the world.

You know, from your own experience, the daily routine of our life at C. hospital. What change could be greater than from its gloom and unhealthiness to be at once transferred to the snow-clad mountains and balmy meadows of Trondhjem; from the dull and ignorant people who are patients at the Hospital (not to mention some of the good Sisters, straight-laced and well-meaning) to step into the enchanted circle of people who have reached the broadness of culture that wealth and refined tastes can secure?

And my patient. Fate willed that I arrived at a most critical point of his sickness, and through my determined and calm efforts received the credit of his recovery. As he had heretofore been nursed by "home talent" you can imagine there were some alterations of general arrangements to be made.

I felt like a bird let out of its cage; free and unfettered. Looked upon with respect and gratitude, I had the best chance to put into play my talents as a nurse, and the effect was marvelous. The family expressed the greatest confidence in me and left the patient entirely in my hands. The tourists consisted, besides Colonel X., of Mr. and Mrs. B., and one Miss B. (sister of Mr. B.). The Colonel was a friend accompanying the party.

What never-to-be-forgotten nights I passed watching in the sick-chamber. It is a pity to go to bed and sleep away the beautiful night of "the land of the midnight sun." The fragrance from the fields is never so sweet as in the night. The notes of the birds are few, but there is a dream-like beauty to them that is not there by day. When the patient slept I read most of the time—read by the light of the "Night-Sun." (How do you like my poetry?)

When I had an hour "off duty" I made excursions in the neighborhood by myself. I felt so lighthearted and so young; yet you know that the eleventh last was my 31st birthday. I would return with big bunches of birch and transform the sick-chamber into a fragrant bower. He was very delighted with it and seemed so pleased when I came back that he made me think of a baby wanting its "Ma"—and a sweet little baby he was. Imagine the face of a warrior with shaggy eyebrows and a big nose, the color of which told of the strong stimulants the Doctor had prescribed for him. Especially sweet did he look when I had wrapped Mrs. B.'s pink silk shawl round his head to keep off the draught, while giving the room a current of air. I could not help laughing outright in my happy feeling of freedom to be natural.

And what a spoilt child I was those few happy months. Mrs. B. had given orders that I should have anything I requested for refreshment, night or day. The things of this world had taken possession of me to that extent that I did greatly enjoy my fine lunches, so different from our rigid fare at the Deaconess House.

In the midst of this sunshine there arrived one day a nurse from St. John's Hospital, in London, who had been sent post-haste by some of Colonel X.'s friends who, having heard of his illness, did not know that he had got a nurse.

Not being necessary any longer, I had to take my leave and the next day I was on my way towards Trondhjem. Arrived there, one of the Sisters at the Hospital was taken sick, so I came just in time to fill her place. Yes! I got right back into the daily round of Hospital duties—but—poor Sister Mildred! Her thoughts are wandering; her heart is lost! Could these short summer months of congenial surroundings and this suspicion of an admiration and—perhaps—some other feeling that she dares not name—be so dangerous to a woman, no longer young,—one who has left the world for the sake of her soul, to serve the Lord with a whole heart? Though I am not a nun, still as a Lutheran Deaconess, I always meant to be true to my vocation.

O, Louisa! I do not wonder that, through the sympathy which exists between us, you felt the distress that fettered me. My heart tells me, that if this love was destined to live and blossom it would develop a power and grace of my soul, that all the solace of Religion has not yet been able to bring forth. But you know as well as I, that the heart cannot be trusted. Common sense, on the other hand, in a manner that bears no contradiction, tells me that this folly is too great, the circumstances too much out of the ordinary, and the touch of romance too vivid to permit of ever being thought of except as—a Dream. I will pray morning, noon and night; peradventure the Lord will hear me and give me peace.

YOUR MILDRED.

* * * * *

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, August 27th, 188-.

DEAR MILDRED—Your letter has greatly relieved my anxiety. You write as calm and composed as I ever could expect from my own proud Mildred. But, dearest, I see no reason why you should strangle your love at birth, that may be destined to bring genuine happiness to you and another. I presume he is a Christian, or he could not have any place in your heart.

Let me tell you, dear, that I should not wonder if some certain "warrior" felt pretty near as lonely and sad as some certain languishing "Dulcinea."

You never knew, and perhaps I ought not to tell you, that within the Deaconess-house, you were designated as "the beauty of the house"—and how, on that account, it used to be a matter of great embarrassment for the elder Sisters without your understanding the scheme, to make changes and arrangements so as to prevent any danger to the hearts of susceptible male patients. I have an idea that the poor fellow is far deeper hurt by the "Annoyer" than you would ever allow yourself to be. But, what will he do, an invalid with the prospect of a slow and uncertain convalescence?

Meanwhile rest in peace, dear sister; the good Lord who "leads the hearts of men like brooks of water" will find the best way in this matter.

YOUR LOUISA.

* * * * *

TRONDHJEM, September 7th, 188-.

DEAR LOUISA—Your kind and comforting letter I received last Wednesday, but have delayed answering, because I have not found myself in a proper

frame of mind for letter-writing. Being today in a brighter mood I will tell you about my journey here from Namsos—to me a very delightful and interesting one.

Deeply as I am impressed with Nature's scenery, I have, however, no power to describe its beauties. I cannot find the words, so I will leave that to your imagination and only tell you about the people I came in contact with and the various impressions I received.

Arrived at the little town of X., I was shown to the Hotel (?). The house looked neat and respectable except for the chickens' free access to the hallway. I got a room with its immaculate white floor scattered over with finely chopped juniper, giving it that balmy odor of the woods. The bed was a solid bank filled with fresh straw. The home-woven sheets seemed substantial enough to serve as sails during a circumnavigation of the globe. The half-dozen blankets were also home-made; furthermore, there was a big sheep-skin robe added for warmth!

Being quite tired I went to rest early. But it was not long before I was aroused by a new arrival in the next room; the walls were so thin that I could not help hearing every word spoken.

The new guest was a young man returning from Noreland, where he had gone hoping to be cured. He had consumption in the last stage. The people crowded in to hear his wonderful tale of the miracles he had even seen, he interrupting the story to praise the Lord for his own healing, while he could hardly speak for violent fits of coughing. How pitiful! The delusion of the human heart passes comprehension. To me it seems happier and truer to submit to the inevitable than to resist and stubbornly endeavor to have one's own way. But as we are taught to regard Death as the “uttermost Enemy,” sent into the world as punishment for the fall of Adam (about all of which I have a few doubts), it is no wonder that this simple law of Nature has become the terrible nightmare that it is to most people.

I had a rather wakeful night, besides being waited upon good and early, by the landlady herself, she considering it to be “high toned” to take the morning coffee before rising. And nice and pleasant it was too, one could not help being pleased to see her face beaming with well-meaning and good digestion, combined with the simplicity of her ways and attire, of only a green petticoat (knee deep) and chemise, home woven and homespun, short, tight sleeves and decollette, revealing a rich, motherly bosom, a stranger to tight-lacing. The coffee was good, cream and butter perfect, but the rolls could have been less sweet. However, this “Hebe of the Coffee-pot” endeared herself to my heart by the genuine solicitude she showed for the comfort of her guests.

It was with a certain regret I left this “peaceful valley” with its atmosphere of content and restfulness and which, but for the memory of the “healed man” to mar its perfectness, would have left the impress of an idyl.

At my departure the good landlady followed me to the train smiling and courtseying as if I had conferred a great honor on her establishment by my stay.

My journey continued in the finest weather. From the heights of the mountains the landscape of the valley was beautiful beyond description. Especially one spot, as seen that morning, filled my heart with visions of love and peace and harmony. The calm river (Nidelven) wended its way through the valley encircling a number of green little islets and reflecting in its clear water the white country churches with their hospitable-looking parsonages and inviting homes and pretty gardens, while against the horizon rose the majestic Fjelds, the pride and shield of old Norway.

I was, however, aroused from my dream by overhearing one lady passenger telling another of the strange fatality that seemed attached to that place, its monotony and loneliness causing insanity amongst many who have lived there any length of time; this having of late been the case with the wives of two successive ministers.

Disillusioning though this remark was, it had the good effect of confirming in my mind what I have often thought and blamed myself for thinking, that a heaven of eternal singing and playing on harps, according to orthodox ideas, must be unendurable at length; that progress and change is a necessity of life—in fact, the real proof of Life, including everything, even Religion. Or, can it be, that while all else in spirit or matter is continually progressing religious dogmas alone are *fixed* once for all.

Although truth is unchanging, yet, in order to become adaptable to the different stages of human development it has needed to be represented in various forms and sometimes in disguise.

September 8th—This evening I received a pleasant letter from Miss B., telling me of the great improvement in their patient's health, on account of which they had decided to return to England in a few days. The 15th next they would be passing through Trondhjem and she asked me (if I had not already left for C.) to come to the Hotel Scandia, where they would stop, as she said, they all were desirous to see me once more.

Sister Laura is well now so I am expecting every day to be called back to C. Maybe I will yet be here and see him again. How I dread it and yet, I want to see him for the last time. I know—I feel—it will be the last. I will write again after the 15th.

YOUR MILDRED.

* * * * *

TRONDHJEM, September 17th, 188-.

DEAR LOUISA—I could not write yesterday, being too deep in my "tragic mood." Yes, I went to the "Hotel Scandia" and saw him again, the ladies not being in at the time.

He was indeed greatly improved, though very weak yet. His manly face with its distinguished stamp and his stately figure truly make him a fine specimen of the sons of Albion. His manner was gentle and tender as

ever, though there was a certain restraint and bashfulness I never saw in him before.

After awhile Miss B. came in and began teasing me about my “horrid cap,” which she deemed more hideous still, with its additional big black veil for out-door wear. She said: “If I were you, Sister, I would not cover up such pretty hair with that horrid thing.”

Laughingly I answered, “I will throw it away.” “Yes, do,” he said or rather whispered, “and come to England.” He spoke of advantages I would find in Hospitals in London. I only mumbled something about not being able to leave my work. Why could I not? I felt that I could have gone to the end of the earth to be with him.

Their train would leave within an hour; consequently we repaired to the station. As he and I walked out of the depot to the train he said: “Come with us to England.” I answered; “I cannot.” “Run away,” he said, and these two words, as I hear them now, were uttered with an effort at a jest, and with a tone intended to conceal, yet only revealing a depth to their meaning.

When the last whistle blew he reached me his hand through the car-window, with not one word. I could not sever myself from that hand. I ran alongside the train until its speed dragged me and I fell prostrate.

It was late before I returned to the Hospital that night. The evening had that peculiar stillness that has a voice of its own, “the stillness before the storm.” Intense is its calm, yet, under it all, there is a restlessness, a dread of something coming; everything seems to be hushed and expectant. I went up to “my sanctuary” on the mountain side and remained there until my spirit had recovered, through communion with the source of Life and Love eternal.

Next day at breakfast, I told of the beautiful sunset I had seen from the mountain the night before. The Sisters think my love of Nature very laudable, being akin to that of the Creator, which, in their view, is the only love that is not “sinful.”

For the next few days I half feared to hear something being talked about my strange demeanor at the train, as everybody in the town, from the Bishop to the children in the street, knows the Sisters, but nothing was ever heard about it.

Yesterday I met the Bishop on the street. He greeted me with his usual reverence. No doubt he thinks I am a “jewel” of a woman quite dead to the world and its vanities. The kind old man! Could he only imagine that, many a time when sitting with my “everlasting knitting,” looking so innocent and apparently wrapped in meditation, the thought I think in my secret heart, is something like this, “it does not hurt people to get a good view of my hands and wrists” (as I know it to be one of my “fine points”). Perhaps you never thought of what a great thing knitting is to show off a woman’s hands to best advantage. You see what a deep-dyed coquette I am. How

many a time have I not secretly congratulated myself at not being permitted to cut my hair in bangs, like "worldly women," as it would mar the effect of my waves, *a la Nature*, or, *a la Madonna*, as some flatterer styled it.

Tegner knew what he said, when he wrote :

Oh, Nature, thee we never conquer,
If in a cot or on a throne,
As seamstress or as Amazon
Thy woman, though, is still — a woman.

The miserable vanity ! Also, I do at times get heartsick at my own hypocrisy.

It was quite refreshing, as a contrast to the austere and unworldly aspect of our "monasterial" home to see the frank naturalness with which these women of the world, Mrs. and Miss B., treated the follies of dress and fashion. One might even think their simplicity went too far. For an instance: In their dressing-room, which on account of part of the house being shut off to keep the sick-room quiet, was a kind of "thoroughfare" for everybody (even the cook and footman had to pass there to receive orders) the walls were hung with gowns of various styles and dimensions to go with the different toilets. These highbred women seemed rather to enjoy the situation as having the charms of novelty and being a relief from the stiff formalities of their Castle in Cumberland.

One day, while having "an hour off duty" and taking a stroll along the river, I came across an interesting sight. As you may know, this part of the country is in summer crowded with English tourists, who come here to fish salmon ; every farmhouse is rented by them. They form a very striking picture in these rural parts.

To come back to what I saw, it was nothing more or less than Lady Lockland standing on a rock in the middle of the river. I happened to think of Diana with her bow and arrows ; though she was the goddess of the Hunt instead of Fishing. This goddess of modern times had an outfit in accordance with this practical and prosaic age. Instead of the loose and flowing garments of the Grecian goddess, here was a tight-fitting traveling dress, of suitable length for walking out in the river. In spite of the freedom of tourist and country life the fashion of the world still held sway; (otherwise a woman might look deformed) as was shown in the cut of her dress and also in her brimless hat. However, as a protection for the eyes and complexion, the lady wore a grass-green veil (I always heard that blue veils were the best for the complexion) and green glasses. Over her shoulder she had strapped a formidable leather bag, the contents of which I can only surmise to have been a lunch for herself and husband.

She must be a remarkably thrifty woman, for mark, she was not standing there idle for hours. Her fishing rod was firmly planted between some stones, besides being pressed against her side with one arm ; this left the hands free and she was busily occupied with knitting what seemed to me might have

been a child's stocking. Her hands were protected by not over-nice gloves, from which half the fingers were cut off. The fisherman's shoes she wore were provided with heavy iron clamps to avoid slipping on the stones. Her husband was standing some distance off. There they will stand for hours, not daring to speak lest they should alarm the salmon. All communications are made by signs. The weight and size of their salmon is all the talk during the fishing season. The one that catches the biggest fish is the hero or heroine, as the case may be. Miss B. had caught a very big one, the head of which was dried and mounted on a block of carved wood—the most conspicuous decoration of the rustic drawing-room.

As to my hospital life the work at present is not very hard, several of the wards being vacant and under fumigation. Yesterday Sister Anna D. (now in the fetters) and I had some work to do in the vacant part of the hospital, getting bedclothes and furniture ready to be cleaned, and while there, all by ourselves, we decided upon having a little frolic. We started in with a “jumping match,” a pile of mattresses serving to jump over. Then followed dramatics, acrobatics, ecstasies, everything you can think of, I winding up the performance by singing this old song: “Jeg saa dej gjennem gluggen” (I saw thee through the window, dear sweet friend of mine; I know thee by thy shadow, dear sweet friend of mine,” etc, etc.) until the tears came rolling down little Sister Anna's round, childish face. Poor child, she is only nineteen.

I tried to persuade myself that I acted from an impulse of kindness, trying to give pleasure to little Anna, but I am afraid it was only a natural effort to work off the agony of my own heart.

Nevertheless, she told me that she dreads the day when I shall have to go back to C., as I am not like anyone of the rest of the Sisters, but always so jolly and happy.

Just now came a few lines from Mother Superior informing me that quite an epidemic has started in C., and that “Rest” Hospital would be opened, she putting me in charge of it.

Tomorrow I shall leave beautiful Trondhjem and all its memories.

Yesterday I went to take a last farewell of the Cathedral. I went alone and was easily admitted. When last visiting it Sister Emma was with me. You know what a perfect type of a Sister she is—most exemplary; however, I consider her undersirable company in the grandeur of a Cathedral. If the place could have admitted of it I would have become angry with her—giggling and at what? Some cloth, used for decking, was folded up and thrown over the alter railing, making it, at a distance, look like two kneeling figures. Since that day I have an impression that much of her perfection is due to the fact that she has not been “cursed” with much feeling.

I could not see how anything so simple could provoke mirth; and in such a place, with its history of nine centuries. Here all the kings of Norway were crowned, ever since Harold Haarfager.

Now I was alone in the temple. The stillness was uplifting. The voice of silence seemed mightier than many sermons, other than "The Sermon on the Mount." The little sorrows and anxieties of life; how they dwindled away into—nothingness! Life seemed like a ripple on the ocean of Time—now so calm, now agitated, until at last the Great Calm is attained, and we go to rest by the shore we have so often reached out for—the Infinite.

Never could have been chosen a nobler decoration for the altar than Thorwaldsen's "Christ." He stands with hands outspread, as saying, "Peace be unto you."

I never was very much impressed by representations of "The Crucifixion," or "Christ in Gethsemane." They seem almost to have lost significance by the number of martyrs, known and unknown, who have suffered similarly. Perhaps, also, that familiarity with scenes of horror and suffering has hardened me. I have seen patients in hospitals, whose pains, lasting for many days, could be literally compared to being roasted over slow fire.

He who can say, "Peace be unto you," and speak it with authority, is to me more of the Master than he who endures tortures and anguish in common with many of the rest of humanity, for while he endures and suffers more than they all, he has obtained the mastery over pain and sorrow, and seeks but to uplift others.

The majesty and grandeur of that colossal statue is overwhelming.

The unutterable Calm that rests over that countenance, and that figure is as of the One who knows the "mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven," and, I would add, the secret of the Sphinx.

Dear friend, you will not think this utterance a profanation, for, truly, it is inspired by profoundest awe and reverence.

Surely, you are enlightened enough to see in this Egyptian monument something else than a mere "heathen idol."

How I desire that penetration which can understand the hidden meaning of these mysteries and symbols of the ancients. This monster with a human face, a face uplifted, expressing the highest wisdom, a face that eternally smiles—what does it signify? Does it not also say, "Peace be unto you. Whatever is, is right"? Through night and day, through evil and good, through death and resurrection (or reincarnation), the soul is ascending higher and higher on the plane of being. All are but expressions of the One Life, and that life is Divine—God.

With a heart made strong through the drinking in of the spirit of the Temple, I went out in the world again to resume its tasks.

As ever, your friend, MILDRED.

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

"Nature gives up her innermost secrets and imparts *true wisdom* only to him who seeks truth for its own sake, and who craves for knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality."—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

Problems of Civilization

By Leonard Lester



IN dealing with problems of Civilization from the standpoint of Theosophy, it is necessary to consider the scope of its Ethical Teachings. Just as we require a material body through which to function in the world of matter, so in dealing with the external relations of humanity do we require teachings sufficiently practical to meet the needs of its problems; and Theosophy or Divine Wisdom, which is transcendent in its nature, must robe itself in garments suited to the plane on which it is to work.

That Theosophy is practically applicable to every day life nobody doubts who feels the spirit of it; but to apply it we must to greater or less degree understand the problems of life. This we cannot rightly do unless we avoid entering into the problems themselves, but view them from a distance in the light of Theosophy. Once get involved in their midst and the turmoil and dust will prevent us from gaining insight into their real significance.

What degree of insight do the agitators of these social problems possess, and what is their point of view? We see vast crowds of men massed around various leaders, reformers, politicians, religionists—many of them well-intentioned, earnest men, but each with his own private recipe for redressing certain wrongs, from which, to him, all ills seem to spring. Some of these are doing good work, are clearing away external rubbish, cleaning the sty, so to speak, but nevertheless they are limited in outlook; politicians who see nothing around them but questions of politics; socialists who dream of a Commonwealth founded on a purely material basis; physicians and scientists who think to solve questions of crime by a mere physical treatment of nervous disorders, or the promotion of good digestion; economists who would abolish conditions of luxurious wealth and squalid poverty by adjustments of taxation; religious fanatics who see no hope outside the fence of their own creed; and temperance agitators who find that all ills flow from the fermenting fountain of strong drink—all of them looking for the remedy through change of external conditions.

But true philosophy teaches that the source of all the evils which cause these problems is in the lower nature of man himself, and as long as that nature continues to dominate his actions so long will these conditions remain. So long as the motive power of civilization is personal and selfish, the external environment will not improve. Change the environment and the effect is but temporary and palliative. Outward restraint alone cannot change the inner nature. It may retard, but will never eradicate the evil. Soup kitchens and philanthropic work are good, but they can never form the basis of true pro-

gress,—good bed and board alone do not make character. This has been insisted on by all the great spiritual teachers, ancient or modern. All true poets and thinkers have echoed the great truth of the existence of a spiritual world within and above the material; that man's highest powers are those of the soul, and that man develops from within and not from without. In Mrs. Browning's poem "Aurora Leigh" in which she deals with these social questions, a very earnest but materialistic social reformer is addressed thus—

You will not compass your poor end
Of barley-feeding and material ease
Without the poet's individualism
To work your universal. It takes a soul
To move a body—it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses—even to a cleaner sty.
It takes the ideal to blow an inch aside
The dust of the actual: and your Fouriers failed
Because not poets enough to understand
That life developed from within.

Life develops from within. Man's nature expresses itself outwardly and all act according to their nature.

It is here that Theosophy throws a flood of light upon the religious problems of the day, in giving us the opportunity to know the real nature of man. Orthodox Christian religion has long taught that man's nature is originally and essentially bad, that he is born in sin, and for his spiritual growth he must look away out of himself to a distant God. It is difficult to see how a nature which is only evil could ever aspire to anything higher than itself.

By teaching a man that his real nature is divine and that he must look within himself to know his real being and obtain light and guidance, and not outside, he is turned naturally in the direction along which his evolution is tending, and is placed upon a basis of true self-reliance, reliance upon his higher nature; in short, he learns what is the real man. Although the existence of the dogma of original sin does not account for all the materialism we find in religion today, yet it gives us a partial explanation as to why man has acted and is acting so much like an animal, rather than like a soul. It may be said that it is necessary to present some ideas of reward and punishment to those who are actuated only by selfish motives and who cannot be reached by higher ideals; and for such the doctrine of Karma, the great law of just and perfect balance which rewards and punishes, together with that of Reincarnation which furnishes the field for reaping the harvest of past deeds, would meet all the needs of the case. Even the lowest of the masses are ready for something higher than the doctrines of original sin and atonement, and I believe that even the most indifferent and ignorant are in some degree ready to respond to Theosophical teachings. Truth will awaken a response in the human heart where falsehood could never reach. The successful efforts of Theosophists among the convicts in the Pacific Coast prisons, prove that even those who are considered the dregs of our civilization are open to its influence.

All the social problems must await their solution until the innate character-creating nature of man is stirred into activity.

Among the religious and international problems of the day is the missionary problem—arising from the attempt to force upon other nationalities the tenets of the Christian faith. It arises from the failure to see the unity which underlies all the outward forms of the world's scriptures, and from the insistence that Christianity alone is adapted to the spiritual needs of the whole world. If it were but plainly understood that that which is truly Religion is to be found in all religions, and that the world becomes more truly religious as it becomes less sectarian, the course pursued by those enthusiasts would be very different. But it is because they do not see the underlying truths in *Christianity itself* that they fail.

To this religious problem the great Theosophical doctrine of Universal Brotherhood, together with its synthetic philosophy, showing the one-ness of humanity and the unity behind all his religious possessions, demonstrating his natural birthright to truth and knowledge of himself, these alone point the way to a complete solution. All the problems of civilization, whether social, racial, religious or international, center around one great problem: how can we attain to a condition of true Brotherhood? They arise from man's inability or unwillingness to realize that behind all, at the core, there is a one-ness which is the only reality. For it is useless to look for harmony in external things until we can experience the harmony which reigns at the core. We can never obtain one-ness by an attempt at co-operation on the material plane alone, or by an equal distribution of material wealth, or by a fair adjustment of temporary laws; in fact, these can only be fully achieved after the removal of the obstacles which prevent them from existing now. The material wealth of the world and the productive forces of civilization are fully equal to supplying the physical needs of all humanity many times over. Yet, why is it thousands starve and live in wretchedness, especially in our most (so-called) civilized countries? Is it not because *competitive selfishness is the dominant power in modern life*?

How are we to solve these problems. How do we solve our own problems, the problems of our own little personalities, of our lower nature? Only in the light of true knowledge, seeking to know ourselves, by analyzing our motives for action and by removing those obstructions which prevent the higher nature from expressing itself. The great world-problem is largely an individual problem after all. The international problems are but the problems of nations and communities enlarged, and are not the problems of nations but the multiplied expressions of our own individual experiences? Oliver Schreiner has said that the history of civilization is but the history of the individual written out in large capital letters. We are each of us a unit in our civilization and are doing something to form its characteristics. It is only by uniting ourselves and helping to unite others to the source of true spiritual growth, the source of all true progress, the divine nature in man, that a true solution will become possible, and the riddle of life be solved.

Around us we can see signs of true progress in many directions. Whittier says:

Thro' the harsh noises of our day,
A low sweet prelude finds its way—
Thro' clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

After all, all this material civilization is not nothing; it is a great external symbol which is recording for all who have eyes to see, the grand onward movement of humanity. The material does not stand alone, but only as we understand the spiritual can we really understand the material: nothing stands single or alone, "the great below is clenched by the great above." There is no use in our being pessimistic about material things any more than in our being falsely optimistic about them; what we need is discrimination to see the divine designing principle behind all, and that all true growth of humanity is due to its creative presence. Is not this what Walt Whitman means when he breaks out into song about "these broad majestic days"?

As I walk these broad majestic days of peace,

* * * * *

Around me I hear that eclat of the world, politics, produce,
The announcements of recognized things, science,
The approved growth of cities and the spread of inventions.

I see the ships (they will last a few years),
The vast factories with their foremen and workmen,
And hear the indorsement of all, and do not object to it.

But I too announce solid things,
Science, ships, politics, cities, factories, are not nothing,
Like a grand procession to music of distant bugles pouring, triumphantly moving,
and grander heaving in sight,
They stand for realities—all is as it should be.

Then my realities;

What else is so real as mine?

Libertad and the divine average, freedom to every slave on the face of the earth,
The rapt promises and luminescence of seers, the spiritual world, these centuries-lasting
songs,

And our visions of poets, the most solid announcements of any.

Let us each then play our part in this grand procession "to music of distant bugles pouring," until above the discords we can hear the harmonies distinctly and keep time in the mighty chorus.

"No man can learn true and final Wisdom in one birth; and every new rebirth, whether we be reincarnated for weal or for woe, is one more lesson we receive at the hands of the stern yet ever just schoolmaster—Karmic Life."—*H. P. Blavatsky*.

The Twain Divine

By C.



THE Leader and Teacher of the Universal Brotherhood has said, "Man's only way to Truth is to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating Soul-existence, and to make his mind register beyond all future cavil or doubt what he then knows to be true.

"This once done, could he but maintain the attitude for a few weeks or months, he would have psychologized his mind into a servant, and harnessed it to the chariot of the Soul."

The Leader has also declared that whereas at other times the keynote of religious thought has been the philosophy of BEING, today it should be the philosophy of DOING.

It was a question in ancient India—should a man BE or DO ; in their technical phraseology—should he practice the meditative or practical philosophy?

Krishna answered it in the Gita by asserting that they were identical ; that right doing contained right being, and that right being could not be gained otherwise than through right doing.

The Soul and the mind are both doers ; when the mind attunes itself to the Soul it will become a *right* doer.

"Seek O beginner to blend thy mind and Soul ;" what is the mark of the blend, and how is it done ?

On the blending taking place there arises Faith. The mind has to see spiritual things through the eyes of the Soul—which is always face to face with them and an actor among them—just as the Soul has to see physical things through the cognitions of the mind. When the mind sees through the eyes of the soul what it cannot see in its own way it is said to have Faith as to the things thus seen.

The Soul is always enjoining upon the mind the performance of duty, that is, ACTION. What is duty ? It is a something *owed by one living being to others*, and to the Soul and Nature ; and should in the scheme of things be a joy to payer and receiver. It is to be paid, not by a kind of thinking, but by an action. Clearly duty, according to this way of looking at it, is something quite different from that rather depressing thing that is ordinarily conveyed by the word.

It is the teaching of the Gita that the whole of life should be spent in nothing but duties. Is a man to take no pleasures then ? But the book constantly speaks of a "boundless pleasure" that arises in a man who rightly does his duty, and refuses to be drawn aside by any other matters.

What other worthy actions can there be in life than those owed by one living being to others? And what other worthy pleasure can there be than that arising from this relation? The Soul is an actor from beginning to end of the drama of the Universe; one of its instruments of action is the mind. If the mind tolerates in itself any other wishes than to do the behests of the Soul, it is hindering the movement of the machinery of the Universe.

Krishna is from the Sanskrit root "kri," meaning "to act, to do," the same from which our word "create" comes; and in the Gita he speaks of himself as the Soul of the Universe and therefore of man. The soul of each of us is a self-conscious center of energy, and it knows what it wants to do. It is constantly occupied in actions which have a direct relation to other souls, all co-operating. If the mind goes off on actions purely for the sake of itself as a unit, it has gone outside the line of work of the soul.

When, in his actions, the mental man thinks of the Soul, trying to feel its presence and identity with himself, to act according to its wishes and on the lines of its pressure, putting aside all wishes that are concerned only with his own personal pleasure or pursuits, he is acting in the way enjoined by the Gita, and is on the way to the "boundless pleasure" that arises from the consciousness of unity with the Soul. The power of the Soul plays through his acts, and they are a hundredfold intensified as powers for good, that is, for making revolve in harmony the wheels of the Universe. In this harmony the universal purpose draws nearer and nearer to its sublime accomplishment. And the powers of the Soul are unlimited, for they are drawn directly from the universal powers. Krishna also speaks of himself as containing and emanating these.

The soul is the enjoiner of actions. It is the business of the mind to understand these injunctions, take them and carry them out. If it thinks about them in any other way than with intent to understand them that it may carry them out, if it reasons itself away from them, if it delays, if it blocks its ears to them and runs after its own desires, if it deliberately outrages and neglects them, it is an enemy of the Universe and the Soul.

It is a mark of non-union with the Soul if the mind looks back with regret or remorse, or fear of punishment, or longing for their repetition to its past acts and experiences; or if it looks forward with eager anticipation or fear to the future. Its business is with the present, in eager and powerful and joyful action at this full moment, the duty of the moment, action in itself neither hated nor loved, yet joyfully and fully done.

In a sense it is the soul which creates the body by the magnetic intensity of its light; which gives it the energy of action and right desire; which dissolves it at last. These are the three "modes, or qualities" of which the Gita speaks, and which emerge from the Soul, and imprint themselves on matter, the forces of formation, action and dissolution.

The marks of the perfect blend are faith, trust, power in action, knowledge of spiritual things. The Twain Divine are one again, a great actor on the

physical, mental and spiritual planes ; body, brain and heart, as centres of energy, playing into each other's spheres. This may be achieved by those who will for a long time act with thought of themselves as Souls, with intent to do the Soul's behest and that only, and to do all acts in the best and completest way, because that is the way the Soul would have them done.

“Salvation” or illumination comes by actions done in this mental attitude, and the field of practice is every waking moment. But it must be remembered that from the point of view of the Soul, duties are acts owed by one living being to another, whatever that other's rank in the scale of evolution, and are to be done joyfully, in the spirit of Universal Brotherhood, and perfectly. Brotherhood belongs to all acts whatsoever. The gardener's duties are to his plants ; the mother's to her children ; but all owe duties in all directions.

“There Shall Be no More Death”

By R. E. P.



And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more *death*: neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away.—*Rev. xvi, 4.*

IT is today quite generally understood that the events which fill our lives from day to day hold for us truths, lessons, which must some time be learned and made a part of our being before these events cease to recur.

It is through the gaining of experience that the souls of men gather knowledge and wisdom. “Great truths are portions of great souls ; great souls are portions of eternity.”

Would not our lives become noble and grand if each day was met with understanding, with a determination to draw from every event or condition all that it holds ? What a contrast to the life that is tossed about by happenings which are neither accepted willingly nor comprehended, but with a vain rebellion at the trials and afflictions that follow so closely upon each other. Of all the events that must be met by man there are few which seem more cruel and devoid of lessons than that of *death*, there is so much lasting sorrow through the separations caused by death, that it would seem to shut out all else from our lives ; but we are never so afflicted without unconsciously, if not consciously, learning divine truths and laws, and in the very depths of the wounds it creates, does it bring with it great lessons.

The materialist professedly believing that the death of the body annihilates the whole being, has the very foundation truth to learn. Till he has made immortality a part of himself, he only half lives and in the school of life can proceed but slowly. It is death alone that can teach him. In the

agony of his unbelief, caused through death, will he finally come to know the truth. He beholds death taking from him his very heart: his very life: for to him there is no future communion with his friend, and his suffering seems unbearable. But not till he has drunk his cup of bitterness to the full, and it may *not* be till after many such sorrows, will there awaken in him the power to know immortality. Reason alone does not appeal to him, it must be through so great a grief, that at last in rebelling, the mental fort he has so well built around him will be strained beyond endurance and by its fall the light will penetrate through to him. Death is the one thing that can force the way. In truth, are not the lessons learned through pain and sorrow blessed? Does it not seem that our selfish pleasure leads us, and that upon the footsteps of that pleasure follows pain, and through pain we learn that every event in life has its purpose?

But immortality is often connected with the material body, many churches believing in the actual resurrection of the physical body from the grave at the last day. Yet no one is really so ignorant that he does not know that after death the body returns to its natural elements, and as a body is no more. It were better not to willfully close our eyes to this fact, that for those who do have the lesson yet to learn, death has a greater sting and the grave a greater victory. But with the recognition of this, the mother will learn to love the soul of the child rather than its body. She will make the cultivation of the soul, rather than the body, the center of all her efforts, teaching the child that the care of the body is for the purpose only of providing a pure dwelling-place or instrument for the soul (which is the child itself) to use during life. And should death come to her child, she will be more able to realize that there is no separation; that the real being, the soul, has not descended into the grave, but that only the earthly garment worn by the soul was given again to the earth; that souls as sparks from the one source are united eternally in the eternal God; and her thoughts, broadening, will recognize all humanity as brother-souls with a common quest, using bodies which, when worn out, or diseased, must be laid aside.

There are those to whom death is the herald of yet other truths, but never to those who in fear of God's wrath, or for some other reason, dare not inquire into and understand his laws, rather regarding as unjust what would with inquiring thoughts be found to be strict justice. The fearless seeker for knowledge will observe the apparent inconsistency of death, that it is not only the aged who are called upon to lay aside tired bodies; but quite as often the young and vigorous are taken, and most unwillingly, from a life of active fruitful service, from plans that extend far into the bright future. And with seeming injustice, the little child after a few years of irresponsible existence merits evidently, at death, the heaven of the faithful old worker who has stood at his post to the end through trial upon trial.

Yet this must be the effect of a law in operation, which if understood would explain these apparent confictions, and to dismiss these facts with—

“the finite mind cannot judge of the ways of the infinite” surely shows cowardice or laziness, and will gain the inquirer nothing. But in taking these events, unjust as they seem, as manifestations of divine law and tracing back to the why and the wherefore, we come face to face with the truth. The law being in action before the eyes at all times is sometimes known in one aspect, but through blindness (often willful) is not recognized in a different guise. It is seen in succession of daytime, then the night-time, and then *again* the daytime; it is seen in the life of summer, then the death of winter, but *again* the life of summer. “Order is heaven’s first law.” If the night or death of winter overtakes the day or summer of a young soul, possibly that of a most ardent musician, forcing him to leave his work unfinished, will not the law bring again the summer of life to this soul that it may resume the interrupted work? Can we think otherwise than that the soul of the baby Mozart was an old soul returned to earth, for did it not bring to the world and display at tender years a man’s knowledge of music? Did not he evidently come to earth again to complete his work in God’s vineyard? Thus, is there not law and order where before there seemed disorder? For to believe that a musical talent was “given” to Mozart by God would indeed make injustice the supreme law, for God is father to the imbecile as well. Rather think of our ingratitude in forcing God to be responsible for what we ourselves have caused.

The great Beethoven, when on his dying bed said, “I feel as if I had just made a beginning.” What loftier heights may he not reach when with renewed strength he begins on earth again his work on the pathway towards Godhood. The interrupted life of the little child as well as that of the old man will be taken up just where it was left off when death called it, reaping exactly what it has sown in past lives, sewing new seed for the future, be the result a musician or an imbecile; this must be until finally the ultimate goal is reached.

And then shall come to pass that, “He that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God and he shall no more go out.”—(*Rev. iii, 12.*)

The more one seeks to understand God’s laws the more like God does one become, and the first step in that undertaking is to strip off the outside, rough, unreal coverings of those laws, as given in the events of our daily lives, and, behold! the inner true meaning lies clear, and thus is attained the purpose of life.

There is still in the world much of tears, death, sorrow, crying and pain; as yet “former things have not passed away,” but with the new light that is pervading the minds of men, can we not see that the new time is fast approaching and with hope and courage let us hasten the day of new things.

“Man is only weak through his mistrust
 And want of hope where evidence divine
 Proclaims to him that hope should be most sure.”

—Wordsworth.

The Stone Which *the* Builders Rejected

By J. C. S.

And have ye not read this Scripture; the stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.—*Mark xii, 10.*

THIS verse, containing a quotation from the Old Testament, Psalm cxiii, 22, like most other texts in the Bible is capable of several interpretations. From one standpoint it contains an illustration of the law of cycles. Nothing in the universe takes form except in the carrying out of some purpose, and for the expression of some idea. This stone, originally made for a special place, the knowledge of which had become lost, was again through the recovery of this knowledge, to be placed as originally designed.

Studied in the light of the law of correspondences, what does the rejected stone stand for? Many interpretations will suggest themselves. William Q. Judge has made a statement in the "Ocean of Theosophy," to the effect that "Re-incarnation is the lost chord of Christianity." In our day, re-incarnation is the rejected stone in most of the so-called orthodox churches, and without which no system of the philosophy of life can fully complete the temple. In Masonic parlance, the key-stone was the rejected stone. Among the workmen in King Solomon's temple, this key-stone being of a strange design, and its use unknown, it was cast aside as of no value. It was cast out among the rubbish of the temple. Later it was discovered as the one thing needful. Many believe to-day that the people of the Christian world, the builders of the Christian structure, to complete which upon the spiritual and mental planes is the most necessary and vital work, are themselves beginning to look around among the rubbish as did the builders of old, for that principle which is needed to give harmony and strength to the work already so far advanced. This stone of re-incarnation which has so long lain out of sight, and forgotten by man, will eventually prove to be the missing link, the rejected stone which will then become the head of the corner.

Another interpretation is given in Ephesians ii:20, where we read, "Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." Taking this historical figure of Christ in the sense of his being a great teacher, most Theosophists will accept this statement, regarding this great teacher as a type of all the great teachers of the world, each of whom, for the time in which he came, like Christ, has become the chief stone in the corner.

As a material building needs material stones, with trained workmen to put them in proper position at the proper time, so our mental structure needs the mental stones to be placed by suitable skill as the structure evolves. The

mental structure of the race has reached the stage where the corner-stone of Brotherhood is needed to be laid in the cement of harmony. Three Master Workmen have successively appeared during our life-time and have called for our assistance. Let all the workmen assemble and under the instruction of the master-builder carry forward the building of the temple of Truth, Light and Liberation, that the world may be benefited and the craft profit thereby.

Maria and Miecznik*

From a poem by A. Malezewski written at the beginning of the XIX Century, translated from the Polish by V. A. H.



By his side, sat a young woman, reading from the Book of Life. Uplifted and soaring in her flight of faith toward the gates of brightness, as some timid dove, with trembling wings, she sought her nest far, far away from this our earth. Rising above the worldly pomp and its pageant show—the white feathers of humility growing more visible—and the slender thread which binds the heart to Heaven, trembling—a drop of a sweet dew fell upon her wound.

Lifting up her eyes with such tenderness in their expression that in them seemed united all aspirations, linking the Future and Past, as sisters hastening to meet each other along the shining ray—raising her bright eyes to heaven, she realized, how sweet it is for a noble soul, until now so much distracted with the loss of happiness, but at last reconciled and calm, to long after the fount of its origination!

How full of joy is that great possibility of rising far above the whirl of this sad existence and its stormy ways to lose oneself in the embrace of that great light, even though passing through the gates of death.

And he who in that moment seeing her radiant face, and penetrating the depths of the pure great soul of her father, the sad Miecznik,* beneath these gigantic lindens, clothed in these old fashioned robes so simple and becoming—and with the heart's imagination, catching the fragrance and the light as of a martyr's garland crowning their heads—ah! perchance, then might his memory recall more distant ages, more brilliant landscapes, countries far off and glorious—and there in fancy, seating himself with some calm ancient family beneath the rustling plumes of a stately palm, in deep meditation, again feel that holy reverence, again see the same great hand, eternal, incognizable, which ever justly gives reward and punishment—the same small cares of the exile—the man who, even in his happiness, yearns still for something higher—and only then is blissful, when he sighs towards that above, transcending all these limitations.

* A title of nobility—the Knight of the Sword.

Possibilities

By R. W.



WHEN we turn our thoughts to the changes and the growth possible to the mind and character of man, to powers unused and faculties yet unknown to him, a sadness steals over the heart. For man is greater than he knows.

One need not go far, whether in the realm of commerce and industry, or of art, or education, to recognize that the painstaking and persevering are they who succeed in their undertakings. It is conscientious effort, continued with perseverance and will, from youth to maturity, that has given to the world its benefactors and rare examples. The great institutions, orders, societies and industrial enterprises are headed by such men and women, who, to the extent that they follow the highest light within them, are a benefit to the human race and a help to their fellows.

Yet, could not men progress more rapidly, employ even better methods; could not they individually attain to greater knowledge, wisdom and virtue if they but knew the higher philosophy — the wisdom-religion — Theosophy?

In fact the possibilities of the human soul are great — greater than we can conceive. To achieve these man must know himself, his origin, powers and destiny. A knowledge of the immortality of the soul, at death throwing off old garments of flesh, and after resting taking on new garments at the appointed hour, thus providing for a continuation of unfinished efforts and aspirations, this with the certainty of the justice of nature's law is the keynote of true progress, bringing a new hope, a new joy to the life of man.

The corollary of this is that man himself is the creator of his own destiny, and that as he sows so shall he reap. Thereupon the whole tenor of his life is affected and changed; his efforts are intensified and directed towards higher ideals. His conception as to the purpose and meaning of life is enormously widened. He begins to realize himself as a spiritual being.

These great truths: That man is immortal, that he ever was and ever will be; that the divine law is both compassionate and just, regulating the seasons, guiding the planets in their course, causing the ebb and flow in the ocean's wave and in "the tide of the world's life;" giving to man free will to exercise his powers for weal or woe, and weave the pattern of his own life and destiny; these open before him possibilities undreamed of and fill the whole of life with a new meaning.

The greater the knowledge man has of his nature and divine powers the greater will be his efforts to achieve his destiny. Through this knowledge man will evolve means and methods to accomplish in a short time and with but little expenditure of energy what would otherwise take ages.

Symbolic Meaning ^{of} _{the} Hebrew Letters

By F. G. P.



IN the First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ, a book well known to the Gnostics in the second century, is a story which has suggested the collection and arrangement of the material contained in this article.

According to Sir John Chardin, this story is also held among the Persians, and is as follows:

“There was also at Jerusalem one Zaccheus who was a schoolmaster; and he said to Joseph, Joseph, why dost thou not send Jesus to me that he may learn his letters?


“Joseph agreed and told St. Mary. So they brought him to that master; who, as soon as he saw him, wrote out an alphabet for him, and he bade him say Aleph; and when he had said Aleph, the master bade him say Beth. Then the Lord Jesus said to him, tell me first the meaning of the letter Aleph, and then I will pronounce the Beth.

“And when the master threatened to whip him, the Lord Jesus explained to him the meaning of the letters Aleph and Beth; also which were the straight figures of the letters, which the oblique, and what letters had double figures; which had points, and which had none; why one letter went before another, and many other things he began to tell him, and explain, of which the master himself had never heard, nor read in any book.

“The Lord Jesus further said to the master, take notice how I say to thee; then he began clearly and distinctly to say Aleph, Beth, Gimel, Daleth, and so on to the end of the alphabet. At this the master was so surprised, that he said, I believe this boy was born before Noah; and turning to Joseph, he said, Thou hast brought a boy to me to be taught, who is more learned than any master.”

It is well known that the Hebrew characters were, and are still used as symbols for numbers and objects. The explanations made by Jesus regarding the straight, oblique, double and pointed figures of the letters may be easily understood; but “why one letter went before another” calls for an additional explanation which will doubtless be new to the people of this time and place.

The English writing people do not recognize a system of symbology in their alphabet. Certain letters have acquired certain meanings in mathematics—as x and y stand for unknown quantities. $x^2 + y^2 = R^2$ is a statement of the Forty-seventh problem of Euclid. It is true that these letters stand for horizontal, perpendicular and oblique lines, and taken together they call for a right-angle triangle, but the formula is not a symbol in itself.

It is, however, true that many of our letters came from symbols—for example, the letter M, or more recently the letter W (an M inverted) both of which symbolize Water, the form of the letters being that of waves.  is the symbol of Aquarius. The letter A inverted to ∇ is the symbol of the Bull or Taurus—the form being that of a head with horns.

In the Greek and Hebrew the names of the letters are such that the letters themselves are the initials of their names. This is only partly true of the English letters, the exceptions being such as A (eigh), H (aich), R (are), etc. Moreover, there is evidence that the names of the Greek letters were words or combinations of words which had a clear meaning when recited in order. This meaning has not been lost, as witness the following:

In 1896, Augustus LePlongeon published a translation of the Greek alphabet as it would be understood by the Mayas of Yucatan. The Maya vocables were carefully tabulated by him, and when rendered in English, resulted in a Flood narrative, as follows:

LETTER	INTERPRETATION
Alpha	Heavily break the waters
Beta	extending over the plains.
Gamma	They cover the land
Delta	in low places where
Epsilon	there are obstructions, shores form and whirlpools
Zeta	strike the earth
Eta	with water.
Theta	The water spreads
Iota	on all that lives and moves.
Kappa	Sediments give way.
Lambda	Submerged is the land
Mu	of Mu.
Ni	The peaks only
Xi	appear above the water.
Omikron	Whirlwinds blow around
Pi	by little and little
Rho	until comes
Sigma	cold air. Before
Tau	where existed valleys,
Upsilon	now, abysses, frozen tanks. In circular places
Phi	clay formed.
Chi	A mouth
Psi	opens, vapors
Omega	come forth—and volcanic sediments.

The above is from the Greek to the Maya, and that its accuracy may be

clearly shown, the Maya story may be now given just as it would be recited:

Al pa ha be ta. Kam ma. Tel ta ep zil on ze ta et ha. Thetheah ha io ta. Ka pa. Lam be ta Mu. Ni xi. Om ik le on pi. La ho zi ik, ma ta u, u pa zi le on, pe hi. Chi pe zi, o mee ka.

Of course this is no coincidence, and the mind of the student is irresistibly hurried to the story of Atlantis for an explanation, at least in part, of the fact.

All this regarding the Greek alphabet is an intentional digression for the clearer understanding of the Hebrew "alephbeth," which must be reduced from symbols to thoughts, and from thoughts to words. The following table results:

NAME OF LETTERS	INTERPRETATION OF SYMBOL, WORD, OR LETTER Rendered in English
ALEPH	An Ox or Bullock, a sacrifice or at-one-ment. Its numerical value is ONE.
BETH	A House or Tent, a dwelling or tabernacle, in, among, within, etc.
GIMEL	A Camel, like a camel's hump, heap, collect, high.
DALETH	A Door or Gate, lid, valve.
HE	Lo, see, behold, (therefore) a lattice or window for that purpose.
VAV	A Peg, Nail or Hook, therefore, wherefore, then, that, in order that, so that, etc.
ZAYIN	A Weapon, a shining sword, brightness, light.
CHETH	An Enclosure, fenced in, ark, refuge.
TETH	A Serpent, like a serpent, rolled, twisted, entwined.
YOD	The Hand, the right hand, to strike or pierce, a stroke, a blow.
KAPH	The Hollow or Palm of the Hand, curved, concave, a valley or basin.
LAMEDH	A Goad, towards, into, unto, until, upon, even to, besides, etc.
MEM	Water, waves, a flood.
NUN	A Fish, to sprout, to put forth, Noah, (as one from whom all are propagated).
SAMEKH	A Fulcrum, prop, lever, to help, to sustain, to uphold, the hinge of a mason's apron, a ladder or line connecting the lower with the higher, the Holy Ghost.
AYIN	The Eye, to flow, to flow out, a fountain.

NAME OF LETTERS	INTERPRETATION OF SYMBOL, WORD, OR LETTER Rendered in English
PE	The Mouth, to breathe, to blow, a side or quarter of the heavens, region, part, quarter.
TSADHE	A Scythe or Reaping-hook, just, pertains to the harvest or retribution. Tsadok is Jupiter or justice (in Sanscrit, karma).
QOPH	Occiput, back of the head, to move in a circle.
RESH	Head, first, foremost, beginning, front. Rosh means a foremost or most northern nation.
SHIN	Tooth, a sharp rock, cliff, crag. The Almighty (Shaddi) if seen from the front, but Satan if seen from behind.
TAU	A Sign or Mark, cross, a symbol, a token.

In examining these results there is no consecutive narrative clearly seen as there is in the case of the Greek alphabet. Indeed, it was several weeks after the above table had been prepared, that it occurred to the writer to read it backwards, or from bottom to top, making the "last first and the first last," for Hebrew is read from right to left—the opposite to English. If we begin :

A sign (Tau) came from God (Shin) to the foremost people (Resh), etc., etc., we make the following free translation :

A sign came from God to the foremost people, that the cycle was completed, and that Justice should come. A quarter of the heavens was moved; the Breath came, and the fountains were opened. The fulcrum was put forth. There came a flood into the low places, striking and twisting together. From their enclosure they saw brightness, and therefore they looked to see. They opened the door at the high place. They dwelt in tents, and offered a bullock.

There is another rendering, entirely warranted by interpretations which, however, are not all given in the table, and this rendering will interest a certain class of students. It will bear very careful study.

A sign came from the Higher Self to the lower self, that its cycle was completed, and that it should reap Justice. The quarternary was moved; the Breath came, and the fountain of the Eye was opened. The Antaskarana was put forth, and there came a flood of spiritual light into the lower self; piercing and like a serpent. From its enclosure, the lower self saw the seven shining weapons—and therefore it looked to see. It opened the door of the third Eye at the High place, and dwelling within, made the At-one-ment.

All this is the A, B, C, of one line of symbology—the expression of thoughts which are beyond words. It IS somewhat fascinating—is it not ?

Sign-Posts Along the Path*



IN history and in our own experience there is abundant evidence that the Bhagavad-Gita is right in saying "spiritual knowledge includes every action without exception," and that it is to be attained by means of devotion. . . . I do not decry or despise learning; it is a great possession; but if the learned man were also a devoted one in the sense of the Bhagavad-Gita, how much wider would be the sweep of his intellection no one could calculate.

Learning of the human sort is not despised among the highest Teachers and Helpers of Humanity. They use it and acquire it. They accumulate *the record* of the experiences of seers and devoted men of small learning for long periods of time, until a great master of both learning and devotion arises who, by reason of his profound knowledge joined to devotion, can make the wonderful deductions in the possession of the great Teachers respecting matters so far beyond us that they can with difficulty be imagined. But this again proves that devotion is the first and best, for these great Helpers would not appear unless devotion had been the aim of their existence.

Without devotion a vast confusion arises within us that has been likened by some to a whirling motion, by others to the inrushing, overpowering flow of turbid waters. Boehme calls it in some aspects "The Turba." It is the delusion produced by the senses. And so Krishna, in closing the second lecture, says:

"Let a man, restraining all these, remain in devotion when at rest, and intent on me alone. For he whose senses are under his control possesses spiritual knowledge. Attachment to objects of sense arises in a man who meditates upon them; from attachment arises desire; from desire passion springs up; from passion comes bewilderment; from bewilderment, confusion of the memory; from confusion of the memory, destruction of the intellect; from destruction of the intellect he perishes.

"But he who approaches the objects of sense with senses free from love and hate and beneath his own control, having his soul well disposed, attains to tranquility of thought. In this tranquility there springs up in him a separation from all troubles. For the mind of him whose thoughts are tranquil soon becomes perfect in concentration."

* * *

Krishna's declaration brings up before us, not only the practices previously inculcated, but also the whole subject of death. For, in order to know how to "think of Him at the moment of death," or to have that tranquility which

* Extracts from "The Path," Vol. III.

only perfection of devotion confers, we must find out what death is, and whether it is solely what we see going on at the decease of a human being, or more than can be gauged with the eye. A little reflection shows that what is seen and noted by physicians and spectators is but the withdrawal of the soul and energy from the outer envelope called "body." While that is going on, the person may accept rites of the church or profess adherence to any sort of doctrine whatever, even with his last outward sigh speak of heaven with its bliss awaiting him. But that is only the first step. It leaves his visible features calm and happy, perhaps, in expression; his relatives close his eyes—they call it death. He, however, has only begun to die. The soul has yet to pass through other envelopes beyond the ken of friends, beyond even the dying man's present control. All now depends upon the whole course and kind of thought in which he indulged during the life of the body. For the soul has to pass along the road by which it came, and that way is lined with the memories of a life-time; as these memories rise up they affect the departing entity, causing it to be either disturbed from concentration on the Supreme Being, or assisting to a greater perfection. If, then, some few years only near the close of life were devoted to the sort of practice inculcated by Krishna, the memories of the years previously spent in following after desires will throw a cloud over the soul and absolutely prevent it from attaining that state from which return to earth is impossible without our consent. It is more perfectly illustrated by considering life as a grand musical movement that is brought to a close by using at once all the tones sounded throughout the whole preceding portion. The result will be a combined sound, expressing neither the highest nor the lowest notes, or the sweetest or less sweet, but the resultant of all. And this last sound is the fixed vibration that governs the entity, sounding all through him, and throwing him into the state to which it corresponds or of which it is the key. Thus it is easily seen that in each thought lie the possibilities of a harmony or a discord for life's conclusion.

—*The Bhagavad-Gita*, William Brehon, page 73.

Objections frequently raised against "Reincarnation," and that appear to those who make them to be strong, are some growing out of the emotional part of our nature. They say, "We do not wish to be some one else in another life; how can we recognize our friends and loved ones if they and we change our personality? The absorbing attachments we form here are such that happiness would seem impossible without those we love."

It is useless to say in reply, that if Reincarnation be the law, it can and will make no difference what we would like or dislike. So long as one is governed by his likes or dislikes, logical arguments will not dissipate objections, and, if it is coldly asserted that the beloved objects of our affection pass at death forever beyond us, no relief is afforded to the mind nor is a strictly accurate statement made. In fact, one of the miseries of conditioned existence is the apparent liability of forever losing those upon whom we place our

hearts. So to meet this difficulty raised by our present death, the Christian churches have invented their heaven in which reunion is possible under a condition, the acceptance of the dogma of the Redeemer. None of their believers seem to consider that, inasmuch as constantly many of those most closely bound to us by every tie do not and never will meet the prerequisite condition, happiness in that heaven cannot be possible when we constantly are aware that those unbelievers are suffering in hell, for, enough memory being left to permit us to recognize believing friends, we cannot forget the others. Greater than ever, then, that difficulty becomes.

What are these loves? must be asked. They are either (*a*) a love for the mere physical body, or (*b*) one for the soul within. Of course in the first case, the body being disintegrated at death, it is not possible for us, nor need we wish—unless we are grossly materialistic—to see that in the other life. And *personality* belongs only to the body. Hence, if the soul that we do love inhabits another physical frame, it is the law—a part of the law of Reincarnation not often stated or dwelt on—that we will again, when incarnated, meet that same soul in the new tenement. We cannot, however, always recognize it. But that, the recognition or memory of those whom we knew before, is one of the very objects of our study and practice. Not only is this the law as found in ancient books, but it has been positively stated, in the history of the Theosophical Society, in a letter from a Teacher addressed not many years ago to some London Theosophists. In it he asked them if they imagined that they were together as incarnated beings for the first time, stated that they were not, and laid down the rule that the real affinities of soul life drew them together on earth.

To be associated against our will with those who lay upon us the claim of mother, father, brother, son, or wife from a previous life would neither be just nor necessary. Those relations, as such, grew out of physical ties alone, and souls that are alike, who really love each other, as well as those who harbor hate, are brought together in mortal bodies as now father and now son—or otherwise.

So, then, with the doctrine of Devachan we have the answer. In that state we have with us, for all practical purposes and to suit our desire, every one whom we loved on earth: upon being reincarnated we are again with those whose souls we are naturally attracted to.

By living up to the highest and best of our convictions, for humanity and not for *self*, we make it possible that we shall at last recognize in some earth-life those persons whom we love, and to lose whom forever seems such a dreary and uninviting prospect.—*Respecting Reincarnation*, Editorial, page 163.

In order to have in his turn any title to help, he must work for others, but that must not be his motive for working. He who does not feel irresistibly impelled to serve the race, whether he himself fails or not, is bound fast by his own personality, and cannot progress until he has learned that *the race is*

himself and not that body which he now occupies. . . . 'The powers and forces of animal nature can be equally used by the selfish and revengeful, as by the unselfish and all-forgiving; the powers and forces of spirit lend themselves only to the perfectly pure in heart.'

Hear also the words of one of the Helpers of Humanity: 'Perhaps you will better appreciate our meaning when told that in our view the highest aspirations for the welfare of humanity become tainted with selfishness if, in the mind of the philanthropist, there lurks the shadow of a desire for self-benefit or a tendency to do injustice, even when these exist unconsciously to himself.'

. . . . They are well aware, however, from the repeated trials and records of centuries, and from their knowledge of our racial difficulties, how few are the persons who have any clue to their own real nature, which is the foe they attempt to conquer the moment they seek the Higher Knowledge. Hence, they endeavor, so far as Karma permits, to hold unfit individuals back from rash ventures, the results of which would recoil upon their unbalanced lives and drive them to despair.

* * *

. . . . It is within your power to constitute yourself a disciple, so far as in you lies, through the purity of your motive and effort *if both are sufficiently sustained*. No one can fix a period when this effort will bear fruit, and if your patience and faith are not strong enough to bear you through an *unlimited* (so far as you know) period of unselfish work for humanity, you had better resign your present fancy, for it is then no more than that. But if otherwise, you are to work for the spiritual enlightenment of Humanity in and through the Theosophical Society [and "Universal Brotherhood,"—Editor] (which much needs such laborers), remembering the words of the Helpers of Humanity: 'He who does what he can and all that he can, and all that he knows how to do, does enough for us.' This task includes that of divesting yourself of all personality through interior effort, because that work, if done in the right spirit, is even more important to the race than any outward work we can do. Living as you now are, on the outward plane chiefly, your work is due there and is to be done there until your growth shall fit you to pass away from it altogether. . . . The Theosophical Society [and "Universal Brotherhood,"—Editor] then stands to you, for the time being, for you to aid and work under. If you succeed in lifting yourself and others spiritually, it will be known, *no matter what the external silence may seem to be*, and you will receive your full dues from those who are honest debtors and ministers of the Just and Perfect Law. You must be ready to work, to wait, and to aspire in silence, just as all do who have fixed their eyes on this goal. Remember that your truest adviser is to be found, and constantly sought, *within yourself*. Only by experience can you learn to know its voice from that of natural instinct or mere logic, and strengthen this power, by virtue of which the Helpers of Humanity have become what they are.—*To Aspirants for Chelaship*, Editorial, page 105.

M a g i c

By JESSIE HORNE



MA G I C is Divine Science. A "Great Arcanum" which lies hid within the heart of each—therefore within the reach of whose will.

Divine Magic is a knowledge of the universe, its laws, and their method of working. This knowledge is no corollary of cut and dried statements, facts gathered up from outside observations of natural phenomena, but a living, realized, being-with nature—an intimate acquaintance with the cause at the back of the effects. It implies such a thorough insight into the working of these laws as will give power to work with them and quicken their effects. Madame Blavatsky says of Magic,—“A thorough familiarity with the occult faculties of everything existing in nature, visible as well as invisible; their mutual relations, attractions and repulsions; the cause of these traced to the *spiritual* principle which pervades and animates all things; the ability to furnish the best conditions for this principle to manifest itself, in other words a profound and exhaustive knowledge of natural law, this *was* and *is* the basis of Magic.”

To the magician a miracle in its general acceptance is an impossibility; there is for him no *super-natural*, but “all wonders are produced by a practical application of the hidden laws of nature.” That law which rules the springing up of a field-daisy is the same used by the Magician to cause a seed to germinate, take root, leaf, flower and seed in the space of half an hour; in the first instance nature works unaided, in the second she is sped on her course by a Master Mind; it is the same cause and the same method of working—but quickened.

Nature's secrets are not yielded up easily. Not to the average mind does she make obeisance. The man who approaches her with his outer senses alone, departs as empty as he comes, or filled only with the dry husks of knowledge which is but hearsay and worthless. The voice of Nature speaks only to Soul-man and through the Soul-senses, of which each has a full complement, dormant though they may be in many. To the man of full sense, a new language becomes apparent—a real thing—no mere poet's dream, but a decided distinct fact; so much so that he can practically apply the knowledge gained through it to his outer and everyday life, a knowledge certainly not to be gained by means of book-learning alone (though we must admit that in some cases that is a factor not to be undervalued), but gained through an inward recognition of one's Higher Self as one with the spiritual world, of one's lower self as one with the elemental and phenomenal world, and by

the aid of developed inner senses to recognize the operation taking place within each of these.

The elemental world, as a whole, is reflected in our elemental nature—that part over which the higher has charge. The Higher Self reflects the spiritual universe. We, the ego, the cognizer, the middle man, can from this vantage point study the operations of both, draw future knowledge from the higher to supplement and aid the lower elemental being; can recall from the lower stages of evolution through which we have already passed. Thus reviving the pure nature of the lower from experience, wresting wisdom from the higher, the Soul-man—the Magician—becomes a conscious link connecting the two worlds, and affords a field wherein the two may interblend and so produce other states—other races—other universes.

In so far as we help evolution, we are all more or less magicians. But the magician proper is he who is in a position to consciously help towards that end. The strong man is he who has at his finger's ends the history, manners and customs of those small beings who go to make up his body and bodies; who recognizes the strong bond of sympathy which necessarily exists between himself and them; and who further realizes himself as one of the myriad of other beings who in their turn go to make up a greater Soul—and who from such intimate contact with all these lives on all planes of being contains within himself an infallible encyclopedia standing good for all time.

In all ages Divine Magic has been closely connected with the Great Religion presiding over any particular cycle or race. It is the heart and soul of all the systems. The priests and priestesses who presided over the rites and ceremonies were specially trained souls—trained in a knowledge of Man and Nature in their noumenal and phenomenal aspects—trained to a realization and perfect use of their inner senses—trained moreover to know themselves as the Will—the Lords and Masters over themselves—and who, having conquered, stand through successive ages as Invincible Forces silently demonstrating the power of controlled mind. These are the Chaldean Magi—the Hierophants of Egypt—the Initates of the Greek Mysteries, the Magicians and Gods of all ages. It is they who as Priest-Kings after the order of Melchizedek presided over the lawgiving of kingdoms. It is they who as Priestly Instructors governed the Colleges and Schools and trained the future Teachers—Kings and Law-givers. It is they who in the Great Libraries and Archives guarded vast stores of written knowledge that the combined efforts of the Great Helpers of Humanity had accumulated and given into their keeping. It is they who in all ages protected and still protect the Sacred Truths—the Heirloom of Humanity.

The time is not far off when men will again recognize that a perfect state of society will only be commenced as the high places and offices of the land are in the hands of men perfect in a knowledge and control of themselves—men who consciously from a compassionate sympathy know the needs of humanity as apart from its desires, and who are ready to sacrifice themselves

on the altar of self-abnegation that these needs may be met and satisfied. Then will the Schools, the Colleges, the Universities re-become holy places, veritable gardens of pure delight, the delight of the self-conquered Soul exulting in the freedom natural to it; then again will Justice preside over the interests of the peoples, and the selfish and avaricious working for self-aggrandizement feel their power depart, and love and joy rule the nations.

Neither is this so far off. For the cry of humanity is great. The Heart of the Universe unfailingly responds to the call of its children.

Divine Magic will again become a known power in the land, is now actively at work to supply the demand of craving Nature; the Wisdom Religion is weaving still another garment wherein to manifest. Science and Intuition will again grasp hands, and the outer and inner senses of man unite to form a more perfect knowledge of a Perfect Universe.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL



I came across a person lately who claimed to be a teacher and practitioner of "Theosophical Therapeutics." As I had never heard of such a thing before, I write to ask if there is such a system in any way related to Theosophy or the Theosophical Society?

NO, there is not!

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society has again and again called attention to the many unscrupulous uses made of the name of Theosophy, by persons who are working for their own selfish ends. The persons who do these things are not members of the Society nor Theosophists, and have little or no idea of what Theosophy means. They seek to prey upon humanity under cover of the name of a grand and noble philosophy, the precepts of which impel men to a higher life and noble service for humanity — not to selfish money-making schemes.

In the present instance the very name discloses the preposterous nature of the claim. "Therapeutics" is a branch of pathology, relating to the application of remedies and the cure of diseases. "Theosophical" means relating to Divine Wisdom — "divinely wise." This would make the interpretation of the title mean, "Divinely wise application of remedies and cure of diseases," or "The application of remedies and cure of diseases according to Divine Wisdom"—the latter being inferentially in possession of the practitioner in question.

It would doubtless prove very instructive as well as amusing, if the so-called "teacher of Theosophical Therapeutics" were interviewed in regard to

his knowledge and claims, by some reliable newspaper reporter—and would without doubt serve to discourage others from besmirching a name which denotes the highest ideals of Divinity and altruistic life.

R.

Moses and Reincarnation

Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, “Return ye children of men.”

—*Psalm xc, 3.*

Reincarnation, or the doctrine of the repeated return of the soul to earth life, was one of the basic teachings of the religion of the ancient Egyptians and it would indeed have been strange if Moses, who “was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians,” had been left uninformed as to this fundamental idea in their philosophy of life.

The extract above, which occurs in the Psalm attributed to Moses, appears to point directly to Reincarnation, and another allusion, though not so plain, may, I fancy, be traced in that obscure passage which speaks of God as visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him (*Exodus xx, 5*). When the soul returns from its periodical rest in the Heaven-world it does not come as a pure and stainless angel, but inherits all the good and evil tendencies acquired during its past lives on earth. In a very real sense therefore, we may term the man in any particular life as the “child” of the previous one who justly inherits the good and evil wrought during its last descent into the physical world.

Who, as a child, has not rebelled against the apparent injustice of punishing a child for its father’s sins, as the surface meaning of the text would seem to imply? But in the light of Reincarnation the difficulty melts away like a morning mist before the rising sun.

What could be more fair and natural than that the seed sown in one life, should be reaped in the next, and the succeeding lives of the person who sowed that seed?

Reincarnation is a truth so necessary and obvious, that we cannot be surprised at its rapidly growing acceptance among all thinking men and women, and the spread of its acceptance would be much greater but for the cast-iron “moulds of mind”—the result of early training, and the crushing down of the true, intuitive beliefs of the child by a quotation from the supposed “Word of God,” which it would be impious to call in question. By studying the Bible in the light of Theosophy, much light may be gained on passages that to so many are obscure and perplexing, for, as quaint old Andrew Fuller used to say, “The Lord hath yet more light to break forth from His Holy Word.”

L.

Mirror of the Movement



Point Loma. In addition to the ever increasing work of the many departments of the International Headquarters, the past month has been one of Festival and Jubilee. There was the Children's Festival, the Grown-up's Festival, and the Workmen's Festival, and the New Year's Jubilee of January 13, 14, 15, which was continued over to January 16 and 17. The Workmen's Festival took place on the afternoon of Christmas Eve in a delightful concert and recitations by the Students. Every one of the workmen received a little souvenir gift—a photograph of the Aryan Temple which they had helped to erect. There is quite a little army of Carpenters, and Builders, and Plasterers, and laborers, and it is surely a significant fact—the interest they take in our "Brotherhood" work.

* * *

Christmas Eve With what anticipation the children had looked forward to Christmas Eve and the visit of Santa Claus. Never before has it been recorded in history that there were three Santa Claus, yet nevertheless this fact is now established for all time that three great Warrior Santa Claus, visited the young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School, and the Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the International Lotus Home at Point Loma, California, on Christmas Eve, in the year 1900. It greatly delighted the children when the Lotus Mother named them, calling the oldest "Truth," and his two sons, "Light" and "Liberation." How the young Warriors saw their lights coming over the hills, how they sallied out to guard the sacred grounds against intruders or any false Santa Claus who could not give the true Pass-word, how the whole hill-side at times was lighted by a soft rosy light; the great Christmas tree, the gifts, the joy and happiness of the whole occasion—for these the reader is asked to refer to *The New Century*, where all these things are told, and where the pictures of the three Santa Claus may be seen. Surely their coming portends great happiness for the Children of the World in this new century.

* * *

New Year's Eve As Christmas Eve had been specially observed and kept by the young folks, so New Year's Eve was specially observed by the grown-ups. Although the interior of the Homestead was not entirely finished, special efforts were made by the carpenters to have it so far ready that it could be used on this occasion. The ceremonies throughout were most impressive, and all realized the glorious victory which had been achieved by the forces of Light over those of Darkness, and the significance of this triumphant entry of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society into the New Century. Three great fires were lighted on the School of Antiquity Grounds, the Homestead Hill, and the International Brotherhood League Colony Hill, and kept burning until the sun arose the next morning. A fire was also kept burning till sunrise in the rotunda of the Homestead, now dedicated as a Temple. How full of meaning this is, that in the Homestead, this *Home* of the Students of Universal Brotherhood, there should have been erected a temple. Does it not mean that the Home-life of the World has been consecrated, that once more as in ancient days a sacred altar-fire has been lighted in the Home, that in the Home of the Soul—the Body—has been consecrated a sacred spot, a temple, a dwelling for the Soul? This conversion of Home into a temple is an event full of the deepest significance for the human race. Before 1902 there will be seen at Point Loma other most wonderful examples of classic home-temples. At the time of writing, the foundations for one of these are being laid according to the original designs of the Leader, which have commanded such admiration from architects and artists, and all lovers of the classic and the beautiful.

New Year's Jubilee**Jan. 13, 14, 15**

The New Year's Jubilee of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in accentuation of the Twenty-five Year's effort of the Great Theosophical Work of H. P. Blavatsky, Founder, W. Q. Judge, and their followers, who have kept the link unbroken, was held on January 13, 14, and 15, by the Lodges of the Universal Brotherhood throughout the World, and has been, everywhere, a magnificent success.

* * *

It is difficult to convey in words the meaning of the Jubilee and its greatness, and only a faint idea of it can be gained through comparison. It is instructive to look back at the great conventions of the Theosophical Society since the memorable vindication of William Q. Judge at Boston in 1895, when he was elected President for life of the Theosophical Society in America. This action was followed in Europe, and Australasia, where also he was elected as President for life.

Since that memorable year, every convention in each succeeding year has added its grateful tribute to his memory, and that of H. P. B., their nobility, their greatness, their self-sacrifice, as Teachers and Helpers of Humanity. The convention of April, 1896, was held in New York, almost immediately after W. Q. Judge's death. This was the first convention which our present Leader attended, and at which the announcement was made of the founding of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. W. Q. Judge's death served but to unite more closely the members of the Theosophical Society throughout the World, and added to that was the inspiration given by the presence of our Leader, appointed by W. Q. Judge as his successor. The crowded meetings, the enthusiasm, the determination to carry on the work of H. P. Blavatsky, and W. Q. Judge, and to support their successor, all plainly showed that the Society had entered upon a period of activity such as had not been previously known in its history.

In the following June, the great Theosophical Crusade around the World was entered upon—the preliminary meeting being held in Boston, at the Tremont Theatre, and the farewell meeting being held on the night before sailing, in the Garden Theatre, New York, before an immense audience. The Crusade included England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Egypt, India, Australia, New Zealand, Samoa, Hawaii. Wherever it went, the Flag of Brotherhood was planted, and the message carried of Truth, Light and Liberation to Discouraged Humanity. New Societies and Lodges were organized, and new members received, and a great Cabletow of Brotherhood girdled the earth. Then followed a Crusade through the great cities of America, concluding with the convention in New York, April, 1897.

The three Conventions of 1895, 1896, and 1897, and the work of these years, mark a complete cycle in the history of the Movement, a *crescendo*, vindicating and accentuating the work of H. P. Blavatsky, and W. Q. Judge, and proclaiming their true position before the World, in the face of opposition, and vilification of their memories, from those who had received from them spiritual aid and teaching, but who could not part with their own self-love and ambition. This period culminated in the great Crusade and in the founding of the International Brotherhood League for practical humanitarian work, all in preparation for a new and greater step, the establishment of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, founded by Katherine Tingley in New York, January 13, 1898, and accepted by the Theosophical Society at its Convention—the greatest which up to that time had ever been held—in Chicago, on February 18. This was recognized by the oldest and most devoted members as a magnificent expansion of the work of H. P. Blavatsky, and W. Q. Judge, verily the "Secret Doctrine" working its way into the hearts of men.

Just as the Convention at Boston in 1895, unmasked the enemies of W. Q. Judge and the Theosophical Society, so the Convention of 1898, in Chicago, unmasked the enemies of W. Q. Judge's successor and revealed them as enemies, not only of the Theosophical Cause, but of all human progress—lovers of themselves, ambitious, self-seek-

ing—such, however much they may profess, cannot at the same time be true workers for Brotherhood, or lovers of Humanity, but by the law are at last forced to stand out and reveal their true character and motive.

Event followed event in rapid succession until the great International Congress of the Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma, never to be forgotten by those who came from all parts of the World to take part in it. It is impossible to do justice to these events in any brief description or even to refer to all that has grown out of them. Although they are familiar to all members of the Universal Brotherhood, yet we are proud to recall them again and again that all lovers of humanity who read our pages may obtain at least a slight insight into the progress of our work. So we refer again to the following: The establishment of a Summer Home for children near New York, and of the Lotus Home at Buffalo, for destitute and homeless children; the relief given to thousands of the soldiers at the International Brotherhood League Hospital at Montauk, L. I., at the close of the war; the expedition to Cuba by Katherine Tingley, with a staff of volunteer workers, physicians and nurses, for which the United States government granted free transportation; all these led up to the great Point Loma Congress in April, 1898.

Then followed the establishment of the International Brotherhood League Colony at Point Loma, and another Crusade across the American continent; then one to Europe, to Sweden, and England; the great Universal Brotherhood Congresses at Stockholm, and Brighton, the former attended by King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway; and the regaining possession of H. P. Blavatsky's old home and London Headquarters at 19 Avenue Road, London, and the establishment there of the Raja Yoga school for little waifs gathered from some of the poorest districts of London, and the work among the factory girls of the great metropolis.

In February, 1900, the Leader came again to Point Loma. In April, the New Cycle Unity Congress was held throughout the World. The corner stone of the Isis Temple of Music and Drama was laid, Point Loma Homestead acquired, the building begun of the Aryan Temple, the establishment of the International Lotus Home and the Raja Yoga School, where already many children have been received from different parts of America and Europe, also several young Cubans; the building of the Tent-homes for the children; the grading and laying out of the sacred Loma Way, extending over a mile-and-a-half along the shores of the Pacific on the site of the City of Esotero; the re-construction of the Homestead, the establishment of a silk industry, the completion and dedication of the Aryan Temple. Look back at all these events, each and every one of which has marked an increasing influence on the World of men and affairs, a greater spread of the teachings of Theosophy, and a deeper recognition of Brotherhood; look back at these and then see in the New Year's Jubilee of January 13, 14, and 15, of this year, the synthesis and crown of the past quarter-century's effort, and the beginning of a new era. It was rather significant that many students remarked that throughout the Jubilee there pervaded the feeling that some new hope had dawned in the life of Humanity, like the sign of an inward victory, the herald of a new life. Look abroad and watch, and discern the signs of the times. In her address at the first Jubilee meeting our Leader stated that "the next nine months were pregnant with glorious possibilities for the nations of the earth, for the higher law would manifest itself in a new way through national and international life, and those who had eyes to see would see, and would discern the power that lies behind our great Movement." We have entered upon a momentous year, a momentous Century; new powers, and a new life are dawning. This was the significance of our Jubilee.

* * *

At Point Loma the greatest enthusiasm prevailed among the Students in preparing to carry out the plan of meetings as given by the Leader. The public meeting was held Sunday evening, January 13th, and was crowded. Eloquent addresses were given by the Cabinet Officers present, I. L. Harris, R. Crosbie, H. T. Patterson, F. M. Pierce, Dr. Van

Pelt, S. J. Neill ; also by R. Machell, H. M. Savage, and others—the Leader also addressing the Students, and inspiring them by her helpful words.

**Planting of Trees
by Students
and Children**

* * *

On Sunday morning all the Students assembled and marched to the new Loma Way, leading to the Ocean, on the site of the City of Esotero. Here, on either side of the Way, they planted trees. Tree planting was formerly a sacred ceremony and full of the deepest significance, and so it was to all who took part on this occasion. There were present representatives from America, Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, Poland, Sweden, Greece, Cuba, Australasia. Several short addresses were given. On Monday, all the children of the International Lotus Home and Raja Yoga School, also planted trees. It was a beautiful sight to see the children standing by their trees, and the little tots, each having a flag of one of the nations, thus linking together all peoples in this ceremony of peaceful Nature-life.

**Wisdom of Hypatia
A Symposium**

* * *

This Greek Symposium was finely rendered in the Aryan Temple on Monday evening. A stage had been erected, and R. W. Machell had painted a beautiful curtain. The effect of the performance, amid such surroundings, cannot be described. It was played by two entirely different sets of performers, and in each case well done. Exquisite music was also rendered on the organ and piano by Miss Bergman and Miss Hecht. The actors in the Symposium seemed inspired, living poems, the old beauty of the ancients pervaded all with the new touch of the new time. Mentally and physically, all seemed to have been brought into a higher harmony with the spiritual life of the Soul. The beautiful temple, the soft light, the mighty anthem of the ocean waves, each and all called to the Soul to awake and express its noblest powers in the service of man.

**Children's Jubilee
Raja Yoga Work**

* * *

One of the most beautiful features of the Jubilee was the Children's Festival, also held in the Aryan Temple—even the little tots, just old enough to walk, took part. It was a revelation of what proper attention and right training, will do. The children's symbolic presentation was exquisite, and at the close, the tableau of the children, with the international flags, was inspiring. Then followed a march around the temple, two of the little tots distributing little bouquets of flowers to the students, who sat spell-bound in the memory of what they had seen, and the wonderful lessons taught them by the little ones. A beautiful stage had been erected, and the draperies—not like any seen upon any modern stage—were painted with symbolic Egyptian designs in soft purple and gold tints. Before the curtain was drawn, the Earth-God spoke and, as was remarked, it was a sermon of sermons.

The first scene disclosed little mossy tree stumps, and the little tots from two to two-and-a-half years old, with the most beautiful composure and happy faces, came and sat down at them, while a beautiful fairy danced around and placed before each a cup of food—the food of physical life. The patience and confidence which all displayed was, indeed, a lesson to the grown-ups. No wonder the eyes of the spectators filled with tears. Iverson L. Harris, one of the Cabinet Officers, said it was almost too wonderful to believe, and this in the case of some of the little ones, after only three months training. All agreed that night that the children were teaching the grown people, and that they had opened a new door to the true joy of life, and had verily built a temple of light for the World, which the hungry hearts might enter in and receive the sweet manna of life.

And if those who saw them just for this little time were so affected, what must be the influence of these young lives upon their teachers? Indeed the work of caring for them is an inspiration, as both Dr. Van Pelt, the Superintendent of the Lotus Home, and

Miss Ethel Wood, one of the teachers, both declare. Also Miss Bergman and Miss Hecht, the music teachers, who have done so much with the grown people, say the possibilities before these little ones are marvelous.

* * *

Olympian Games

A new system of physical training, such as will make a glorious foundation for a closer unity of body, mind, and soul has been instituted by our Leader among the students at Point Loma.

“No one can do his best when encumbered by physical weaknesses ; many of the shortcomings in human nature are due to the fact of physical infirmities.”

Not one hundredth part of what is accomplished along all lines of development can be recorded, but it will interest members to know that nothing that will be of advantage to the work is overlooked. At the time of the laying of the corner-stone our Leader pointed out the spot where the Olympian games would be revived and the great natural amphitheatre which would be used for this purpose. During the past six months the Leader has been pushing preparations for these and already much preliminary work has been done. Both the men and women students and also the boys of the Raja Yoga School are now under trained athletic teachers and by the next Jubilee several interesting features will be brought out.

Reports of Lodges



**New Year's Eve
Celebration**

Throughout the country and in fact throughout the world the lodges of the Universal Brotherhood held special meetings on New Year's eve and watched the birth of the New Year and of

the New Century. Following are extracts from a few of the reports received at the International Headquarters :



NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1901.

Last night we had a most glorious meeting, the unity and harmony were so perfect that I am sure you must have felt them. Mr. E. A. Neresheimer conducted the meeting and his remarks were inspiring. We read the suggestions for the new work and I am sure that every one felt only a desire to carry these out to the utmost detail. The picture of work for the future was made so very clear that we all feel our energies strengthened and the assurance renewed that the truth will and must conquer, and that each one of us will share in the victory to the extent that we succeed in conquering ourselves.
—O. TYBERG.



BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 1, 1901.

The hall at 24 Mt. Vernon street, was well filled last night by the assembly of members of the lodges in Boston and the neighboring cities and towns gathered to observe the opening of the new century. The very atmosphere seemed full of brotherhood, and the green of the potted plants in the space in front of the platform seemed brighter than usual as if nature had felt our movement even on her lower planes and hastened to pay tribute to the cause.

The greetings from the world centre at Point Loma, Cal., were read and all warmly applauded. Then, each and every member was called upon to speak. Some said but a few words, while others spoke at greater length, but all voicing a most earnest and hearty loyalty to the Leader and devotion to, and certainty of, the success of the movement. There was throughout a uniform spirit of devotion to the cause of humanity and Theosophy, and the remarks of the different members seemed to weld themselves into

a grand harmonious whole. At the close of the president's remarks he requested one of our members to give us a song, and in response was sung "Beautiful Star" as we had never heard it before. It seemed to transport us to Point Loma, and to reveal to our inner vision the rising of that Beautiful Star which shall again shine in the heavens when all men by unselfish devotion to their fellows have become thrice perfected, and Universal Brotherhood carrying with it true religious liberty and freedom of thought shall every where prevail and ignorance, superstition and vice shall no longer exist to cloud the intelligence and darken the heart of mankind.

After the period of silence there was a general handshaking and exchange of wishes for a happy New Century and we wended our way home, each carrying the priceless souvenir of the occasion so kindly sent from Point Loma and for which our loving thanks shall forever go out to our Teacher.

Today we are again at our several avocations. But we are not the same men and women that we were yesterday and we never will be again. As a comrade said to me today—"We are changed beings, we have touched each other's hearts, we have partaken of the helpful thought sent us from Point Loma, we have listened to the music of the soul, and begun to lead the true Theosophic life."—A. J. C., Cor. Sec'y. Lodge 28.



BELLEVILLE, Ills., Jan. 1., 1901.

It affords me pleasure to report that the Universal Brotherhood Lodge of Belleville, Ills., No. 79, celebrated the ending of the old century and the advent of the new as directed in "Suggestions to the Lodges and Members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society." The occasion was one that will be remembered with pleasure by each of us who were present. We all send greetings to our Leader.—E. W. PRIMM, Sec'y. U. B. Lodge 79.



WILKINSBURG, Pa., Jan. 1, 1901.

We, the members present of the Wilkesburg Lodge, No 58, send greeting to you. Our meeting of the closing hour of the Nineteenth Century was held, uniting us with all the lodges throughout the world. Our hearts' best thoughts have gone out to Point Loma and all the world in a flow of love. May it be productive of much good to the great work in which we are engaged.—SIGNED BY ALL THE MEMBERS.



BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1901.

The members began to assemble early in the evening and at the appointed hour, 8:30, the meeting was called to order by the president. Music and then short addresses on Theosophy and Brotherhood from nearly all present engaged our attention until the time for intermission. After a social recess which was the more joyful as we had with us visiting members from Jamestown and from Hamilton, and also one of our own workers who had been absent a year and returned just in time for the meeting,—a second part of the meeting was called.

Great earnestness and steadfastness of purpose was manifest; there seemed to go out a stern resolve that nothing should touch our work that was not for its best interests; that nothing should come between us and our work as laid out for us by the Leader; that we would form the "Guardian Wall" around the centre.

Heroic work has been done in the past by our great Leaders who have shown us how to suffer, and if need be, die for the cause, and there was that feeling at the heart of our being that we would stand true to our colors through all time, as their great example had taught us.

As the midnight hour approached and all the glad bells rang out their greetings to the world, it seemed that each heart thrilled with a new and greater joy. The work to be accomplished for humanity in the coming years, is *our* work. This is *our* Century, for our Three Leaders have sounded the Key-note, and given to the world the Philosophy of life—Theosophy—which shall regenerate Humanity.

“Truth, Light and Liberation” rang out from the fires lighted at the sacred centre, and touched our hearts as they did the hearts of all the world, surely every soul felt that something had come into life that had not been there before.

Joy, Determination and Energy, characterized the forces at this our New Year’s meeting, and with these three forces we hope to conquer all our foes, and carry the work forward with a grand sweep into the New Century, ready and willing to wait or to serve as seems best to our wise and beloved Teacher.—COR. SEC’Y. U. B. LODGE No. 80.



FORT WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 1, 1901.

On the night of December 31st, the Fort Wayne Lodge, No. 42, U. B., held a meeting as instructed in circular from the Leader, the meeting was well attended and very successful.

With best wishes for a prosperous century of U. B. work.—S. M. McFERRAN, Sec’y. U. B. Lodge 42.



PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 1, 1901.

The two lodges, Nos. 84 and 124, held a united meeting on New Year’s eve. Each one present spoke on the cheerful outlook—on the lessons to be learned from mistakes of the past—on the triumph of having kept up the fight until the end of the Century, etc. We then had readings from the three Leaders, after greeting the birth of the New Century in silence.—ERNEST BARTON, Pres. U. B. Lodge 84.



VICTORIA, B. C., Jan. 1, 1901.

The salutations from our Leader and her Cabinet to the members of Lodge 87, were duly distributed, and on behalf of the Lodge we send our thanks.

We sent our salutations by cable from our lodge meeting on the night of the 31st December, 1900.

All of us have a stronger desire to serve the Cause, to make our Lodge a true centre of light for the healing of our city and its neighborhood.

At the dawn of the New Age when the sun of Brotherhood is looming upon the horizon of human life we feel impelled to again express our Love, Loyalty and Gratitude to our present Leader, to H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge for all they have done for us and for our cause.

We pledge ourselves anew to the service of Humanity and will fight more resolutely to eliminate all those attributes of the lower self which retard the work and inhibit the manifestation of the Higher Self.—G. F. JEANNERET, Pres. U. B. Lodge 87.



A Christmas Greeting to the International Lotus Home

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 13, 1900.

The glorious work so grandly begun revives again true hope in our hearts. It renews the fire of devotion in us and makes us rejoice in the privilege of serving in the ranks of the Army of Liberation. That we may be more fully attuned to the purpose for which we can best serve in the Cause of human regeneration is the aim of our lives. May we stand as beacon lights through our efforts to all that lives. With this we renew our pledges of devotion and dedicate our lives anew.

To all the comrades we send the hearty greetings of this time because we see the sign of the true Christ-birth in the hearts of the children of men. Through you we also send to the world of suffering, woe and despair, the hope which we feel at the dawn of the New Year and call to them to share our hope in bidding farewell to selfish endeavor which destroys, and welcoming the work of liberation for all through unselfish devotion.

We lay all we are on the altar of the new Home of Light, and bid you as children of the one Father, “A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.”

LAKE CITY, Minn., Dec. 31, 1900.

To the Leader and all the comrades whose loyalty has surrounded her work and the expanding nucleus of this Brotherhood,—the greetings and love of a grateful heart speak themselves across the stillness of the approaching dawn:

Your courage and devotion have lit the light of Constancy in one more heart, and at low breath—but with no uncertain tongue, I speak the watchword you have given: ETERNAL VIGILANCE—ONWARD! Yours faithfully, ROY UNDERWOOD.



Boys' Brotherhood Club, No. 35

WHEREAS—We, the members of Boys' Brotherhood Club, No. 35, Co. H, First Regiment, N. C. G., are constantly finding new interest, pleasure and profit in our organization, and the growing appreciation of the Wisdom and Love of our Commander-in-Chief, Katherine Tingley, through whose courageous and untiring efforts this club with its benefits has been made possible:

Be it Resolved, That, as an expression of appreciation and loyalty, we, in special meeting assembled at this, the first public presentation of our work, extend to our Commander-in-Chief sincere and heartfelt thanks for all that she has done and is doing for us; and,

Be it further Resolved, That this testimonial, inscribed by each of us with our names and bearing our greetings, be sent to her, and that a copy thereof be spread upon the records of this club.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have signed this tribute this 21st day of December, 1900.—SIGNED BY ALL THE MEMBERS.



SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 1, 1901.

In submitting the annual report for Lodge 7, of the Universal Brotherhood, I desire to emphasize the fact that never before in the history of the Lodge has it had so large a number of loyal, devoted, earnest and active workers as at present. Over 82% of the members on the roll (excluding non-resident members) have done actual Brotherhood work during the year, and many of them have done so daily. This work has been in addition to paying their dues and making other financial contributions, and represents a pure heart-offering for the great Cause we all serve.

As President of the Lodge and voicing its sentiments, I send the heartfelt love and devotion of the Lodge as a body to our dear Leader, and our fraternal greetings to the faithful at Point Loma.—JEROME A. ANDERSON, Pres. U. B. Lodge 7.



Other reports are being received daily and will appear in the next issue and also in *The New Century*.



One of the noblest and most faithful workers in England has left us for a time. Miss Emily Tilley, of Penarth, Wales, has been one of the most devoted comrades in the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood,—ever loyal and true to H. P. Blavatsky, a staunch defender of William Q. Judge and a noble worker under Katherine Tingley. We know the influence of such lives does not cease with the death of the body, but remains as an example to all who knew her.



We have also to record the passing of another comrade—Mrs. Paul Heffleman, a staunch worker of Los Angeles. To her husband and family and fellow comrades we extend our kindest thoughts, and trust that as Theosophists they will realize that the Great Law tenderly cares for its own.

OBSERVER.



A Day Dream*

By R. N.



I STOOD in a forest. Far as the eye could reach were trees, tall, upright, innumerable. But they were black, broken, and bare — dead every one. A year before, as I pictured them, they had been beautiful and stately in their pride, for this was the forest primeval. Once the sides of the hills had been clothed with green as with a sober garment. But now desolation reigned supreme, desolation the more terrible and forbidding that the remnants of former grandeur yet remain as silent witnesses of the glorious past which was theirs but a year ago.

I dreamed. Summer sun and winter snow came year by year, century after century, and the virgin forest ever rejoiced in its strength and beauty. Trees sprang up, tender shoots with green leaves. They grew, they absorbed the sunlight and hid it deep in their hearts. They boasted in their strength and youth. Then the light within, which was the life, was forgotten. Branches withered and died. The wind broke them off and they fell. But the forest trees hid these dead branches beneath their spreading boughs, and they said, "It is well. We are the lords of the soil. It is ours alone."

Then suddenly, quietly, unnoticed, a little spark — a mere nothing — fell among the trees, among the leaves and dried moss.

"I have a message to the forest," said the spark to the leaves. "A message!" laughed the leaves. "A message!" echoed the bushes. "A message!" repeated the trees. "What nonsense!" said they all, in derision.

Only the flowers took heed. "Tell us who sent you and what message you bring?" they asked.

* From "The Theosophical Chronicle."

"I was bidden to warn the trees," answered the spark. "The sun sent me to tell them that they would all die if they hid his light in their hearts and showed it not again, saying that they were themselves the purpose of creation and that all things were made for them. I am to tell them that the light they receive they must give to others, or it will be again taken from them and they will die."

"Strange!" said the flowers. "We see little of the sun's light in the forest depths, but we ever seek more, while the trees hide it from our sight. We give all we can, reflecting the sun as we see it in our blossoms. We can do no more."

The spark grew hot to think that the trees took all they could and kept it, while the flowers alone sought to spread the little sunshine they received through the branches. And a thin curl of smoke went up from the leaves where the spark lay, for it burned them.

The breeze came searching among the leaves to find out what all the whispering was about. For the wind is a terrible gossip, prying everywhere and repeating everything it hears. When the sun is shining it listens to the flowers chattering in the tall grass, and then goes tattling to the meadows; on stormy nights you can hear it moaning and roaring and making a tremendous fuss—and then it tells terrible stories about all sorts of things, trying to frighten any one who will stop to listen. But in the morning it sinks away to rest, and laughs quietly to think of all the noise it made the night before. For, of course, no one believes all the horrible tales it tells in the darkness.

Now, creeping among the moss and the ferns, the breeze overheard the whispering of the flowers and the spark, and it saw the little curl of smoke that rose up in the air.

"Let me see you," said the wind. And the leaves were blown hither and thither, while the spark was fanned into a little flame. And then the wind dashed off among the trees in tremendous excitement, repeating the message it heard from the spark. But the trees only laughed. "You are always talking, always listening, always whispering," they said. "And now you tell us this nonsense about a spark. Stir yourself for once, and do something instead of gossiping. If you can do all you say, breathe on the spark and scatter it, so we shall not be troubled by it any more."

But the wind knew that, if it chose, it could break down every tree in the forest. They had been friends now for so long that the trees had forgotten this, and they despised the wind.

"Well, do not blame me for not warning you," said the wind. "Of course, if you really want me to do so, I will blow the spark away, though it has grown a great deal since it first came."

"Yes, yes, blow it away and have done with it," said the forest; "what a fuss to make about such a little thing!"

So the wind blew upon the sparks which had spread to the dried leaves all round and to the moss, which was also dry. For, when the showers came on

the hot summer days, the trees drank up all the raindrops, leaving none for the despised flowers which grew among the dead leaves and the lichens. And the sparks were scattered everywhere through the forest.

Soon there was a crackling, and here and there little flames leapt up among the tree trunks. The crackling grew to a mighty roaring and the wind sped hither and thither, rejoicing in the noise and the flames and the thick smoke that rose up like a great cloud above the forest. For the sparks caught everywhere and the forest was on fire.

It had taken years to grow. It took a single night to burn. Then came the rain, and all that remained of the magnificent forest was blackened trunks and bare stumps — a world of desolation.

A year passed. The winter snow and ice melted and the summer sun came again. Shy little green heads peeped out of the black earth and presently came flowers. Purple iris and wild hyacinths, mayflowers and geraniums, fern brakes, purple daisies with golden hearts, meadow sweet and snake-weed, one by one, in glad surprise, greeted the sunlight with their blossoms. The dews watered them and trees no longer hid the light from them nor selfishly drank all the raindrops. For the forest was dead — it heeded not the message of the sun and because it refused to give to others some of the light it received, all its stored and hidden light was taken away in one night in fierce flames and raging fire.

But the little flowers that sighed so long in the gloomy forest depths, gave all they had. Now the pure light of the sun shone down upon them and they gladly gave it out in beautiful blossoms which grew in abundance like little shining suns — each imitating the sun as best it could. The wind still listens to the whispering of the flowers, and the stories it repeats are all of gladness and joy, for they now see the sun as he is and live in his warmth and light.

I dreamed again. And I saw the same forest. But the forest was of men and women like trees walking. Some were tall and stately; some were small and humble; some who were overshadowed by the others grew like little flowers among the dead branches and leaves which fell from the giants of the forest. And the murmuring of their voices sounded like the whispering of the breeze.

But I awoke. And lo, it was all a dream.

BAY OF ISLANDS, Newfoundland.

5th August, 1900.

The heart of a child,
Like the heart of the spring,
Is full of the hope
Of what summer shall bring.

O, glory of things
In a world undefiled —
O, heart like the Spring's
In the heart of a child.

— A. Austin Jackson

A Picture Story

By E. W.



MARCUS is a little Lotus boy, and is very fond of making designs. Here is one for a photograph frame, only you must draw pictures where the words are, then put in all the colors you can think of:

Rainbow

Man, singing, with Guitar

Darkey playing Accordeon

Butterfly

Jack on Hobby Horse

Little Bettina

Two Little Birds

Diamond

Fido, the Dog

This is for

Polly the Parrot

Tall Red Crane

the

The Court Fool

Small Blue Butterfly

Photograph

Big Sea Gull

R

Green Trees

L

Red Rooster

O

Little Yellow House

A

Stately

Two Little

A

Horse

Man

K

White Swan

Yellow Chicks

D

Red Umbrella

E

Little White Swan

And this is what it says to the children:

Once upon a time a funny little Red and Yellow Man with a fat Red Umbrella, was walking toward his little Yellow House, down by the big Green Trees.

Suddenly he met, all saddled and bridled and mounted on rollers, a big Red Horse. It gave him such a fright, he fell down—bump—and his heels flew so high, they nearly hit the little Yellow House.

Then the stately White Swan said to the little White Swan, "My child, let us sail far away. That awful thing will fall into our LAKE. We have no fear, oh no—but for your sake. . ." The little White Swan stretched her head ex-treme-ly high, with a look su-per-i-or—and they sailed away.

With a whirr-r-r, whirr-r-r, came a Big Sea-Gull, and snatched in a jiffy the tassel on the cap of the little Red and Yellow Man.

The big Red Rooster across the ROAD said, "Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doodle-do; ridiculous thing to be sure!"

Then he walked away so dis-gust-ed.

"Worms,—peep, peep," said the two Little Chicks.

The small Blue Butterfly had just changed his clothes, on leaving his snug cocoon. Opening his wings he glanced all around—"Grubby—too grubby for me.—I'll try my wings and rise." Then it straightway began to (wait a minute, this will be a surprise).

Now the Court Fool was listening—'tis his business, you know,—and eager to tell the king, he paid no attention to Poll,—Pretty Poll, who shrieked, "Want a cracker," as the Court Fool ran—and ran—and ran—till he came to the Tall Red Crane who was nearly insane, watching the King's Highway.

Now this Crane was a most ex-tra-or-di-na-ry bird; the more it looked backward the better it heard. (Its head is turned, you see).

The King was "King Charles," as of course you see, as Fido, the King Charles Spaniel is here.

Now Fido had run away from the guard. Naughty Fido! Look, he is begging so hard, for he sees Bettina coming, and he knows, yes indeed, he knows that with cakes and nice sweets Bettina is well supplied.

Bettina had been with her Cousin to play. What fun they had had all the long day. Then the Two Little Birds said, "'Tis time to go home."

Jack jumped on his Hobby Horse and said, "Gee up, we must guard Bettina home."

The Man with his Guitar sang a parting song, and the Darkey played the Ac-cor-de-on, and the Two Little Birds sang very sweetly, "Under our special care Bettina shall be."

Now for a surprise, lift up your eyes. The Butterfly, rising so very high, looks like a rainbow in the sky. Where did he find all these colors gay? Picked them up along the way.—red, blue, yellow.—love, joy, hope. Whether you are boy or girl, you can also change your "clothes" by kind thoughts, sweet words, high hopes,—shining garments, these if you please.

Like this lovely Butterfly, if you wish to be, some day you may rise, like the rainbow in the skies, some day,—bye and bye.



LOTUS BUDS AND BLOSSOMS, WITH THEIR TEACHERS, OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, STARTING FOR A DRIVE FROM LOMA HOMESTEAD, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1901.

Two in One House

By L.



MY parents gave me a house when I was very young, and a pretty house it was, too. The roof was thatched with a material very like a fine and silky yellow straw, and the windows were round and had panes of blue and white glass. There were two ventilation holes above the front door, which was painted scarlet all round, and if you pecked into the hall you could not but admire the soft pink velvet carpet, and the flashing white ivory tiles on the ceiling and floor.

When first I moved into my house I did not spend much time there. I did not feel quite at home, and as I had a page boy to do the cooking and look after the house work, I left matters very much in his hands. Much of the

day time and of all the night I used to wander about at my own sweet will, just coming back to my house for meals and when my parents would visit me.

Some years thus passed away until at length I began to take more interest in my dwelling. I noticed that it did not look so neat and clean as other houses standing in the same street. The windows were dull and dirty, a great deal of black smoke poured out of the chimney pots on the roof, and a flock of noisy crows had made their nests under the shingles, bringing all kinds of garbage home with them and making the place in a horrible mess.

I rang the bell and called the boy into my room. I told him that everything must be put in order and cleaned up and that I was not at all pleased with the way in which he had done his work. But when I looked him over it seemed to me that he was an altogether different boy from the one I had taken on when first I moved into my house. He had grown very fat and strong and had a shock of flaming red hair which stood up on end all over his head. His nails were like the claws of an animal, he was vilely dirty, and he entered my room sucking the end of a bone which he had stolen from a crow's nest on the roof.

When he heard that I was going to set my house in order he got red in the face with passion, stamped on the floor and said he would soon teach me whom the place belonged to. I quietly replied that the question was already settled, the house was mine and he would have to do as I told him. He simply put out his tongue and bounced out of the room slamming the door behind him.

I now began to spend some time every day in cleaning up my disordered dwelling. I was much disgusted to find that he had been ordering three times as much food as we required, to be brought into the house, and there it lay in heaps, blocking up the halls and rooms and making everything greasy and dirty. This I stopped by keeping guard at the front door so that no more provisions should come in than we really needed from day to day.

The serving boy rebelled at this and tried to smuggle in food when I was off guard, but I soon found out that by keeping strict watch, and looking him straight in the face he was obliged to stop this troublesome habit. Another thing we used to struggle about was the village of crows' nests under the shingles. The boy had made regular pets of these unclean birds, he liked to hear them croak and caw and he used to enjoy the dirty scraps they brought back with them to their nests. Little by little I turned them out of their nests and replaced them by snow-white pigeons, which cooed gently all day long and would carry letters from me to my friends and bring me answers back again.

The windows of blue and white glass I had by this time got bright and clean, and the whole house began to look more presentable.

I had a certain quantity of oil delivered to the house every day, but I found to my annoyance that instead of using it for the lamps in the windows, the boy poured it on the kitchen stove, for he seemed to enjoy the heat and

smoke it gave off when burned in this way. But I preferred that the oil should be used to light the passers-by when the world was dark and the sun had gone down.

At last I got him to obey my rules, and I had two principal ways of making him do what I wanted. I was much taller than he was and I always found that by standing very straight and looking down into his eyes, I forced him to obedience, for he never could return my gaze when looked at from above. The other way of subduing him was by stinting him in his meals and giving him only just enough to keep him in health, but no extra strength to spend on foolish tricks and noisy games and shouting and singing at the top of his voice, which only brought disgrace upon the house.

All this required eternal vigilance. I could never lie on the sofa for an hour or two to take a nap, for if I did, I always found on waking that he was poking his ugly red head out at the window and frightening the passers-by, or else he would be standing at the front door quarreling with the boy in the opposite house and calling him shocking names.

I cannot tell you all the trouble I had with that boy. Sometimes I forgot about him and went to sleep, only to find that everything had gone wrong while I was off guard. There were crows perched on the roof, the stove was roaring with hot flame and clouds of smoke, all kinds of eatables I did not want were lying on the floor; and dirt, dust and disorder seemed to fill the house, but — *I trained him at last* — His personal appearance began to improve, his hair did not look quite so red, and besides that it would lie neatly on his head on both sides of the parting, and not stand up like the quills upon an angry porcupine.

The house grew clean. No wasted food cluttered up the halls, no dirt or dust disfigured the rooms, and at each blue and white window a large lamp shone out its radiance like the noontide sun. There was still a greater light in an inner room of a lovely violet hue, so bright and piercing that the very outer walls were made to glow and radiate, so that all who passed the house were cheered by the soft light and mild warmth.

I had now no longer any trouble with the boy, but could trust him to behave when I left home for a while. He was so obedient that he would dart about like lightning when I sent him on an errand, he was no longer fat and lazy, but did all the chores so thoroughly and well that it gave me plenty of time for other and more important things.

Perhaps you too have a house and a serving boy. Does he keep the place clean, or does he do just what he wants to? Are you, or is he the real master of the house? It is worth your while to look into the matter.
