

## A U M

TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION.

"Help Nature and work on with her, and she will regard thee as one of her  
 Creators and make obeisance."

*The Voice of the Silence.*

# Universal Brotherhood Path.

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## —♦—POINT LOMA.—♦—

By C. M.



*EST of the West is the Sunset's home,  
 And west of the West is the Star we sought;  
 And west with the West Sea's fairy foam  
 Is the prize of the World-Old fight we fought.*

Out of the East to the westward we wandered in armies slow,  
 And many a rich land called us to stay on the way and rest;  
 And many a while we waited, but our eyes were always aglow,  
 Our eyes and our hearts, with longing for a longed-for land in the West.

Many and many a green isle shone in the blue of the sea,  
 And many a snow-white gull wing vanished away o'er the waves,  
 And we dreamed of a sea-wet west land where never a grief should be  
 And a Fountain of Fire from the Earth's Heart through a splendor of magical  
 caves.

Many and many a green isle shone in the ebb of the tide,  
 And lured us away with its dove-call—*O come to the Sunset's home!*  
 And many a frail boat rowed out, and many a swimmer died,  
 And dying, flew to the green isles a-gleam in the gleam of the foam.

Land of the golden sunset, away on the western sea!  
 Land of our Hope-Star, shining foam-white, purple and green.  
 Our Longing hath folded her long gray wings to nestle on thee  
 Like a way-worn white dove nestling in peace on the knees of a queen.

*For it's west of the West is the Sunset's home  
 And west of the West is the Star we sought;  
 And west with the West Sea's wandering foam  
 Is the prize of the World-Old fight we fought.*

# THE PERFECT MAN.

By GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT.

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HO is he? Where shall he be found? Our experience of life leads us to doubt his existence, and yet the belief in him is deep in the heart. As children, with our yet unburdened atmospheres, how often have we thought we saw him? Our parents, in the first place, were perfect, and later many others surrounded by the haze of distance. And when a nearer approach disclosed their failings, our unflinching faith often made us ready to transfer the title to some other figure shining with reflected glory, until on reaching years of maturity, one by one, all our idols had fallen. And yet this faith has a meaning. No man is perfect, but all are perfectible. As children, our *instincts* told us this. But so dense are the clouds in this age, they have almost covered this truth for the man.

Our skepticism is born of our ignorance as to what man is. We have confused the image with the reality. No wonder we have been utterly mystified and confounded, and that theory after theory, dogma after dogma, has been formed to account for the bewildering array of facts before us. Truly, the ray of sanity remaining expressed itself in the honest agnosticism of this century, which knew it did not know. Poor humanity! deceived, deluded, discouraged and disheartened; knowing not whence it came, nor whither it was going, and too blind to see the few lights over the earth, not yet extinguished.

From many, many quarters came the cries of distress. And they were heard. In 1875 the answer came, clarion-like, ringing over the earth. "Man is divine, and not originally sinful. Within him lies a god. Awaken! ye sons of God!" And some were aroused. And the voice from above, has gone on sounding louder and louder, and has been taken up by an ever increasing army of warriors.

As we study ourselves and those about us more deeply, we perceive that this part of ourselves which we can see and communicate with in the ordinary way—our personality, so called—is simply a reservoir and transmitter of something. Although there is always a certain amount of permanence during a lifetime, there is always a still greater degree of impermanence. This centre, through which streams of force of different kinds are constantly passing, we think of as being ourselves. We may not, perhaps, think thus when we stop to philosophize, but practically we look at one another and think, "He is noble, truthful, attractive, artistic, entertaining, vicious, clumsy, or one of the other manifold qualities," and we think of this individual as being separate from others in a way, and in possession of these faculties, and we admire or condemn him accordingly. The idea of personal possession is everywhere so strong that we may desire to possess this other individual, who seems to us to possess these

desirable qualities. And men may even come to the absurd position of fighting each other for the possession of a third person. Now, although no creature can possibly possess anything, except what all possess, and although every Soul is in itself free, the whole civilization is based on the belief in and the desire for personal possessions. So full is this earth of delusions that we must gain the power to dispel!

For that alone which knows, feels, suffers, enjoys—which possesses because it *is* everything—is the eternal divine spirit, which is one in essence, and is in and through every thing and every creature. It breathes itself out as a tree, and though each leaf appears separate, yet are their spirits one. It breathes itself out as *many* trees, and though each tree appears separate, yet the spirits of all are one, sleeping or waking in mother earth. It enlivens the waters of the deep. It stirs the bird to song. It moves the inert stone to crumble. Even all these objects which are acted upon, must be but that part of itself which has not learned to move. For can any part of the universe be divided against itself?

In like manner it breathes itself out as many men, and though each man seems separate, yet is the spirit, the essential man, common to all. But man's personal life is fleeting, as the leaf. Like it, it will drop, and be no more. Why should it concern us so deeply? Why should our doings, our disappointments, seem of such moment to us?

The mysterious delusive difference seems to be in this, that consciousness as it flows into the leaf, cannot there inject the idea of self-consciousness. The leaf, as a leaf, does not know itself. And so the expression there is more free and without the opposition of the idea of separateness. But into the vehicle we call man, a higher quality of consciousness can enter—that which has the godlike faculty of knowledge of its existence. This consciousness animates this vehicle, which is as much above the leaf vehicle, as man's consciousness is above that of the leaf's. And there it remains, pent up for a time, so to speak, because the avenue of its connection with the vast ocean of which it is a part, is so narrow, that it is not seen or understood. This portion of universal consciousness, called man, which has all its potentialities, is for the time being placed in such a position that he is deluded, and thinks his life is separate.

Here is the beginning of evil, so called. Yet dimly we can see, that even this is beneficent, that to become godlike, each spark must for itself discover the truth. It must learn little by little, under the most adverse circumstances, to know the truth, so that nothing can ever have the power to deceive it. And so it, as the son of man, is sent, is born into this wonderfully complex vehicle, which it has itself evolved and intellectualized through the ages, and which represents, and which is subtly connected by manifold unseen threads with all the forces of the universe, which are opposing the onward march—the inert—the so-called forces of evil. It creates, and then throws into its creation a part of itself, bidding its offspring know itself. This offspring, thrown off as is the

leaf, with its vehicle, we call man. And as life after life is lived in failure to penetrate the darkness, and recognize his divinity, they seem to have passed in vain. And so the process must be repeated again and again, until little by little, comes that which will liberate the Soul. All true religious teachings can be seen to lead to that end. To do with others as we would be done by, to love each other, is the natural method by which a Soul comes into sympathy with other Souls and learns its unity with them.

Really to enter into deep sympathy with all others, is but a returning to that original ocean of consciousness and partaking of that greater life. But we must not only practice the golden rule, but practice it with a consciousness of our divinity. For great and helpful and necessary as it is to work for and with others, the greatest good of which we are now capable cannot come from a doing of these deeds of kindness from any motive of sentiment. To offer a gift to another because he is personally attractive to us, is but selfishness or vanity; to offer it with the idea that we possess and are superior to him, is degrading to both and only trammels the Soul, as it increases the delusion as to our real relations. To offer it in purity of heart, with true love, is surely helping to bring heaven upon earth, but even that cannot carry with it the power that will follow a gift with the thought that we are all divine, and living our true life together, behind all this giving and taking; that our personalities are allowed to be under the delusion of possession of things until they can overcome it and that they are but our tools.

It is that deeper spirit of brotherhood, which can look with impartiality upon all, that is going to liberate the world—a feeling of brotherhood within, which makes us capable of indifference whether it must be the little chariot we are directly driving, or the many about us, which we are indirectly affecting, that must suffer in the coming strife, providing only the best be done for our common life. Unless even our virtues are based on this fundamental idea they will all fall, like the house that is built upon the sand, for it is the basis in fact. It is the underlying stratum of everything. To get back to it is like planting our feet upon a foundation rock. All systems of philosophy must be built upon it, if they would stand, all religions, all arts, for what are these, but different modes of expressing the one eternal truth.

Yet so mystified is man by these conflicting voices always sounding within him, that it is with the greatest effort that he can bring himself to recognize it. When the real man says, "I am divine," the devil within answers, "You are full of original sin." When the real man asserts his powers, the devil answers, "Only through the help of another can you be saved." When the real man would reach out to his brothers, the devil in him suggests that he gain power for himself, and every word of his carries with it in some form the idea of separateness. The voice of this devil grows ever more subtle, ever more persuasive and intelligent as the voice of the god becomes stronger and clearer.

What we commonly, in our ignorance, consider man, is but the focus for these two contending forces—is but a battle ground, so to speak. We attach

ourselves to such under the delusion that *it* is the growing and divine light we have seen. Though often, even while we are gazing, the picture suddenly changes, and we see to our disappointment, a being of selfishness, ambition, or vanity, or a pitiful creature who, with nearsighted vision is losing himself in trifles, or turning his whole attention upon some microscopic speck of imperfection, or perhaps one who has betrayed his master or friend. In amazement, we can scarcely believe our senses, and we exclaim: "Is this my friend?" No! it is not and was not. He who sat within was the friend, and when for a time the doors were opened, his gaze met ours, and, mystery of mysteries, he was ourself—our greater self. For it is always but ourselves we seek, as we peer into window after window of this multitude of houses.

How shall we conquer this delusion, so that it has no more power to deceive, and we shall not be forever ground in this mill of sin and sorrow? First, we must admit it, to be sure. That is the beginning of the hour of deliverance, and then we must animate every act with the motive power which emanates from that real self. The consciousness then would be quickened with every act, and that quickening would be carried out from the centre to the very surface of our lives. That is the meaning of the lifting up of the "Son of Man." I believe that every time we do that, we break one of the myriad strands of the chains that hold us. And if we really could succeed in doing this all the time, we should quickly see ourselves revealed.

This is no figure of speech that we can reveal ourselves to ourselves. Everybody knows it, even those who have done no analytical thinking. We all recognize that we have greater possibilities than we now express, and when occasionally we express more, we know we have not created anything, only brought something out. We say commonly: "We have developed." So we recognize when we pause to think that we *are* something which we do not at present know. Can we imagine that this greater thing which we are has less self consciousness than the smaller? Can we develop that which we have not, or bring all of these treasures out of a worm of the dust or an originally sinful being?

Just as when the life current forcing itself through an acorn, becomes an oak, so in passing into a human organism, it becomes a man. Only here the power to aid in the evolution is injected into the vessel, whereas in the tree, it is not. And just as in a leaf the consciousness flows through a stem, so in man it flows through a small channel which he has to work to find. And for him, the possibilities are infinite. There are limits to any one body, of course, though we have never probably reached them, but we throw off one body after another and can each time call down into it more and more of ourselves. For we are working on both sides of the stem. On the one side we are urging down with divine love and compassion, and on the other we are reaching up, and longing and looking, and when we have evolved our Hercules there, we begin to pull and command. For *we* are Prometheus and *we* are Hercules. We are all together in this struggle, and when we have liberated ourselves—we

who are now bound to earth—then shall we know our Titanic strength, and the perfect man will be uncovered. Thus we shall see that he is a god, and earth will be lifted up to heaven.

To bring this about, we must consciously turn our faces toward the light, and listen for the Voice with music in it. For if we look at the picture of helpless humanity too long, our arms will hang lifeless at our side, and our power will be gone. We have been so long in it and a part of it, that we know it well. It is not necessary to dwell upon it. And if we waste our precious time in a contemplation of our own weaknesses, we know well how the clouds will envelop us. Despair, discouragement, is of the devil. There is no doubt of it. When we discourage others, we play the part of the devil. Nothing saps our strength like the loss of self confidence. Everybody knows that. And it is the work of the evil forces to destroy that in humanity, or to centre it in the lower man. Here is a wonderful example of the majestic power of thought. That which is born of courage and trust in our higher possibilities can lead us to liberation, while that which is born of doubt and despair will always lead us deeper and deeper into the mire. Jesus of Nazareth used to appeal to that courage, for he explained that the kingdom of heaven was within, and that it must be taken with violence. And when the Jews sought to stone him for calling himself the Son of Man, he said: "Is it not written in your law, 'I said, Ye are gods.'"

Yet the evil forces have got even into the churches, where they would most like to be, for there they can weaken humanity in its heart—and they have got the church practically to deny these teachings by emphasizing that other view in regard to man—viz., that he is helpless, a worm of the dust and full of original sin. In other words, they have persuaded man to identify himself in consciousness with that lower animal side of his nature, instead of the divine. Through the church, man has been taught to forget his divinity. What could be more subtle and destructive than that? For it is a truth that has been taken hold of, but by separating it from that other truth, it has of necessity become so distorted as to be a falsehood.

What could more effectually arrest man's development than that—to make him *think* himself that lower self? His liberation must begin with a consciousness of his divinity, and end with a realization of it. That is the method by which it is to be brought about. It is the magic thought which will open for him the gates of heaven. How Satan must have laughed through most of these years of the Christian Era. From what was supposed to be the fountain of wisdom—from the church—he has been uttering this blasphemy. And he has made good people his mouthpiece. What a master stroke!

But the hour of deliverance is at hand. Satan has been loosed, but he will be bound again. Humanity shall henceforth know it is divine. The forces of light will again be in the ascendant. The wheel is turning and we are even now in the transition age.

What we have to do, to help this wheel in its turning, is just the opposite

of what we have been doing. Instead of fearing one thing after another, and seizing whatever we can to save ourselves from these various fears, even trying to seize spiritual life for fear of some punishment if we do not—instead of that, we must rise into that serene part of our natures, where trust reigns supreme. And in that region of peace we must, by the divine gift of imagination, create here on earth for all that lives, that which our awakened intuitions tell us is in accordance with the reality. And we must hold this image firmly by the will, and nourish it with our heart's blood. For *we* are gods, and *we* can create. We have been creating selfishness all these years, and retarding this wheel in its turning, and now we must realize that every particle of selfish fear, of selfish ambition, of selfish virtue even, is a clog to the onward movement.

It is a difficult task we have before us, for the force of habit is strong. And yet those who have brought us the light and who know the way, say it is *so* easy. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

It is just the giving up of the burden of personal life. It would seem to be a simple thing. And when we understand what life it is we are to give up, we do not really care anything about it. Why should we? "He that loseth his life shall find it."

But though this simple thing is, for most of us, *so* difficult, that it often seems impossible, yet the time must come when the perfect man shall stand revealed within us, and when we too shall say: Ah! how easy this is! Why could we not have done it long ago?

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"No stream can rise higher than its source, and if we find the feeling of I-am-ness expressing the very acme of consciousness and at the very apex of evolution, we may expect confidently that it will be still farther accentuated as man rises to higher states. Our selfish conception of it will and must disappear, but who can conceive of the power and glory of an Hierarchical I—a great note of common consciousness as much beyond the petty, personal I as the united strength of all humanity is superior to any unit thereof? And beyond this lies the Cosmic I, and still beyond the universal I-am-myself-and-all-others, of perfected bliss!

*Evidences of Immortality.*—Jerome A. Anderson, M. D.

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"By truth alone is man's mind purified, and by right discipline it doth become inspired."—*Gems from the East.*

# ORIGIN OF HYPNOTISM IN ITS WIDER SENSE.\*

By ZORYAN.

Lo! 'tis a gala night  
Within the lonesome latter years,  
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
In veils, and drowned in tears,  
Sit in a theater, to see  
A play of hopes and fears,  
While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,  
Mutter and mumble low,  
And hither and thither fly—  
Mere puppets they who come and go  
At bidding of vast formless things  
That shift the scenery to and fro,  
Flapping from out their Condor wings  
Invisible Woe!

That motley drama—oh, be sure  
It shall not be forgot!  
With its Phantom chased for evermore,  
By a crowd that seize it not,  
Through a circle that ever returneth in  
To the self-same spot,  
And much of Madness, and more of Sin  
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout  
A crawling shape intrude!  
A blood-red thing, that writhes from out  
The scenic solitude!  
It writhes! it writhes! with mortal pangs  
The mines become its food,  
And the Angels sob at vermin fangs  
In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!  
And over each quivering form,  
The curtain, a funeral pall,  
Comes down with the rush of a storm,  
And the Angels, all pallid and wan,  
Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"  
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

Oh! that we may be strong and selfless-minded, to call to the searching light from the crystal throne of Truth, and from the radiant sphere of Heart, to flutter down as a white dove into the dark regions of human life; to shine in silvery and golden beams upon the phantoms of the night; to change dark clouds into a cool, refreshing rain, quenching the red, sublunar flames, abating the fever of these infernal regions of earth, and shedding tears of storm, to veil with showery palls of tempest the fall and the untimely end of those submerged in the dark gulf of their own thoughts and deeds, covered and overflowed with the insulted elements of nature.

And thus when we begin to see, not for sweet rest, not for the laurels of the deserved past, do we awake, we sleepy comrades, rubbing our eyes in this early morning hour; but we hear a bugle call, gathering us as knights, clad in full armor and ready for the battle against the strongest evil which oppresses the true light of human civilization, against that force which is dead for intelligence,

—\*Adapted from an unpublished story, "In The Hesperides."



void of choice, so glittering with its colors of false power and false friendship, and leaving only ruins in its dreadful progress.

How pleasant it is to run in memory to ancient times, to gather strength from the voice of Soul and from the ancient records of the past and to learn that at the beginning of antiquity it was not so. When the earth was fresh and young, when the Brontosauri walked the ground, which trembled under their weight of scores of tons, and the wings of Pterodactyles were circling in the air, when men and animals were of a giant size\* and all powers were so exuberantly rich, it was then that those powers did not run into riotous extremes. It was then that souls were free and more glad of one another's presence than of any petty transitory things. It was then that God was dwelling, not somewhere afar in the high skies, but in this sweet Nature and in the golden days of the companionship of hearts. And no wonder, for it was the golden age, born of the morn, whose divine brightness is not now realized even in dreams.

For, as we have heard, these our bodies are from the earth below, and our forms from the beautiful fancy dreams of the lunar fields; yet our souls are not from these regions. So, too, it is said that the human soul is as a bird, flying above the field of shadows and searching for the realm of truth, hoping, striving for liberation against all earthly odds and sacrificing all for that which is just and noble and true, never satisfied till it gains its goal; that that soul is derived from the self-same eternal sphere, whereto it struggles to return. So in those early days it shone in the first men as though in some translucent lamps, the colors of which were not so dense as now, and whose fancies were not so strong and fixed as in the present days. For by the friends and companions of those times, whether their lamps shone as gold or purple; whether they were blazing with noonday glory of middle life, or with the mysterious sunset glow of calm and ecstasy as it dies down into the west; whether in the fiery glance of man's eyes, that conqueror of this nether world, or in woman's meditative gaze, wherein time ceased to be, and only a dream of eternal happiness rang its fairy bells and spread its fairy lights; everywhere the One Light was the life and the glory in all, and ever, when the soul looked with its luminous eyes, it was the mysterious inner fire that was the comforter of the heart, not the colors of the lamps, which were only its diaphanous screens.

Between man and woman there was not so much difference then as to make obscure their identity of life, and to force them, alas, to seek their identity of shadows. Neither was there that difference between youth and age, for youth was serene with its freshness, and old age with the restfulness of the twilight of its life, whose sun seemed not to disappear then, as it seems now for this shadow-dreaming generation of ours which in its fright of darkness forgets that consciousness is greater than the Sun and is subject to some heliocentric system of its own. But in those times life on earth did but slightly veil the eternal

\*This statement dares to disagree perfectly with the Haeckelian diagram of man's origin. If man is a mammalian in his body, it is not by a heredity from a mammalian branch. He reached that degree on the previous planetary globe. On this he started separately. See "The Secret Doctrine" by H. P. Blavatsky.

purpose of the life beyond ; and those two lives—one, the real, the other its temporal reflection—softly blended in that golden era, in which the Divine Unity of the All found in every heart its radiating centre, and its shadows projected on the screen of manifestation were not so strong as to obscure it.

How it happened later that the shadows of the screen grew dense and shut out the ideal light, who knows? The dreams seem so real to the dreamers—perhaps it never happened and we are only dreaming yet. . . . But in those glorious millenniums, happiness was not an object of search, for it was rather an interior bliss than anything extraneous; it was rather something to give than to receive, and in its fold the stronger protected their weaker brothers, as a hen does her young; the wiser were glad to see their fire kindled and fanned to an exceeding brightness and angelic power upon the minds and hearts of pupils, and to rejoice in feeling their life in others; and pupils, with gratitude and trust supreme, felt safer than babes on their mothers' breasts. But, alas, as everything has its light and its shadow, its substance and its seeming, its reality and its dream, its truth and its illusion, so it happened that the youthful and inexperienced humanity began to find delight in forms and in appearances, and thus attracted to itself the powers of the fanciful lunar meadows, of the glittering saturnian mountains, of the evil-eyed legions, and who can tell from what orbs and spheres the powers came which ever come to humankind at its desire and change the whole aspect of the world, so that it seemed at times that it was another race of men that appeared, and not ours—so thickly and densely they began to circle in our minds and in the riotous currents of our blood. Then came the worst evil, when those ambitious, selfish, cruel, crafty powers of our mind—who knows from what hiding places of the planetary thought they had descended?—when those lords of an hour, heirs of the shadows born of the glitter of illusion, rulers of the dreams on this side of the awakening only, when they began to strive to create their mock unity reflection of the uncreated glory—unity of a tyrant and a victim instead of that of a lover and his beloved.

The old traditions which we are now recalling, not speaking from our fancy, but from what we have heard with our minds bowed and our hearts hushed and intent, those old traditions say that it happened so, that humanity descended deep into this earthly pit of torture, and that the god-like beings lost their high estate. New kings arose, new builders of the airy castles of the intellectual civilization, divorced from the heart and wedded to the seeming and to the evanescent—glittering and yet so cold, like creeping serpents' blue and silver scales sparkling, jingling, rustling, then vanishing into darkness.

When Intellect became king of this enticing realm, prince of this aerial world, the old memory of something that was no evanescent haunted yet its deep, the permanence of that truth-essence wherefrom it came was echoing yet in its dreary halls; but, alas, not seeing it in its own interior subjective heights, renouncing the hope of finding reality in its own heart, the intellect mistook the lowest, strongest, the most unintelligible reflection, the outermost shadow,

as its permanent base and as its material ground to build upon. Oh! if it had but looked up through its own subjective window, it might have observed then the grand reality, the highest, which corresponded to its lowest shadow! Oh! if it had desired it! But, deaf to all entreaties of the White Kings of Light, "Lords of the Dazzling Face," whom all traditions speak of as the Divine Kings of the Golden Age, dumb to their tender care, unresponsive to their love, which would fain wrap them about in its divine mantle, the majority of mankind continued to build their labyrinth of dreams so vast and high that they lost themselves in its bright, bewitching maze, where the Sun of the One Spirit could reach no more, and which was illuminated no longer by the eternal daylight, but by the bright will-o'-the-wisps of pride and the red lurid flames of passion.

That haunting memory of permanence was now no more the surety and the glow of direct perception of the immortal life, but it changed into a frightful tool of punishment and magnetic force, driving the culprits toward the outer shadow of the material stability only to break their ship of life against its hard and unrelenting rocks. The same happened when those shadow-chasers sought unity not as something already existing, as a fact in soul and nature, as a light and substance of the Soul itself and as the root of Universal Brotherhood, which needs but recognition after the dream has passed, which needs only to open eyes and heart to see it as plainly as the sun in the heavens—feeling ourselves in every brother, and every brother in ourselves. Instead of that, these fancy riders sought it in imposing their own proud and illusory opinion upon the greatest number of their fellows. Seeing their fancies living in another, making of the earth an amphitheatre for their own play and sport, they imagined for themselves a greater life, and with their thought to embrace a larger world, caring little whether the play be conducted from actors' real wish and love, or they be but blind automata of the rulers. This was the motive of the first stroke at the sacred treasure of the human beings, at freedom of their thought and action.

This was the first Dead Sea fruit of the striving after that outer unity, which has no inner link. This was the first dead weight—for, aye, even thought may turn into a dead and darkening weight, when it renounces its ever-living source and turns for succor and imitation to the blind material outer forces. Oh treacherous help! For the dead weight rebounded, and all the legions of the monsters of the pit became aroused. And when the dead mass sank down, it was engulfed in a hornets' nest of passions, and each hornet-passion was as heavy as stone. There is a law in the world of being, that where we find separateness there we find resistance, and so it was now with the mind. This was the first hypnotic touch, and a resistance was speedily found, for it happened that others had also minds, besides the rulers of the fancy; and the first wars arose, which had not yet degenerated then into physical scrambles, for they were purely on the plane of mentality and emotion, though more oppressive and more dangerous on account of that.

Gently at first, as though of silver-voiced nightingales' competitive strain, they sang—alas! not the song of soul rising above the earth and sending back its parting notes; they spread the wings of mind—not for the fountain wherefrom all mind doth flow, they sang only about the fancy birds of the bright plumage, seeking forms, striving for a temporal existence, perching on the trees and rocks of the dark valley of illusion, lit only by the flames of passion, fanned only by the breezes of personal enjoyment.

Enticing was the first hypnotic spell, bewitching was the second. Glaring was the armor of those first dark conquerors, when, standing proud upon their lofty towers, they spread illusive light upon the nocturnal screen and sent out forms innumerable, blinding with their phantom lustre, ponderous with sound, and in the distance sparkling like the iris of soap bubbles on the dark of night. Some called it poesy; some called it art; some, civilization—especially when it allied itself with the protean nature forces and the powers of the earth and when it imaged and sculptured itself in every stone and metal. Thus were caught the simple minded, thus they called it, but it was only fancy's riot falling down into a nothingness. And for its sake were so many sins committed, so many minds turned from the communion of the Universal Heart to the powers of the gigantic sport and play, so many beings free and bright as children, basking in the melody of the primeval Golden Voice of that which gave them birth into soul-life—now were dragged into dizzy, magnetic whirls, where phantom called to phantom with a mocking greeting, and spectre parted from spectre with shriek of pain and torture of regret.

The tragedy was interesting, but not for the actors. But what cared the rulers? New allurements they devised. They gathered from all the quarters of the globe, from the deep earth and from the skies above, from the reflective films playing on the water and from fire's smoky wreaths. The secrets of nature they extorted, which filled with awe and fear the already dizzy slaves of pain and passion, and the rule of one part of humanity over another was already an established fact.

It was not the crude hypnotism of the modern times, but it was that subtle, elastic kittens' play of mind, whose weight and pressure grow step by step, till the sharp claws of its cruel power smoothly glide into the flesh, and liberty is lost forever.

And now a word to the modern diminutive heirs of their ancient sin, to those who now try to rule, to influence, to mold the world as a blind mass forever destined to be as plastic material for their haughty minds—to those who, instead of sharing their thoughts in a fraternal way with fellow beings, instead of clasping hands as free and yet interdependent fellow students, instead of pledging themselves as many voluntary links to their own Great Soul and Heart, try to forcibly imprint, imbue, instill, their ponderous imaginings into the heads that they themselves have stunned and pressed and frightened into obedience. In the name of principles they speak, they use high sounding words, but in their interior dogmatic fancy they wish rather the whole world perish

and go down in ruin to Hell than to escape their grasp. Yes, even in this present age modern sects, workers for the same end (?), but by other means, may learn something from this ancient lesson and, perhaps, see the difference between the angel of the day and a monstrosity of night.

Uninterrupted is the light of day, save for the obstructions we ourselves oppose, and not one single spark of light, however thickly veiled in clouds of superficial error, but has its source and life from the universal Light. Even he who worships an idol, worships it under a guise. This is the light of day. This is the unbroken, universal link of truly universal faith. This is modest tolerance, and boundless love unlimited. But the monster of the night cannot love farther, cannot see farther than its own bewitched circle ever turning round and round. With what self-satisfaction do some think that they are a centre and a receptacle of all divine treasures; and that everything else, the infinite expanse of everything else in this wide universe is cursed and forlorn; that matter is dead, that the animal and vegetable lives are shadows of our servitude and uselessness and isolation, and only they are specks of light on the dark of boundless night! But is it so pleasant after all? Where is their God? Nowhere, except on the frail films of their imagination and in the red, tyrannic weight of their terror-stricken, gloom-enveloped power, sectarian, clannish, fenced off from this wide world and seemingly so self-satisfied, power; and we ourselves detached blots of questionable light floating in a satanic plot of Horror. How infinitely more pleasant it is to unveil the gloom, to lift our own fanciful self-created incubus from all nature and from all our fellow beings, that the Soul Divine may shine for us and greet us through the souls of men! How immensely more delightful it is to see our neighbor everywhere, and even much more in a merciful Samaritan and Heretic, than in an orthodox, yet powerless-to-act Levite; to feel the angelic throb in the song of birds and in the flowers' beauty even much more than in our penitent, pain-enveloped, expiating body; to discern God's will and mind acting much more in Planets' swing, in crystals' architecture and spectral scintillations of atomic tiny sparks, than in our own slow and sluggish brain intelligence reflection.

This open view is more likely to bring on earth that Divine kingdom of the Galilean Master than all the sulphur and mercenary sweet (?) incense of burning, bewildered, horror-bound, powerless and loveless hunting parties of our own salvation. Now think only: our own—what is, in fact, our own except our person, our lower self, which is ours only by our limits, which therefore is our prison, whether as mind or form, and which, precisely, not by being saved but by getting lost, can thus set at liberty our real Soul-Self, the Higher, the Unborn? A child's wisdom, even its single smile, beaming with comradeship to a friend, a star, a flower, greater is than all theologies, opening their windows on any fancy place, save the true place of recognition of the indwelling God in the Soul-Realities of life. What joy it is, then, to see in the dark days of dream-religion such awakening children, as, for instance, Francis of Assisi, upon whose shoulders birds alighted, whom sunbeams and soft breezes, sweet

sister-water and mighty brother-fire greeted and invited. He and many others, the humblest, the compassionate, alone kept back the darkest powers in the darkest hour. For the sake of these few faithful the rod of the four karmic angels was withheld.

And the rod of punishment now is lifted by conquering science. But what is it? A dreary power against a dreary power. Could these two colliding rocks create a spark of life? Who knows what suffering brings us to our senses? Oh! that our scientific friends could also profit by it, noticing the danger of thinking too much with thoughts of other people. It is so pleasant to seem learned, but it is a million times more hopeful to hear a confession of our modest comrades of the Academy of Muses, that our knowledge is, after all, only a classification of appearances; and it is immeasurably sweet, for instance, to hear a physicist say that we know nothing about the atom, force, and ether; and hear a doctor proclaim his ignorance of the formative power which builds a body and keeps life and health; and to hear a chemist's awe and admiration before that first primeval matter, of which all elements are built, and who knows, perhaps all dreams and thoughts of ours; and to see a psychologist stand with greater reverence before the mysteries of consciousness, which eludes him, than any priest had ever stood before his idol.

This humility keeps knowledge fresh and sweet, and full of true poetic spirit, and blessed are those who have preserved it. They are the children of the morning, opening their eyes to ever fresh and blooming nature, and for them the magic lustre of the life around will never wane, and the stream of heart will never dry or turn into a stagnant pond. But to those brothers who are entranced with the scientific glitter, let the history of the past be a warning lesson.

And, verily, how could selfishness and all its pain and terror have been abated in those terrible times when, really, those fancy-dreamers, those haughty builders of the empty forms, had nothing vital there to love and cherish, to aspire and hope, but running like a squirrel in a wheel, contracted their civilization into a vortex, drawing them into a gulf where all wrecks fall into darkness and oblivion.

And with it fell untimely those giants of old, whose pride superb exceeded that of Rome, and whose culture outshone the lofty genius of Greece, and whose imperial mantle covered all the world, gemmed with glorious cities of the white stone of mountains, and of the dark volcanic lava, and bedecked with silver, gold and orichalcum. And yet, who of that brilliant assemblage would aspire to a seat upon the Blessed Thrones of Mercy? Who would strive after the flower of the Golden Stem and Azure Blossom? who would follow the Doctrine of the Heart? The earth was trembling under the blackness of the sins committed; Nature herself was insulted, and the waters of the sea ran swelling upon the sinking continent. The Divine Teachers, the Lords

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—\* As complains a contemporary writer.

of the Dazzling Face departed with the faithful from this doomed land. The seven great islands were swallowed up by the waters.

The narrative which is here related is, as many of the readers have guessed already, the history of that Niobe of the nations, that marble pain trembling in every heart of ours and the lesson as unavoidable as fate itself—the unfortunate Atlantis.

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## SOMEWHERE BETWEEN.

By R. H. CHENEY.

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SOMEWHERE between the lofty mounts—  
 Snow-covered, lone and still,  
 Where genius reaches Divine founts  
 Of wisdom at its will,

And Nature's boggy lowlands where  
 In embryotic state,  
 Enwombed in darkness and despair,  
 Unlighted millions wait ;—

Somewhere between, Earth's meadows lie—  
 Redemption waters roll ;  
 Somewhere between, the ransomed try  
 The pinions of the soul.

There camp the saved and saving few ;  
 There dwell thy richer kin ;  
 There joy diviner waits than you  
 Have ever hoped to win.

Take, then, thy staff of faith, and seek  
 Those higher levels near,  
 And quit the low swine-fields that reek  
 With error, pain and fear.

He that aspires to know the way  
 Already answer hath ;  
 Or swift or slow he shall not stray  
 From Truth embordered path.

Yet broader shall the turnpike be—  
 Thy guiding star more bright,  
 So be some brother lean on thee  
 Until he sees the light.

# SEPARATENESS.

By CLARE HUNTER.

“Once there came a man  
Who said:  
‘Range me all men in rows.’  
And instantly  
There was a loud quarrel—world wide—  
It endured for ages.  
Eventually the man went to death, weeping,  
And those who staid in bloody scuffle  
Knew not the great simplicity.”

—Stephen Crane.



T this age of the world separateness seems to have reached the limit. So far are we from fulfilling Christ's commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," that we are more nearly partakers in the curse of Ishmael, whose hand was against every man and every man's hand against him. At least we of the nineteenth century look out for ourselves first, last and always. This is certainly true in the business world, almost equally so in the social world, and too often the case even in the family. Every aspect of our civilization seems to be founded on the basis of separateness and of separate interests.

It has become an axiom in the world of commerce that competition is the life of trade, as if any part of a whole could thrive at the expense of any other part, or the welfare of the whole be maintained while one section is preying on another. And it has not been. Look at the extremes of wealth and poverty this system has led to, and the great tension which exists between capital and labor. We have labor organizations pitting themselves against the capitalists, and capitalists divorcing their interests from that of the laborers. The spirit of competition is fostered in children often by both parents and teachers. Children are encouraged to do well as much for the sake of outdoing others as for the sake of progress. And it is a painful fact that most children will work harder when they know there is to be a test of skill. When prizes are given to those who succeed in surpassing all the other members of the class it is putting a premium on rivalry. The slight intellectual benefit the pupil gains by the extra study is completely outweighed by the loss of comradeship for the classmates and the spirit of egotism engendered by considering himself superior to the rest.

Although the thought is not often expressed in words, it is the exception to see parents who are not anxious to have their children appear as well, if not better, than other children, and receive as much praise, quite forgetful of the fact that real worth must be measured by a more absolute standard than the condition of other people, and that true progress can be gauged only by comparing the person with himself of yesterday, not with others. We are continually drawing lines and building walls to separate ourselves from the rest of mankind. It is myself, my family, my friends, etc., and it is quite as possible and just as wrong to be selfish for one's people as to be selfish for one's self.

Our Leader has said: "Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age." When a



great teacher of humanity points out the most crying defect of our age it is certainly worth our most serious attention. "Unbrotherliness the insanity of the age!" We have thought we were eminently sane. We have thought the nineteenth century the sanest age of the world. We have been level-headed enough to use electricity in almost magical ways; to construct iron frame buildings, wonders of height and utility; we have built war vessels of unequalled size and speed. Men of our age have explored almost every part of the world, have computed the age of the world and the weight of the sun, have performed magical feats in surgery, one has discovered that a certain ray, unrecognizable to the physical senses, penetrates solid matter, and has found a means of photographing objects concealed in matter of a different density; our scientists have succeeded in liquefying air, and our financiers have been able to centralize and conduct the entire production and distribution of certain commodities throughout the United States.

"Unbrotherliness the insanity of the age!" It is indeed true. If we look at people whose faces are in repose, when they are not lightened as in conversation or brightened by a desire to appear amiable, we too often find the dominant expressions are severity, repression, discontent, sadness. It is evident that the discoveries of science are of little help in the trials of daily life, and that men of learning have failed to solve the most vital of all problems—the relation of man to man.

But the sages and the teachers of humanity have solved this problem. Humanity is one. We are far more intimately related than external appearances indicate. We all act and re-act upon each other, so that we cannot separate ourselves from anything, nor can we free ourselves from the responsibility of this non-separateness. Separateness is the cause of all sorrow. Only he whose every act is inspired by an unselfish love of humanity can attain happiness.

*"So shalt thou be in full accord with all that lives, bear love to men as though they were thy brother pupils, disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother."*

When we measure our civilization by this standard its condition is appalling. Even the highest form of religion known to many is embodied in the hope of gaining for themselves a heaven of eternal bliss, while others suffer untold torments. "We live in a world whose law is kindness; we may transgress the law, but the law avenges itself in the suffering of the transgressor." We have sinned the sin of separateness, and we are paying the price. "Altruism must be made the line of our lives" if we hope not to have lived in vain. Only so can we gain wisdom; only so can we be of service to humanity.

If we analyze any or all of our sorrows we shall find that selfishness is at the bottom of them. Not the selfishness of another, but the selfishness of one's self. We want something which we have not; it may be time, money, position or authority, sympathetic friends or merely having one's way about little things. Not that the world will be any better for it, but we want things that way. Often we spend a good deal of energy and cause a great deal of friction by

trying to force upon others habits which have no intrinsic value. Much greater sorrows may be caused by financial losses, misunderstandings and death, but in all cases it is the thought of pity for one's self that causes our sorrow. Our minds have congested in the molds of personality. We must free ourselves from them. We must gauge life by a more absolute standard than personal whim.

Krishna said: "If the good of mankind only be considered by thee, the performance of thy duty will be plain." We have lived for ourselves too long to immediately follow this exalted precept, but we can approximate to it. If we test our acts and motives by it we shall find how extremely selfish we are, and how petty are most of our trials and disappointments. It will help us, too, to be more lenient in our judgment of others. It is not necessary that one be exalted above others that he may serve humanity. Each can serve in his own place and in his own way.

We have been told to regard earnestly the lives of others. Each life is an expression of the divine; each represents a stage in the evolution of the soul. Some have approached more nearly to truth in one thing, some in another. We can learn from every one. The entire personality may not be pleasing, but if we look we can find something there which we can admire; something, perhaps, which we have not, but which we have striven for, and know how hard it is to attain.

The sense of separateness narrows the limits of our consciousness. The thoroughly selfish man who cannot sympathize with others is conscious of no more than he has personally experienced. If we are ultimately to be the possessors of all wisdom, if we are to expand our consciousness until it embraces the universe, it is easy to see the folly of conforming our interest and field of observation to the experience of one insignificant personality.

We can get some idea of the blind and narrow life we lead when we read of ourselves as the "living dead." Living in the sense of existing, but dead to the realities and joys of life. Only when unity is realized is life a joy. Surely there is not joy in many of the circumstances of life, but there is a joy in right living, and there is unspeakable joy for those who live for humanity.

*"Alas that selves should be sacrificed to self!"*

This is what we do every time we place the person before the race; every time we indulge in the luxury of self-pity; every time we allow ourselves to be gloomy or despondent; every time we let our minds dwell on purely trivial things, simply because it is easier than to force them to that plane where we may be of service to humanity. What a large portion of our time we spend doing just that—"sacrificing selves to self!"

Our Teacher has called to arouse us from this lethargy. "Awake ye children of earth! Cease dreaming the heavy dreams of sense and separateness. Awake to the joys of real life!" The Universal Brotherhood Organization was founded "to teach brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in nature, and make it a living power in the life of Humanity."

## WOMAN'S ERA.

By **ABBIE G. HINCKLEY, M. D.**

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THE last twenty-five years of every century is a period of great achievement, as well as one of marked unrest. A series of remarkable events, both on the mental and material planes, take place, resulting in a greater incentive toward spiritual growth; Nature seems to be making a supreme effort to readjust conditions before entering upon a new epoch in the world's evolution. One interesting phase of this may be seen in the position women hold to-day. The broader, higher education now given our daughters, the freedom to think and act, must necessarily enlarge woman's horizon, giving broader aims, truer sentiment, sounder judgment and more compassion for all that lives. Heart and brain will learn to act in unison, guided by greater spiritual intuition, which in the uplifting of humanity will raise her from the false position to which she has so long been chained to the broad field that is her real place.

The first step toward this advance was the opportunity to compete in the world's work, not alone in mental attainments, but in the fields of labor as well. Now all professions, business offices and many of the trades are open to her. Positions of trust, requiring tact, honesty and trained ability, are ably filled by our women workers. The claim that labor has been cheapened by the admission of women to its ranks has some truth, but in the final adjustment it will not be so much a standard of sex as of ability and fitness. Where women are left destitute, with a family depending upon them, we see the wisdom that opens up so many avenues of work for this end, and thousands of women are bravely doing this work.

On the other hand are many who seek and obtain positions, not because they bring marked fitness or trained ability to the work, not because loved ones depend upon them, but from a restlessness or craving for the excitement or the independence they fancy lies in the domain of those who are self-supporting. With such too often the love of luxuries or display or a disgust for their own work or environment plays too large a part in the choice of an occupation. If these reasons sway the choice of a lifework, then this work must end in failure or unhappiness, for the motive being a low one, no woman can elevate the work or herself by doing it. Neither is a woman less womanly because she is obliged to support herself or those depending upon her. She works from a high and unselfish motive, which gives a refining influence, that makes her work noble. She retains her own self-respect and meets with courteous acknowledgment from all whom her life touches, thus elevating all other workers. In doing her own well, she brings a blessing to all.

The claim that marriage is affected by the increased independence of women, that a man rarely chooses a wife from among his fair co-workers, that the decreased wage prevents marriage and the home building, is only partly true. It is more the tendency of the age toward luxurious living, which is as great in one sex as the other, and makes the simple home life of mutual unselfishness less attractive. There is yet much to be adjusted, for the cultivation of any phase of life which tends to break down the sacredness of the home is a mistake. That the clubs and conventions should hold more attraction for either sex than the home and fireside and the prattle of little children is to be deplored; for these "little ones," the real rulers and workers of the new race, need the wisest, most loving care that broader thought and spiritual knowledge can give.

This is the woman's era. Let her assume her lawful place in the world's evolution. Let her bring into every phase of life her highest gifts of soul and heart, changing the moral environments, that all may rise to their highest level. Let her broaden her lifework, bringing less selfishness and more love and faithfulness to the home and work, recognizing all humanity as one, putting aside sentimentality for real sentiment and living out her highest ideals. Then, whether in the busy field of labor or in the peaceful shelter of the home, she will raise the moral standard all along the line, and will give and demand the true, and be ruled by the law of justice to all. She has grand possibilities unfilled. The heart and intellect, cultivated and guided by the soul, will give a gracious sweetness, broad intellectuality, and that sweet compassion which is woman's great charm. Let her not forget that in many of the world's great crises a woman has stood at the helm, and often with her true intuition and guidance has given the spiritual touch to evolution. In this country we are not left alone. The illumination of a great soul is with us, and has sounded the keynote of the twentieth century in her message of love to all creatures. "Truth, Light and Liberation" shall, like a rainbow, span the centuries and bring the perfect ideal into the practical detail of daily life. Let us bring into our lives the beauty of lofty purpose, purity of motive and sweet compassion for all; then we shall overcome the baser conceptions of life and help to lift mankind upward. Let us never falter in the glorious work before us. With our Leader of wisdom and compassion and the strength gained by experience in past lives, all grand conceptions can be lived out and the world made purer and better for our living.

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# H. P. BLAVATSKY, TEACHER AND BENEFACTOR OF MANKIND.

By E. A. NERESHEIMER.

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T a time when the world was engrossed in anything and everything except its own welfare, there came a Great Soul to this earth, who—single handed—started a movement to stem the tide of growing negation.

The flower of thinking men had run off the track of balance, but making great noise became leaders of the thought of the day. This was called the science of materialism. During its sway, it was in bad taste to believe in man's divinity or even to imagine that there was anything in the universe except what could be seen with the eyes and weighed with the scales.

The religious spirit was also on the decline, owing to the lack of knowledge of interpreters of scriptures who barely worshiped even their idol, the dead letter.

Meantime, the people, individuals and organizations, became intensely selfish, and if it had not been that this Heroic Soul had shot like a disturbing comet into the midst of the then predominating influence, it is difficult to say what disastrous consequences might not have overtaken the multitude of followers of this course.

H. P. Blavatsky was one of the great Helpers of Humanity. Her work was so far-reaching that it could not be appreciated by the generation in which she lived, nor can the first and second generations following do full justice to the measure of her reforms. She could command forces of nature which were as a closed book to others. She was not dependent on the outward appearance of things nor on the laws governing the physical alone; her powers and insight far transcended the powers and knowledge of even the most accomplished scientists of her day. Likewise she could think, work, write, and construct in the very intellectual field of the time with a synthetic power that distanced the highest developed intellect.

In the early part of her public career she devoted much time to demonstrating the possibility of exercising unknown powers over the forces of nature. The processes which she employed were perfectly natural; indeed, she insisted that there was nothing supernatural and the word had no place in her vocabulary. She was in communication with and was aided by the great Helpers of the Race concerning the methods of conduct of the great Movement which was destined to regenerate the world and awaken humanity to its real being in the near future. She had the power of discerning the real value and merit of an individual behind the appearance of his personality; she enlisted some into the service of the Movement who had, apparently, nothing to recommend them, but who, in many

ways, rendered valuable aid to the work. She could disintegrate physical objects at one place and reintegrate them at another. Her methods of obtaining results were entirely different from established precedents. This was too much for some of the commercial scientists of the time and religious contemporaries. A storm of opposition arose from all quarters with cries of "fraud, deception, trickery." Here and there, however, a true disciple of science fought vigorously for the truth, and soon there was gathered a large contingent of supporters among prominent investigators.

Among the cries of *pro* and *con* the fight waxed hot, but the subject encircled one continent after another, and slowly but surely the attention of all civilized nations was riveted on the central figure who dared to upset cherished and accepted notions.

Unceasing and strenuous work and the use of her faculties over diverse superphysical forces and her endeavor to demonstrate and teach the facts to the world may be said to constitute the first part of the plan which H. P. Blavatsky unfolded in her last successful mission.

While thus engaged in pushing these unpopular theories before the world, she undoubtedly had a well-defined limit of time as to the execution of her plans, which she presently unfolded in a new direction.

The next move was the commencement of a merciless warfare against the grooves and ruts of existing systems, religions and fads. She fearlessly attacked with word and pen the so-called philosophical deductions and conclusions which the professors and expounders had arrived at in their especial systems, exposing the imperfect premises from which most of these proceeded. Accepted theories which were fallacious were treated and laid bare with such inflexible logic and destructive arguments on their own ground that one wonders to-day how so many laboriously constructed but false theories and systems could have issued from our modern men of science and doctors of religion and be so wide of the mark. It was shown that the theories and conclusions of chemists on Ultimates contradicted the theories deduced by physicists, and the further each endeavored to penetrate by his own special method into the mysteries of life the more hopeless and more wide apart would each find his conclusion from the system of the other.

Likewise destructively did she deal with the crumbling faiths and denominations of the time. She pointed out clearly the underlying truths of all religions, but she emphasized the fact that there was in the present systems an entire absence of a basis of ethics which should teach the people first of all a sufficient reason why they should practice the virtues and abstain from selfishness. This basis of ethics she has fully and convincingly explained in her philosophy.

She fought vigorously against the danger menacing humanity in the subterfuge systems of spiritualism and faith healings, hypnotism, etc.

She was most emphatic in the denunciation of the practice of taking possession of the mind of another, as is done in hypnotism, pointing out the dreadful consequences that accrue to the operator on account of the subtle connection

which is thereby established between operator and subject; the hypnotizer becoming responsible for the acts of the subject which are done as the result of the influence of hypnotic suggestion. As to healing physical ailments by denying their existence and through mere assertion of the power of the mind—in this she was unyielding in her denunciation. She explained that this delusion is nothing short of dragging the evil back to the mental plane whence it came; whereas, if physical pain existed, it was the effect of a previous cause, and that when it had reached the physical plane, it was on its way down and out forever as the effect of a due cause. However, if arrested and drawn back to the plane whence it came, it was removed only to appear again at some future time.

To corroborate her statements and teachings, she unearthed a great wealth of information from a host of long forgotten publications of authors whose works are very rare and distributed over all parts of the world.

The marvelous work, "Isis Unveiled—A Master Key of the Mysteries of Ancient and Modern Science and Theology," bears witness to this. These two large volumes were written under the most peculiar circumstances. From 1875 to 1878 Mme. Blavatsky lived in New York, where she founded the Theosophical Society. Here she devoted much time to the tuition of pupils while also attending to the constant stream of visitors. She expounded her philosophy at all hours of the day and night to scientists, doctors, clergymen, professors, and men and women of all shades of belief and grades of education. Little time remained, so it appears, for writing such learned books; notwithstanding this, these volumes came forward complete in the year 1878. They are replete with the most remarkable quotations from obscure and rare books bearing on the subject in hand from different points of view. Some of the books quoted from are in foreign languages and procurable only in Spain, France, South America or India; others are to be seen and inspected only at the British Museum or at the Vatican. Her own library consisted of about 20 books of promiscuous import, and strange to say, she never consulted a library. The work discloses expert knowledge of life-long research and presumes a master of erudition, neither of which H. P. Blavatsky claimed to be.

The principal tendency of "Isis Unveiled" is iconoclastic. It is apparently intended to tear down existing prejudices, rusty systems, and false premises—it is destructive of these—rather than to build up or expound a coherent system of philosophy. But, incidentally, as though it were casually, its pages contain (rather conceal) a most remarkable coherent and eminently logical system of the genesis, evolution and destiny of cosmos and man.

Interspersed through the text in "Isis Unveiled" are to be found portions of the ancient esoteric doctrine given out to the world by the great Lodge of the Helpers of Humanity whose messenger Mme. Blavatsky was; and subsequently, owing to the sincerity with which this work was received by a large body of students, she was permitted to publish the "Secret Doctrine," which is the monumental work of her life, and which will be the textbook for all nations and peoples for centuries to come.

"Isis Unveiled" was barely finished and placed before the Western World when Mme. Blavatsky left America for India. Thus closed the second chapter or epoch in her life-work.

In India she adopted new plans of work which were entirely constructive. Though it was not until long afterward that the "Secret Doctrine" was written, it was at this time that the sublime philosophy of Theosophy first came in more or less concise form before the world through the pen of H. P. Blavatsky, and through others who were taught by her.

Once more, strange as it may seem, the doctrine of "Eternal Justice" was vindicated, in which every individual intuitively believes, but is so strenuously denied by the doctors of official science and religion.

**Man and Nations** are the creators of their own destinies. All conditions of life are under the operation of Universal Law. No accidents. No atonement. Progressive evolution. Essential divinity of Man. Perfectibility of Man. The Unity of all Things: "God," man, and everything part of it; Brotherhood in fact.

These are the pith of the message which H. P. Blavatsky brought, and that made her the greatest benefactor to mankind since the time of Buddha and Jesus.

We had heard these things before, but not in this wise. Mme. Blavatsky proved at every step and gave to the world an explanation of the mysteries of life and death, the knowledge of which infused new joy into the life of millions of people, and will be the source of hope to the present and future generations.

Reincarnation and Karma are the cardinal doctrines of her philosophy; these are known in nearly all of the religions of the East, and believed in by two-thirds of the population of our earth. But to the Western World they were new. They are so self-evident that it is astonishing that our civilization has so long been without them.

Slowly, but surely, Mme. Blavatsky's teachings are finding their way into the minds of the masses. Modern Western literature now extensively borrows from this eternal fount of truth. The pulpit tentatively appropriates the ideas. Journalism in daily leading articles popularizes them. The whole Western Hemisphere is permeated with these truths in a more or less marked degree in all phases of regenerative endeavor.

Humanity has become heir to a great message from Heaven, and yet the bearer of the message is concealed from public acknowledgment. The masses do not know it, and those whose personal problems have perhaps been most enlightened, often do not mention her name. But a teacher is a teacher, even when the world does not recognize him. He is the intermediary between the one who profits by the teachings and—God! Some day the Teacher will be known. Through gratitude and love we proclaim the name of H. P. Blavatsky as Teacher and the bearer of the message of Truth to the sixth Century.

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill, cannot be hid."



# EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

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## XII.

SETHI II.—USURPATION—SETNAKHT RESTORING ORDER—XXTH DYNASTY—RAMESSES III.—VICTORIES OVER INVADING HORDES—CAMPAIGN IN ASIA—CONSPIRACY TO DESTROY HIM—BUILDINGS.

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SETHI II., also designated Meneptah III., it would seem on first view, to have begun his reign under conditions by no means unfavorable. The Dynasty had become acceptable to the Hierarchy, and the Crown Prince enjoyed the warm regard of the literary men at the court of his royal father. The remarkable tale of "The Two Brothers," which in some particulars bears a striking resemblance to the story of Joseph in the house of Potiphar, was composed for him. The High Priest Levi and his son and successor, Roma, were cordial and constant in their attachment.

For two years the authority of Sethi was loyally acknowledged in Egypt and the dependencies. He generally resided in Tanis, and his orders are extant in relation to the management of the Egyptian posts in Palestine and Syria. His inscriptions are also found in different places and as far south as the family shrine at Abu Simbel. We have no account of his death, nor of the duration of his reign, but his tomb at Biban-el-Molokh exhibits a magnificence which indicates his rank among the "Justified," in the Grand Assize of Souls.

Yet at this time the double crown of Egypt was a veritable crown of thorns. There arose an aspirant, the Prince Amunmeses, to dispute the title to the throne. He brought to his support a formidable party in Southern Egypt and Nubia; and at his death his tomb was duly excavated in the mountain at Biban-el-Molok, with the recognized Diospolite kings.

He was succeeded by his son, Meneptah Siptah. This prince was the husband of the royal princess Ta-Osiri or Thuôris, a daughter of Rameses II. The alliance added a certain support to his pretensions, and her name, instead of his, was recorded by Manethô in his list of royal personages that actually reigned. Siptah, her husband, was supported by a strong party in Thebes, under the leadership of Bai, the keeper of the Great Seal, and his reign extended for several years.

About this time the siege and destruction of Troy or Ilion, in Asia Minor, are said to have taken place.† Herodotus had recorded the statement made to him by the priests of Lower Egypt that the Trojan prince Alexander, better

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† This is Manethô's statement. Even now, however, the legend of Troiê, as Homer styled it, is not eliminated from its place among the myths of archaic Greece.

known by the designation of Paris, came to the court of "King Proteos"\* with the abducted Queen Helena; and that while she was detained there the destruction of Ilion took place.

The history of Egypt now became a chaos of misrule and lawlessness. The northern districts were depopulated. The princes of the nomes and cities disclaimed other authority, and carried on war incessantly against one another. Murder and robbery were everywhere a common occurrence. The inhabitants that were able to do so, fled from the country, and there were not enough left to cultivate the land. There was scarcity of food, almost approaching to actual famine.

Presently, an adventurer named Aarsu, a Khar or Phœnician, gained the upper hand of the princes, one by one, and became master over the greater part of the country. The enormities imputed to the Hyksos invaders of former centuries were now repeated. Life and property were no longer secure. When a man gained anything, it was forcibly wrested from him. The Egyptians were compelled to pay tribute to their alien lord, the temples fell into decay, and worship was interrupted. The gods were regarded as no more than ordinary human beings, and disorder reigned for long years in Egypt.

Finally there arose a deliverer. The Harris Papyrus describes him in the fulsome oriental style as brought forward by the gods, or as would be a more literal expression, by the priests of Amun-Râ. "They established their Son who had come forth from their body upon their lofty throne as king of the whole country. This was King Set-nakht Merer Meri-amun. He was like the god Sethi (Typhon) in his rage. The whole country that was in revolt he reduced to order and submission. The men who were evilly disposed, who incited violence in the land of Ta-mera (Northern Egypt) he put to death. He purified the throne of Egypt and thus, while he raised the inhabitants from their abject condition, he became their ruler on the throne of the Sun-God Tum."

It has been supposed that this king Set-nakht or "Sethi the Victorious" was a son of Sethi II. The evidence, however, is doubtful. Perhaps he was descended from Rameses the Great, or from Sethi I., but his exaltation to supreme power in Egypt was due to his own valour and prowess rather than to any title derived from royal lineage. He "purified the throne," as the inscription declares. This was accomplished by driving the usurper Aarsu from power, and destroying the records and memorials of the kings whom he superseded. His reign was too short, however, to afford him opportunity to excavate a sepulchre for himself, and when he died possession was taken of the tomb of Siptah for his interment. The name of that king was left at the entrance, but the designations of Queen Ta-Osiri were overlaid by the royal shields of Set-nakht; the feminine form of the descriptive terms were not changed. By this preposterous occurrence the names of the two sovereigns Siptah and the Queen Ta-Osiri have been preserved from oblivion.

\*Herodotus II., 112-120. Diodorus calls the Egyptian king Ketes, which may be a Greek form of the name Sekhi, but this is improbable, as is the whole story.

Rameses III. has been not inaptly compared to the Hebrew King Solomon, from his riches and powers, and for the luxurious appointments of his household. He seems, however, to have more closely resembled Dareios Hystaspis of Persia. His first care on coming to the supreme power was to arrange anew and classify more distinctly the civil service and the military departments. No mention is made of the other population of Egypt that was engaged in all the different avocations of peaceful industry. Indeed, in the dynasties of the Later Empire, the Court and the people were distinct bodies, as they were not in the earlier days.

Egypt was thus again placed upon a military footing. Rameses, the "last of the great kings" of Egypt, was threatened with war on every side. Every province and tributary state had thrown off the Egyptian yoke and united with the hostile parties. The Shasu or Bedouins ravaged Egypt on the East, and Libyan tribes had entered on the northwest and driven back the former possessors of the soil to establish colonies of their own. "The hostile Asiatics and Tuhennu robbers showed themselves only to injure Egypt. The land lay before them in weakness since the time of the earlier kings. They did evil to gods as well as to men. No one had an arm strong enough to resist them in their hostile movements."

Thus beset on all sides, Rameses had prepared himself for conflict. He first made a campaign against the invaders from Arabia, the Sahir or Senites of Idumæa. (See Genesis xiv., 6, and xxvi., 20-30.) He defeated them utterly, destroying their tents and cabins, taking their cattle and massacring those that resisted. He carried a vast number of them into captivity and delivered them to the several temples for servants.

He next turned his arms against the Libyans. They had undertaken to establish a permanent settlement in the Delta and become masters of Lower Egypt. Their forces were massed in the district lying between the Kanopic and the Sebennyitic branches of the Nile. Rameses was attended by the Council of Thirty. The battle is described rather as a massacre than as a conflict. Probably it was analogous in some degree to the destruction of the Cimbri by Caius Marius, or of the Nervii by Julius Cæsar. The Egyptian troops gave no quarter, but slaughtered till they became weary. Twelve thousand and five hundred Libyans were left dead on the field, besides an unknown number that had been driven into the water to drown. Only when the Egyptians had exhausted their fury did they consent to accept the surrender of those who survived.

The sculptures at the great temple of Medinet Abu are memorials of this battle. The mutilated parts of the slain are depicted piled up in heaps to show the number, while thousands of captives stand ready to be branded, and assigned to servitude. The men were placed on the ships as mariners; the chiefs were imprisoned within fortresses, and the women and children taken for servants. The all-powerful hierarchy of Amun-Râ received as their booty the cattle that were captured a multitude "too numerous to count."

There was rejoicing all through Lower Egypt. The land was now rescued

from the invaders and restored to the former inhabitants. Three years were passed in further adjusting the affairs of the kingdom, and then Rameses was called to encounter other adversaries. A storm had gathered in Asia and now precipitated itself upon Egypt. Tribes and hordes from the unknown regions of the Asiatic Continent had driven the Karians and Kolkhians from their homes in Armenia to seek new abodes and to subsist for the time as freebooters and pirates. They infested Asia Minor, the countries of the Levant and the eastern waters of the Mediterranean. The Khitans, Cypriotes and Philistines co-operated with them. They had arrived so far as the region at the southwest of the Dead Sea. Their attention was now directed to Egypt. They determined to obtain a foothold and new abode in the fertile Lowlands. The state of affairs long disorganized and the lost hold on the tributary nations of Asia were to them as an indication and an opportunity. They were ready now to seize the advantage. "These nations had leagued together; they laid their hand on the double land of Egypt to encircle the land."

Rameses foresaw and anticipated their movements. He placed an army of soldiers from subject peoples at Zaha on the Philistine frontier and assembled a fleet at the mouth of the Nile. The two forces of the invaders, the one by land and the other by sea, reached Egypt at the same time, in buoyant anticipation of an easy victory. Rameses, however, had been quietly awaiting their approach. Four of his sons were with him. He had fixed the place of meeting midway between Raphia and Pelusium. The Pelusata, "Pelasgians," advanced first with a long train of bullock-carts, loaded with their wives and children. They came into the midst of an ambush and more than twelve thousand were slain. Their camp was taken and the survivors consigned to servitude. The fleet came into the lagoons at Pelusium, where they were met by the Egyptian flotilla. The whole scene is depicted in a sculpture at Medinet Abu. Rameses had no sooner vanquished the Pelusata than he hastened to Pelusium for the new engagement. His best troops lined the shore, and when the invaders attempted to land they were driven back.

The sculpture depicts some of the Egyptians attempting to rescue the sinking crews of an enemy's ship, an act of humanity unparalleled among the other nations of the ancient world. Never again did any of the nations thus overcome appear in arms against Egypt. Rameses followed up his victory by a campaign of vengeance, and the record covers one side of the pillar at Medinet Abu. He set out with both an army and a fleet, traversing Palestine and Syria, lion-hunting in the Lebanon, and in short establishing anew the Egyptian authority over the countries that had been conquered before by Thôthmes, Sethi and Rameses II. The kings and rulers of the Khitans, Amorites and Idumæans were made prisoners; and among the places of note that fell into his hands were Patara, Tarsus, Salamis in Cyprus, Idalium, Soli, Larissa, Kolossæ, Karkhmos.

In the record are also descriptions of further successful wars against the Libyans, and against the negro tribes of the Sûdan.

Manethô has related the story of a king "Sethosis, who is called Rameses,"



Rameses III—The last Great King of Egypt.

that may refer to this monarch. Going on a military expedition into Palestine and Phœnicia, he left the supreme authority in the hands of his brother Armais. While he was absent the brother took possession of the government, made the queen his consort, and exercised royal functions. The king, hearing this, returned to Pelusium and soon recovered his kingdom.

Professor Ebers supposed that this occurrence took place in the reign of Rameses III., and not, as his romance describes, in that of his great namesake.

The history of the event as given in the Papyrus of Turin is somewhat different but more explicit. There was a conspiracy against the king, which had been plotted by Queen Thi and other women of the royal household, together with Boka-kaman, the Steward; Mestersuror of the royal council, and numerous other members of the council and other officers. It is described as a project to destroy the mind or more probably the life of the king by magic arts. As Pen-ta-ur, the Queen's son, was a participant, it was evidently the purpose to place him on the throne.

The plot was divulged to the king, who immediately appointed a Commission of Twelve to adjudicate the matter. They were instructed to institute an inquiry, to bring all accused persons to trial, and to see whether they deserved death. The individuals who were convicted were immediately thrown to the ground and required "to put themselves to death with their own hands."

In the later years of his reign Rameses married a foreign princess from Asia. Her name, Hemalozatha, and that of her father, Hebuanrozanath, may suggest their nationality.\* The king gave her the title of Isis and placed her with him on the throne. A picture in a monument which exhibited him when engaged with her in a game of dice became the foundation of a story which is related by Herodotus that he actually went while alive into the world of the dead\* and played at dice with the Great Goddess Isis, sometimes winning and sometimes losing.

When he had established peace through his dominions, Rameses found opportunity for promoting the welfare of his subjects. He built a great wall over fifty feet high with strong defenses in the country of Ayan near the Gulf of Suez which the Aperiu inhabited. He also equipped a fleet in the harbor of Suez to sail to Punt and the "holy land," and bring thence incense and other precious wares. A caravan trade was also opened and direct intercourse by land and sea was maintained with all the countries of the Indian Ocean. Greater attention was also given to mining. Wells were driven where wanted to facilitate working, and copper, which was procured in the peninsula of Sinai, was smelted and transported in bricks by mules from the furnaces into Egypt.

Rameses acquired an immense treasure from the booty taken in war, and he now employed it like a king. The temples were generously endowed, and he was diligent in his endeavors to be on good terms with the hierarchy of Thebes.

He was ambitious also of distinction among the kings of Egypt, and built numerous "Ramessea," or sacred structures bearing his name, in the sacred cities. One of these was erected in Philistia, in the city of Khana to Amun-Râ. But the Ramesseum at Medinet-Abu was most lavishly treated of them all, and to the profusion of its inscriptions, sculptures and ornamentations, we are in-

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\*It is hazardous to attempt a guess, yet the name of the princess suggests the Norse term, Amal, denoting a royal descendant of the gods. In such case we should suppose the designation Ise or Isis which Rameses gave her was its Egyptian equivalent. The name of her father contains the term Anath, which belonged to the Great Mother in Skythia, Persia, and Armenia.

\*The fact of the picture being in a tomb was probably the occasion of the historian's undertaking that he went while living into Amenti, the Egyptian Sheöl, or Hades.

debted for what is known of court-life and the customs of Egypt under the Later Empire. It is probably the treasure-house concerning which the story of the thieves is recorded by Herodotus. He began the work in the fifth year of his reign, employing three thousand men. The God Amun-Râ had no reason to complain of his munificence. "Thou hast received gold and silver like sand on the seashore," says Rameses, "what thou hast created in the river and in the mountain, that I dedicate to thee by heaps upon the earth. I offer to thee blue and green precious stones, and all kinds of jewels in chest of bright copper. I have made for thee numerous talismans out of all kinds of precious stones."

This temple contains not only inscriptions describing victories over the Libyans, Ethiopians, nomadic tribes, Arabians, Philistines, Amorites, and the Nations of Asia Minor and the islands, but also the various festivals and holidays for which Egypt was celebrated. Herodotus said truly that the Egyptians were religious to excess, far beyond any other race of men. Indeed, the religious titles and dogmas, and even the customs and titles now largely accepted and employed in Christendom, many of them bear the unmistakable evidence of having been derived from Egypt.

It was not the policy of Rameses III. to bestow honor and wealth upon one divinity and to slight another. He, of course, recognized the Mystic Sun-God Amun-Râ as having made him a king of kings, before whom the people of Asia were "prostrated for all times even to eternity." Yet he built a temple of Sutekh at Ombos, a temple of Khonsu at Karnak, a temple of Khem with Horos and Isis at Koptos, a special sanctuary of Osiris and his associate divinities at Abydos, a sanctuary of Anhur at Thinis, a sanctuary of Sebek at Ptolemais, also in the Island of Mosa, likewise temples of Num, Thôth, Hathor, Anubis, Bast, at other places where they were the tutelaries. Most of his buildings in Lower Egypt were sanctuaries on the eastern side of the Delta in the very region that was most exposed to the incursions of enemies from the East. Though the Egyptians were not warlike, their tenacity in religious matters would make them resentful of acts of impiety. Besides, the non-Egyptian population of Delta would be sensitive to any sacrilege toward the divinities whom the king had so liberally honored.

Rameses was truly a father of his people. He had expelled the Libyans and Arabs, who had seized the districts of greatest fertility, and after reducing them to subjugation had enrolled them in the army and placed them in his fleets. Their tribes now remained quietly in their cities, and the warlike peoples of Ethiopia and Palestine were at peace. He had restored safety and tranquillity. "But," Mr. Birch\* remarks, "the people are described as receiving their daily sustenance from the Pharaoh in return for their labor, as if the land entirely belonged to the monarch."

In his provident care, Rameses had planted trees and shrubs everywhere to

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\*This seems to have been an archaic arrangement, as it still is in some countries. It came, perhaps, from some conquest. See Genesis xlvi., 20, 21: "And Joseph bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; for the Egyptian sold every man his field, because the famine prevailed over them; so the land became Pharaoh's. And for the people he removed them to the cities from one end of the borders of Egypt even to the other end."

give rest and shade to all,—a boon which in that torrid climate can easily be appreciated. Not only could it be said in the poetic terms of the Hebrew writer, that every one sat under his own vine and fig-tree with none to make him afraid, but it was the boast of the monarch that the weakest woman could travel unmolested on the highways. “The land is like a birth without pains,” says an inscription; “the woman may go forth where she likes, she may adorn herself according to her taste, and boldly walk where she chooses.”

Finally, in the thirty-second year of his reign, the king made his son Rameses IV. joint king with himself and appealed to his subjects to acknowledge and obey him. The prince had already commended himself by his courage and sagacity as a military officer, and his disposition was such as to promise a fortunate period to Egypt.

Like the kings before him, Rameses had prepared for himself a tomb, an “orbit of light,” in the valley of royal sepulchres. It was a long tunnel in the rock, divided into rooms and halls. It was less imposing in style than the famous sepulchres of former monarchs. Indeed, he was less showy in the proportions of his buildings, while he strenuously adhered to his claims. There was an array of side-chambers in which were colored pictures as fresh as when first painted, of his weapons, household furniture and other possessions.

The scientific research of modern times has invaded the precincts of this “eternal abode.” The lid of the granite coffin has been carried to a museum at the University of Cambridge, and the papyrus-roll, declaring the endowments of the numerous temples, is in the British Museum.

Such was the career, such the end of the last great king of Egypt. “Till his death,” the priests said, “Egypt was excellently governed, and flourished greatly, but after this all was changed.” Historians do not condescend to say much about those who succeeded. Manethô describes the Dynasty as consisting of twelve Diospolite kings, but does not name them, evidently considering them unworthy. They all bore the title of “Rameses,” as desiring to embellish their rule by the glories of their predecessor; but they neither maintained the prosperity of Egypt nor arrested the approaching calamity.

In an absolute monarchy, everything depends on the energy and ability of the ruler; and when these fail, except a new force is introduced or an upheaval takes place, the nation is likely to disintegrate and perish. A new era came to Egypt.

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## COLUMBUS.

By F. M. PIERCE.

(Concluded from *February issue.*)

Deceived by his maps and the reports of gold further on, Columbus cruised about and explored Cuba, believing it was a reputed rich island situate opposite Cathay, in the Chinese Sea. He determined that a reputed great ruler living in his inland capital was the Grand Khan, and he was not undeceived until his envoy messengers returned, after finding a local Indian chief.

One of the gold-searching parties in Cuba discovered the now world-famous potato. They also found the natives smoking an herb which "put their flesh to sleep and killed fatigue." This herb, "tobacco," now unstrings the nerves and impairs the health of the world.

The life and general condition of the inhabitants of the islands, especially Hayti, as found by Columbus is interesting and most suggestive when contrasted with the present so-called civilized life of their white destroyers.

They are described as living in peace and love, surrounded by Nature's blessings, untormented by artificial wants. They lived frugally and temperately in all things, hospitable and warm-hearted, their firesides were open and welcome to the stranger. Leading moral lives, the land was as common to the people as the Sun and water. Mine and thine had no place among them. They dealt truly without laws or judges. They took him for an evil or mischievous man who found pleasure in doing hurt to another.

Again, speaking of the inhabitants of Hayti, after the wreck of his ship, the Santa Maria, Columbus says: "So loving, so tractable, so peaceful are these people that I swear to your Majesties

there is not in the world a better nation. They love their neighbors as themselves; their discourse is ever sweet and gentle and is accompanied with a smile; though they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy."

As an illustration of their government and rulers, "the Cacique or ruler of a large portion of Hayti, Guacanagari, has a native delicacy of feeling which is a surprise to the Spaniards. His table manners are remarkably nice, and his deportment toward his attendants is gracious and princely. The sovereignty is hereditary, and on the decease of a childless Cacique the offspring of the sisters has precedence over the brothers. The government is despotic, the Cacique having absolute control of the lives, fortunes and movements of all his subjects, but it is a matter of history that nearly all of the rulers have governed with mildness and were beloved by their people."

In contrast, what a parody on life, what a horrible nightmare is modern civilization. Whither are we tending, yes, blindly rushing?

Owing to the wreck of the Santa Maria and the supposed desertion of Penzon with the Pinta, Columbus was left with but one small, unsafe vessel, the Nina, which, if lost, would leave his discoveries unknown.

The discovery of gold in Hayti, its fine and healthy climate and spontaneous products, combined with the kindness of the people, and the friendship and devotion of Guacanagari, who was yet hardly persuaded that Columbus was not an immortal—it is a suggestive fact that the mythological god, or great teacher of all

so-called savage races, is represented as being a white man who came to them from across the great waters—determined Columbus to establish a Colony. Acting with his accustomed promptness, he fortified the storehouse containing the supplies from the wrecked Santa Maria, and, leaving thirty-nine picked men under Diego de Avana as governor, he prepared the small and crowded Nina for early departure for Spain.

The all-comprehending foresight and justice of Columbus is shown in the fact that he built a fort and ordered that strict military discipline should be maintained, largely to prevent the men from wandering about and misusing the gentle and confiding natives.

Assembling the colonists, the now beloved commander enjoined them to faithfully perform their duties, to avoid disputes, to treat the high-minded Cacique with respect and gratitude and the people with fairness and courtesy.

January 2, 1493, Columbus, after embracing the noble Guacanagari and his chieftains, and an affectionate parting with the loved comrades, sharers in his trials and perils, set sail for Spain. On the third day the lookout watch sighted the lost Pinta. Pinzon's apologies and excuses for his unwarranted desertion were listened to quietly, though with disbelief, for Columbus knew that a quarrel might be disastrous. Later he learned the full details of Pinzon's treachery.

After a most tempestuous voyage Columbus, compelled by his necessities, landed at Rastello, in Portugal, on January 21, 1493. His ability and versatility enabled him to avoid and escape from the assumed authority and snares set by the envious and unreliable King John, who had betrayed the plans of Columbus in their past negotiations.

When the admiral again stepped on shore at Palos the people looked on him as one returned from the dead, as all

hopes of again seeing the voyagers had long since been abandoned. When Columbus announced his arrival to the sovereigns it created the greatest excitement at Court and throughout Spain. The royal summons was addressed "To Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the Ocean-Sea, Viceroy and Governor of the Islands discovered in the Indies." His journey was a perfect ovation, and on approaching Barcelona, about April 15, he was met by a vast assemblage, including the courtiers and people of rank, who thronged to see the great discoverer and the six Indians he had brought from the New World.

Following the Indians came Columbus mounted and escorted by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish Chivalry. The majestic and venerable appearance of the Admiral lent dignity to the showy pageant and harmonized with the grandeur of his achievement. The King and Queen, to further honor Columbus, ordered their throne placed in a large hall in the Palace under a rich gold brocade canopy. When he entered they rose to their feet, as when receiving a person of great rank. Columbus fell upon his knees, kissed their hands, but they bade him sit in their presence while they listened in breathless silence to his glorious story, simply and forcibly told, and to his confident promises that the presented evidences were but the harbingers of still more important discoveries to follow.

When he had concluded, the sovereigns and the noble assemblage, their tears of joy and gratitude for the time obliterating rank, making them one in a common humanity, knelt reverently while thanking the Giver of all good, their minds and souls blending in a high aspiration as the inspiring tones of the chanted "Te Deum Laudamus" filled the vast hall and circled heavenward.

How fitting the whole scene and ceremony to the reverential, lofty, harmoni-

ous, aspiring nature of the simple, resolute, indomitable-willed Columbus!

His fame spread over the world. At the English Court the discovery was pronounced "a thing more divine than human." Columbus, still believing that the discoveries were merely the terminus of the Asiatic Continent, named the lands he had explored "The West Indies."

The greatest discovery in the annals of the world's history an accomplished fact, and standing out in solitude and grandeur as the sublime accomplishment of a single "willful," determined man, why weary ourselves with further details of a life the broad, general scope of which it is attempted to compass and present? Moving rapidly to the end past pomp, gratitude and the reverence, deception, hypocrisy, honesty, and the complexity of human character, we find the world's greatest discoverer again sailing for the land of the New Empire, with a fleet of eighteen finely equipped ships, manned by experienced, eager seamen and crowded by an adventurous nobility. The fleet sailed from Cadiz about June 1, 1494, and after an uneventful voyage reached the colony established by Columbus, only to find it destroyed and the men scattered or dead, as a just reward for their misdeeds among the natives.

Many new islands were discovered and taken possession of. Gold washings were found operated by the natives. A new colony-city, named Isabella, was built. Cibao, the country of the cannibal Caribs, was invaded and its people, the terror of the surrounding islands, were subdued.

On the island of Jamaica was found a people who are best described by a speech made by an old chief to Columbus: "This which thou hast been doing is well, for it appears to be thy manner of giving thanks to God. I have heard that thou hast come to this land with a

mighty force. Know that according to our belief the souls of men have two journeys to make after departure from the body; one to a place dismal and foul, prepared for those who have been unjust and cruel to their fellow-men; the other pleasant and full of delight for such as have promoted peace on earth." This and the lofty oratory of our own Indians stand out in a simple sublimity of truth, in marked contrast with the hollow, veneered oratory of the misnamed civilized man.

Dissensions, treachery, ambition and selfishness had begun to disintegrate the expedition and have foul effect against Columbus at the Spanish Court through returning ambitious nobles. Broken in health, due to exposure and hardships which Columbus shared with the humblest men, care, responsibility and age, all combined to make his return to Spain imperative. Leaving his brother Bartholomew in command, Columbus set sail and arrived in Cadiz June 11, after an absence of two years and nine months. He was rejoiced to find that the evil reports of jealous rivals had not shaken the confidence the sovereign reposed in him. On May 30, 1497, Columbus sailed from San Lucas on his third voyage of discovery. He reached land in the vicinity of the Oronoco River and found gold and furs in abundance among the natives. Sailing northward, he reached San Domingo, where he was welcomed by his brother Bartholomew, who had faithfully carried out his instruction in the face of rebellion on the part of prominent and selfish colonists, headed by one Roldan, whom Columbus had befriended in his distress and poverty. Such is the gratitude of the average man. At this time a ship arrived from Spain, on board of which was a Florentine merchant, Amerigo Vespucci, which fact settles his claim as a discoverer.

The constant stream of calumny, lies

and abuse which poured in against Columbus had for some time affected Ferdinand, and finally Isabella's mind became poisoned. Don Francisco de Bobadillo was appointed to supreme command, and Columbus was ordered to turn over to him all property and authority, and to obey his commands. Bobadillo reached San Domingo August 23, 1500. He seized the unresisting, giant-souled Columbus, put him in irons and imprisoned him in the fortress. As soon as charges could be formulated against Columbus he, in company with his brother, still in irons, were shipped to Spain. Arriving at Cadiz, the indignities which had been heaped upon the great discoverer aroused the whole country as being a disgrace upon themselves, and the sovereigns were not held blameless. In his broad sense of the foul wrong which had been done him, Columbus did not appeal to or even write to their Majesties. In this alone he proved himself a man superior to all rank or title.

In a letter of noble defense, written to a friend, giving a full account of all his transactions, he said: "The slanders of worthless men have done me more injury than all my services have profited me."

This letter, reaching the Queen, roused her indignation at the gross abuse of the royal authority, and she at once sent him funds to rehabilitate himself, and requested his immediate presence. His services, sufferings and benign patience moved her to tears, and, cheered by the sympathy of his beloved Queen, this great man fell on his knees, speechless with sobs and tears.

It is to the credit of the King and Queen that they did not need his spoken vindication; he stood before them a deeply wronged man. The immediate dismissal of Bobadillo was promised, and the restoration of property, rank, privileges and honors. But this was of little

moment to him so long as suspicion rested upon his name by his remaining out of employment in his former position of authority. Here the not over-strong Ferdinand failed, opened his probity to legitimate questioning; nor is there evidence why Isabella did not forcefully interpose her authority. Columbus was old; short-sighted expediency, if not self-interest, led to the appointment of one Ovando to supersede Bobadillo and to succeed Columbus for two years when the latter was again to resume his self-created duties.

From bitter experience he had learned not to put his "faith in princes," and, remembering a vow once taken, that within seven years of his discovery he would set on foot a crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, he prepared a "Book of Prophecies," in order to enlist the sovereigns. In the accompanying letter he says: "God works his purposes through the unlearned. He reveals things to some by mystic signs in the air and heavens." Was he not himself a mystic? He worked like one on common-sense lines. The royal promises of restored revenue had not materialized, as he writes: "I have not enough of this revenue with which to buy a cloak." The Crusade spirit was a prominent feature of the times. Ecclesiastical domination of sovereigns was subtly used to foment whatever would increase the power and revenue of the Church. But the time was not ripe.

Inaction was torture to Columbus, and in spite of the bitter opposition of his old enemy, Bishop Fonseca, he at the age of sixty-six obtained royal aid and launched his fourth expedition of four caravels from Cadiz, May 9, 1502, to find the straits leading into unknown seas, and enable him to encircle the globe, avoiding speculative enterprises. Touching at San Domingo for repairs, he was refused entrance to the harbor by Ovando.

In return, he warned the homeward-bound vessels carrying Bobadillo, Rodan and the most persistent foes of Columbus, with their ill-gotten riches, against sailing until a coming storm had passed. His kindly warning was unheeded, and the fleet sailed, to be utterly destroyed and swallowed up in a terrible hurricane with all on board.

Sailing into new waters toward Yucatan, he found among the natives sepulchres containing embalmed and mummified bodies of the dead perfectly preserved. Cruising in search of the straits, he struck the mainland near the River Verugna, in Brazil, where gold was found in such quantities that Columbus thought to return to Spain to report and get reinforcements to further explore this country for gold. But greed for gold on the part of his subordinates led to mutiny, separation and a crippling of vessels which entailed years of delay, misery, treachery and death. Columbus arrived at San Lucar on November 7, seventy years old, sick and worn out, seeking rest. He found Isabella his true friend, broken in health and spent, standing at the door of death, which she entered November 26, 1504. His star—linked with hers in some strange but natural way—rapidly declined when that noble heart ceased to pulsate.

Unrestrained by her ennobling influence, Ferdinand showed his true ungrateful, unreliable and selfish nature. He

not only gave Columbus no consideration, but took from him what colonial property he held title to. He counted on the early death of Columbus to relieve him of an annoyance. Old, decrepit, heart-sick and in poverty, the mind of this colossus of ability, energy and devotion, will and accomplishment remained strong, resolute and busy, arranging the settlement of his fame, honor and rights in equity, and love, among those to whom they rightfully belonged.

Every detail completed, he, on May 20, 1506, voyaged out into another mentally unknown but soul-explored sea of the one eternal life, with the same calm fearlessness and hopeful expectancy as had characterized his visible voyages.

His work, more glorious than that of any historic warrior, more beneficial to humanity, in its time, compassing results greater than that of any other historic personality, is his highest eulogy.

He alone in all the world was the one man through whom the divine force, ceaselessly working for the betterment of the human race, could act with marked power. To this fact, coupled with his willingness and activity, is due his greatness.

Lamartine stated the simple truth when he said: "Columbus advanced, far beyond all that had been done before his time, the work of God—the SPIRITUAL UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE."

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"The light of all flesh is the sun; the light of the soul—truth everlasting."

"The road to sin is a wide highway; the way out of it, a steep and rugged hill."

"The fault of others is easy to perceive, but that of oneself is difficult to perceive."

"That man alone is wise who keeps the mastery of himself."

"Musk is musk because of its own fragrance and not from being called a perfume by the druggist."

*Gems from the East.*

## STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

I have often heard it stated by Theosophists that the theory of evolution as generally accepted by modern science is only half the truth. Will the Students' Column please state what is the other half?  
C. E., NEW YORK.



THE main idea of the evolutionary theory is that there is a progression and development from lower to higher forms throughout all the kingdoms of nature and from kingdom to kingdom. The general truth of this idea appears to be well upheld from a scientific standpoint by observation and research, but there is not sufficient evidence to support it in all its details and especially in its most interesting particular as to the immediate ancestor of man in the animal kingdom and the so generally accepted statement that man was descended from the monkey.

It is supposed by many that the evolutionary theory is a product of modern thought, but the fact is that it is one of the teachings of the remotest antiquity. It was expressed in the Kabbala (though taken from a much older teaching) in the following way:—"The stone becomes a plant, the plant an animal, the animal a man, and man a god."

Modern science does not offer any theory or explanation of the process whereby the life principle became locked up in the stone, nor does it give any satisfactory solution to the development of the powers of feeling and thinking and egohood; indeed, it ignores the mainspring of all, namely this, the soul. The fault has partly lain in the futile attempts to divorce what is called "science" from philosophy and religion, and by a majority of scientists, metaphysics also is forbidden, even in the study of the mind.\* So much has this been the case that it has been said of modern psychology that it is the science of the soul with the soul left out. In fact, science has been able to deal satisfactorily—and that to but a limited extent—only with external phenomena, and the theory of evolution is on firm ground only when applied to the evolution of form; the subjective world is still an almost altogether sealed book, a realm for speculation, but of little knowledge.

Yet even in its wider scope, evolution is but half the story and without the other half incapable of full demonstration. It is impossible to adequately state this other half of which evolution is the sequel; but a very brief outline can be given, and the student is referred to H. P. Blavatsky's monumental work, "The Secret Doctrine."

Evolution is the sequel and the complementary process of involution. Life is essentially free, freedom is a part of its own nature, yet modern science in its study of life begins at the point where it is least manifested and most locked up.

\*How widely this has been the case may be seen in "The Philosophy of Mind, an Essay in the Metaphysics of Psychology," by Prof. Lloyd, in which he openly and avowedly enters the realm of metaphysics.

Ancient science as shown in "The Secret Doctrine" teaches that as many stages as there are in the unfoldment of life and consciousness, attended by the development of form, ascending from mineral to plant, to animal, to man, and beyond, to God; so many are there on the descending side, through what are called the elemental stages of nature, two of which it is taught are closely allied to sound and color.

The arduous research and study of modern science may be likened to the study of music with a knowledge of only three out of the seven notes of the scale, and with no knowledge of the keynote or the principal chords. Yet so strong has been the desire for knowledge, so ardent the pursuit of truth, that the results achieved have been many and great. How great then will be the progress in the future when the soul is acknowledged as the keynote, and all investigation of life's problems, even on this material plane and in the realm of physical science, is seen to revolve around it as center; when the existence of other planes and spheres of being is known and their relation to this understood.

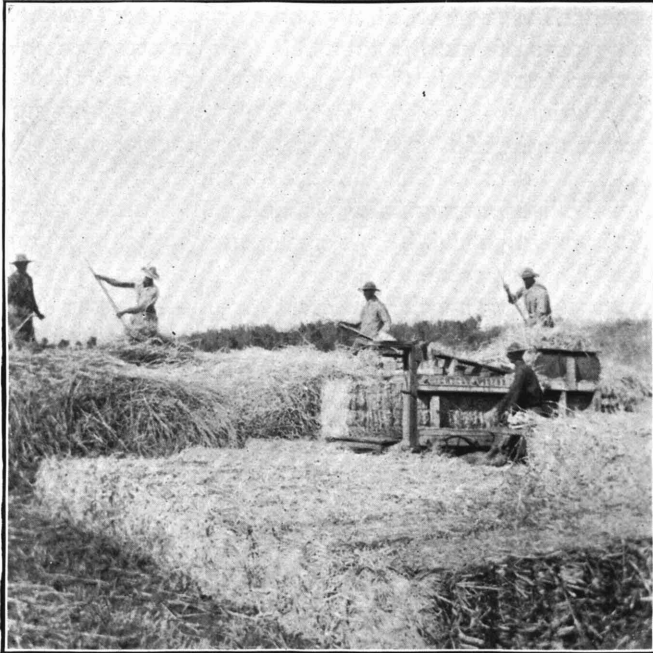
The problem is much more complex and yet at the same time much simpler than modern science has regarded it, and can only be understood when the existence of other planes of being is granted. The processes of involution and evolution are co-existent, but in that stage which has been called the "descent into matter," involution is dominant; there is a gradual locking up, and an increasing quiescence of the life forces, while matter becomes more and more concrete until the greatest density of the mineral kingdom is attained. Then begins the unlocking of the life forces and the gradual refinement and greater plasticity of matter. This is evolution and the principal cause of it is the inherent power of the life force which has become so locked up. Involution has not, however, ceased, but continues in a somewhat different way, which may perhaps be described as absorption of intellectual and spiritual energies, through which these same energies lying dormant in the material vehicle are awakened to life and activity.

For evolution does not take place simply from the inherent power in the individual, since the individual has no inherent power as an isolated unit, but only in relation to the rest of nature and to all other units. One of the most important factors in evolution is the existence of beings on higher planes of nature whose influence is shed more or less consciously upon the beings of lower planes. One of the most interesting teachings of "The Secret Doctrine" is in regard to the emergence from the animal into the human stage of evolution, which is accomplished directly through this influence of the higher beings upon the lower, and more than that, is brought about by the actual incarnation of beings who had previously passed through the human stage, in the bodies of the now human animals, these acting as the guides and rulers of early humanity. It is because of this in part that the missing link so called has not been found, and the attempt to find that missing link in the ape or monkey will be forever a failure for the reason as given in the ancient teachings that these creatures are the offsprings

of degenerate man and not his ancestors, but the result of his crime in the early days. Furthermore, and as the main reason for not finding the missing link, "The Secret Doctrine" states that man, in the present stage of the Earth's evolution, appeared first, before all the other animals.

When scientists begin to study the ancient religions of the world, not simply from a religious, but from a scientific standpoint, the key to which Mme. Blavatsky has given in her "Secret Doctrine," they will find a new light and that many of the deepest problems over which they have wrangled so long were known to and solved in remote antiquity. When this is seen, the new realms of knowledge that will open out before the student of life will be incalculably vast. Such a step must be taken before long; without it science will become hopelessly lost in the labyrinth of speculation.

J. H. F.



HARVESTING AT POINT LOMA.



# CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



## THE PRINCE OF THE STREAMLAND.

By CEINYDD MORUS.

### I.

#### HOW PRINCE PWYLL WENT TO ANNOON.



SOMEWHERE or other there is a beautiful country called the Streamland, and in that country the mountains are always purple, and the hills are as green as hills may be. If you get out a big map of the world, and search it very carefully indeed, and then can't find it marked, you may be sure that the person who made that map has forgotten all about it, or has never been there to see. And it's often the way, children, that they don't mark the real nice places on the map.

Well, in the time of Prince Pwyll, it was a lovely place to live in, with the woods all full of birds the whole year round always singing, and the towns and the villages all full of people who were generally singing, too, and always happy. And, indeed, I shouldn't a bit wonder if they are always happy still, for I never heard that Prince Pwyll died. Only I do know that he changed his name after the story was told, and what he changed it to, I won't tell you, except that it is something which you yourselves will all be some day.

A wonderful land is the Streamland, for it is always full of music, and no one knows whether that music is made by the streams that come down from the mountains, or if it is the fairies that are singing, or whether it is the blooming of the flowers that puts it into the heart of the Wind to sing, or whether it is that the country is so near to the Stars that you could hear the Sky-bees buzzing their honey-song in the shining star-blossoms that grow all over the sky. But there it was, and I have heard somebody say that all the beautiful music that

ever was comes from that country, and I dare say you will find it is quite true, too, when you go there.

Well, one day it came into Prince Pwyll's mind that he would go a-hunting. So the next morning when the hills and the valleys were cold with the dawn, there were the men of the court all mounted on their horses in front of the palace, and their hunting horns hanging at their saddles, and the dogs running about around them, and they all waiting for Pwyll to blow his great horn for the hunt to begin.

Then he did blow it, and off they went, and all the morning they were riding on, over many a lonely mountain, and through many a green valley where the fields are all soaked and full of tumbling streamlets that went down to the little rivers that were singing on their way down to the sea; and over many a hillside covered with woods, and the ground in the woods all blue with the bluebells—until at last Prince Pwyll's horse had taken him far away beyond any of the others.

Every now and then he could see a great stag running on before him. The swiftest stag in the whole world it must have been, for neither he nor his swift dogs could catch up with it. On and on he rode, not knowing that he was alone; all the morning, and all the afternoon he rode on, and only stopped when the trees were dim with the shadows, and a star or two out in the sky, and only a streak of red and gold and pale yellow in the west to show where the sun had set. And then there he was with his dogs by a wide, dim lake in a great valley, and the clear water lapping against the sand and the pebbles by his horse's feet, and a few birds flying and calling over the water where it was bright with the sunset, and it came into his mind that he had never seen that place before.

He lifted his great horn, and three loud blasts he blew on it, and between each he listened for the answering blasts that any of his men who might hear him would be sure to blow. But each time the sound went forth, and up the mountains, and the elves on the mountains heard it, and just shouted it back at him and not once could he hear the horns of his men. So there he was sitting on his horse's back, and not knowing what to do one bit.

Then as he sat there listening there came a strange sound which seemed to be the barking of dogs, and he wondered where in the world those dogs came from, for he had never heard any dogs barking like that (nor have you).

While he was wondering, he looked up the side of the mountain, and there he saw a great stag come dashing out of the woods a little way above where he was. As soon as he saw it, of course he called to his dogs, and they ran, and he rode after it as fast as they could. And while he was riding he could hear that strange barking above the barking of his own dogs. And once he heard the sound of a horn, only it wasn't a bit like the sound of any horn he had ever heard before.

Just as he had crossed two wide fields, and was coming up over the soft wet ground to the wood, and the stag only one field in front of him, he saw a

pack of dogs coming out of the wood. Curious dogs they were, and it was they who had been making the strange barking. Their bodies were white and shining like clean snow with the sun on it, and their right ears were as red as their bodies were white.

Pwyll could not think whose dogs they could be, nor how they came to be hunting in his country. He was angry, too, that strange dogs should be after the stag he had been hunting all day. So as they were coming up to the stag just before his own dogs were, he called them back and told them to lie down, and sent his own dogs on instead. But just as they were about to catch the stag, he heard his name called, and coming out of the wood there seemed to be a cloud of light that was coming slowly toward him. As it drew nearer he saw that it was a man whom he thought was a great king. The man was sitting on a gray horse, gray clothes were on him, but it seemed as Pwyll looked at him, that purple light was shining through the grayness of them. If you had seen his two eyes, you would have said at once, "This man must be a kind of cousin of the Lotus Mother's," and I think you would have been quite right, too.

For, you know, children, the man that Pwyll saw was a very great king, indeed. He is one of those who were called the Wise Ones, and that is why he seemed at first to be a cloud of light. In those old days they used to call him Arawn, but he has got a lot of names besides that. I believe that the great Mother and Queen of the Fairies and Men is his sister, and that it is through his power she is able to reign over her children and to be always teaching them strong and wise things. But however that may be, I know that nothing can happen without King Arawn has something to say in the ordering of it, and that we could never get on without him one bit.

Well, when Prince Pwyll heard his name called, and turned round, and saw the gray-robed and purple and silvery shining king riding toward him between the dusk-dark mountain and the quiet lake, he called to him:

"What dogs are these with which you are hunting in my kingdom?"

"It is not I who would be hunting in your kingdom, Prince," said the king.

And then it came into Pwyll's mind that although he knew every hill and mountain and field and wood and lake and valley in his own Streamland, he had never seen those mountains, nor that lake before, and he wondered how he could have left his kingdom in one day's ride. Then he began to wonder which was the way home, but that he could not tell; and he could not even tell whether the Streamland was in front of him or behind him, or on his left or on his right hand. And then he looked at his dogs, that had left chasing the stag when King Arawn called, and they were running about here and there and smelling the ground and then running back, and he saw that they did not know the way home either. And a strange thing was that, for there were no better dogs in all the world than those dogs were.

All the while the King was riding slowly toward him, and watching him, and calling tiny fairies from somewhere and sending them to Pwyll, and they

were whispering in his ears and telling him what he ought to do. Then King Arawn said:

"I am called Arawn, and a great king in this land of mine am I. You have ridden into my kingdom. It is called Annoon, and it is in the world below the world you left to-day. You have called my dogs away from the stag I was hunting. For this you will not be able to go back to your own kingdom at once, for no one who comes into Annoon may leave it without doing some service, and I could not show you the way to the Streamland now. But if you are willing to have me for your dear friend, you must do what I shall ask you to do."

And then a great gladness was in Pwyll's heart, though he did not know why it was there, and he told him how glad he would be to have so great and noble a king for his close friend, and that he would with joy do whatever King Arawn wished. So the king said:

"In Annoon there is a man named Havgan, who has made a kingdom for himself by gathering together silly and wicked people, and many times he has made war on me. You cannot go back to the Streamland till this man is killed, and no one is allowed to kill him, but you, not even I myself. But before you can kill him, you will have to be as strong and wise as I am. You will have to wear my armour, and to be able to strike with my great sword. A blow from that sword there is no doctor who can heal. And to be able to do this, you will have to seem to be myself, and to reign in my kingdom for a year and a day without any one there knowing that you are not myself."

And all this Pwyll said he would gladly do, and as he said it, it seemed to him that the valley and the lake and the wood and the sky and the king were growing dimmer and dimmer all the time, and he thought that there were fairies dancing, at first slowly, around him; but as they danced they became quicker and drew nearer to him, and he could feel their cool breath on his face and in his hair as they went round, and it seemed to be drenched with a dew of sleep and dreams and through it and their quiet song he could hear the voice of King Arawn telling him that at the end of a year and a day he should fight with Havgan, and he heard him say: "Do nothing that he may ask you to do," and then he was fast asleep.

For those tall fairies came from the mountain beyond the lake when they knew that Arawn wished them to come, and began to do the work they are for doing. They are always in that valley. Some people call them the Sleep-Fairies, and some people call them the Birth-Fairies; but whether those names are the best for them, children dear, or whether by rights they ought to be called the Death-Fairies, I am not knowing. But they are all the subjects of the great wise King of Annoon, and they are always dancing their stately dances over the lake and in the valley on the borders of his kingdom. And I think that we all see them moving around us and feel their breath many times, many hundreds of times maybe, and shall, till the Story of All Stories is told, and the last of all Silent Moments is with us.

## II.

## THE SLAYING OF HAVGAN.



ELL, as soon as Pwyll was fast asleep, the king turned his horses, and called Pwyll's dogs and they went to him, and he rode off toward the Streamland, and the dogs after him, and there it is said that he reigned for a year and a day, and no one knew that he was not Pwyll.

But if you had been in the valley that evening, it is a curious thing you would have seen. For as soon as Pwyll was asleep, and those strange fairies dancing around him, his face seemed to be changing, and his clothes, and the horse under him. Instead of the blue cloak he had been wearing, and the splendid saddle of his horse, and the rich, four-cornered saddle-cloth of purple velvet with an apple of gold at each corner, it was the gray cloak of the king that was on him, and the plain saddle under him, and he on a great gray horse such as the King of Annoon had been riding. And then his face changed, and became like Arawn's face, and no one would have known that it was the Prince of the Streamland he was, and not the King of Annoon, which, as you know, is in the world below the world Prince Pwyll came from. Only there was no purple shining around him at that time.

Well, when those fairies had finished their work, they all went away, and Pwyll woke up. And there he was on his horse, and the last of the sunset light gone out of the west, and the moon pale on the lake and in the sky, and all the stars out, and everything as quiet as it could be, except now and then for the splash and rippling rings on the lake when a fish jumped up to see what was going on. If you had called him Pwyll then, he would no more have known what you meant than if you had called him the man in the moon. And that was because he had forgotten all about the Streamland, and all about his being the prince of it; and all that was in his mind was that he was Arawn, King of Annoon, and that he had been out hunting all day long, and he supposed he must have gone to sleep in that valley, and then he was wondering why and how he had come to fall asleep, and then he began to feel hungry, so he stopped wondering, and whistled to those strange, white dogs with red ears, and they came to him; and then, as if he had ridden that way every day of his life, he turned his horse's head toward the capital city of Annoon and rode straight to Arawn's palace.

When he got there, all the people called him "King" and "Arawn," and it never seemed a bit funny to him, as it does to you and me. For he just remembered the things that Arawn remembered, and he knew everybody's name at that court as well as Arawn knew them himself. Not that he was as great and wise then as Arawn was, or that he knew the real lovely things that Arawn did. No, indeed! How could he when he had not got the purple shining like the king? What he did know was the names of the people, and just enough to prevent himself or any one else ever guessing that he was another person than the true king. He could not become as great as Arawn, you see, until he had killed Havgan.

And that was why Arawn had put him there—that Pwyll might grow strong and wise enough to be his own equal and friend.

And that is always the way with King Arawn, and you may be sure that some day or other he will be finding out that there is some dreadful enemy for *you* to fight, and then he will be seeing if you are strong enough to do it; and if you are not he will be putting you into all kinds of training; and it may be he will make you a king, and it may be he will make you a dustman, as he thinks fit, and whatever it is, he will wait and teach you, oh, so patiently, until that enemy is killed or that work is done.

There are some people who say that these things cannot happen, or perhaps that they only used to happen in the old, old times. But don't you believe it, because they are all just as likely to happen now as they were two or three thousand years ago. Aye, and now it is the New Century you cannot tell what may come any day. Indeed, if you manage to go right to the end of your life without seeing or hearing anything of Arawn the great, wise king—all I can say is, it is a funny child you are, and a funny man or woman you will grow up to be, so mind you that!

Well, a year and a day was Pwyll in King Arawn's palace, and no one dreaming that he was not the real king. One day he would be hunting in the woods and the forests, and another day he would be playing chess with one or another of the princes of Annoon, and often he would be feasting with the great men of that land, and at those feasts he would sing noble songs and tell splendid stories as well as the best of the bards and princes. And there was never a day in which he did not help some one, and so learn something himself; and if there had been I shouldn't wonder if he would have had to stay longer away from his own land. And so every day he grew stronger and wiser and more like the King. As the months passed by, too, you would have seen that the purple glow which was always around Arawn began, at first ever so dimly to shine around Pwyll. At the end of ten months there was no one who would not have seen that light, and when the year was at its passing, I do not think it was any less bright with Pwyll than it was with King Arawn himself.

Well, one evening at that time, while he was sitting in his place at the head of the great hall of the palace, there came a messenger from Havgan to say that in a few days' time the peace which was between him and Arawn would end, and that on the next Tuesday he would lead his army to the ford of the river which flowed between their two countries. Pwyll knew quite well about Havgan, and the peace that would have lasted for a year and a day, and he knew that he would have to be leading his army against the false King when that peace was over. So he was not a bit surprised, but just told all his princes to get their men together; and on the Tuesday he led them all to the ford.

And there were the two armies facing each other, and the river between them, shallow and full of stones, and great trees on the banks, and the sun shining down on the water between the leaves. When Havgan's princes saw Pwyll's army, it came into their minds that it would be well for their lord to fight alone

with Arawn; and not to have any battle, for they had no quarrel with Arawn's men. So they sent a messenger out from their camp; a man dressed in blue, and with a little golden harp in his hand. You see they used always to carry harps in those days when they went on messages like that, because there was peace wherever a harp went.

So this man went out, and across the river, and the trout that were sun-bathing in the shallow water did not stir, but stayed quite still in the water, because they saw that he was a messenger of peace. And he went to the great royal tent where Pwyll was, in the middle of his army, and told the man who seemed to be Arawn what Havgan's princes thought. So Pwyll turned to his princes, and it seemed to them, also, that that would be the best thing, and it seemed so, too, to himself.

So that afternoon Pwyll put Arawn's golden breast-plate on his breast, and took his shield of strong hide studded over with nails of gold, and Arawn's great sword, a blow from which no doctor had ever healed, and went down with his princes and great lords to the ford. And what with the sun gleaming on the gold of his armour, and the purple light of his heart that was shining out through his breast and the green of his clothes, those lords and soldiers thought that they had never seen so bright a King as he was. As he went there were strange thoughts coming into his mind; and every now and then he could hear music so strong and sweet that he was wondering where in all Annoon was any one who could make it. And all the time it grew stronger and sweeter, and he could hear less and less of anything else, so much did it fill his heart and his mind.

When they came to the ford there was Havgan waiting, and his lords with him, and those two were for fighting in the middle of the shallow river, with the water playing around their feet. Havgan lifted his long spear as they stepped into the stream and threw it at the man who seemed to be Arawn, but it flew over his shoulder and stuck quivering in the brown bank on the other side. As it whizzed past Pwyll's ear, he seemed to hear the words of the strange music between the sound of the spear and the rustling of the young leaves and the song of the water, and the words that he heard were: "*Prince of the Stream-land.*" Then Havgan drew his sword and they met in the middle of the ford. The sun was shining on Pwyll, but Havgan was always in the shade of the trees. Fierce was the attack of the false king, but all his sword blows fell on the shield or the sword of Arawn. While he was attacking there came into Pwyll's mind a wild, lone valley and a lake and strange fairies dancing round him, and the music that he heard grew more distinct.

Then he lifted Arawn's great sword, high in the air it flashed in the sunlight, and with it he struck Havgan. The false king lifted his sword to meet the blow, but it was beaten down and broken. Into the water he fell, and his broken sword flew from his hand and splashed into a deep pool by the bank a little way below the ford. As he struck that blow, Pwyll knew that he was not Arawn. Then Havgan said:

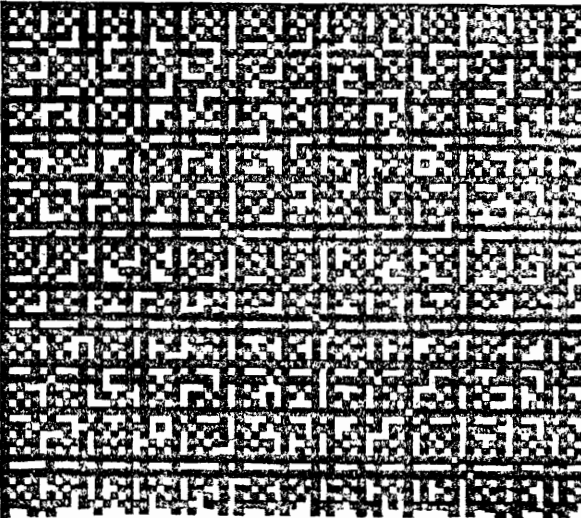
“I do not know why you should seek my death. Yet as you have begun to kill me, finish the work you have begun.”

But the music seemed to be telling Pwyll not to do anything that Havgan asked, so he just answered:

“Not so, and if you are to die, you are to die without any more help of mine.”

So Havgan knew that he had no more hope, and two of his princes carried him away and he died. So through that victory all Annoon came to belong to Arawn once more. And as soon as Havgan was killed, Pwyll came to remember everything.

And the next day he got on his horse and rode out alone to the wild valley, and there by the lake was King Arawn waiting. The king gave him back his own form and told him many things. It was a great thing for Pwyll to know such a king as Arawn. For ever afterward he was a dear friend and brother to the prince, and in the Streamland there was greater beauty and happiness than ever before, and people could go from one country to the other whenever they liked, and Pwyll was wise, and wise, and wise, and the purple shining never left him. And, as I told you, he changed his name in time. What he changed it to I won't tell you, only it means something you all will become when, like Prince Pwyll, you have killed the false king whom Arawn may put you to kill. And strong and wise you will need to be before you can do that and earn the new name that Pwyll had.



## A CURIOUS PATTERN.

DESIGNED BY V. A. H.

Here is a curious pattern, like a Chinese Puzzle for the Young Folks to puzzle over. If you number all the little squares from left to right; 1, 2, 3, &c. and then number them from the top downwards in the same way, you can find out if any two numbers have a common divisor. Where two rows cross, a horizontal one and a vertical one, if they cross at a white square, then their numbers have a common divisor, but if at a black square, they do not. If you will draw the pattern on a large piece of paper which is ruled into little squares you will be able to see more clearly how it works.



## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

### NEW YORK.

On February 25th application was duly made out for a charter for a new Lodge of the Universal Brotherhood, to be situated in New York, on the East Side, with thirteen signatures, ten of which were from new applicants. The new Lodge is composed mainly of enthusiastic young men, students in art and medicine. Many of them have for some time past been attending the Sunday evening meetings at 144 Madison Avenue, and were particularly interested in the debate on "Theosophy and Christianity," and the subsequent course of addresses on "Theosophy and the Bible." Besides the signers of the application for the charter, other of their friends are much interested.

During the past month the main subject of the Sunday evening meetings at 144 Madison Avenue has been "Theosophy and the Bible;" addresses have been given by Mrs. C. F. Ober, C. L. Carpenter and J. H. Fussell. The subjects taken up at the Sunday morning meetings of the Aryan Theosophical Society have proved to be of more than usual interest, among recent ones were: "Need of Leaders," "Dangers Menacing Humanity," "Causes of Insanity," "Success and Failure."

The H. P. B. Lodge, No. 10, U. B., gives further evidence each meeting of its new vigor and life. All the Lodge meetings in New York and Brooklyn have taken on a new aspect and a harmonious home-feeling that are evidenced throughout the whole proceedings. One of the results is the natural and easy flow of thought and the facility which even the heretofore timid speakers are acquiring in expressing their ideas.

On Saturday evenings a singing class is conducted at the Headquarters by Bro. W. A. Raboch, and is proving to be one of the most delightful evenings of the week. At the meetings of the Aryan T. S., Bro. E. A. Neresheimer always gives us a treat by his singing and the evening meetings are greatly aided by Miss Kate Fuller and Miss Helen Fuller, who provide music on the piano and violin.

At East Fourteenth Street, the continuation of the work begun several years ago by our Leader, under the name of the "Do Good Mission," a Boy's Brotherhood Club has been started and is making good progress. The Lotus Group has increased to such a size that it had to be divided and two meetings held on different evenings. The U. B. Lodge is doing good, steady work and its various activities are a great power for good in that district which is one of the poorest in New York.

We were delighted last Sunday, March 11, to receive welcome visits at our meetings from Mr. and Mrs. Sederholm, of Chicago; Miss Miller, of Macon, Ga., and Mr. Prugh, of Sioux City, Ia. In the latter part of February we had a brief, flying visit from Bro. Walter Box, of London, England, who stayed but one day in New York on his way to Point Loma. We were glad to see him, and to have him present at a meeting of the H. P. B. Lodge. Dr. Herbert Coryn left at the same time as Bro. Box for Point Loma, and has since been greatly missed at Headquarters and in the meetings. Other faces that we miss from New York are those of Mr. and Mrs. Lundberg, who have gone to Point Loma, and Mr. and Mrs. Synge, who are now in Providence, R. I. We are glad to have Mrs. Ober, recently of Chicago, with us, and are glad to hear that she expects to stay in New York for some time.

By the time this issue is in the hands of the readers, we shall be looking for reports from Cuba of the great celebration of the "Cuban Liberty Day" by the children in Santiago. The children of the Lotus Groups throughout the country presented a beautiful banner to the Cuban Children, a photograph of which is reproduced in this number, and many and many a loving message has been sent by the American children with their little contributions, showing how truly they realize the Brotherhood of all the Children of Earth.

From Olympia, Wash., comes the following letter:

"Inclosed find money order from Olympia Lotus Buds and Blossoms for the Children's Cuban Banner, which they send with loving thoughts to their Lotus Mother and their little brothers and sisters in Cuba. And they also wish to remem-

ber Miss Fabra, and hope to see her some day. Dear Comrade, what a privilege this is to be able to do the little that comes our way to help the work of our dear Leader! How grand the work she has done for the Cubans!

"As a Cuban, and all my people for generations have been Cubans, I can keenly realize and appreciate the grand work of our Leader for my people, and especially for the Cuban children

"Our Lotus Group here is growing fast, and send love to all the Lotus Buds and Blossoms in the world. LUCIA TORRES OSTRANDER, Supt."

One of the most noted lecturers of the Society for Ethical Culture recently lamented the fact that though parents professed themselves interested in that Society and its aims, they still brought up their children with the selfish ambitious ideas of the world. How great the need of the new education, whose keynote has been struck by the Leader in the Lotus Group work and in the second object of the International Brotherhood League: "To educate the children of all races upon the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood, and prepare destitute and orphan children to become workers for humanity." The work of the Lotus Groups all over the world is full of the greatest promise, and the reports, almost without exception, speak of a large increase in membership. "Ideas rule the World," and the ideas of Brotherhood being instilled into the minds of the up-coming generation are the great hope of the future of humanity. J. H. FUSSELL.

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### BOSTON ACTIVITIES.

The most important event that has occurred in a very long time in this vicinity, is the transfer made by the New England Theosophical Corporation, of its property at 24 Mount Vernon street, to the New Century Humanitarian League for Free Education, a corporation formed on January 17, 1900, and holding a charter under the laws of the State of Massachusetts, for literary, benevolent, scientific, charitable and educational purposes, and more particularly to further the objects of the International Brotherhood League. The new corporation includes the general objects of its predecessor, and particularizes special humanitarian objects which are the natural unfoldment of the work begun in 1893. The members of the new corporation comprise nearly all those of the old, together with a number of new ones, among whom are Katherine Tingley, F. M. Pierce, and Clark Thurston, its President.

It is a matter of congratulation to the New England Theosophical Corporation, that it has been able to establish, hold for nearly seven years under most trying and disadvantageous circumstances, and deliver to The New Century Humanitarian League for Free Education, whose directorate contains such towers of strength as those above named, this important landmark of the Movement—the theatre of the historical Convention of 1895, and vindication of William Q. Judge, and to have made possible this further expansion of practical humanitarian work.

It is almost needless to say that this most desirable consummation was made possible only through the continued encouragement, the loving care and guidance, and the wisdom of our beloved Leader.

It is felt by all here that the Spiritual and practical influence of the movement, in ever expanding degree, will diffuse itself throughout the Eastern States through this centre, and that all will take advantage of this period of rejuvenescence to further the good work.

Much is being done in the way of internal improvements in the house itself, and a week or ten days will see a great change for the better wrought in the way of beautifying and brightening our surroundings.

Notwithstanding the temporary disorder and inconvenience caused by these changes, the public lectures, lodge meetings, E. S. meetings, and Boy's Brotherhood Club meetings, have been kept up with the usual spirit and attendance.

The Malden, Cambridge and Somerville Lodges hold their regular Lotus Groups, and public meetings every Sunday.

The New Cycle Unity Congress is at present the important matter on hand, and lodges are resolved into committees of ways and means to best carry out the ideas presented by the Leader's circular.

ROBT. CROSBIE.

## MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

It is some time since word was sent you in regard to the general activities of our Lodge, No. 5 U. B. I have not even had the opportunity of making some "remarks" that events and circumstances might warrant or excuse my making. The marching phalanx of warriors for brotherhood are not to be swerved from the Path-direct by those who claim superior light outside the ranks. They recognize that the apotheosis of Mentality is not spirituality, or growth. They recognize that, while a broader, humaner view will not reject the Intellect, that has had the greatest scope and opportunity, it will insist on the education of the Heart that has been dwarfed until in its dwindled state its considerations go no further than its own little desires, and its true function is well nigh lost sight of. The education of the Heart, its growth and development, are not attained by chasing its personal loves. Its ideal is to work as the gods work—unseen. Without personal recognition or favor, without appreciation—under even the fire of the "contumelious stone." They recognize this for they know the Intellect, being exclusive, would choke the Heart; while the Heart, being inclusive and giving sustenance, in motives, to the Intellect itself, excludes nothing—no one.

These remarks are made *apropos* of the I. B. L. and its work. Here, one, by devotion, may expend all the complex forces contending for mastery in his make-up. And then, too, the finest and freest opportunities are offered in this very humanitarian work, for that education of the Heart, of which I was speaking, and for the correction of such abnormal growths as great ambitions and other forms of selfishness. If those whose intellects are polished until the true metal is liable to be seen, care to undergo the training, I am sure, in the end, they will think it worth their while. It is the babies in the Lotus Home, or the Cuban Crusade, or the Newsboys' Home, or the Cuban Colony, that might take up the mind and heart, instead of the paltry nothings of self. Baby Edith Garland is the Milwaukee Lodge baby, and the Lodge is congratulating itself upon her removal to Point Loma. The great opportunities open for our baby are such as we, in our generation, were unable to have, and we rejoice in the dawn of a new day when men and women shall come forward who have had brotherhood taught them from the cradle up. Reader, has your Lodge a baby? No? Then see what you can do and immediately adopt one.

Bro. C. W. Denicke is flying between Chicago, where his work is now located, and Milwaukee, where his home and heart are. He is able to do brotherhood work in both places, and will be until May 1, when he will remove permanently to Chicago. We are loth to lose him, and have prayed the gods to reconsider their seeming determination to change his working base; but they are obdurate. At the annual election Dr. Hill was made President, and I question whether any Lodge has a more forceful speaker. In the coming New Cycle Congress, he, of course, will be the one to present the teachings. In passing, I will say these teachings of brotherhood were subjects for his discourses away back in the early 90's, when most of the Lodges were talking "Manas," "Upadhis," and "Gupta Vidya," the "Moon of the Intellect," etc., etc., to a startled, wondering, and finally subdued and sleepy audience. The work of the Lodge is going along finely, and the opening for the year appears to be good.

I wish to close with a description of the children's entertainment given Saturday evening, December 30th, which was, perhaps, the happiest season of the year for Milwaukee Lotus Buds, when they had the opportunity of presenting to the public, in dramatic form, the true principles of brotherhood. The play, called "Christmas at Grandfather Gray's," was designed, elaborated by, and presented under the direction of Miss Isabel Hayden, and is rich in the fundamental teachings of Theosophy. "At half after seven," as Grandpa and Grandma Gray (Gerhard Mohr and Miss Isabel Hayden, the Superintendents of Lotus Groups Nos. I. and II., respectively), sat enjoying the peaceful quiet of their home and old age, their grandchildren, thirteen in number, burst in upon them, covered with snow, shouting, "Merry Christmas, merry Christmas." The children spent the evening at the old home, and such an eventful evening it was! They gladdened the hearts of the old folks with songs, recitations, dancing and conversation; the whole drift of which tended to express their unselfish desires and wishes that "other children, also, might have a Grandpa

Gray's house to go to on Christmas day." Grandma was shocked at the comic performances of the modern cake-walk and Topsy dance; but when the good old Minuet was presented by four little girls, she and Grandpa recalled with pleasure the "Olden time." It was always customary when at Grandma's house for her to tell the children a story, and the children lost no opportunity of begging for a Christmas tale. At last Grandma "could not get out of it," and a most picturesque scene it was when, as the boys gathered about Grandpa at the fireplace, and the girls about Grandma in the old arm-chair, she told them "a true fairy tale," known only to herself and Grandpa, yet involving a truth common to the experience of all humanity. She told in poetic fancy, while "Traumerei" was softly played in an adjoining room, how the Angel of Light had, in times past, come to herself and husband and taught them the sorrow of selfish ambition, and the joy of even a kindly thought. She called the Angel, Fairy Snowflake, because of her purity; but what do you think! Just as the imagination was all aflame with her vivid portrayal of the wonders of the fairy Snowflake and her band, Fairy Snowflake herself appeared, accompanied by her little black brother, and followed by her fairies, all in beautiful white, flaky draperies. What a dainty picture they presented as Snowflake, the Fairy Queen, stepped forward and delivered a message, this time from dear old Santa Claus. She said that she knew their hearts, and that they were pure and that she had heard them express all their good wishes for other less fortunate children of the world.

Then, wonder of wonders, when in flocked all the other Lotus Buds and Blossoms of Milwaukee, even to the tiniest Bud of all, little Dana Denicke (who took in the entire performance with great glee). To cap the climax, Santa Claus, whom, it seemed, could not resist being present himself, appeared on the scene. In the twinkling of an eye, the old fire-place of Grandpa Gray's was taken down, brick by brick, and given to the children, who found, in amazement, that the bricks were filled with candy and nuts. The entertainment closed with the "Circle" song, and probably never before had the children joined in so truly united a circle.

March 11, 1900.

LUCIUS H. CANNON.

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### CHICAGO, ILL.

Lodge No. 70, of the U. B. has, through Brother Wittrup, placed in the public reading rooms, hospitals, social settlements and various institutions, forty-seven subscriptions of the New Century, and twenty-one subscriptions of the Universal Brotherhood Path.

The other day a letter from an inmate of the Joliet Penitentiary was received, asking for some "inexpensive reading material such as too often finds its way to the waste basket." He wished to know if those confined within such walls were included in the term "Universal Brotherhood." Who knows but that in the near future the Great Cause may have as firm a root there as in many other of the large prisons in the country.

Ten subscriptions (that means 100 copies as soon as the whole series are out), of the "Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings" are placed in the Loaning Library, and a record is kept of each person to whom a copy has been loaned, so that other literature may follow.

The Lodge has just taken the opportunity to support one of the precious babies at the Buffalo Lotus Home, the work of the sewing being given the various ladies to do at home.

The Lotus Group is gaining some new buds. A little play representing the four seasons is being practiced, and we hope good results will follow.

The last meeting of the Boys' Club, which I attended, was very harmonious. The boys are rehearsing a "Kinder Symphony" and other songs preparatory for an entertainment.

The Sunday evening meetings have many interesting questions brought out—sometimes more than there is time to answer.

March 13, 1900.

Secretary U. B. L. 70.

## YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

Youngstown U. B. L. 55 is drilling Theosophical holes into the hard, conventional customs in our locality with a vim, vigor and victory—determination born of the realization that there is no great progress without great effort. Where we formerly desired ease and wished that the time would come when strife would cease, we now realize that in the present great unrest lies the potency and promise of a great progress into the spiritual condition of love, joy and brotherhood, which once attained, spiritual unfoldment will become as natural and easy as is the growth of the flower of the field.

Over 100 copies of the January Universal Brotherhood Path were distributed in this city with telling effect, the echoes of which are still resounding. We have heard of single copies being loaned as many as five times.

Some of our members recently made a visit to Cleveland and Pittsburg Lodges for the purpose of friendly greetings. We were splendidly received, thus strengthening both them and ourselves. It is about seventy miles to either place from here, and we wish to say that we are very happy to have visits from members of the Lodges. It does us so much good as was evidenced by a visit recently from Brother Smith, of Easthampton, Mass., the home of that staunch worker, Mrs. Richmond Green.

We are moving strongly in the Lotus Group work. Commencing in November with ten children, under the able superintendence of Mrs. Alice L. Acheson, the success of the work has been phenomenal; we now have enrolled sixty or more little folks, who respond so readily to our efforts to let their real selves unfold naturally, and who help to bring in new members to the Lodge.

The teachers of the Lotus Groups have weekly meetings for study, and the I. B. L. committee of thirteen members have visiting committees who make monthly calls upon the mothers of the children. The I. B. L. committee also holds monthly mothers' meetings, where the mothers of the children are instructed in the objects and methods of teaching and where they all, and among them some of the poorest of the poor, sit down to a table nicely laden with refreshments and flowers.

Another thing that Youngstown members are doing, by permission of the Leader, is propaganda in other cities. One of our members has made visits to Erie, Pa., Wheeling, W. Va., Canton, Alliance and Warren, O., getting 120 names of broad-minded residents in those places, and we have sent to each a copy of "Echoes from the Orient" by post, and in a short time will send a copy of the Universal Brotherhood Hand Book, after which other visits will be made to bring about a further interest in the work.

Now we are one and all looking forward to the "New Cycle Unity Congress," which we are determined shall be a memorable success. We will tell you about it later, for it is the feeling of us all that it must and shall succeed, so that Truth, Light and Liberation shall enter into the people's hearts and fill them with joy. We are coming to realize more and more that the work of the Leader has for its scope the uplifting of the whole Earth and all Humanity.

N. B. A.

March 12, 1900.

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#### ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF FOREST GATE LODGE, NEAR LONDON, ENGLAND.

The Forest Gate Lodge held its anniversary meeting in Earlham Hall, Forest Gate, on February 28th. "The East Suburban and Forest Gate Weekly News," in giving a report, stated in full the objects of the Universal Brotherhood and its various departments, the Theosophical Society, International Brotherhood League and the Isis League of Music and Drama, and speaks of the meeting as follows:

"On Wednesday evening the anniversary meeting of the Forest Gate Branch of the above organization was held at Earlham Hall, which was very well filled with an audience which evinced much interest in the doings and work of the Society.

"Mr. W. Jameson took the chair at the meeting at 7.30, and after a few brief remarks about the objects of the Brotherhood, the programme of music commenced

with songs by the Lotus Children. These were dressed in white, with petals of green and white around their necks, from which their fresh faces emerged like flowers. The effect was very pleasing, and they were heartily applauded for their songs 'Young Crusaders,' 'Tiny Buds Are We,' 'Happy Little Sunbeams,' and 'I Am the Spirit of Love.' Two little boys also sang a duet, for which they received well deserved approbation. Miss Swannell then delivered a brief address upon the work of these Lotus Groups, which, she said, had been formed all over the world, but especially in America, Australia, and in the countries of Europe. Their object was to train the children in the way they should grow. She then gave a very lucid description of the work with the babies, who were especially taught how to work together in harmony, and went on to talk of the instruction of the older children, to whom much was told about the power of thought. There were also industrial classes, where wood-carving, etc., were taught. Work of all kinds under the right conditions was, they believed, the best means of gaining physical health. As an instance of the influence which the good work done by these groups exercised, she mentioned the fact that people who came in merely to look on, often felt compelled to help, and became willing workers with them. Lotus groups were wanted in every street in the large towns, and sooner or later they meant to have them. She concluded a very interesting address with the words: 'Come, let us live with our children, so that all things may be better here on earth.'

"A symbolical play was then presented by the children, entitled 'The Dawn of a New Day,' based somewhat upon the lines of Beauty and the Beast. A procession of children bearing flags of all nations concluded the little production. Mr. Sidney G. P. Coryn then made some instructive remarks on 'The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings.' There were other sacred writings and Bibles, he pointed out, belonging to nations besides our own. Works of stupendous majesty and beauty had been found in India and China. They had always been taught that there was only one true religion, all the rest were false. He wished it were possible to place some of the other Bibles into their hands. All the books said the same thing. There was no higher religion than doing one's duty towards one's fellow men. Let them suppose that they had never read the Bible before, but were perusing it for the first time, and comparing it with the Christian religion of the present day. Could they find that religion in the Bible? If Jesus Christ came to earth again, if he came to London, wherever he looked he would see great cathedrals, churches—and outside starving men, weeping children, sorrow and desolation. In every Bible of the world only one thing was taught: 'Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.' Everyone had his ideas of God, but was it likely that God had smiled upon one people only? If the sun could shine over all the world, so could the inexhaustible love of God. Wherever they went, the Bibles only told the same story: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, . . . and thy neighbor as thyself.' Whoever was carrying out this was putting his foot upon the first rung of the ladder leading to eternal life."—*The East Suburban and Forest Gate Weekly News*.

## DEBATE.

### CHRISTIANITY OR THEOSOPHY!

#### WHICH IS BETTER ADAPTED TO THE NEEDS OF THE TIME?

A debate lasting over four evenings, took place on this subject between Mr. J. H. Fussell, speaking for Christianity, and Dr. H. Coryn, for Theosophy, at the Aryan Hall, 144 Madison avenue, New York. Much interest was aroused, all the meetings being crowded. The following report is from shorthand notes and will be continued in next issue:

Mr. Fussell:

To speak in a debate on the subject of Christianity is in one sense very difficult, even for one who is such a lover of Christ as I am. It is difficult because we find so many people professing so many beliefs and each one claiming that the one which

he upholds is the true one. But true religion is for all time and I believe that every age has had its great religion. I believe, furthermore, that just as we have seen in the history of mankind a great development and progress along material lines, so in the thought of humanity, and that this, the last religion, is the greatest of all religions and that more than any other it contains the truth adapted to the needs of the people; and even more adapted to the people of to-day than it was adapted to the people to whom Christ spoke.

As this debate is to be continued for several evenings, I shall make my remarks this evening more or less introductory.

First of all it is necessary to define what I consider to be Christianity, and I shall not turn to the Church of England in which I myself was brought up, nor to any of the Protestant Churches, nor to the Catholic, nor to the Greek, nor any of the other sects or divisions into which we find Christianity divided. I do not think, rightly speaking, that any one of these can be called Christianity, though in so far as they follow Christ they may be called Christian. I make the distinction that finally Christianity must have as its foundation the words of Christ and that though you or I or any one else may uphold this or that doctrine or may agree upon this or that interpretation of the words of Christ; yet the final appeal must be to Christ's own words and not to our interpretation. At the same time we shall find a connecting link which makes us call all the followers of the Christ—Christian, and which binds together all the various doctrines commonly known as Christianity.

In the course of my remarks in this and subsequent evenings I shall bring up some of these doctrines and endeavor to show that they are founded in truth, though in many, perhaps, the truth may have been obscured and almost lost. Specifying at present no particular doctrine, we find that Christianity was no new thing at the time of Christ. We find that Christ's words were not uttered then for the first time, but we find that true religion is for all time and that Christ gave out simply universal truths by which men might guide their lives aright. But so far as we look upon Christianity as a great body of doctrine and compare it with the various religions of the world we find that though primarily based upon the words of Christ, yet it is to be found as the result and outgrowth of Essenism and Gnosticism, and through them allied to Buddhism and to Greek and Egyptian teachings, and yet I maintain that in one sense this is the greatest argument in favor of Christianity as being adapted to the needs of all time in that it is the essence of all the great religions of the world and that in it is to be found the Pearl of inestimable price.

Now, if we were to turn to Christ's words, to that which he himself said was distinctive—what new thing do we find that he brought to the world? I do not know that there is anything at all that he claimed to be new except this one thing: "A new Commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." And I would ask what more is, indeed, needed in the world to-day? Has Theosophy any newer message than that? Has Theosophy any greater message than that? If my friend, Dr. Coryn, says that that is Theosophy, then I say that Christ also must have taught Theosophy and that the Theosophists must also be adopting Christianity and adopting this one distinctive feature, which Christ himself gave as distinctive: "This new commandment of love one to another."

Turning now to what the upholders of Christianity, and rightly I think, claim as the distinguishing feature of Christianity, the divine incarnation, here I think we see the superiority of Christianity over all the religions of the world in that in the divine incarnation it links God to man and reveals to him his own divine origin and possibilities and in this fact is expressed and realized the culmination of the aspirations of all past ages, in that Christ was verily God and man.

Prof. Max Muller, who is certainly one of the greatest students of comparative religions, in a recent work "Pferdeburla," claims that Christianity contains the eternal verities to be found in all the great world religions, these being the different vehicles and as such being secondary to the truths they embody. He looks upon Christianity as the highest of such vehicles. And that position, I think, should be taken to-day when studying religion, to distinguish between the essence and the doctrinal interpretation, which we find changing in the mind of every man, changing with every new expression of them and according to the standpoint taken.

There is another quotation by another noted scholar that I would like to refer to: Prof. Rothe considers Christianity the greatest of all religions because it is the most mutable, undergoing frequent rebirths. I maintain that this statement is true and in accordance with facts. And again we may say that because Christianity is the most mutable it is the most adaptable and furthermore that it is capable of meeting the needs of the times and has proven itself so throughout the 2,000 years since its birth. It has proven itself capable of assimilating truth from all sides and as being adaptable to whatever realm of thought man may reach out into, and this, in my opinion, is one of the great arguments of its being adapted to the needs of the people to-day.

Dr. Coryn:

In the beginning I ought to define the standpoint that I take during this and subsequent debates, a standpoint that I see no reason to think I shall change. This standpoint is that Christianity has totally failed, that it is in no sense adapted to the needs of the times, and that we should do best by pushing it off the board and finding a new start. Would that it did now contain, as no doubt it did at its source, the essence, the cream of all beliefs that are rooted in truth. But it is a question whether that source is now recoverable.

First, let me say that I agree with Mr. Fussell altogether that in *essence* Christianity and Theosophy are identical. I believe that utterly. Only I would go still further than he, and say that not only were their teachings the eternal truths, but that Christ was one of the line of world-teachers of the unchanging Doctrine, a branch of that sacred tree of divine life that has always been in the world and from whose same trunk all the real Teachers have come. Moreover Christ was an Essene, and through that was related to some of the forms of mysticism of India. He had been initiated in Egypt and thus made a link with the secret wisdom of the priests of that country. The very name by which he is known, *Christ*, was a name used in the Greek Mysteries for an initiate. So he drew his roots from the theosophies of his time, and his doctrine could not have been otherwise than thus derived.

I would ask how it is that if Christianity be best adapted to the needs of the time, after eighteen centuries of it the world is as it is, a vast military camp; so that on every hand the cream and surpluse of the energies of the Christian nations of the world are spent in heaping up vast military armaments? Let every one picture to himself the world as he sees it, and then ask whether it is not time to try a new move of some sort.

During the last few years we have seen a movement in the Christian pulpits toward finding some common ground of unity. As every one knows, the number of sects is almost past computation. There are, at any rate, some hundreds. These claim that they are right on some point or points on which the others are wrong. And their disputes have been and are marked by exceeding bitterness. It used to be the rule for all of them to hold that those who mouthed shibboleths other than their own particular one were doomed to damnation. This is still quite common; it is the contention of one of the largest of the sects to-day, the Catholic Church. It is natural therefore that men should begin to think of saying: To the deep sea with all your noisy contentions and wrangles; we will sweep the board of the whole of you and start afresh; your quarrels are responsible for a great part of the bloodshed and misery of centuries, and after all these centuries of them the world is no better than we see it!

It is natural therefore that we should think that the Movement to unity is as much as anything a mere device for heading off this comment and attitude, and not at all a real honest yearning for union. It is a mere defensive device, and would depart if the danger departed, while the bitterness of the sects would then instantly reappear.

But now go back a few years behind this movement to unity. Note that the further back you go the bitterer are the quarrels and the separative spirit. Each sect claims the whole truth; the others are only rushing to damnation. The keynote is the spirit of separation, of demarcation from all the rest. That spirit it was which animated Christianity in any form in which we know it from the very



first. First the Councils marked off the four Gospels which they elected to be inspired from the odd forty or fifty which remain. That was because these rejected Gospels made it clear that real Christianity was closely linked to the systems of Theosophy or Mysticism that were then in the minds of men. It was desired to have it thought that Christianity was entirely distinct and separate; the usual sectarian spirit. Moreover the four Gospels that we have were heavily and repeatedly edited, so as probably to be exceedingly distinct from their original forms. We have, in fact, no original manuscript dating earlier than the third century.

The separative spirit probably took origin as a purely political move in Rome. This spirit remains and its fruits are the sects. Nearly all traces of the real inner teachings of Jesus must have disappeared since the second or third century from the ferocious mass of the scrimmaging sects. This attempt at unity is now useless; for the only thing on which they can unite is the bare ethical nucleus. And this is no more Christian than it is Buddhist or Taoistic. The moment they tried to introduce anything beyond that nucleus, any such great teaching as that about the soul of man, or the meaning of life, to go an inch beyond the bare words of Christ into the least comment on them, the war of sects would reappear in its original fierceness. So Christianity is paralyzed by its own black Karma, and must remain useless to that enormous mass of mankind who want a reason and a light on the mazes of life, and who, already accepting the ethics of life, see no gain in labelling those ethics Christianity. They know the ethics; they are prepared to practice them if a reason is held up in teaching.

Theosophy is wisdom capable of illuminating the intellect. Why call it by another name; one almost connoting hate, rancor and bloodshed; one that means such utterly different things to all the sects under its banner? You can only unite the sects by suppressing all teaching, thinking and comment. This is recognized in public schools attended by scholars of different sects. But if Christianity is not Theosophy, then you cannot say what it is. There is no sort of agreement, and the original records are lost. So I maintain that its mission is ended. Its history is too evil for pardon.

Mr. Fussell:

I shall not attempt to combat the statements of Dr. Coryn as regards the faults of sectarianism. In fact, I spoke of these myself, but I would say that the very fact that these faults have become so patent, that there are such efforts making to overcome them; in that fact is the true essence of Christianity shown.

Regarding the errors of churches and sectarianism, I do not know where you will find a man who will defend them. But we should indeed be making a grave mistake in turning to these instead of to the underlying principles, and the life and teachings of Christ.

Emerson said: "Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. . . . Alone in all history, he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me. He saw that God incarnates Himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of His world. He said in this jubilee of sublime emotion, 'I am divine! Through me, God acts; through me, speaks. Would you see God, see me; or, see thee, when thou also thinkest as I now think?'"

This is the essence of Christianity, and I think because of that, that Christianity, though covered up by all these creeds and dogmas, is still a living verity, and that the teachings of Christ will stand out in future years more glorious than ever before. I think that Christ spoke no new message, though He gave a new commandment.

What higher ideal is presented anywhere in Theosophy or anywhere else than the ideal of Christ's life and of his teachings? And I would like to say here that it matters not if Christ's teachings were in two words instead of being able to be contained in two columns of a newspaper, according to Dr. Coryn, so long as those two words are true and contain the essence of all. They are sufficient to show the pathway of life, and to reveal to man, himself, his nature and destiny.

We need not speak volumes of words to show that Christ's teaching is true, for it is in the essence that it is true, and the essence may be found in a look, in a touch, in a single word; and when we can *become* it, then we can build upon that and go forth ennobling our lives, attaining ever to greater and greater heights and to further and further knowledge.

Now as to the ideal which is placed before us, not in sectarianism, but in Christ's life, the essence of true Christianity—what is it? It is in the fact of the divine incarnation, and I wish to give you two quotations to illustrate the position that I take in regard to that. One is from Schelling, the other from Fichte.

Schelling declares: "The incarnation of God is an eternal incarnation. Christ is only the historical, physically perceived pinnacle of the incarnation."

Fichte says: "The absolutely and eternally true position is that at all times and in every one without exception who vitally perceives His unity with God, and who really and in deed devotes his entire individual life to the divine life within him—in him the eternal Word, quite in the same manner as in Jesus Christ, becomes flesh and is embodied in a human form." Those, I think, are the true expressions of Christ's own words when He said, "Ye are Gods," and speaking again to His disciples, and through them to all men: "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

And so while Mr. Coryn may be speaking of the warring of sects, I for my part prefer to look back of all that to the example of Christ's life, to Christ's words, and in them we shall find the truer Christianity; and so far as the failure of the churches is concerned, what do we not find in life, in all the religions of the world? that the followers of them have always fallen short of the great example of the Teacher and of the teachings which they profess; and is not that one of the most hopeful signs that there is, that we recognize that we *have* fallen short of these, and many who have lived the *best* lives—they, too, have fallen short. But though the ideal is so high, and though we may fall and fall and fall, we will still climb and climb and climb, and even then still see beyond us the perfection to which we aspire; and this very difficulty, so fully exemplified at the end of 1800 years, is one of the great promises for the future, for we have found out that difficulty, and recognizing it, have gained strength to overcome it, and in spite of it we can look behind it and see the essence and the great living example, for Christ *is* a living example, a living reality to-day, which is to be found in the hearts of all His true followers.

Dr. Coryn:

I cannot say that my attitude has been changed by anything that my friend has said. Let me put my case once more in a nutshell. Christianity is either identical with Theosophy, or it is not. If it is identical with that eternal wisdom, then why use a name which fixes men's attention on a point in time eighteen centuries ago, as if then for the first time real wisdom manifested on the earth? It is a profound distortion of perspective which has grave consequences on men's conceptions of the order of things.

If it is not identical, then in order to find out what it is we must push aside the discordant interpretations of the sects, examine Christ's educational antecedents and connections, study the meaning and origin of the name Christ, discount the repeated editings of the four accepted Gospels, place them in a level relationship with what we can find of the other forty-six or so Gospels, and study all together. It will then be surprising if we do not find that there is, after all, a probable identity, one, indeed, which we might have suspected from the identity of the legends surrounding the birth of Christ with those attached to the birth of so many other of the world-redeemers. We shall say that that Great Teacher has been hideously libelled by his (verbal) adherents for at least sixteen hundred years, and that the best respect we can render to his memory is to discard the name of the blood-stained banner under which for so long they have carried on their warfare.

Some unhappy curse has rested on Christianity from its start. We are told that Christ taught two doctrines, an inner and an outer. Where is that inner? Where, for the matter of that, is the outer? We are told that his teachings were exceedingly

voluminous. Where are they? He taught that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you," and men have commented on that by making in his name a kingdom of hell outside them. Who shall interpret that phrase so as to please five per cent. of the sects, or any other of his phrases?

Yet we want a message for the people; there is no one here who does not. Where are we to find it?

This is a preliminary discussion, and to-night I only want to ask you to take a preliminary view. But look back, and back, and back, through history. Take Christianity as you pass, but as one only of the pages of human inspiration, not as the sole or chief. There rises to view a long vista of religious myth and legend. Myth is not now a very dignified word; but I am here using it as meaning a story conveying deep philosophical truth; simple, because it is a story. Then Christianity will stand in its true light as related to one of these stories. Begin with the teaching of Theosophy to-day as we had it from H. P. Blavatsky; go further back to the story around which Christianity centres; from there to Greece; thence to India, and behind there to Egypt; as far as we can let us look at what indications we can find in that land of prehistoric America from which, as our present Leader has told us, the civilization of hoary Egypt was itself derived.

I am calling your attention to one only of the many myths or legends which might be selected, but one which will best serve our purpose in helping others and ourselves to a true understanding of life. In Greece, as also elsewhere, the initiates were often called Children, and also Christ, the anointed. The child-Christ, the redeemer, was born in them. In the full form of the story he was born of a virgin, and his father was the all-brooding spirit. When he came of age he slew the serpent or dragon and was crowned. In one Grecian form it was the foretold child of Io and Zeus, who was to deliver Prometheus. In Egypt it was Horus, child of Isis, who was to deliver Osiris, his father, and slay the dragon Typhon. In India, and among the Gnostics, are many variants of this story. It is the inner warrior, the son of Light, son of Life, slowly born amid the struggles and pains of men, who becomes at last the redeemer of his father. He is the son of the man; and he is also the son of the Spirit, which is Life. And so he is sometimes represented as the redeemer of man; and again as the redeemer of Spirit, for life, even degraded, is spirit; and he is born to be the redeemer of life back to its spiritual glory by triumphing over the enemy of spiritual life, the serpent of flesh. So in Egypt, Horus releases his father, Osiris. He redeems his own imprisoned father—spiritual life. His mother is the, at first, divine sentient substance, pure physical living nature, like life, degraded. So we always find these four in their many forms. The redeemer, the warrior of Light; the child, the Christ; the Mother, nature-stuff, the at first untainted root of our sentient being, the soul's vehicle of contact with the world; the father-spirit of life in all its forms of energy; the demon, the serpent that deceiveth, the dragon, flesh, Apophis, etc.

In a thousand forms this myth has been taught to men; many of them of extreme external beauty. And in some of those forms they were able to receive and understand it. They learned that out of their pains and struggles was born at last another self, a self of Light, their constant Companion and helper, never to be appealed to in vain in their hour of need, the source of that peace and quiet joy which even the worst man may feel come over himself as a benediction after the least effort on the right path; that if they cultivated that companionship it would become a power before which all the evil, all the causes of pain and sin, in their natures, would go down like snow under the sun; that in the END they would find that this Warrior was indeed their very self, freed, triumphant, perfect, rejoicing evermore.

Reflect on the permutations of this noblest of myths, in all times, among all peoples, and then think of the truths which each of those permutations conveys; of its appealing beauty; of its flexibility; of its pregnant suggestiveness; of its majesty and poetic color. Then think on what the Christians have done with it! Of the Dragon, the Old Serpent, they have constructed the grotesque horned and hoofed figure of Satan. Of the sublime Father-Spirit they have made the figure of the God who demanded the blood of his own son as a ransom for offences committed

by his own creatures in powerless ignorance, and who has been appealed to by both combatants before every bloody battle for centuries. Of Mother-Nature they have made the Virgin Mary. The Warrior-Redeemer in the breast of all men they have turned into an objective and incomprehensible man-God, without whose words the pre-Christian billions of men must have lived and died in unlit darkness. And the words of the teacher whom they think they follow they have almost blotted out of accessibility. Even such of his words as they have got they have put aside, and instead of holding that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you (and therefore inferentially the Kingdom of Hell) they have made both into conditionally obtainable places.

It is useless for some of them to appeal for a stay of verdict on the ground that their particular sect or shade has not done these things. The majority have and do. And they can only separate themselves from such by discarding all that goes beyond in their teachings, that bare nucleus of ethical impulse that is in the breast of every man and that needs no name. So I must conclude by what I began with; that Christianity has utterly failed and should no more cumber the ground. *In any accessible form* it is in the way of the truth and the light for which men are hungering. This is the only reparation we can now make to the sublime memory of the sacred Founder of what he must have hoped would be a Light to mankind; but whose fate he may yet have sorrowfully foreseen.

(To be Continued.)

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#### PROPAGANDA DEPARTMENT.

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

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

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

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

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