

"If I were a young man I should ally myself with some high and at present unpopular cause, and devote my every effort to accomplish its success."

John G. Whittier.

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— BUDDHISM. —

By V. M. F.



OR this is the message we have heard from the beginning, that we should *love* one another; but how shall we love our brothers if we are content to hold them as heathen and strange, without trying to understand them?

The literatures, sacred and profane, of all countries are illuminated in many places by pictures of noble and lofty characters, of which contemplation *alone* must elevate and purify the human mind. Carlyle has declared that "we cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining *something* by him. He is the living light-fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near. He is the light which enlightens, and has enlightened, the darkness of the world. And this, not as a kindled lamp only, but as a natural luminary, shining by the gift of Heaven—a flowing light-fountain in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them." Among the loftiest of such characters, it seems to me that of Gautama Buddha stands forth as being the perfect, the ideal impersonation or manifestation of Divine Compassion. "Scrupulously to avoid all evil actions, reverently to perform all virtuous ones, to purify intentions from all selfish ends—such is the doctrine of all Buddhas," says one of the sacred books. But of this Buddha it has been said: "Who that has heard of him but yearns with love?"

As nearly as we can determine from varying statements, Buddha was born near the border of Nepaul in Northern India about the sixth century before our era. The history of his birth and early life is wrapped in myth and legend, told with all the rich symbolic imagery natural to Oriental peoples, but so difficult for us to understand or interpret. His mother Maya, so the story runs, was a Virgin, most beautiful and perfect among women. When the time came for his birth all Nature lent itself to fitting preparation. The palace where his mother lived swept itself sweet and clean; beautiful birds flocked from all quarters with joyous songs; gardens burst into sudden bloom and fragrance; flowers of the

sacred Lotus floated above the waters of lake and river; magical food, store of which no eating could diminish, appeared upon the tables; fairy music breathed from untouched strings; fountains played with perfumed waters, and an unearthly radiance wrapped the whole palace, while Gods and Goddesses came to adore the new-born child.

The child grew, and grew so beautiful and wise that, when he was presented at the temples, the Images prostrated themselves before him and sang hymns of praise.

Does this all seem but an extravagance of fervid imagination? Many of the same and kindred things are retold in the New Testament, and the books rejected from it, about Jesus, another Avatar. This seems strange! Is there not an inner meaning to all this seeming hyperbole—a meaning which will yield itself only to the unbiased, untiring seeker after Truth and Unity? This Child-Prince grew toward manhood excelling in all manly accomplishments; excelling, in still greater degree, in mental power. Later he was married to a woman, wise, tender-hearted, beautiful,—a very pearl of pearls—in whom he found loving companion, comforter and friend. The king, his father, cherished him as his one great treasure, marking each changing light upon his face, and sought, with all his love and power, to make life pass to Buddha like a blissful dream. But as the years rolled on that great Heart felt *too much* his unity with all to rest in selfish ease while any suffered, and his consciousness embraced the misery of the world. He saw the poor, the sick, the old, the dead, and found that *such* was the common lot and end of all. He saw the instability of things, the ceaseless change, the seeming nothingness of life. He saw that all the joyousness and strength of youth, and happy love, earth's beauty and its brightness, were but like flitting shadows which the sunbeams cast before life's sun has set.

He saw that *none* knew anything of Life, none had an answer to his ceaseless "whither," "whence" and "why." He saw the very Gods they worshipped were un pitying and dumb. Morning and noon and night he sought. *Was* there no answer? *Was* there no light, no rest, no peace, no *reality* beyond?

The sorrows of the whole world beat upon him; not the mighty woes of humanity alone, but of the lower kingdoms, too, where beast and bird and tiny insect preyed upon its weaker fellow. He *must* find answer for himself and them. At length he determined to leave his kingdom and his people, leave wife and father, and bodily ease and luxury and in far solitudes and silent meditation, where were no things of sense to lead his mind astray, seek for some light, some method of deliverance for the world. He said:—

"This will I do because the woeful cry
Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of the world;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife."

So he left off his princely robes and jewels and journeyed in his beggar

garb away into the forests, where during long years he suffered his temptation and hunger in the wilderness, fought his great battle and won the victory! The books tell how from all quarters of the world, during these years, demons conspired against him, putting on every form and aspect that might allure him or dismay. Finally all joined together in one terrible assault upon this serenely steadfast soul. All was in vain. Buddha had conquered. Enlightenment had come. Then all the dread weapons the opposing hosts had hurled against him turned into wreaths of flowers that hung about his head.

"Then he arose, radiant, rejoicing, strong, beneath the tree, and lifting high his voice spake *this* in hearing of all times and worlds:—

"Many a house of Life
Hath held me—seeking ever him who wrought
These prisons of the senses, sorrow-fraught.
Sore was my ceaseless strife.
But now, thou builder of this Tabernacle—Thou!
I know thee! Never shalt thou build again these walls of Pain,
Nor raise the roof-tree of deceits, nor lay fresh rafters on the clay;
Broken thy house is, and the ridge-pole split—Delusion fashioned it!
Safe pass I thence—deliverance to obtain."

And now this soul so pitiful, turned from the forests when his quest was ended, and hastened to bring his tidings to the world. He saw that man's deliverance from the miseries of rebirth, old age, disease and death lay in enlightenment as to its cause, and that through man's advance the lower kingdoms might be raised. Nor was he satisfied to let such knowledge rest with the intellectual, priestly class alone, while the masses of the people in their ignorance and weakness continued to be broken on the cruel wheel of Life. He wished *all* men to share his wisdom, so he began to teach them "The Four Noble Truths":—That sorrow exists; that it grows from and feeds upon desire for things of sense; that sorrow may be destroyed by entering upon the Four Paths, which are Right Faith, Right Thought, Right Speech, Right Act (and *this* is the doctrine of man's perfectibility). The reaching of freedom and perfection, he taught, were not dependent upon set forms or ceremonies or observances, but upon purification of the mind from all unholy passions and desires; that advance toward perfection was based upon self-conquest, self-devotion, self-renunciation. He showed that it was ignorance which led men to take the empty shows of life for real things; to thirst for them, and cling, and clinging suffer when they passed.

Buddha taught these lessons with such power and sweetness it was little wonder that all who heard of him were drawn toward this radiant center of Love and Light, that they sat at his feet and wept with joy, listened and embraced his doctrines as far as they could understand. For it is said Buddha saw men like flowers in a Lotus tank, some just keeping above the mud, some in the midst of the water and some above the water reaching up toward the sunshine ready to burst into bloom, and knew they were not all alike ready for the highest teachings.

Through its code of ethics Buddhism suffers in comparison with none. And for each of the commandments it lays down it gives its reason and philosophy. "Thou shalt not kill," enjoins Christianity; and Buddhism says, "Thou shalt not kill even the smallest creeping thing," because All Life is *One* and *sacred*, and any tiny form in which the One Life manifests is part of a stupendous whole, which rises along its cycles to its destiny after a perfect plan under the perfect Law. In this plan the tiniest, as the greatest, has its place and purpose, hence "do not kill" means do not disturb the relations of the parts, since in their perfect harmony alone can you know *true* life. Thus it is with the whole Decalogue, and if it be complained that the Buddhist Church to-day has fallen below such teaching, we may ask, What church to-day *does* follow in the path the Master showed? No one can rightly claim the Christian Church obeys the precepts of the gentle Nazarene whom it calls "Master." Creed and dogma have come between the Master and the man, veiling in part, and part distorting, the truths He brought again.

Therefore it *is* that sickness again has fallen upon the world. Men in this sickness seek they know not what. They neither know their ailment nor where the healing lies. They think they cannot stand upon the wind-swept heights nor breathe in the celestial air where Christ and Buddha stood and breathed. They wander in the caves below waiting for one to lead and help and prop them where they stand, curing their aches and pains, making them pure and beautiful and strong in some mysterious way by supernatural power. This is delusion, too. There is *no* power can save them from themselves but that which lies in their own unselfish endeavor, but there is healing in their *native* air upon the mountain top which they must climb.

The central core of Buddhism is Nirvana and the Law—"all that total of a soul which is the things it did, the thoughts it had, the self it wove."

This is the Law whose mysterious workings in our daily life we find ourselves so often trying to trace. It is Karma, the Law which leads a man to the reaping of what he himself has sown, as Jesus and Paul taught. A law that *no* man can hope to understand apart from Reincarnation, which doctrine Jesus also taught.

But Nirvana—who of us can grasp the real meaning of Nirvana? The Encyclopedias, the Missionaries, the Orientalists, with a few happy exceptions, declare it means annihilation, nihilism, entire negation. They use many learned arguments to support this view, but to me it seems opposed to common sense, to all influences drawn from Buddha's life and actions and to all his teachings. The goal of all high endeavor and attainment to be oblivion! A very little insight would, I think, show that with the Buddhist Nirvana stands for a state of consciousness beyond anything we are yet able to conceive. There *are* no words to express it or describe it, and if such words *were*, to us they would mean nothing. The idea is too high, too far beyond. The Buddhist only tries to tell what it is *not*. "In Nirvana," says one, "there is no longer either birth or death, only the essence of Life remains."

The Books tell that Buddha entered Nirvana before he came back from the forests to teach the world. They also speak of Para-Nirvana—a state beyond Nirvana—still more unspeakable, more inconceivable. Even this is not the end, for in Buddhistic philosophy there is *no* finality. In Edwin Arnold's words, Buddha says:

"If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,
And no way were of breaking from the chain
The heart of Boundless Being is a curse,
The soul of things fell Pain.
Ye are *not* bound: the Soul of things is *sweet*.
The Heart of Being is Celestial Rest.
. . . That which was Good
Doth pass to better—best."

Nirvana is surely this inconceivable Celestial Rest, the Heart of Being from which we pass on to that still more inconceivable *better*. Buddha continues:

"Ye suffer from yourselves, none else compels.
None other holds you, that ye live and die
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss its spokes of Agony,
Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.
Behold, I show you Truth."

If we believe that this *is* truth, it seems to me there is but one question in the world worth asking and studying over, that is:—*How* can we break away from this whirling wheel toward that center of Celestial Rest! General directions have been given again and again to different peoples at different times in sacred books, by Krishna, Buddha, Jesus and by our Teachers in these last years, but each man must find his *own* way himself by realizing his unity with all. Krishna has said: "Some time *all* men shall come into my path," and this is the only plan of Salvation which seems broad enough to content the heart of man. This appears to mean by natural process of evolution, but Buddha and other great compassionate Souls on reaching Enlightenment have sought to aid man and to save him from long ages of self-inflicted torture. They have returned from Bliss to be the Helpers of the Race. They have sought in every possible way to show him that the only true path to happiness is the service of humanity, love to all creatures, purity of life, right thought, right speech, right action—and this was the teaching of Buddha.

"I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!"

From *Paracelsus*.—ROBERT BROWNING.

THE WORLD OF MIND.

By ZORYAN.



HAT a wonderful entity is a thinker!

What possibilities of flight, of certain freedom, it suggests.

What enjoyment of the power of this *ideal* locomotion!

What open space! Is it empty?

Not by any means. The space is filled with light. Its skies are blue with endless hope.

Have they any sun? They have;— the sun of heart. A moon?—the mirror of the lamp of day? They have it too:—it is the reflective power of the mind itself.

It wanes, it grows. Sometimes, full-orbed and clear, it contemplates the glory of the Heart-Sun; sometimes it is lost in dark eclipse, in umbras and penumbras of the earth of senses.

It has its sunset-colored mists, the clouds of passion, the reflected fire of the earthly vapor. It has its world of air, and its ever-flowing ocean with bright fairy creatures, and the caves of stone, and the dark wells of gloom. It has its burning climes and frigid poles, one at its feet,—indifferent to all; another at its head—the coolness of the selfless peace wrapped in auroral glory.

It has seven planes—there ideas are things, but how different are they!

Let us look at the lowest plane, the hardened, the sense-bewitched dream. How it recalls to mind the sleeping city in a fable! Every object here is a cold fact, and a hard fact,—and beware to make a step with slippery foot! And jump not high, for harder will you fall. No sound is heard here, no word exchanged, the breeze is dead. It seems as though no spectres would e'er come here to watch the marble sleep. Yet spectres come, with cameras, note-books and recording pencils. And the result of their investigation is materialistic science.

How curious are their note-books. They see one apple falling; they call it an apple. They see two, three, a hundred apples fall. They write instead a symbol—*Gravitation*. And then they forget that it means simply a hundred apples, and talk mysteriously,—even so mysteriously that all hope is lost of ever seeing beyond.

One stone for them is a stone, but many stones are *matter*. And when they roll from mountain top, then they are *force*. Another vapory word for scientists, as long as they are not hit by that which it represents. But being so vapory on the mental plane themselves, they are not hit, except by cold, hard facts. And then the circle begins over again. Thus dance the dwellers of the rocky bottom.

But some there are who do not care to write down symbols of symbols.

This is too complicated. They begin to see that the facts, no matter how cold and hard, are themselves symbols, signs, expressions on the waves of space, of something more real and more vital. But as they cannot control their movements in true co-ordination, they stop a moment. Then they find that their own *life* can be made a clear and beautiful symbol, in co-ordination with their own *inner light of soul*. It is then that their symbols take on a halo.

It is then that the symbols of all nature begin to thrill with life. And it is then that the symbols left by the great Teachers of the human-kind in countless ages past begin to shine and hum with sound.

But, what a wonder! When the night came for the world of forms, when sorrow, disappointment took our sight away from those appearances, and for a moment gave us rest in darkness of material eclipse;* when even symbols disappeared, and temples, books and priests—the light and sound of symbols still remains. For being of the soul, how then can it be separated from the soul?

Lo! it looms in darkness of the introspecting soul, that soul which tries to find rest in her own depth.

Lo! it sings a song in the heart, that loves so well. It is the soul of symbol and a part of our own, and it is the soul of a temple, book or priest, and a part of our own. And it opens the second world of mind.

There is a veil of dark clouds between this world and that left below.

The dweller of this higher sphere is no more a physicist. He is a *metaphysician* now. He deals now not with facts, but with the soul of facts. That soul of facts he takes from his own soul. That is why he is called a dreamer by his friend below, and his thoughts are called shadowy, thin, void of hardness and solidity.

And so let it be. If gravitation is the shadow of a hundred apples on a note-book, why cannot those hundred apples give another shadow, this time on the soul itself? Why cannot they touch the soul on the common spot of their existence?

Is not the soul itself gravitating to its own luminous centre where all is love and harmony and peace? At least the infinite sensitiveness of gravitation of both in their own spheres are here attested. How then should the small lives of an apple be devoid of joy in the performance of their duty, and of their loyalty to the centre of the planet, which they ever wish to approach;—if all nature for the perception of the soul is one grand song of gladness?

As the chrysalis of flesh sets free its winged guest, Psyche, so do the facts of nature break their stony shells of the senses and liberate simply another world for Psyche, wherein she may move, and live, and build. Thus Psyche, who gave her own sympathy and light to things of nature, receives as a truly royal present, the soul of things for her own kingdom.

Then having now conquered this second sphere of mind, Psyche lifts her eyes in utter gladness to the great Heart-Sun shining overhead upon herself, and from herself upon all her treasures. She rears an altar of her sacrifice to

*Eclipse for matter, on which soul-rays cease to fall for a time.

her lover and her Lord. She discovers that his light, and his only, is reflected in the soul of symbols. Even be it through herself, as bright transmitter, yet it is so. It is his light, his love, his harmony, his joy, as wide as the universe is wide. Now she dreams only of him, the only one, the bright Eros.

What refreshing rain! The symbol-stars are merging into dawn. Many meanings and many lights are pierced with auroral shafts of the one Love divine. The stars disappear, all seems to vanish, Psyche faints and sleeps sweetly as a child in the divine embrace.

What wonderful awakening! What thrill of life! Psyche opens her eyes in this third world, and all that was dear to her is now with her. Or rather not only now, but always with her! Or, indeed, always was, and is, and will be with her. For it is a part of the light of her Lord, and a part of his love; her own love is a part of his love.

Her smallest thought thrills and scintillates and *lives*. Her thought takes glorious forms, as true as love is true; as bright as the life of the heart is bright; as real as the fulfilment of our best hopes is real. At last her ideas are *alive*.

She gave her life itself to the Lord of Love; the Lord of Love returned that life to all the Universe of hers. Now this Universe is truly hers. It sends her a thousand kisses in the wind; it smiles in shining wave; it fans her cradle-sleep of childhood with the hands of hosts of fairies; it sprinkles cooling dew in her heat of labor of the middle day; it opens portals on her dying bed. But, what is best and sweetest, it greets her through the hearts of men. She knows now that the hearts of men are forever hers. She can feel and see through the thickest cloud. She basks in the glorious realization of Brotherhood. She gave her life itself to the Lord of Love, and her life now returns to her.

If she be a poet or an artist, she is not afraid now that her dreams will vanish. For she knows now that her dreams are not hers, but of her Lord, of him who dreams this Universe to be. Love links her dreams and the Universe together, as daylight links the beholder and the scene, and all the objects which were separate at night. For her to think and to exist is now the same.

Though her thought takes many forms, yet she feels that the source of their sun-lit glory is only one. She lives now in the fringe of her immortal Lord, of her Higher Ego, of him who gives her mind to embrace the Universe. And all the Universe trembles with life in that embrace.

The skies are smiling because of her embrace and of her love; the day is warm, the flowers are bright, the water is playful;—yea, she sees farther,—the summer lightning flashes back her thought, even the small lives reflect in gravitation her own loyal nature. In the whole Universe there is no place for a single idea which is devoid of life. In that infinity of life her finite part faints in joy and ecstasy to pass beyond to the higher world.

There she enters into her due inheritance of power. All this Universe is hers and she will rule it. The Lord puts the sceptre in her hand over all Na-

ture. But as to man, so dear, and so unruly, so high, and so illusioned,—what will she do with him in sweet compassion? She even bends to his mistaken and familiar ways, that she may obtain a *conscious* hearing, in a manner nearest to his understanding.

Ah! that understanding! will it ever bind heaven and earth together? Sweet is it to rule the earth, but sweeter still to have of her a dear and self-conscious comrade! Where is that thought which will appeal to the hidden God in man so he awakes and claims his own? She speaks to men as if to Gods.

This breaks another barrier, for that divine understanding seems to emerge from everywhere. Men and their shadow-nature become God-transparent. The wonder of it lifts her into the region the fifth,—of that of God-ideas.

And above that the glory of the Universal Heart, where Christs and Buddhas dwell, which leads to THE ONE,—THE HIGHER SELF OF ALL.

THE SHINING HEART.

By GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT.



HERE was once a radiant being, full of life and happiness, enjoying its power and freedom in the Land of Light. But a time came when it heard a deep and imperative voice,—so deep that it seemed to come from the very center of its being—saying: “Destiny leads thee to the Land of Shadows. Work for thee is there.”

This creature of light recoiled not, but stirred with a noble resolve, presented itself at the entrance to the Land of Shadows. Near the gate stood a majestic form, with a countenance expressing power and compassion so profound that even this creature of the air bowed low in reverence. In rich and penetrating tones again that same voice sounded, playing, as it seemed, upon the strings of an instrument within the form of the beautiful being who stood at the gate. All the air took up the sound, so that none could tell from whence it came, and the sound became light, and played through all the scale of colors, and the light took the form of a shining heart, which enveloped this free and fearless spirit. The air was filled with music, and the sound seemed to say, “There is work for thee in the Land of Shadows. Enter it in this form.”

And presently there was a great stillness, and the shining heart had vanished. Into a narrow chamber it vanished, as the gate opened and closed. On it moved, through a dark and winding passage, and came to a dimly-lighted chamber where sat three sisters weaving a garment, dark and opaque. To the shining heart they looked and said, “Thy coming has been heralded. This is

now prepared for thee." And they clothed the shining heart, saying, "In the land thou art entering, thou shalt be called woman." As the garment enveloped and concealed the radiant being, a strange lethargy and forgetfulness stole over her. The remembrance of the past faded as she left the winding passage, and, bewildered, moved by a force she now understood not, she emerged slowly into the half-light of the Land of Shadows.

Again the majestic form was beside her, but now she could not see, and the voice seemed muffled and distant. It said, "Child, thou art now in the Land of Shadows, and thy work will be to lift them. Here, too, are thy sisters and brothers, whom thou lovest, and who love thee, and yet whom thou canst not know, for their garments conceal them, as thine conceals thee. But, remember, they are about thee, and meeting thee at every turn. Many have lost their way, many are covered with mud, many will appear as foes, for the poisonous vapors of this land delude them, but beneath all this they are brothers and sisters. These blinding vapors lie heaviest in the valleys. Linger not there, or they will o'erpower thee and thou canst not work. Learn to climb the mountains, and fill thy being each day with the pure fresh air which envelops them. So only canst thou work in this land. For the shadows scarcely touch those heights. There thy garments will grow thin, and the light from thy shining heart can mingle with the air around. Begin now, even while thy feet are tender, to learn to climb. It will be easy for thee now, and the Path thou markest now will ease thy feet in later years, when thou art weary in thy work. Everywhere wilt thou see companions, in the valleys, on the heights, and in the midlands. But seek to recognize them on the heights alone. For there is magic in thy touch with them. In whatsoever region thou dost join, thou dost multiply whatsoever dwells therein. In the valleys, even if thou touch them closely, thou wilt not recognize thy friends, and the shadows will grow thicker and thicker about thee, and the land itself become darkened, and thou and thy brother will grope about in anguish and despair. But if on the heights thou dost mingle, the light of that region will grow lighter, a glory will surround thee, and the air itself will tremble with happiness. Thy shining heart will expand, and its light reach even to the valleys, and dissolve the shadows as they form. And the companions thou there dost meet, thou wilt not lose. Once thou hast seen their faces there, like a vision of content, it will rest within thee, wheresoe'er thou goest. Seek to remember ever the purpose of thy coming, and find thy rest in fulfilling it."

The voice ceased, and a stillness as of the night rested over all. The child stood immovable, poised between two worlds, neither seeing nor hearing. A gentle breeze stirred the air, and the holy quiet of the dawn was broken by the gentle notes of birds. A wonderful light slowly grew, transforming the formless into form, and a golden haze clothed all Nature in loveliness and mystery. The child stirred not, but slowly the memory of the resonant voice died away, and her gaze rested upon the vision of beauty before her. She started forward entranced, and the freshness of the morning was over all.

Three times seven years she wandered, and the sights once strange were now familiar. The memory of the voice was lost, but its influence was with her still. She had learned to climb the mountains, but the power to hold their sweetness in the valleys was not yet with her. She entered these by compunction, forgetful of her motive. No companions had she found as yet; often had she thought she saw their faces, and the picture was snatched away by an unseen hand. Loneliness possessed her.

One day the roads were hot and dusty. The valleys which lay before her seemed easier to tread, and in weariness of spirit she entered. Unheeding and indifferent, she descended deeper and deeper, inhaling the poisonous vapors without caution. Then she mingled with others, forgetful of her destiny and theirs, and the shadows grew, and the clouds thickened, until pain and suffering stirred her *heart* to action, and suddenly old memories returned. In horror she retraced her steps. Heavy were her feet, and tired her limbs, but the old power to climb returned, and her strength and firmness grew.

She was alone now, but she cared not. Slowly, she toiled up the steep and winding path. Once she passed just over the valley she had left, and looking down, beheld forms groping about in the shadows she had made. A terrible pity entered her heart. An anguish of suffering yet unknown took hold of her, and a mighty resolve was formed within her. "These shadows I will dissolve," she uttered, "yet more, I will throw a light over the path that those forms may follow," and a love for them mingled with her pity, and she buried her pain and turned her face forward.

On she climbed for years. Pitfalls there were, but she escaped them. Obstacles there were, but she surmounted them. And though the mountains rose higher and higher, the air grew purer and sweeter as she mounted. And suddenly she came to a place where she saw her companions, and she knew them, and they reached out their hands to her in welcome. A great light radiated from them joined together on these heights, and as she touched their hands the light grew brighter and she saw it reached even to the valleys.

In gratitude she raised her eyes, and in the air about them voices seemed to chant, "Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name."

"We have driven the operation of that mystery called Life out of the objective universe. The mistake made lies in imagining that by this process they completely get rid of a thing so driven before them, and that it disappears from the universe altogether. It does no such thing. It only disappears from that small circle of light which we may call the universe of scientific perception. Call it the trinity of mystery: mystery of matter, the mystery of life and—the mystery of God;—and these three are One."—*The Unseen Universe*, p. 84.

"By the fall of water-drops the pitcher is gradually filled; this is the cause of wisdom, of virtue, and of wealth."

"Shun him who secretly slanders, and praises openly; he is like a cup of poison, with cream on the surface."
—*Gems from the East*.

ASKLEPIAN DIALOGUE.

(ASCRIBED TO HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.)

Translated by ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.



RT thou ignorant, Asklepios,* that Egypt is the image of Heaven, or what is more true, a translation and descent of all things which are governed and performed in heaven? And, if it is to be said more truly, our land is the temple of the whole world. Nevertheless, as it is proper for the prudent to foreknow all things, it is not right for you to be ignorant. A time is about to come when it may appear that the Egyptians in vain have served the Divinity with a pious mind and unceasing devotion, and that all their holy veneration shall become useless and of no effect. For Divinity is about to return from the earth to heaven. Egypt will be forsaken, and the land which was the seat of Divinity shall be bereft of its religion and deprived of the presence of the superior races.

For strangers shall fill this region and country, and there will be not only a neglect of religious rites, but what is worse, a prohibition with prescribed punishment will be enacted for religion, piety and the divine worship. Thus this land, the most holy seat of shrines and temples, will be very full of sepulchres and of the dead.

O Egypt, Egypt, fables alone shall remain of thy religious traditions, and these incredible to their successors, and only work engraved in stone shall survive narrating thy pious deeds. The Skyth, the Indian or some such people will dwell in Egypt. For the Divinity shall return to heaven, and all the people will die, and so Egypt will be bereft of god and human being.

River truly most holy, I call to thee, and predict to thee what is about to take place. Thou shalt break forth with a torrent of blood, full even to thy banks, and thy divine waves shall not only be polluted with blood, but all shall be destroyed and the dead shall be more in number than the living. Whoever shall be remaining shall be known as an Egyptian by his language only, while he shall seem an alien by his actions.

Why art thou weeping, Asklepios? Greater things than these and much more grievous shall Egypt undergo, and with far worse evils shall she be afflicted; and she that was anciently holy and most beloved by the gods in the earth for her religious merit, the sole leader of holiness and chief in piety will be an example of the greatest cruelty.

And then, through the very weariness of men, the order of things in the world shall seem no more to be admired nor a thing to be adored. The entire good, a better than which never was nor is nor will be seen, will be in peril, and

*Asklepios or Esculapios is virtually the same as **Hermes**.

will be burdensome to human beings. The whole order of things, the immutable work of God, a glorious structure, a good composed of a multiform variety of images, a mechanism of the will of God, who in his work did voluntarily all things as one, will be held in contempt and be no more esteemed. It is a many-formed mass combined together, to be revered, praised and loved by all who behold it. For darkness will be preferred to light, and death will be judged more useful than life. No one will look up to heaven. The conscientious man will be thought insane, the unscrupulous one wise, the blusterer brave and the wickedest one will be held the good man. For the soul and all about it by which it is by its nature immortal or is conceived to be able to attain immortality, as I have explained the matter to you, will not only be a subject to be laughed at, but it will be considered a frivolous affair.

But believe me likewise, that a capital danger will be impending for him who shall give himself to the religion of the Soul. New statutes, a new law, will be made that nothing sacred, nothing religious or worthy of the celestial beings, shall be heeded or believed. There will take place a wœful departing of the gods from human beings; only messengers of harm will remain, who being commingled with human nature will compel the wretched ones to war, to rapine, to fraud, and to all things which are contrary to the nature of souls.

Then the land will not be stable, nor will the sea be navigated, nor will the sky be accordant with the course of the stars, nor the course of the stars accordant in the sky. Every divine voice will be mute by a necessary silence, the fruits of the earth will be corrupted, the soil will not be prolific, and the air itself will languish with gloomy torpidity.

Then shall come these events, such an old age of the world, irreligion, disorder, and want of reason about everything good.

When all these things shall befall, Asklepios, then the Lord and Father, God first in power, and the One Governor of the Universe, giving attention to the morals and voluntary actions, by his own will which is the divine benignity, resisting vices, and recalling the error arising from the corruptibility of all things, either washing away all evil by a flood or consuming it by fire, or bringing it to an end by disease and pestilence scattered over different places, will call back the world to its ancient form, that the order of things may be seen to be itself to be adored and admired, and that God the Creator and Restorer of so great a work shall be celebrated by all who shall then exist with frequent invocations of praise and with benedictions.

For this generation of the world is a forming anew of all good things and the most holy and most sacred institutions of its very being, the course of Time having been accomplished which is sempiternal and was without beginning. For the will of God is without beginning, is always the same and is everywhere sempiternal.

THE FADDISM OF THE AGE.

By H. T. EDGE.



THE word "fad" is defined by Webster as "a hobby, a trifling pursuit!" Truly this age may be described as an age of pettiness and trifling pursuits, and it is fortunate indeed that it has been able to bring forth one or two great men like Carlyle and Ruskin to remind the "mostly fools" of their own pettiness.

Regarding Man as a God descending into the world of Matter in order to inform it and raise it up to the divine perfection to which it is destined, we shall see that human history has consisted of a descent into materialism and darkness, to be followed by a re-ascent to spirituality and enlightenment. Starting as a grand and noble being, Man has gradually pursued the path of independent self-will and invention, relying ever more and more upon his cunning and the fire of his passions, until he has lost touch with the divine spirit within him and become the highly complex and self-reliant individual we find him to-day. Then, having reached the acme of materialism and selfishness, he will strive once more towards the spiritual and divine.

As he recedes from the light Man grows smaller and smaller, pettier and pettier; his life leaves the centre of his being and shrinks into the circumference. His aims cease to be concerned with the interests of the Soul and are confined to those of the body and its needs and desires. He forgets that he is an immortal being, enduring throughout the ages, and laying aside one body merely for a rest before taking on another; and he lives and acts as if the life of his present body were the only life. He loses the sense of his oneness with all creation and confines his interests to the sphere of his own trumpery personality.

Is it then to be wondered at that Man has become trifling and faddy in his aims and pursuits, when we consider how far his ideals have receded from what they once were and what they ought to be now?

How did the great men of old achieve their mighty works, whose remains last even unto this day in the monuments of antiquity?

First, they knew that Man's life on earth is as enduring as the stars, abiding as the time-worn rocks; that, as day yields to night and night again to day, so the brief life of the body is succeeded by the greater sleep wherein the weary Soul regains vigor for the new earth-life that will dawn upon it. They knew this, nor needed to learn it, since Man had not as yet succeeded in unlearning it. They witnessed the same law of ebb and flow, of successive birth and death, in all creation; nor had it yet dawned upon any philosopher that Man alone could be exempt from such a law. To them the single earth-life was but as a day, in which a man may accomplish a little of his allotted task. The mighty purpose of human existence could not be accomplished without æons of

time. They did not mistake the act for the whole drama, nor imagine that Man existed for any such trumpety end as personal pleasure or sensual gratification, or that he was here only as a kind of passing probationer for some distant and alien paradise or inferno. They realized that Man was the greatest manifestation of the divine universal wisdom and power, and that his purpose is to bring the glories of heaven down upon earth and make a paradise out of his material surroundings.

Second, the great men of old knew that no being is separate from any other being, and that there is ONE great life throughout the universe, in which all creatures share and partake. They FELT this oneness, and so had no need of altruistic theories to restrain them from acting selfishly. They acted, thought, and felt as a unit and lived as Man—not as men.

But with us works are done for the moment, because we have lost the sense of our immortality and live for the present. We cater for our bodily existence, which is the only one about which we feel tolerably certain. We no longer have the sense of oneness with all that lives; we shut ourselves up in our own little prison-house of self, and try to live in the dim, airless space within. Is it wonderful that our works are small, and that we are faddists?

Fads are the paltry makeshifts wherewith the hungry spirit tries to satisfy itself, in the absence of any worthy object for its ambition. For the great God-given Fire within our breast cannot be wholly quenched and stifled out by our narrow ideals, but gnaws at our vitals like a worm, sooner than let us petrify altogether. Take the divine-breath and confine it within the mental sphere of an up-to-date skeptic or fashionable ignoramus, and it will breed fads, just as surely as any other form of life-force will, if denied sun, air, and space, breed fungi and pestilential ferments.

If fads are to disappear, we must enlarge our ideals—enlarge and ennoble the mental sphere in which we dwell. The bringing back of the grand knowledge of *Reincarnation* will do this, for it will remind us that we are Souls, engaged in an age-long pilgrimage, of which our present life is but a short stage. Then we shall have the comforting sense of plenty of time and no hurry, and it will seem worth while to begin great works. Brotherhood—the realization that all life is one and not separate—will do it; for then we shall escape from the prison-house of self and live in the free air and sunshine of the common life. We shall be able to entertain thoughts that no *single* human breast can entertain, and feel joys that can resound only in an orchestra of hearts. Our self-absorption prevents us from experiencing these greater joys, these grander harmonies; for it likens us to an orchestra of instruments all playing different tunes. Ye Gods! what a Babel of noise must ascend to the firmament; and if God is deaf, as some complain, it's not ourselves that should be blaming him.

And now a few words on Theosophical faddism will not be out of place, for faddism has not been absent from the ranks of Theosophical and Universal Brotherhood members. The children of this generation have gotten their souls so encrusted with private and personal growths that the spirit of light and life cannot find room to grow straight in them. When it enters, it sets in motion some rusty crank and the mechanism creaks round and grinds out some old familiar tune with enhanced volume and dissonance. We are all faddists, for we retain old habits of thought that were planted in us as children and have become second nature. They seem to us to be eternal and inevitable truths, though they are really quite personal and exclusive. It is not easy to transcend these limits, and, getting outside ourselves, to look down upon those ideas and memories which we have come to regard as our very selves. It is not easy

to tolerate the fads of some one else, yet this difficulty may help us to realize how unreasonable are our own.

Our movement has from time to time witnessed the secession of those whose fads were too strong to let them keep pace with the exigencies of the work. The work could not stay for them; it was not tied to those fads; and so the people were left behind. Every day we feel some of our fads injured by the broad and ever-widening sweep of the work. Our Leader follows the path laid down by the Law she serves, and, when that path leads her uncomfortably far from our familiar moorings, we are apt to shrink back and fear that we are being led astray. Yet these same fads that we deem eternal truths may have been instilled into us by our nurse when we were in short frocks. What have they to do with the eternal activities and energies of the Soul? If we could remember our past incarnations, think how many different sets of incompatible fads we should have!

A fad is just like any other besetting demon or elemental force, in being so small yet so persuasive for its size. It darkens our whole horizon, holds us in iron chains of habit, colors our every thought, takes the chair in all our mental councils; and yet, in turning over the leaves of an old picture-book, we are startled to discover its absurd origin in the nursery. Did we not exist before this life? Have we not, perhaps, been one of those mighty ancients whose works we contemplate with awe? Then let us get back to the Soul that is ourself, and slough off this suit of clothes that has grown into our flesh. It is just about as hard to do as getting up in the morning; and, when it is done, the old state will seem as undesirable as bed seems after breakfast.

Fads, when persisted in, become ingrained in the substance of the physical body, and so harden into habits. Diet fads and other health-fads are good instances of this. Some cannot eat this, others dare not drink that; some must have all the windows open, to others a draught is fatal. Some swear by phosphate of soda, some by hot water, some by onions. Our mental fads are just as trifling and cumbersome, compelling us always to think in certain grooves and to color every new idea with our own preconceptions.

When we have an able Leader, like our present one, who is anxious to extricate us from our fads and so leave us free to do the work we have undertaken under her guidance, we are apt to get our fads interfered with; especially when we chance to be in the near neighborhood of that Leader. It is often *fear* that hinders us from letting go a fad or habit, and striking out boldly upon untrodden paths; fear, like that which besets a would-be swimmer when he lets go his supports. We are afraid the waters will not support us, and not until we have mastered that fear shall we learn how free and joyous is the movement and how buoyant the new element to which we have intrusted ourselves.

Let us study the fads of ourselves and our friends, till we see how ridiculous yet how irksome they are; and then let us determine to rid ourselves of such a toilsome servitude, and become free to move, adaptable, and "free from anxiety about the event of things." Let us try to *realize* that we are immortal and age-long Souls, not to be tyrannized over and held down by the mushroom growths of a single earth-life. Let us remember how infinitesimal is our own paltry personality in the vast ocean of being, and how little the world reckons even our most magnificent foibles. If we could but realize that our habits and fads are bits put into our teeth by the little monkeys that sit on our backs and drive us, we should not be so proud of them.

THE PLENUM.

By EDWARD C. FARNSWORTH.



THROUGH the long day the sun has burned the plain,
Now evening dims my uncompleted way;
Here on this stone I find a welcome rest,
While one by one the far-off lamps appear,
Streaming along the highways of the sky.

Thou rising moon, ye points of steady flame,
And ye that tremble deep within the blue;
How many times your fires have beacons me
When, save for them, the vault was chill and bare!
But now, I know not why, a clearer sight
Comes to mine eyes, the quickened ear doth catch
A sound of universal, throbbing life
Filling the inter-planetary space.

I see what seems a vastly winding stair
That bridges the abyss from star to star.
Downward it turns to primal worlds which knew
Of man the small beginning, from our globe
It mounts and mounts unto a purer sphere,
Still winding, winding till my sight doth fail,
My mind, a bird presuming to out-fly
His kind, with feeble flutter backward falls.

Ever the giant stairway teems with life,
Ever th' evolving throngs move slowly higher;
Each sphere, its use fulfilled, then yieldeth up
Its hosts unto the next. The humble shape
Of crudest mineral becomes a plant,
That sluggish, unaspiring, to the rock
Doth cling and now reluctant leaves its home,
Onward impelled by some deep inner urge
That draweth all things to their hidden source.

Hark! Yonder world doth palpitate with life
In shapes diverse and manifold but still
Manu, the thinker, graces not the scene;
Our green-robed earth that daily turns to meet
Her Lord on high, cradled her own fair child,
The fitting consummation of the past.
His birth the higher spheres rejoiced to see
And sounded forth the glad harmonious notes.

Man moveth on the upward steep, the hosts
Of light, those earlier climbers, stooping low,
Fain would make smooth the well known way, guide him
To safety through the perils dire which stay
His bruised feet; but strange contrariety

Is his to spurn full oft the proffered hand.
So toileth man and many needless woes
He wears upon him, yet I see him stand,
As after weary ages of ascent,
And know the topmost stair. And now behold!
He bendeth down to strive with souls perverse.

THE TEACHERS OF THE SOUL.

By PHAETON.



HAT means this recent awakening of interest, among all classes, with regard to music, art and the drama? Do these really assist one in the understanding of truth? Do they really serve and teach the soul that is struggling upward on the Path?

The ancients believed so and it is significant that the most advanced souls of the present age believe the same, those who, united in a bond of holy service under the guidance of a World Teacher, are really building the matrix for the civilization of the future.

About two years ago the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood Movement founded the *Isis League of Music and Drama*. Its objects are:

1. To accentuate the importance of music and the drama as vital educative factors, and
2. To educate the people to a knowledge of the true philosophy of life by means of dramatic presentations of a high order and the influence of the grander harmonies of music.

This means very much more than the world dreams of or, in fact, would be willing to believe, for we are only just emerging from that interesting period of materialism when faith was considered a sign of mental weakness and skepticism a sign of mental strength.

The ancient schools of philosophy always required of their students a knowledge of music. The great mystic dramas of Ancient Greece were the synthesis, the union, of music and art in the service of philosophy. Written by philosophers, teachers and initiates, their object was always the same, "to educate the people to a knowledge of the true philosophy," to lead the drifting mass of men into some consciousness of truth.

For spiritual truths can never be expressed in exact, bare, literal words. It is impossible, as impossible as that we should put the sun itself into a bureau drawer. Spiritual truth can only be brought to the mind by symbolic presentation, of which the great symbolic drama is the highest type we know. For the symbol travels no long and devious route as do the processes of the intellect. No, once the soul is, in a measure, free, once the intuition is aroused, the spiritual truth for which the symbol stands bursts upon the soul like a flood of light. Elaborate literal "reasoning" speaks only to the mind. The symbol speaks to the soul, and the ideal, symbolic drama therefore becomes a torch bearer of the Absolute Truth itself. When we understand this, then we will faintly realize the Master purpose behind the founding of the Isis League of Music and Drama, behind the production of "The Eumenides," behind that greatest of all mystery-plays, recently produced at Point Loma, "The Travail of the Soul."

But when Greece passed the light failed for a time. The Dark Ages came, bequeathing to us, among other pleasant notions, a firm belief that the only method of gaining truth was to cultivate the intellect. And so, for centuries, we fed our children on Greek and Latin, Latin and Greek, with a sort of nightmare, called mathematics, for variety. But at last the time came when the few that somehow survived this process awakened to a realizing sense that they were *souls*, hungry souls, too, not a rag-bag collection of so-called "mental faculties." And they fled to those things which, of all the externals of life, alone could feed the soul—music, art and the symbolic drama.

If we stop to think, we will see that the real glimpses of truth that have come to us have come not through our thinking processes, the intellect, but through the intuition. Widen and cleanse that channel, pour into it the floods of the Infinite, and "education" will take care of itself. Then we shall travel on the Path, because we shall have become that Path itself. And it is to the intuition directly, to the soul itself, that poetry, music, art and the true drama always speak.

I once stood with a friend before a little painting of a bit of roadway near her home in the country. It was painted by an artist friend, fresh from a period of study in the *Beaux Arts* in Paris; and she said, "The little sketch is so pretty. I can hardly believe that it was painted from that road near the marsh. Of all places, that is uninteresting." She looked at the sketch a minute longer and then said, with a little quiver in her voice, "Strange, but the place itself will always be beautiful to me now." Love sprang up in her heart, instead of indifference, her insight was deepened, her soul was fed. And the artist had done a far greater work than she knew.

It is just because we cannot look upon nature and life with our soul eyes, that we need the painter and musician and poet. They look deeper than the surface, translating, as it were, the mystic message of nature into a language that we can read, the drama, or the sculpture or the musical composition. We get glimpses of the truth not so directly, perhaps, but these things at least place our feet upon the Path, and light us on our way. The very fact that every great work of symbolic art, whether done in paints or terms of philosophy or the music of vibrant strings, has a different message for each soul, is clear proof that at its heart and center is the Eternal Truth. For these things teach because they expand the soul. They lift us, and we verily "ascend into the hill of the Lord," that high state of consciousness where alone we can drink in the divine inflow from higher planes still.

But, you are asking, if this be true, how do you account for the fact that, in all times, some artists and dramatists have led dissipated, selfish lives?

Do not forget that all knowledge is a two-edged sword. It cuts both ways. If these things have a high aspect they have also one that is very low, and there have always been men who were willing to sell their gifts, if not for money, then for some other coin which would buy personal gratification. As a result, we have to-day the pure, symbolic drama at one pole, and the low

vaudeville at the other. We have the Ninth Symphony at one pole and the sensual rhythm of the *danse du ventre* at the other; the Greek temple paintings at one extreme and the saloon fresco at the other. Many an artist who would not sell himself for money, does so year after year for the sake of a possible "Hors Concours" in the Salon or a paragraph in a London daily on "the latest sensation, a startling picture by so and so." It is the curse of modern art, this itching for fame, and the sin of separateness lies at the root of it all.

Yet, leaving out of the question music and art that is debasing, there is still a danger point. Under the spell of pure art we are lifted, filled, as it were, with the currents of divine life. At that point the inner motive, of which we may or may not be conscious, decides whether the ways shall go up or down.

If our motive is selfish, if we visit the theatre or concert in order that we may converse wisely about things which we do not understand, or for the sake of revelling in sensations more exquisite than those induced by the dish-pan or the milliner, be sure that we are on the edge of a chasm that may engulf us. For the spiritual currents which, at times, seem actually to flow into our souls are not to be walled up within ourselves. They must flow out to the world or they will destroy us. "*Wouldst thou thus dam the waters born on Sumeru? Shalt thou divert the stream for thine own sake, or send it back to its prime source along the crests of cycles?*"

It is not enough to expend this inflow of soul in a debauch of the emotions, or even in a newspaper critique or a club essay. It must flow out in the helpful, loving word and deed, compassionate service. Then we become co-workers with the Law itself.

For times and ideals have changed. The test to-day is not how much we know, but how much we love. Not how many symphonies we have analyzed and criticised and, perchance, spoiled for ourselves in doing so; not how many birds we have shot and stuffed nor how many cocoons we have torn to pieces in the name of science, nor how many beautiful butterflies we have killed and impaled on long pins and placed in glass covered coffins with other dead butterflies, all neatly labeled in Latin. Not at all. The real test is—and music and art and the drama are potent factors in lifting our consciousness to the plane where we realize it—*do we love*,—do we see in all life and all nature the divine, do we feel that kinship which exists between our own souls and the soul of the world, do we see on everything that exists the seal and signet of brotherhood?

As Goethe expresses it:—

"Doth not the All
Press on thy head and heart.
And weave itself around thee, visibly and invisibly
In eternal mystery?
Fill thy heart with it till it overflow,
And in the feeling when thou'rt wholly blest.
Call it what name thou wilt!
Happiness! Heart! Love! God!
I have no name for it.
Feeling is all. Name is but sound and smoke
Veiling the glow of heaven."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

By AN OMARITE.



RITING in a recent number of the *New Century*, Mr. Maurice H. Held states that the poet Omar has nothing to preach but the "doctrine of the body"! Speaking of the Ruba'iyat, he says: "The philosophy is wholly false—just another disappointed hymn to the God of sense-pleasure. Why do they fascinate?"

That is the question. Omar lived some nine centuries ago, yet his work has not been forgotten, and he is read more now than any poet of the old time. Whence his lasting and supreme fascination? It may spring from the badness of human nature, but then no bad thing can last very long. Persian mystics hold that he was *not* bad. He spoke in their own language; he used the symbolism they knew. And they say that he was a spiritual poet, a saint in his life. We have heard of the Grail, of the Wine of Divine Life; we know, too, who said "I am the Vine," and in what capacity he said it. Wine, then, is a symbol that the Persians were not alone in using.

Let us, then, attempt an analysis of these Ruba'iyat, verse by verse, as nearly as may be; an interpretation as the Persians interpreted them. It is better to understand than to condemn. Let us in doing so ask forgiveness for spoiling a work of art.

This is the understanding that many of Omar's admirers have of the poem:—

1. Awake! for the day is here.
2. Ere dawn a voice from the Holy of Holies called me: "The Temple is ready; why do the worshippers slumber still?"
3. Then cried those who waited without, "Let us in, for we have not long to live, and if we die undrunk with the Wine of Divine Life we may have no conscious hereafter."
4. The New Year is with us, and now the healing spirit of the prophets is budding out on the trees and breathing up from the earth. It is well to go into the solitude for meditation now.
5. Lost indeed are the Mysteries, but still the gem of Spirit-power burns in the holy Wine.
6. Silent are the olden poets, but still the nightingale sings.
7. Oh, take the Grail Cup and cast away doubt and hesitation! No long time is before you.
8. Wherever you are your life is slipping away. *Now* is the only time.
9. You say that each day brings its opportunities? Yes, but what of yesterday and its lost opportunities? In June the rose comes, but with its coming there is an end of telling stories of the heroes.
10. Well, let there be an end! What have we to do with the past?

11. Let us come to that place (which is neither too high nor too low) that is between the sown land thou knowest and the desert of the unknown.

12. There shalt thou sing truly, for there thou shalt drink of the Wine. There is the only Paradise to be sought and found.

13. Some seek for the glories (and pleasures) of this world, some for the Paradise to come. Take thou the only Paradise, which is *here* and *now*.

14. Consider the rose, that heedeth not the future nor the past, but is full of beauty *here* and *now*.

15. What of wealth? Those who seek or squander it cannot turn themselves into gold.

16. Men's worldly hopes may fail or prosper, yet the fruit of them passes away like snow on the desert.

17. Powerful and glorious kings have lived—and died.

18. And now wild beasts roam through their empty palaces.

19-20. But for all that, the Earth draws half her beauty from her noble dead. Men's lovely deeds live on, I think, and give their loveliness to herbs and flowers.

21. The past is dead; the future not yet born. Drink the Wine of True Oneness, that you may live in the Eternal Now.

22. For many loved ones in our ranks left us.

23-24. And we, too, may leave the ranks and sink down to a depraved state (*i.e.*, unless we drink and drink this Wine).

25. To those who prepare for the future in this life or in the next, a voice cries, "Fools! Heaven is neither here nor there" ("not in time, but in Eternity").

26. What has become of all the learned? Where is the profit of their discussions and debates?

27. I myself when I was young (and foolish) used to go in for their intellectualities—but I was none the wiser for them.

28. I sowed the seed of learning (*not* wisdom, please!) with the doctors and professors, and myself I studied diligently, and the conclusion I arrived at was:—"I came into the world, and shall go out of it, by chance."

29. The fruit of all my intellectualism was that I became a fatalistic agnostic.

30. What! leave the grand problem unsolved? remain contented with ignorance? The more must I seek now after the Divine, that I was such a fool and blasphemer then!

This is one of the most conclusive verses. On the hypothesis of "Omar the Wine-bibber," what sense on earth can be gotten from "What? without asking, whither hurried hence?" and following three lines.

31. I concentrated my being in intellect (the Throne of Saturn), and with my brain I unravelled many a scientific knot—but not the Master-Knot of human fate.

32. *That* is beyond mere intellect. Up to a point there is a personal consciousness; then we merge into the impersonal.

33. There was no answer to the problem in visible nature.

34. But a voice came to me from the Thee in Me who works behind the veil—the *Me* within Thee blind (*i. e.*, destroy sense of separateness).

35. Then I went to the Wine of One-ness, and learned that without It there was no eternal existence for me.

At this stage Omar has shown how he became a materialist through trust-

ing only in the brain-mind. Not content with that for long, he reaches out into the super-personal for light—and receive it. “The Me within Thee blind”—that is the key to it all. He has not yet learned the secret, but he has the key to it. In Ruba’i 35 he applies the key and drinks of the Wine, the One-ness Wine emphatically (for there is no other wine that could or that any man could dream had the power to reveal it), and learns the Secret. After two verses he begins to show what the Secret is. Meanwhile these two are humorous—and untranslatable. Omar is laughing—at the man who will not or cannot see his meaning, at the man who cannot see through his wine-bibbing pretences. But it is the laugh of a holy man, not of a drunkard, a laugh that should have, to some of us, a very recognizable ring in it!

Drink then! for

38. Ancient stories say that man is a clay-clod saturated with Spirit.

39. And not a holy thought goes forth from us, but it is bound to bring some little measure of hope and light to those who are suffering in the lowest hells of the world.

Ah! Omar, there is the mark of holy Compassion with you! Shall we call you a sensualist now, when you are teaching what we teach our children to do in their Silent Moments? When was a sensualist compassionate?

40. As the Tulip is always looking to Heaven, do you be always looking towards the Higher Self.

41. Let no more problems vex you, but affix your consciousness to the Highest.

42. And even if you are to die, and forget all, you shall not be without the good of it when you live again. (Or, and even if in this life you fail, the foes you conquer now shall not be yours in the next life.)

43. You shall not fear death then, for this Wine maketh free the Soul from the trammels of the body.

44. And if the Winged Soul can be made free, is it not a shame to allow it to be evermore hampered by the flesh consciousness?

45. What is the body but a tent where the Royal Soul resteth for one day upon its journey?

46. And fear not that when one body dies it shall know the like no more. It useth myriads of forms.

Then Omar seizes the opportunity to laugh at vain and ambitious persons who have not learnt, through the Wine of Meditation, the duality of their nature. 46 and 47 are, so to say, bifurcate; he goes off on some of the imagery he has been just before using and with it teases those whom he wishes to tease.

49. Hasten, if you would know the secret.

50, 51, 52.

The writer has not the irreverence to alter or comment on these most sublime verses. They are as obvious as they are grand.

53. But if in this life you puzzle your brain-mind over the secret, what about the next life, when you will have another brain-mind altogether?

54. Then do not waste your time with vain puzzling. The One-ness Wine that can teach you is at hand. Life is Joy.

55. You know how joyfully I put away old barren reason and took to the Higher Life and Mysticism (the daughter of the Vine).

56. For though I was famed as a mathematician, I never made anything a "living power in my life" but—*Theosophy*.

57. Yes, they say, but what of my computations that resulted in the rectification of the calendar? Well, I certainly have rectified the calendar—by striking from it every day except *to-day*. (The Eternal Now is the only Time.)

58. It was a *Messenger* who bade me choose this mode of life,

59. Who bade me choose that One-ness Wine that sets at rest the disputations of the jarring sects, that transmutes the lead of the lower into gold of the Higher Life.

60. The Warrior, that Mohammed within whose whirlwind sword scattereth the evil hordes that beset the Soul.

61. And am I to forsake this truth because orthodoxy forbids it?

62. Because the creeds threaten me with hell or lure me with promises of heaven?

63, 64, 65.

These are an attack on, or rather sneer at, orthodox Moslem ideas of heaven and hell. The creed of the day was formal and opposed to Sufi Truth. H. P. B. made attacks on Christian orthodoxy that caused some people to imagine fondly—and might reasonably cause it, if uncontested—that she denied the existence of any Supreme Spirit. Omar attacks in much the same way the narrow orthodoxy of *his* time.

66-67. As to heaven and hell, we make them for ourselves. Heaven for each one is that which he longs for; hell, that which he fears.

68. These personalities are but shadows cast on a screen by the "sun-illuminated lantern held in midnight by the Master of the Show."

69. Pieces in a game of chess that God plays.

70. They do not understand, but He knows about it all.

71. And the causes of their moves are things done; action is followed by reaction, nothing can bend the Law.

72. Lift not your hands, then, for help to the sky. It is bound by the same Law as we are.

73. The first germ of the Universe contained everything that ever was to be. All are parts of an unbroken chain of cause and effect.

74. Yesterday you sowed the seed, to-day you reap the fruit. Drink! for the Wine of One-ness alone can show you the meaning of it all.

75-76. Let the beggar-priests of orthodoxy flout at me! The Vine hath struck a fibre in my being, and therefore I shall pass through doors *they* howl without.

77. And whether the One True Light kindles me to love or to wrath (with orthodox shams?), one flash of it in my own heart is better than its absence in all the mosques in the world.

78-81.

In these verses Omar puts himself into the place of a "True Believer" and addresses the imagined personal God in such a manner as to prove the falsity of the crudities of Semitic religion. But they are not his own words to his own Deity.

"Whose secret presence through creation's veins,
Running quicksilver-like, eludes your pains,
Taking all forms from Mah to Mahi, and
They change, and perish all, but HE remains."

With the 82d Ruba'i begins the Parable of the Pots, which needs no explanation. It is a discussion between certain pots in a potter's house as to the nature of their maker, and in this way many views about the Deity are brought forward. Omar's humor is never far away in this parable. Thus he speaks of "One of the loquacious lot, I think some Sufi pipkin, waxing hot"—a sly laugh perhaps at a former self of his own, or at any young follower of mysticism in the stage when he must be talking and talking and talking about the holy things, and that regardless of time and place. The last pot that speaks is the one after Omar's own heart:—

"Well," whispered one, "let whoso sell or buy,
My clay with long oblivion has gone dry.
But fill me with the old familiar juice,
Methinks I might recover by and bye."

This is the man that is not concerned with things irrelevant to the present need of the soul.

Continuing at verse 91 we have this aspiration, veiled though it is in the sensuous words of Persian poetry:—

91. Let my life be so permeated with the Divine Spirit

92. That even when I am dead its aroma may lure people away from the material to the spiritual things.

93. No doubt my mysticism has injured me in the sight of the world; it has drowned my fame, but in the Grail-cup; it has sold my reputation, but given me to be a poet instead.

94. And no doubt I have been tempted many times to give up this path for the way of the world; but each time the recurring cycle of the influx of spiritual life has swept the temptation away.

95. And indeed mine was the better choice. What could be so precious a thing as that I chose?

96. Yet, alas, that there are and must be seasons of darkness!

97. Would that on our journey along the path we could always see the goal!

As for the last four Ruba'iyat in Fitzgerald (98-101) I can make nothing of them. They may have no other than a surface meaning, *and still* (for we may doubt it without fear) be genuine verse by Omar Khayyam of Naishapur; but Fitzgerald let the Art-for-art's-sake sense overcome him when he put them at the end of the book. A poet has a right to sing of sad things, for they, too, have a part in life. But he has no right, if he is a poet of the true order of the Bards or Teachers, and not a mere singer, to let the last word of his song message be sorrowful, because the deepness and finality of all things is not sorrowful, but full of golden joy. And therefore I think that out of the many hundreds of Ruba'iyat attributed to the Tentmaker that remain in various MSS. in Iran, Fitzgerald might have found more excellent ones for the end than those with the sad note in them. But be that as it may, even a careless and inadequate interpretation like the above (wherein the connection with the text may seem far enough fetched in many cases) does abolish, for mystics, the idea that the Mighty Bard of Naishapur taught the "doctrine of the body"—does it not?

MUSIC.

By JULIA HECHT.



TO-DAY on dear Point Loma we are observing the sacred ceremonies of the laying of the corner-stone of the Isis Temple of Art, Music and Drama.

On this chosen spot, which will be a great seat of learning, will now be reared the first building of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, which is destined to illumine and uplift Humanity.

The Arts will be taught in their higher forms, for the benefit of all the peoples of the earth, and here will be demonstrated their proper place and power in the world.

The Foundress and Directress of this great institution has told us of the "importance of Music and the Drama as vital educational factors," and that "Music is not only one of the refinements of life, but part of life itself."

The Spirit of Music is Love. It is the language of the Soul, the expression of the heart. It is universal, and has been cultivated in some form from time immemorial.

Every age and clime has its variety of musical idiom, and is suggestive of its history and stage of development. Every one should cultivate the knowledge of love of music, for as Shakespeare truly says:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."

That music is a living force and power is shown in every phase of life. It adds solemnity and dignity, or inspires hope and courage, or brings new life and joy on any occasion. There is nothing like a familiar strain of melody to revive old recollections. It softens and purifies the depths of our natures, where often nothing else would, and it has been proven, as Shakespeare says, that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

For it arouses emotions latent and undivined and attunes our souls to the harmonies of the Universe. It embodies the inner feelings of which other arts can but exhibit the effect. It suggests still more than it displays, and stimulates the imagination of both witness and performer. "Its privilege is to delight, refine, enlighten and ennoble, suggesting the beautiful, the ideal and the perfect."

By the magical spell of sound we are, for the time, liberated from earthly bounds, and, entranced by its wondrous harmonies, we feel the unity and concord existing in all things, and something of the divine love which is everywhere manifest.

The laws governing musical harmony correspond with Nature's laws of Universal Brotherhood. In a perfect musical production, each note blends in purest harmony, and so in the grand Symphony of Life must we each play well our part, and sound our tones in unison, making them sweet and clear and true.

Thus by being in perfect accord with all that lives, we shall be united in the loving bond of Brotherhood. Then will "Truth, Light and Liberation" be established, and we shall attain to our heritage of divine wisdom and Eternal Peace and Joy.

NATURE AND MAN.

By R. W.



SEATED on a high bluff overlooking the sea and dreamily following the cliff-line until the solid wall of rock gradually merges into sand-dunes and beach, I become conscious of the relation of things. Out and beyond, the boundless deep, while o'er its panting bosom rush the rolling breakers, dashing themselves wildly against the projecting rocks, covering the ledges of rock with billows of foamy white bubbles. Strange handiwork of Nature! For some extent a floor of solid rock suddenly buried in a sandy beach. Looking about, pillars of granite of varying form and size projecting far out into the sea, form a bulwark to this land of the Gods. As they range themselves in tiers, sky, sun, sea and majestic bluffs show their relation to each other and to man.

Sky, sun, sea and earth. Four basic principles. The blue sky—the Higher Mind; the Sun—the spiritual and physical life; the Sea—the world of human thought and emotions, besieging us, wooing us with its illusions, and if we succumb—Ah, me! The white guards at the threshold of the soul are o'ershadowed by the dark forces of the Lower Nature, the citadel to the heaven within besieged, and the demons of the lower nature allowed ascendancy, only to be followed in time by darkness and death.

This rock-bound coast! These ledges and cliffs! Symbolic are they of the guardian wall of human Souls about the sacred Temple of Humanity. Above, the blue firmament, with the adorable life-giving sun pouring at times upon the water a sun-burst of rays through a rift in the clouds, appearing to the weary pilgrim as a lighted path over the sea of human experiences. Solemn thoughts are interrupted by the whirr of a flock of pelicans, whose strong broad wings extended, hover like a benediction over one's head.

Ah! what joy, what peace, what bliss, to steal away from agitating emotions, to lay one's weary head in the lap of mother nature and let the great undertone of the Sea sing its harmony into one's inmost heart until responding in perfect harmony with the pulsations of eternal life all around! The joy of the in-pouring Life and Peace and Love! The ecstasy of the responsive soul within, as it breathes forth in rapturous strains its hopes, its aspirations, its love

of God in man and all creatures! Truly it is the balm of Gilead upon the troubled nature within.

Yet one more glance at the rocks, symbolic of the steadfast soul. The first tier wooed by the sea as she winds herself about the feet of the bluffs like the arms of children about a dear old father's neck, tempting them in their hoary age to stoop and partake of her kisses, corresponds to the tired warrior who learns to stand and resist the illusory charms of human passions. The tiers of rock and cliffs, *the living wall* of defense to the stronghold of the Gods, altar-protecting shrine to Hellas Deities! And as I sat and thought of the countless ages of resistance offered by these Guardian Stones to the never ceasing allurements of the sea, protecting mankind from its merciless inundations, my troubled soul became filled with a great joy and peace, and resolution after resolution formed to live a pure and more selfless life. On my homeward way, the example set by Nature impressed itself deeply and for many days, to become passion proof, invulnerable as the rocks to the enchanting sea. Had the rocks stooped to partake of the sea's temptations, in that moment would they have been wrested from their thrones, built by myriads of little lives through the ages, and sent whirling with the ceaseless ebb and flow on its endless journey.

Never lose anchor!

To do so means to have to climb anew the cyclic stairs to perfectibility, to learn again the lessons of resistance, to recognize the true from the false. When the personal self offers entrance to the sea of deluding elementals, the stronghold of the gods becomes the seat and home of the Lower Nature instead of the Higher, and Humanity's heartrending woe a much longer drawn out agony, by succumbing to the allurements of the senses.

"Be sure that God
 Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart!
 Ask the geier-eagle why she stoops at once
 Into the vast and unexplored abyss,
 What full-grown power informs her from the first,
 Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
 The silent boundless regions of the sky!
 Be sure they sleep not whom God needs! Nor fear
 Their holding light his charge, when every hour
 That finds that charge delayed is a new death.
 This for the faith in which I trust; and hence
 I can abjure so well the idle arts
 The pedants strive to learn and teach; Black Arts,
 Great Works, the Secret and Sublime, forsooth—
 Let others prize: too intimate a tie
 Connects me with our God! A sullen fiend
 To do my bidding, fallen and hateful sprites
 To help me—what are these, at best, beside
 God helping, God directing everywhere,
 So that earth shall yield her secrets up,
 And every object there be charged to strike,
 Teach, gratify her master God appoints?
 And I am young, my Festus, happy and free!
 I can devote myself; I have a life
 To give; I, singled out for this the One."

From *Paracelsus*.—ROBERT BROWNING.

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

XV. Tirhakah.—Wars with Assyria.—Esarhaddon.—Sardanapalos.—Thebes Destroyed.—Psmatikh I.—Twenty-sixth Dynasty.—The New Egypt and “St. Luke’s Summer.”



IRHAKAH had succeeded Sabako as king at Napata. The right of succession in Ethiopia appears to have been controlled by a primitive law of descent by which a brother or sister might take precedence over a son. He also ruled at Thebes while Sabataki was restricted to the northern territory.* He was soon involved in hostilities to Assyria.

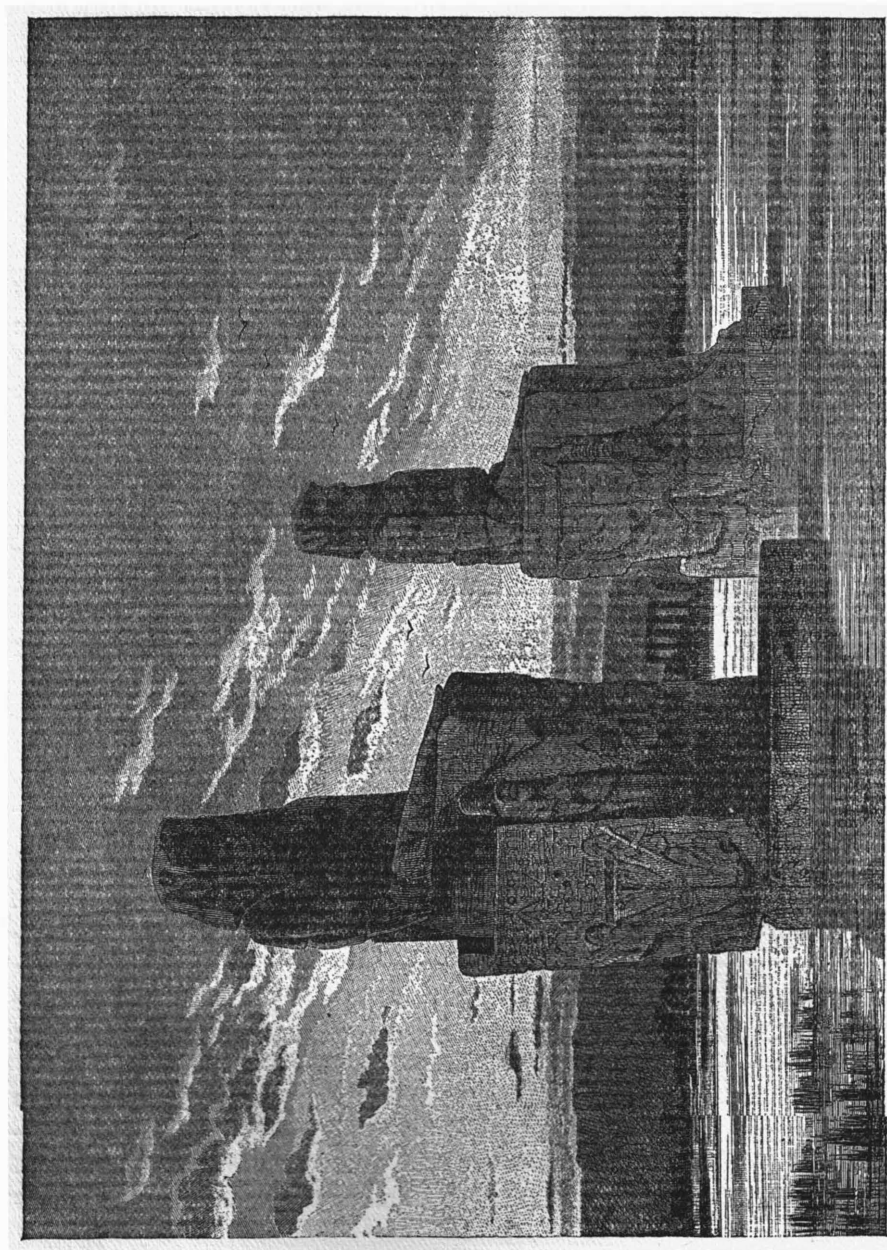
Sennakherib, upon his accession, had made Ninevah again the capital. He built it anew, adding, as he had opportunity, to its embellishments. As had been the case with the kings before him, his accession was characterized by a general revolt, which he proceeded immediately to suppress with all the savage cruelty characteristic of the Assyrian monarchs. He first made a campaign against Kar-Dunia (Babylon) and Susiana; and then turned his arms against “the kings of the Khatti or Hittites, all of them of the coast.” The Khitan dominion which lay upon the river Euphrates had been already overthrown, and the description indicates these kings to have been simply Phœnicians. They were in alliance with Hezekiah of Jerusalem, and with “the kings of Egypt and the king of Meroë”—the under-kings of the Lowlands and the king of Ethiopia. As he marched into Palestine the cities in his way quietly returned to their allegiance. The city of Ekron held out. The inhabitants had deposed their king, Padi, and sent him in chains to Hezekiah at Jerusalem, who now refused to set him at liberty. A battle took place at Èltekeh in southern Palestine, and according to the boast of the Assyrian monarch, the allies were defeated, and the Egyptians and Ethiopians went home in disorder. Instead of following them he turned upon the revolting vassals. A savage revenge was taken upon the chief men of Ekron. They were now condemned to death and impaled on stakes† all around the city.

Sennakherib next overran the western territory of Judea and annexed it to the contiguous Philistine principalities, also carrying away two hundred thousand of the inhabitants into captivity. He afterward invested Jerusalem. Hezekiah, acting by the advice of his chief minister Shebna, hastened to make submission.

Tirhakah renewed his preparations. An army was dispatched by him into

*The name Egypt or Mizraim as it is given in the Hebrew text of the Bible, denoted only the northern part of the country, and was distinct from Pathros in the South.

†The stauros or “cross” was a stake for impaling. The Assyrian kings impaled prisoners taken when besieging a fortress.



STATUE OF MEMNON AND ITS COMPANION AT THE TIME OF THE HIGH NILE.

southern Palestine and he came with another from Ethiopia. Hezekiah rallied from his alarm, dismissed the timid Shebna, and put Jerusalem into a state of defense. Sennakherib marched his forces to meet the Egyptians at Lakhish, and sent his vizier, chamberlain, and commanding general with a detachment of his army to besiege Jerusalem. They demanded a parley and they called for an unconditional surrender, jeering at the notion of help from Egypt and assuring them that Sennakherib on his return home would remove the remainder of the people to another region. Neither Hezekiah nor his God, the rabsaki added, was able to deliver them; the king of Assyria is stronger than the gods of the nations. Hezekiah made no answer, and the Assyrian envoys returned to the main army.

The fate of this expedition has been told in several forms. There has no record of it been found at Kuyunjik, but this is easy to explain. It was not the practice to make a statement of dishonor or calamity occurring to a reigning prince. Even the defeats of Azariah and Hezekiah are not mentioned in the books of the *Kings* and *Chronicles*. But the inscriptions of Tirhakah at Napata, Thebes and Memphis indicate that that king met the Assyrians in battle and inflicted on them a total defeat.

The Egyptian record as preserved by Herodotus withheld all credit from the hated Ethiopian sovereigns. The "Ethiopian," it was affirmed, had been warned by a dream and abandoned Egypt, and Sethi the high-priest of Ptah at Memphis became king. This sovereign had offended the soldiers, and they refused to obey him. He was at a loss how to repel the invaders. He invoked the image of the god, and was instructed to go boldly out against the Assyrians. He raised a force of volunteers, resembling that of Falstaff, of persons engaged in common pursuits, and led them against the enemy there at Pelusium. Before they had engaged, there came a multitude of mice by night and devoured the quivers and bow-strings of the invaders, thus rendering them utterly defenseless. The Egyptians fell upon them, inflicting a terrible slaughter.

The mouse in Oriental imagery, is a symbol of calamity or pestilence. This suggests the explanation of a story which would otherwise be improbable. Disease naturally incident to camp-life, like typhoid or smallpox, or perhaps the deadly simoom, may have enfeebled the Assyrians.

Sennakherib returned immediately home. He was assassinated some years afterward by the Crown-prince and his brother, while celebrating a festival at the temple of the Nis-Rokh, the Bird-god.* His younger son the best beloved Assur-akhi-adon or Esarhaddon, then king at Babylon, came to Nineveh with his army, drove the parricides, Assur-melekh and Nergal-Sar-asar, into exile, and succeeded to the throne.

Tirhakah took advantage of the opportunity to establish his authority over

*Ancient religions had their sacred birds. We may note the Garuda, or man-bird, of India, the Simurg of Erân, the Rokh of Assyria, the dove of Babylon, and the peacock of the Oriental Secret Rites, analogous with the cock of China, which is sacrificed to confirm testimony and obligations. The god Nisrokh was eagle-headed, as is noticed in pictures of Assyrian priests. The eagle of the Roman standard, and of European and American ensigns, is a survival of this divinity.

all Egypt. He put Sabataki to death, and brought the other princes and underkings into subjection to his government. Then followed a period of quiet and prosperity which lasted for twenty years. Tirhakah restored the public worship where it had fallen into neglect, repaired the temples, and strengthened the several capitals. He was also in friendly communication with the kings in Arabia, Idumêa, Moab, Judea, Palestine and Syria, who all regarded him as their protector. Among them were Baal of Tyre, Abi-Baal of Samaria, Manasseh of Jerusalem, Ahi-melekh of Ashdod, Kavis of Idumêa, Hazael of Arabia, besides ten kings of Cyprus.

Esarhaddon was a statesman of ability, and possessed ambition to increase his power and the prestige of his two capitals. He invested Tyre, but found it impossible to reduce the city that was mistress of the sea, and supported by the forceful help of Egypt. He resolved accordingly to make the conquest of Egypt and Ethiopia.

Tirhakah collected his forces at the northeastern portion near Pelusium. Esarhaddon thereupon marched at the southward through the Desert of Shur, in order to turn the flank of the Egyptian army, reach Pithom or Heroöpolis, and move upon Memphis. The Arabian chiefs brought water to his army in skins carried by camels. The route was tedious, and the soldiers were terribly alarmed by the numerous "fiery serpents" that abounded there.†

Tirhakah immediately crossed the delta, and met the Assyrians, only to suffer a complete defeat, which dispersed his army. Memphis was captured and pillaged. The temples were literally stripped of their ornaments and the wealth with which the piety of kings had enriched them. All were carried to Assyria. The family of Tirhakah fell into the hands of the conqueror.

Tirhakah himself fled to Thebes. The Assyrian king followed close behind, sweeping the country with his cavalry till he reached the capital of the South. Tirhakah retired into Ethiopia, but Esarhaddon did not pursue him beyond the border of Egypt. His own health had given way, and he now devoted himself to the establishing of his authority over his conquests. He divided Egypt into twenty principalities, placing a governor in each with the title of king, and putting an Assyrian garrison in every capital city. Most of these underkings were Egyptians, and we find their names similar to those of former princes such as Nekho, Pimai, Petubast, Sheshank, Nimarata, Tafnekht, Bokenranf or Bokkhôris.

A detachment of Assyrian troops had overrun Judea, made Manasseh the king a prisoner, and carried him and others to Babylon. He was also restored to his government as a vassal of Assyria.

Assur-bani-râ, or as he is named in classic history, Sardanapalos, had conspired to seize the supreme power. Esarhaddon, however, anticipated this by adopting him as his colleague and placing the imperial authority in his hands. His own death occurred not long afterward, and the attention of the young monarch was speedily called to quell a general revolt.

†Deuteronomy, vii., 15; Numbers, xxi., 5

Tirhakah meanwhile collected a new army, and coming from Ethiopia, expelled the vassal princes in Egypt, and took possession of the country. Sardanapalos came to their help, and routed the Ethiopian troops at Kar-banit, a city in the Delta. Tirhakah made his escape from Memphis to Thebes, closely pursued by the Assyrian rabsaki, who had been re-inforced by the forces of the returning fugitive governors. Unable to continue the conflict, Tirhakah retired again to Ethiopia. Sardanapalos reinstated the princes, garrisoned their capital cities anew and returned to Assyria.

Affairs soon presented a new phase in Egypt. The under-kings became impatient of the supervision of foreign military officials, and opened negotiations on their own account with the Ethiopian monarch. The Assyrian generals discovered this and arrested Nekho and the king of Pelusium, who, together with Pi-kerera, the king of Pisaptu, had been foremost in the movement. The two prisoners were sent in chains to Nineveh. This hastened the uprising and Tirhakah came to the aid of the insurgents. The Assyrians captured Sâis Mendes, Tanis and other cities, and massacred the inhabitants without mercy. This, however, did not in any degree check the revolt. Tirhakah defeated the Assyrian forces and drove them from Upper Egypt. He then proceeded down the Nile from Thebes to Memphis and was welcomed by the inhabitants all the way.

Sardanapalos finding it impracticable to rely upon military force to retain possession of Egypt, had recourse to other measures. Nekho, his prisoner, might be employed again against the Ethiopian king. His kinsman, Bokkhôris, had been put to death in a cruel manner by Sabako, and he, therefore, could not be heartily engaged in behalf of Tirhakah. The conjecture proved correct. Nekho was set free accordingly, and honored by Sardanapalos by costly presents. He was also restored to the government of Sâis as before, with the title of Bel-maté, lord of the two realms. His son Nebushasbani was also made king of Athribis. Nekho then returned home and his authority was generally acknowledged by his countrymen. Tirhakah withdrew from Egypt with his army, disappointed and disgusted at this betrayal, and died soon afterward, bequeathing a legacy of vengeance to his successor.

Ru-t-Amun, the son of Sabako, was the next heir to the Ethiopian throne. He was of warlike temperament and set himself to the recovering of Egypt. He promptly occupied Thebes, and marched with his army into the Lower country, defeating the Assyrian forces at Memphis. Nekho was taken prisoner and put to death, while his son, Psametikh, fled into Syria. Egypt was thus once more a possession of Ethiopia.

Sardanapalos, however, came thither himself with an army. He encountered Rutamun at the frontier and defeated him. He pursued him relentlessly to Memphis and afterward to Thebes. He soon effected an entrance into the southern metropolis, and inflicted upon it all the cruelties incident to Kurdish and Assyrian warfare.

From this period, however, the power of Assyria waned, and the history of

Egypt was for a time very obscure. The under-kings were able to regain much of their influence, and the Ethiopian monarch was again acknowledged in Upper Egypt. A new king, Nut Meriamun, succeeded to the throne of Napata. A memorial stone which is found in the ruins of that city describes his conquest of the Northern realm. "He had gained possession of the land of Ethiopia without fighting; no one dared to resist him." He was ambitious to copy his great predecessors, Piankhi and Tirhakah, and reign over all Egypt.

He saw himself in a dream, the inscription declares, standing between two royal serpents. On consulting the interpreters, they told him that as Upper Egypt was already his, he should also take possession of Lower Egypt. "Amun-Râ," said they, "beside whom there is no other god, will be with thee."

The king set out accordingly with a force of one hundred thousand men. He performed religious rites sedulously at every capital city in his way. At Napata the statue of Amun was brought out in a procession, and sacrifices offered. Similar worship was rendered to Num-Râ, the god of the inundation at Elephantina. "He propitiated the river in its hidden cave." Again at Thebes, the chief priests and ministers of the temple of Amun-Râ "brought flowers for him whose being is hidden." All the way down the river to Lower Egypt, great was the rejoicing. The inhabitants sped him onward with blessings, asking him to dispense life, to restore the temples, to set up anew the statues of the gods, to bestow again revenues for public worship and offerings to the dead, to establish the priests anew in their office and to "cause all to be performed according to the Sacred Learning." "Even those whose intention had been to fight him were moved by the joy."

At Memphis he found the army of his enemy. He put them to flight and gained possession of the city. He commanded to enlarge the temple of Ptah, and made a generous provision for his worship.

He then marched on in quest of the princes, but they did not venture upon a battle. He returned to Memphis, where a conference took place. The king received them graciously and entertained them many days. The chief spokesman at this conference was Pikerara, the king of Pisapta, in the Arabian district. He had been concerned with Nekho in the project to bring Tirhakah again into Egypt and was probably the leader in this movement, in behalf of the Assyrian rule.

Neither of the Ethiopian monarchs Rutamun and Nut Meriamun is mentioned in the lists of Egyptian kings, and Piankhi II. was actually king of Upper and Lower Egypt. He married the beautiful princess Ameniritis, whose statue bore the inscription setting her forth as sister of Sabako, daughter of Kashta and wife, or priestess, of the Divinity. Her monument at Thebes portrays her in glowing terms as a benefactress. "I gave bread to the hungry," is her testimony, "drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked."

Herodotos has related the fanciful account of the evacuation of Northern Egypt by this monarch. He had been directed in a dream, they said, to invite the priests to a conference and massacre them. He regarded this command as

the purpose of the gods to induce him to do a sacrilegious act which would make him detested by his subjects. He then, in order to accomplish the real will of the divinities, without being guilty of heinous crime, withdrew peaceably to Ethiopia. The parable may be more rationally explained in another way. The under-kings, being appointed to office by the Assyrian king, made his government in Egypt insecure, and he unwilling to imperil everything by war, chose to resign his authority.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH DYNASTY.

For fifteen years the under-kings who had been appointed by the Assyrian monarch ruled in Lower Egypt. They were allied by marriage and family relationship and met often for religious and political purposes. Psametikh, the king of Sâis, presently became obnoxious to the others. He was of Libyan ancestry and a great-grandson of Tafnekht, who had contended with the first Piankhi for supreme power. It was not unlikely that he was the prince whom Saradanapalos appointed over Athribis, by the Semitic name of Nebushasban. When Nekho, his father, was put to death by Rutamun, he made his escape into Syria, but came back afterward under an Assyrian commission, to occupy his father's throne.

The dependencies of Assyria everywhere had begun to revolt. Babylon and the neighboring kingdoms maintained successfully their independence. Gog or Gyges had wrested the throne of Lydia from its Hittite lords and became a vassal of Assyria, in consideration of aid against the Kimerians. He now renounced allegiance to the "Great King of the nations." Psametikh found the time ripe for him to grasp the crown of Egypt. He allied himself to the Ethiopian Dynasty in the South by marriage with the princess Sebnapata, the daughter of Piankhi II. This fact explains satisfactorily the peaceful withdrawal which Herodotos has recorded of the Ethiopian monarch from the government.

The realm was the dowry of the Princess. The other princes, Pakrura, Pima, Sheshank and their fellows had been virtually independent of Assyria, though nominally vassals, and were alarmed at the claims of Psametikh. They immediately flew to arms to resist him, and drove him from his principality. He procured from Gyges an army of Karian and Ionian volunteers and joined battle with them at Menuf, or Momemphis, on the border of the Libyan Desert. He was victorious and immediately followed up his success by attacking the several cities and dethroning their rulers. The different governments which had so often been instrumental in promoting disturbance were now abolished, and Psametikh I. became the sole and independent king. He took the name of Ka-ua-eb.

The first care of the new monarch was to strengthen his frontier. He stationed the Egyptian troops at Elephantina to guard the South, and at Daphne and Marea at the east and west of Northern Egypt. The Karians and Ionians were placed in nearer proximity to his own capital city, and lands were given them near Bubastis. This was the first introduction of an Aryan and

Greek-speaking population as permanent inhabitants of Egypt. Psametikh further disregarded the hereditary prejudice and exclusiveness of the Egyptians in regard to foreigners. He made the new subjects welcome at the royal table and court in Sâis, and committed native youths to their charge to be instructed in the Greek language. These became the beginning of a new class of the Egyptian population, the dragomans and interpreters.

The defection of Gyges and the success of Psametikh were fatal to Assyria. Sardanapalos, on hearing of the loss of Egypt, raised his hands to the gods of Nineveh and invoked a curse upon the head of the perfidious Lydian. The Kimerians or Gomerites† pressed forward by a general movement from the wilds of Skythia, overran his kingdom, and Gyges was killed in battle.

Sardanapalos was constantly at war to recover Egypt. Psametikh transferred the seat of conflict into Palestine and besieged Ashdod, the "strong city." Its Assyrian garrison held out long; Herodotos gives a period of twenty-nine years. During this time the death of Sardanapalos took place. He had been a civilian, rather than a soldier, but he was successful in his numerous wars. He lost Egypt, but he conquered Susiana and held his other dominions. He was fond of shows and pageants; he excelled in hunting; he filled the library at Kuyunjik with the entire literature of Babylon and archaic Akkad,* and embellished Nineveh beyond all former monarchs. He is described as sensual and effeminate, but this was only qualifiedly true. The numerous kings whom his generals subjugated were obliged to send their daughters and favorite servants to Nineveh. That he was cruel even beyond the extremes of savagery cannot be questioned or extenuated. His sculptures depict him in the act of inflicting the most appalling tortures with his own hands. It is no matter of wonder that men who had been worsted in battle committed suicide that they might escape barbarity so atrocious.‡

His successor, as designated by Greek writers, was Sarakos, but after a reign of several years, his general, Nabu-pul-asar, revolted and formed an alliance with Viskara or Kyaxeres, then king of Media, by which his famous son, Nebu-kadar-asar or Nebukhadhezzar, married the daughter of the prince. The two kings then joined their forces against Nineveh. They were interrupted, however, by another event that put everything in peril.

An immense multitude of Skyths had burst through the Caucasos and swooped down upon Asia. It was one of those movements of population from the unknown North which had occurred at almost regular periods for centuries. It was described by the Hebrew Prophet Jeremiah as "an evil out of the North

†Gomri, hordes.

*A Royal Library appears to have been maintained from very early periods for free consultation by scholars. Sargon's Library at Agaua or Akkad was catalogued and numbered, Dr. Sayce informs us, "so that the student had only to write down the number of the Tablet, and the librarian handed it to him." Later, the Assyrian Library was begun at the city of Assur, and afterward removed and established by Assur-nagir-pal at Kala or Nimrud. Additions were made in subsequent reigns. Sargon caused the whole to be written over, and early literature became a study at the capital. Sardanapalos however surpassed all the kings before him. He caused all the literature of his empire to be collected at Nineveh, over 10,000 different works, belonging to every department of learning, and they were methodically arranged and catalogued. To all intents it was a free public library.

‡Like King Saul—Samuel I., xxxi., 4, 5.

breaking forth upon all the inhabitants," and he sneered at the notion of Judea receiving any help from either Egypt or Assyria. All military operations were suspended. The hordes overran Media, Assyria and Syria, ravaging the whole region and disseminating abject terror everywhere.

Psametikh was engaged at the siege of Ashdod. He was embarrassed by a general defection of the Egyptian soldiers that he had set to guard the frontiers of Egypt. Herodotos gives their number at two hundred and forty thousand. They were exasperated at his partiality for the foreign troops who had placed him on his throne. They now abandoned their posts, and leaving their wives and children behind, marched into Ethiopia. He followed and appealed to them not to forsake their gods, their wives and their country. It was of no avail. Finally the kings of Ethiopia settled them in a region beyond Meroé, far away from Egypt.

Psametikh was no longer able to take part in the war against Assyria. When the Skyths had come into Palestine and taken Askalon, he met them with rich presents and persuaded them to turn aside and refrain from advancing upon Egypt. Thus he saved his country. The inroad lasted twenty-eight years. The historians simply add that they perished from excess, disease and massacre; and with their destruction, the kings resumed their warfare. Ashdod finally capitulated, but Psametikh was too much weakened by the defection of his soldiers and the infirmity of age to prosecute the conflict any further. He died after having ruled over all Egypt fifty-six years.

But he had regenerated the country, creating an order of affairs such as had never been known. The Egyptians had before supposed themselves the oldest of nations, but he made them conscious of their fellowship and relationship to other peoples of the world. He had come to the throne when Egypt had long been subject to foreign domination and incessant wars. It was in a deplorable state of misery and degradation. The cities were impoverished, the lands deserted, and the country depopulated. The Assyrian overlord had actually colonized districts from the East. Psametikh set himself to create Egypt anew. He applied himself to the task with energy during his long reign. Lands and roads were restored, agriculture encouraged, the towns repaired and rebuilt, the temples enlarged and beautified, the rites and observances of worship strictly maintained. The entire valley of the Nile was like a huge workshop where the population belonging in every department of industry was constantly employed. Science and literature assumed new importance. The hieroglyphics, so long the vehicle of preserving the knowledge of events and discovery, were divested of their exclusive importance, and the demotic art of writing, the art of the people, was generally adopted.

"With the Twenty-sixth Dynasty," says Professor Sayce, "the St. Luke's Summer of Egyptian history begins." The expulsion of the Assyrian vassals, the consolidation of the monarchy in a single hand, and the broad policy of the new government had occasioned the revival of peace, power, and prosperity, and with these the resuscitation, likewise, of art. Sâis, the city of Psametikh,

was adorned by him with buildings that almost rivaled the monuments of Thebes; Memphis, again a political metropolis, resumed her former importance. A new gallery was constructed at the Serapeion for the enshrining of the Sacred bulls, slabs of stone were placed in the temples to hide the interior from the profane gaze of the multitude, and now a new cursive system of writing was adopted for common use, the demotic or popular, showing that the literature was no longer exclusively in the control of the sacerdotal class; "But," adds Mr. Sayce, "the government had ceased to be Egyptian; it had gained its power by Hellenic aid, and from this time forward Grecian influence began to prevail. The king's person is protected by a Greek body-guard; the native soldiers desert to Ethiopia, and the oldest Ionic inscription that we possess records the pursuit of them by the foreign mercenaries of Psammetikhos."*

"Trade with foreign countries was now maintained, as had never been the case before. There existed novelty in ten thousand shapes. The cities formerly active chiefly with pilgrimages and religious processions, became busy marts of commerce. Indeed, as judgments are commonly formed, Psametikh I. must be regarded as one of the noblest of Egyptian kings. He combined profound political sagacity with military talent and exhibited an enlightened love of the arts which, by transmitting to the Future a knowledge of the irrevocable Past, thereby make the Present immortal."

*This inscription at Abu Simbel, contains the later Greek double letters psi, phi, khi, etc., theta (ps, ph, kh, e, and th), but not the long o, omega.

THE CURATE'S LECTURE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

By W. HAMMOND.



T was a warm day in June. My office windows were open, admitting fresh air bearing the perfume of flowers and murmur of voices from the busy market close by. Two young lady pupils, eager to engage in the "fierce race for wealth," were industriously striving to master the art of typewriting under my tuition.

There was a knock at the door, and in response to my "Come in," a gentleman entered with a heavy volume under his arm.

It was the Reverend Alpheus Smart, who had on one or two occasions called for the purpose of obtaining transcripts of sermons composed some fifty years ago by a relative of his, long since deceased.

I courteously invited my visitor to be seated, and inquired in what way I could be of service to him.

"Do you write from dictation?" he asked.

I replied that I did, and insinuated that I preferred that mode of working to laboriously deciphering indistinct manuscript.

"I have been asked to lecture to the Young Men's Christian Association," said Mr. Smart, ignoring my remarks, "and have selected for my subject 'Brahmanism.' I have here," laying his hand upon the book, that now rested on the table, "Professor S——'s recent work on 'Comparative Religion,' from which I propose to quote."

"Do you think that you can write accurately from my dictation? I mean with regard to correct spelling."

I meekly thought that it was possible, and fed a machine with paper ready to begin.

"Will you permit me to close the windows?" inquired my client.

I consented, and this done, the reverend gentleman commenced to speak, as into a phonograph.

The burden of his discourse was that Modern Christianity had attained to such a degree of impregnability that churchmen could now fearlessly present to an audience such as that he had the honor of addressing, a comparison of the truths of our holy religion with the erroneous conceptions respecting the Almighty that the unenlightened heathen had in the past long groaned under, and which, he was grieved to say, still enthralled vast numbers.

The central doctrine of the Christian Church was Salvation through the blood of Christ, in which we had but to believe and our sins would be forgiven. Whereas, the poor Hindoo had no such glorious hope, but was the victim of a horrible superstition termed Metempsychosis. He imagined that at death men's souls passed into some animal form, and so on from life to life, until finally complete annihilation ensued.

The lecturer had continued in this strain for a considerable time, when at length he ejaculated:

"Brahma taught."

At this I looked up and said, "I beg pardon."

"Brahma taught," he repeated.

"You mean Buddha," I suggested.

"No, Brahma."

"But did any man of that name ever live?" I questioned.

"I will show you the passage," said Mr Smart, and he turned to a page in Professor S——'s book.

Following the direction of his finger I read, "According to the 'Brahmanas,'" then came a lengthy disquisition with which I will not weary my reader.

"Ah, yes! The Brahmanas, that is very different!" I exclaimed.

"What are they?" cried the churchman.

"They are treatises explanatory of the Vedas," I replied.

There was a pause.

"This room is very warm! Shall I do wrong if I take my coat off?" he

asked timidly, then added quickly, "I mean will these ladies object?"

Beads of perspiration covered his face. I thought of the "sweat-born" and wondered if I was actually witnessing the birth throes of a later second-race entity upon its entry on a New Cycle.

I assured Mr. Smart that the ladies would not mind his removing his coat, and suggested the opening of a window.

"Have you studied this subject?" said he, when he had composed himself, and again taken a seat.

I modestly confessed that I had acquired a slight idea of the system.

"Then, what was Brahma?" he further inquired.

I gave him a short exposition of the metaphysical aspect of the religion he had essayed to lecture upon, and expressed my surprise at his crude notions of metempsychosis. "For," I went on to say, "the whole religious thought of enlightened India is permeated with a philosophical conception of the ultimate realization by each human soul of its divinity and oneness with God. Launched upon a cycle of incarnation, the soul, pursuing a pilgrimage through racial types, is ever mounting an evolutionary ladder culminating in Buddhahood, or the state of Man-God on earth. And," I added, "the teaching that the Professor has dealt with, but only imperfectly understood, refers to the failures of Nature and her efforts, by reabsorbing into her laboratory the effects of her mistakes, to restore to the Law the harmony that has been disturbed."

When I ceased speaking the apostle of the Church lugubriously exclaimed:

"Then I think I'll leave out that last bit. And," he added, "I fancy the rest of the matter you have written will be enough for one lecture. I will resume the subject later in the year."

Upon taking his leave, the Reverend Alpheus was profuse in thanks for my correction.

"Some one in the hall might have arisen and asked for the date at which Brahma lived," he whispered.

"That would have been awkward," I laughingly replied.

"Well," said he, "I should have referred him to Professor S——."

One morning, about a week later, I met Mr. Smart in the street. He showed me a letter he had that day received from the Secretary to the Association named, congratulating him upon the success of his lecture. The young men had warmly expressed their appreciation, and it was the unanimous opinion that it would be well if many such lectures, by philosophic gentlemen like our friend, were given to Y. M. C. As.; for it illustrated the great need for missionary labor in our vast Indian Empire.

I opined that the real need was in another direction.

"A chariot cannot go on one wheel alone; so destiny fails unless men's acts co-operate."

"All good fortune belongs to him of contented mind. Is not the whole earth leather-covered for him who wears shoes?"

—*Gems from the East.*

THEOSOPHY.

By DOUGLAS HUNTER.



WHEN Madame H. P. Blavatsky brought Theosophy to the Western World, she clearly stated that it was not new. She had not discovered various phenomena and invented ingenious explanations for them; she had not seen visions and constructed from them a theory of the pilgrimage of the Soul after its exit from earth life. She frequently repeated that the teachings of Theosophy can be found in all the sacred scriptures and are carved in glyph and symbol on the ancient ruins. But Theosophy was not gathered from these. The archaic truths which are the basis of all religions have been preserved by the Helpers of Humanity who have existed through all time. Mme. Blavatsky but re-states these truths which were taught her.

Her teachings are not fragmentary; she did not teach Ethics only; she did not ignore Science or decry reason, though as an outcome of modern life and thought she found Science and Religion divorced, and Ethics left without a basis. She taught a consecutive philosophy of life; the life of the Universe. Her great work, the *Secret Doctrine*, is a synthesis of Science, Religion and Philosophy. Life is a whole. Different phases and aspects of it have been dwelt upon and classified by Science, Religion and Philosophy, but only when these three are united in harmony can a correct conception of Life be grasped. The physical, mental, spiritual life of man and the Universe are closely interwoven and interdependent. Perfect life can be evolved only when these are properly correlated.

Although Mme. Blavatsky brought nothing that was new to the world, she taught truths that had been long forgotten and which, in many instances, differed greatly from what is generally accepted by dogmatic Religion and materialistic Science. Before one can understand the philosophy he must grasp a few fundamental conceptions that underlie and pervade the entire system of thought.*

The first is the existence of the One Absolute Reality, which antedates all manifested and conditioned being. It is the "Rootless Root" of all that was, is, or ever shall be. It is beyond finite conception, for it is absolute consciousness. It was this the Greeks worshipped as the "Unknown God." Some Eastern schools left it unnamed and referred to it as "That"—That out of which all things were made and which will exist when everything has ceased to be. It is the omnipresent and eternal God. This eternal essence, which exists without relation to conditioned being, is the basis of the manifested Universe.

At the dawn of creation it manifests under the dual aspect of Spirit and

*See "The Secret Doctrine," Vol. I., Proem.

Matter; not Consciousness and Matter as we know them, but Pre-Cosmic Ideation, which is the root of all individual consciousness, and Pre-Cosmic Substance, which is the basis of all grades of matter. It is evident that a contrast of these two aspects of the Absolute is essential for manifestation and evolution; for Matter furnishes the substance through which Spirit may work out its evolution, and Spirit supplies the guiding intelligence for the evolution of Matter. This duality is reflected in every part of the Universe. In the lower kingdoms of Nature it is seen in the impelling force moving Matter on to higher forms of life; in man is the cause of the struggle of the Soul with its earthly tendencies.

Another basic teaching of Theosophy is that this Universe is the scene of periodic manifestation, life and its forms continually appearing and disappearing. There was a time when this Universe was not; there will be a time when it shall cease to be. But the same flow and ebb which gave the outward impetus to this Universe and which shall withdraw it again into the darkness of that "Causeless Cause," has been and shall be the cause of numberless periods of manifestation followed by equivalent periods of rest. This law of the recurrence of periods of activity and rest is also mirrored in every form of life, as indeed are all the fundamental processes of Nature.

This is easy to understand when we think of the Universe as a whole; the impulses given it by pre-cosmic ideation pulsate through every part of it even to the last extremity. The tendency of everything to reproduce, in its own form of life, the laws of the Universe, may be illustrated by the growth of an elm tree. The trunk divides into three principal branches; each of these separate into three smaller branches. Whenever these divide it is in groups of three, and no tiny twig appears without its two companions. The recurrence of cycles may be seen in the succession of the seasons, day and night; in the periods of rest and activity of plants and hibernating animals. It is especially illustrated by insects that pass through the chrysalis stage. In man it is seen in the cycles of birth, maturity and old age, death and rebirth; in the days of activity and nights of rest, and the longer days and nights of life and the state of rest entered upon after death.

The third fundamental truth is the identity of all Souls with the Over-soul and the obligatory pilgrimage of these rays of the One Reality through a series of incarnations which last throughout the whole term of manifestation. Pure Spirit can gain individual self-consciousness only after it has passed through every form of life, from elemental nature through mineral, plant and animal kingdom and man up to the highest intelligences of the Universe. This pilgrimage is accomplished first, by the onward impetus given it at its start, which carries it through the lower planes of Nature; but when in man it awakes to self-conscious intelligence its evolution must be carried on by "self-devised effort." The double evolution of Spirit and Matter begins at the dawn of creation; there are no skips or gaps; every step that is taken must be preceded by the steps which lead up to it.

The law of Re-incarnation does not apply to man only, but to every form

of life; the Monad enters every phase of existence again and again, until its lesson has been mastered. It would be utterly impossible for a ray of pure Spirit that had no experience in matter to incarnate in bodies of as complicated organism and as dense material as our own; and it would be equally impossible for blind Matter to construct these bodies without the guiding intelligence of Spirit. The obligatory pilgrimage of the Soul is sometimes called the "Cycle of Necessity," for the Soul is forced by virtue of its own nature, by the impetus given it to work its way onward and upward until it at last finds reunion with its source. There can be no such thing as giving up the struggle. What is not accomplished now will have to be done at another time. The Soul is compelled to wander, as was the "Flying Dutchman," until it has found its release and earned the privilege of conscious re-uniting with the Over-soul which gave it birth.

But the incarnations of the Soul are guided by the strictest law and governed by the most rigid economy. The Soul is drawn by the ties that are most binding; these are the ruling passions, the dominant ideas and the unappeased desires of the previous life. An occasional longing for a better life or a general dissatisfaction with the things of this world are not enough to counteract the effect of the thought of a lifetime or to immediately transplant the Soul into a higher realm, though each must have its due effect. Each life is the outcome of previous lives, but it will be no higher than its predecessor, unless the thoughts that bind are cancelled and replaced by nobler ones.

In the "identity of all Souls with the Over-soul" lies the basis of Universal Brotherhood. The unity, and therefore inter-dependence, of humanity is the foundation for all the teachings of brotherly love and, since it is the law of the universe, ignoring or transgressing it is followed by confusion and suffering. The inharmony in the world, from the warring of nations down to individual quarrels, is due to the fact that mankind has ignored this fundamental law of life and proceeds on the principle of every man for himself. The school-boy who violates the laws of the school room, imagines that he has gained something, quite blind to the fact that the rules are for his benefit. When later he is punished and has an unpleasant time, he fancies that the teacher has a grudge against him.

The laws of the Universe are for man. When he violates them and finds his life a miserable tangle, he is too apt to blame his Creator or say that he is a puppet of fate. The only hope of man's salvation lies in strict conformity to law, the law of the Universe as reflected in the laws of physical, mental and spiritual growth.

Mme. Blavatsky exhorts everyone, be he Christian, Jew, Buddhist or Mohammedan, to study his own religion by the light of these truths, and he will find it truer, dearer, and more full of meaning, for the laws of nature are the only basis for Ethics.

"He who does not recognize bread and salt is worse than a wild wolf."

—*Gems from the East.*

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.



NOW is it that Theosophy seems opposed to the supremacy of reason? When we look at the emancipation of man from the thralldom of creed and dogma which has come about through the development of the reasoning faculty; when we look also at the great progress in science and philosophy as a further result of this development, it seems indeed right to follow reason as a guide, and I do not understand the position taken by some Theosophists in regard to it. Please explain what grounds, if any, they may have for their views. T. C.

To say that Theosophy is opposed to the supremacy of reason is very different from saying that Theosophy is opposed to reason—and this latter it certainly is not, any more than it is opposed to any other part of man's nature, when acting harmoniously and in its right sphere. Theosophy, as I understand it, is opposed to the supremacy of reason just as it is opposed to the supremacy of the physical body and its appetites, or to the supremacy of other passions and desires. But it does not reject or despise any one of these.

The matter may be looked at in this way, that to make one instrument or any combination of instruments, in an orchestra, supreme, would be to destroy the harmony and balance of the whole. The conductor or leader of the orchestra is and must be supreme, and to him every member must respond. The same is true of an army or a factory or any great institution if it is to do effective work. There must be the supreme harmonizer.

An incomplete analysis and study by man of himself has led him to place this supreme power in the mind, the seat of which is the brain or head. He has been impelled to this through the selfish propensities of his lower nature which loves to dominate and rule. That which feeds and sustains and is the root of this love of power is the reasoning principle. It gratifies man's idea of his swelling self-importance which seeks the recognition and homage of others.

But the study of man which has led to this idea of the supremacy of mind is, as said, incomplete. Even physiologically has a mistake been made and facts overlooked, and more particularly so from a psychological and spiritual standpoint. There is a perfect analogy between the powers of man as a mental and spiritual being and the organs and functions of the physical body. The physiological fact which has been overlooked is that the brain, for its perfect action, depends upon the heart. It is true there must be mutual interdependence between all the organs, but these organs are, as it were, on different planes of action and, as is known, operate in different spheres. We may in part express the relation between the heart and the brain in this way—that the heart is on a higher plane and has a more interior sphere of action than the brain and so should stand to the latter as controller, inspirer and guide. Who is there has not experienced that quality of heart-force that is communicated through a simple

grasp of the hand before the mind has had time to act, but which even a child may understand and which is a true index to the character? But let us turn to further experience—Who are the greatest in the world's history? Whose names are the most revered? Shall we speak of Sir Isaac Newton, Huxley or Spencer; shall we mention Alexander or Caesar; or William Pitt, Gladstone, Jefferson; or our heroes, Christopher Columbus, or George Washington? All of these were great, each in his own way and to each must honor be given. But the world's homage and love is given to those whom we call the Saviors of Humanity—to Jesus, and Buddha, and others who have been like them. If we inquire what are the distinguishing marks of these last, we find that their power was not that of the head, though in this they overtopped all others—their great power lay in the heart. It was not in the love of power, in the dominance of intellect, the seeking to be first—but in the love and service of others.

So, too, with the other names mentioned; those whose work was pre-eminently for others and not self or fame will remain in the loving memory of men, their deeds will live after them, the harvests of the seeds they have sown shall be reaped year after year and be a lasting memorial to them when the memory of the greatest soldiers, statesmen and philosophers whose work was not so characterized has passed into oblivion, however great their mental development may have been.

To give supremacy to the reason is to separate oneself from others. The heart-supremacy unites. The one is analytical, questioning, doubting, having no certain foundation, swayed by argument, sure one day and doubting the next, dreaming unreal fantastic dreams. The other is synthetic, trusting, compassionate.

There is a class of people—thinkers and reasoners, so-called, who say—"Prove to me and then I will believe and do, but I must know first." There is a second class who live on the thoughts of others, who read books and books, depending on the reasoning of others, not looking into their own life for the purpose of life but ever ready to quote this or that author; who count their knowledge by the number of books they have read, and so are often perplexed when authors disagree, whose mind therefore never sees clearly, but is confused, no matter how orderly the thoughts of others may be pigeon-holed away in the brain. A third class there is—not large, yet whose faces are turned toward the light, who say—"I know but little, yet this one thing I do know, that it is within my power—the power of my heart—to help, if ever so little to bear my brother's burden; to trust to the law of life, that ultimately all will be well; I have love to give, I have faith and trust—I will both love and trust." Thus is made the first step towards true knowledge, that knowledge of which Christ spoke when he said—"He that *doeth* the will of my Father, shall *know* of the doctrine."

The thirst for knowledge can become as much a craze mentally as the thirst for drink may be physically, and as much or more disastrous to the perfect health and balance of man.

The end of knowledge is use. Thus knowledge for knowledge's sake, which is the natural outcome of the supremacy of the reason, is subversive of its true end.

As we express and act out that which we already have and are, using our store of knowledge—which each, however ignorant, still possesses,—so do we make the acquirement of further knowledge possible. The mind is, as it were, a lens upon which the divine light of wisdom may shine when adjusted and focussed to receive it. Or, it is like a river bed into which ever new streams flow as the old pass on.

But let us turn again to experience. Theory after theory has been built

up by Science only to be found worthless as some newly discovered fact comes within the range of observation. This is because reason has been enthroned as supreme. Reason can never pass from the known to the unknown. Its operations depend upon the supposition of fixed relationships; yet because the Universe is a Universe of Life there are and can be no fixed relationships, but growth and an ever varying adjustment. Take, as example, the relation between the Earth and the Sun and planets, the knowledge of whose interaction may be rightly called one of the triumphs of observation and reason. But the Sun and Earth and planets are living entities through whom act the Cosmic Intelligence and Will. The theories which through reason, based upon observation, Science has put forth in regard to the Solar System and the Universe may be true to-day and to-morrow because of the stupendous order, permanence, and stability of the heavenly bodies, compared to the life of man and the grasp of his comprehension. But as new factors continually come into the life of man, completely changing his course of action and his relationships in life, so it must be also in the life and growth of planets, suns and systems. Modern science has investigated the heavenly bodies as though they were of dead inert matter and whose orbits were eternally fixed. It is as though one should compute the relation between two men, one big and one little, solely on the basis of their size and without reference to their intelligence and heart force, or should say that because a man has pursued a certain course of action for a number of years, therefore he will continue in that course throughout life. In the case of the man as in the case of the planet such a course may be perfectly harmonious for the time being, but it should be remembered that harmony leads on to new harmonies, that the seed develops into the plant, the plant blooms and seeds, that back of plant and man and planet is an incommensurable divine directing power. But the Science of Astronomy knows no other than physical gravitation, so-called, and tacitly assumes there are no other than physical relations existing between the heavenly bodies.

As another illustration, it is as though science had observed the growth of plants from the time they appeared as young shoots above the ground, but knew naught of blossom or fruit or seed. Where these are not known, no amount of reason will lead to the knowledge of them as a natural process of the development of a plant.

But why multiply instances? It must be clear to any intelligent person that reason is a secondary thing to "knowledge" and may be often even the means of obscuring it.

For, there is "knowledge" and sight, and clear apprehension of the Truth; the soul is heir to all knowledge and through that which in them is kindred to its divine nature it can come into an understanding and clear seeing of the relationship of the things around it.

Knowledge comes through service, through use of those powers which each now has, for the good of all. The hindrances to knowledge are the thick screens of selfishness, pride, ambition, with which we have surrounded ourselves. As these are removed that the light of the Sun may shine in our hearts, that light we shall find to be not alone light, but beauty and knowledge.

To reach that light we must even now let the light that is within our hearts shine out on others, then will come the answering light from the hearts of those others and from that great Luminary which is the Source and the End of all Light.

It is not by reason that this can be attained, but by the heart's love and service, and hence that man who bows down to Reason as the supreme god is surely deluded.

J. H. F.



PICTURES IN JOY'S DAY.

By LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD.

Joy is in her flower garden and is looking very happy. Smiles are playing about her lips and making dimples in her cheeks. The honey bees are buzzing about her, but she is not afraid of them in the least. She is gathering marigolds. The brightest, biggest and freshest of them bend their gold-crowned heads to her hand to pluck. There are sweet-peas, phlox, nignonette and roses a plenty in the garden; why does she not gather them? Surely they are preferable to the marigold, which has no fragrance. But Joy knows what flowers she wants.

Those who have eyes to see Fairies may see many of them floating in a cloud of beautiful colors all around Joy. When she has gathered all the flowers she wishes, she binds their stems together and ties them up with a soft twine, and looks satisfied with her bouquet. Then she sets out on a walk down the road and all the Fairies go with her, singing songs sweeter than the sweetest nightingales one ever heard. Joy is not noticing them, but she is happy, sweet and good enough for the company of these beautiful Fairies.

Soon she comes to the cottage of Grandma Snowden. She finds her in the garden, which has in it many beautiful flowers, but not one marigold is to be seen. Grandma Snowden hears the click of the garden gate and turns to see the beaming face of Joy looming up above the great bunch of marigolds she carries.

"Why, Joy! Joy!" exclaimed Grandma Snowden. "What have you brought me? A great bunch of the flowers I love the very best; just the very best! Why, Joy! You honey sweet! What put it into your dear young head to bring them to me?" Then Joy breaks into a laugh as merry as that of the rippling brook which hurries over its pebbly bed just outside of Grandma Snowden's garden.

"Why, Grandma Snowden," says Joy, "I heard the girls laughing at you in school to-day, because they heard you say that you 'loved marigolds', and they thought they were '*just horrid*'." Then Grandma Snowden laughs and Joy laughs, and Grandma Snowden smells the marigolds and says she likes them, their scent and golden color, and that they always give her "pleasant thoughts". Then Joy says she likes them too, and they laugh together again—Grandma and Joy.

When Joy goes home she has some of each flower that grows in Grandma Snowden's garden, which she and Joy have plucked together, chatting all the time like the best of comrades. On the way she meets her brother Jay, who is very glad to see her, for he says: "Why, Joy, I have been looking everywhere for you!

"Now I want you to do something for me, Joy, and I'll tell you. Rob has been up to the house and we have made it up between us to go off to-morrow for a day's fishing. He is coming up to stay with me to-night, so that we can make an early start. Mother says we must have a warm breakfast before we go, and I can't get Molly to promise us anything before the regular breakfast time. Now, Joy, won't you, like a dear, dear girl, get up early and fix us some coffee and eggs, or anything like that, you know. I've been to Rob's house and he has had a good breakfast for me."

Here Jay looked earnestly in Joy's face to see how she was going to take his proposition. Just here, eyes for seeing Fairies could see a commotion in the ranks of the bright troop which had been all along with Joy. They seem struck, taken off their feet, as it were. They begin to grow weak and fall like rose petals from their stem, and in place of the beautiful cloud they lived in, there comes on a dark mist, and looking out of it here and there in the mist are disagreeable imp-like faces, and this mist begins to envelop Joy so that her red lips and laughing eyes go out of sight.

Jay does not see all this, of course, but he sees Joy hesitate and not look pleased. The fact is, happy-hearted, good natured, generous, loving Joy has one fault—she is lazy, and never so lazy as in the early morning. And now the thought of getting up perhaps as early as 5 o'clock is a very distasteful and disagreeable one, and comes like a dark cloud over her spirit of good temper.

Jay sees this and tries to call up a rallying force: "I say now, Joy, I will call you, and when you are awake you will never know whether it is 5 o'clock or 7. If you will just do this for me, Joy, I'll promise to bring you the biggest bunch of cardinal flowers I can get."

Now Joy admires the cardinal flower very much, and has many a time risked getting wet feet and muddy dress just to secure a few sprays. When the cardinal flowers are mentioned by Jay, those with eyes for the Fairies see a break in the dark mist and a revival of life among the bright Fairies which have been so smitten with the dark mist. They begin to get up on their feet again, and to shake out their rumpled dresses, and when they hear what Joy says, they just bound up and sparkle again like dew-drops in the morning sun.

"You know, Jay", says Joy, "I love the cardinal flowers better than any others in the world, and I do hope you will bring some to me. Yet I would not

get up so early for a cart load of cardinal flowers, but I mean to get over being so lazy in the mornings. I have been intending to make a start all along, and now I will give myself the first lesson to-morrow morning, if you will call me. Say *Fire!* and that will start me. I will get up *sure* and get your breakfast."

Jay laughs loud and merrily. "Good idea! I will start the range fire first and then I'll cry you up with *Fire!* You are a dear girl, Joy, and I thank you a lot for this—I knew I could count on you. Joy."

The dark mist by this time is all gone, and Joy speeds along home as happy as when she went out with the marigolds. She goes up on the porch, where she finds her father and mother sitting. She shows her pretty bouquet with great delight and tells them all about her call on Grandma Snowden. "Have you got your lessons, Joy?", asks her father. "Yes, papa", says Joy, "all but a little copying which will take me about five minutes." "Very well, do it now," said the father, "and then will you play for me my favorite?"

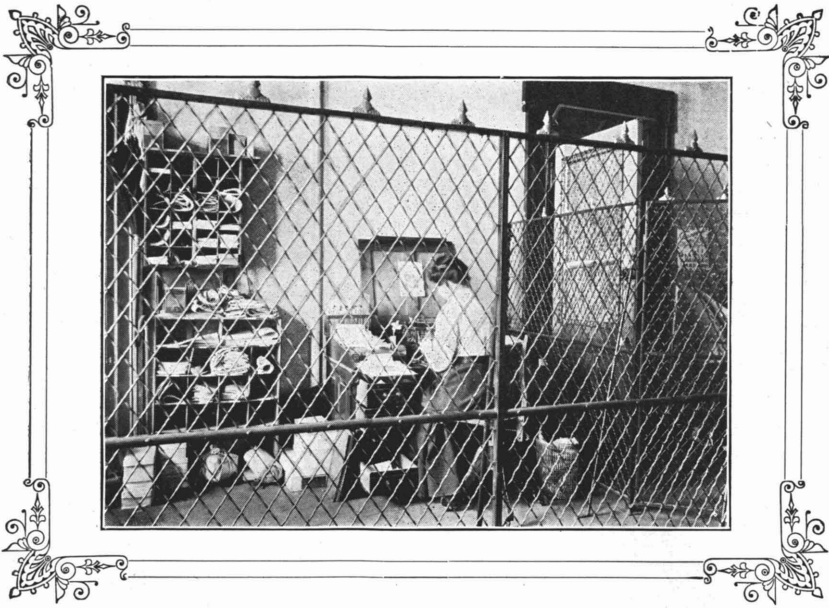
Here another little dark cloud begins to form and little imp faces peep out, but they are almost immediately swept out of sight and hearing by a song the bright Fairies strike up, which cannot be here written down but it meant just this: "Isn't it nice that Joy knows her papa's 'favorite' so well? She will have no bother in hunting the music and making a light, and then if her mamma asks for *her* favorite she knows just as well. That is the good of having our persevering Fairies in service."

Joy is just going to ask her little sister, who is rocking her dollies to sleep, to run in the house for her school-books, but she thinks just in time and gets them for herself. While she works at her copying, a little black mist gathers and drifts right across her face as she is thinking: "It is a great deal nicer to sit here under this honey-suckle vine, than in the dark parlor playing even papa's 'favorite'." But the light Fairies are on guard and through them she gets a whiff from a spray of late blooming honey-suckle, which makes her think: "How lovely that I can play it so easily. If I had not kept *at it*, I never could have done so."

"Now, papa", she says brightly, "I am all ready to play for you your 'favorite'", and skips into the room as blithely as a bird. In the midst of her playing she hears a carriage stop, but she does not stop her playing until her father calls her. Then she comes quickly out on the porch. Close up to it on the carriage-drive is a shining carriage and prancing horses, and in the carriage is her aunt and uncle and her best-beloved cousin Fay. "O isn't it glorious!" And cousin Fay is saying, "We are going to stay at the Point for a week, and we have come to get Joy to go back with us and stay over night".

Down goes Joy's heart and on come the dark Fairies again. "O mamma! I promised that I would surely get an early breakfast in the morning for Jay and Rob, and I *must*", says Joy, and the tears in her eyes are almost ready to drop. And the thought is in her heart that this is just a *little* too hard a trial for her to bear. For a minute the dark Fairies acted as if they had won the day, for they take a wicked delight in seeing people unhappy; but mamma comes to the rescue. "Why will you not leave Fay here for the night, and drive over for her in the morning? Then Jay can see her and Rob too, and they can all have a happy time together." "Yes, yes," echoed the girls. "O papa! O mamma! let us do that." And so it was. And the dark Fairies just shriveled up like burnt leaves, and the shadows flew away like smoke, and the beautiful Fairies floated all around everybody. But they hugged Joy the most because they knew her best and had become used to fighting off the Fairies of the dark mist for her.

The early breakfast was a grand success. Joy and Fay, Jay and Bob and all the sweet gay Fairies breakfasted together.



OFFICES OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION
AT 144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

A GLIMPSE OF POINT LOMA.

Out of a hot and dusty city, full of bustling, rushing life: everywhere houses, houses and offices and factories and workshops, and people with anxious looks, with weary feet and careworn faces, hurrying to get rich or to earn the pittance that would keep body and soul together—out of a city of sadness and gaiety, of poverty and vice, of untold wealth, of hollow mockery and sham and stern necessity, of multitudes herded together—out into the free air, along great rivers, across prairies and wheat fields and farm lands, passing through other great cities where was the same turmoil and hurry and poverty and riches and vice and shams and multitudes of people—passing through quiet hamlets and peaceful villages, pushing across the great sandy desert through choking dust and burning heat—a five days' journey on a rushing train,—and the goal, a Paradise, the new found Home of the Gods, the site of the City Beautiful, that sacred spot whither turn all our hearts—Point Loma!

Our Comrades have written and spoken of it, we have both read and listened, we have seen pictures and photographs, even fragrant flowers that bloom perennially in that land, and iridescent shells from the caves by the sea,—yet no description, no picture, no token of flower or shell, though telling a wondrous story, can reveal the beauties of Point Loma.

No words of our Comrades have been overdrawn, every day some new beauty that is beyond words is shown in sea and sky and landscape. The clear atmosphere, the invigorating and fragrant air, the blue dome of the sky with fleecy clouds that sail within its depths, the glorious tints of sunrise and sunset, or an occasional gray morning or evening, each with its peculiar charm, the placid ocean bounded by a line of foam where it kisses the rocky shore and reverberates through its mysterious caves, the beautiful Bay and the City, the foot-hills and the distant Mountains, flowers ever blooming, birds ever singing, and, sweeter than all, the little children, Lotus Buds and Blossoms, and the ever echoing harmonies of the love of Comrades—all Nature conspires to aid the wise and loving hand that points the way to a realization once more of man's highest, though long forgotten, powers as a radiant Son of Light.

It is a new world that is being opened out at Point Loma. The conventional hollow mockeries of modern life can find no place there. One feels that he must leave behind his mask, whatever its nature, when he sets foot in this sacred land. If not, every circumstance seems to be in league to reveal and uncover his real self to himself and his fellows and to show him as he is. Life here is not easy, it is strenuous, for we all, earnest students though we be, have difficulties of habit, disposition, tendency, built up and ingrained and fostered through past years and past lives, to combat and overcome; but the combat has a new element in it, the soul is awaking and knows that all the forces of Nature are arrayed on its side: there is a new courage, a new strength, a very joy in the struggle, that brings light into the darkest hours.

What a promise is this—a promise for the future welfare of humanity! Here are gathered business men, lawyers, physicians, writers, musicians, artists, me-

chanics—men and women whose great and chiefest aim, as said by a comrade, is not to enter upon great business enterprises and amass wealth, not to practice law or medicine, to write, to study music, to paint, to build houses, but first and foremost to make Brotherhood a living power in their lives, that it may become a living power in the life of Humanity. And if in so doing there is work to be done, such as building a house, tending flowers in the garden, carrying food for the Lotus Buds or caring for and helping the little ones or addressing envelopes or office or household work; each one fits into his place, performs his allotted task, is no more business man, lawyer, physician, writer, etc., but a man or woman with a glad heart and willing hands ready to serve.

Thus, following the guiding hand of our Leader, under her directions is being prepared the nucleus of a new civilization, a seed that shall grow and blossom and regenerate the life of the world, it is the "heaven that shall leaven the whole mass." And, too, each student, each worker, whatever his occupation, is thus fitting himself to act in his own proper sphere in life, and developing his noblest power and capabilities for perfect use in the Cause of the Brotherhood of Humanity. Then will be presented to the world the spectacle of business conducted on Brotherhood principles: law practiced that all may receive Justice and Compassion and Aid; medicine which regards not alone the physical, but the spiritual nature; writing, art, music, not for fame or honor, but for the uplifting of the soul; mechanical work, whether building a house or sweeping a room, dignified and ennobled; all given with joy as an offering on the altar of self-sacrifice for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.

A mere cursory glance fills one with amazement at the work already accomplished and at the near fulfilment of this promise of a new day. As one is driven over from San Diego to the center of all these activities, verily the dawn of a new civilization reveals itself to his astonished gaze. The writer had beforehand learned of the site of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, of the Point Loma Homestead, which later will become a home for students, and the Colony Houses, and these came into view one after another, each on a high hill—the distances from the Homestead to the Colony being about one and a half miles to the north east, and to the site of the School of the Mysteries about half a mile to the south, the position of the Corner-Stone being indicated by the flag of the School waving on its high mast to the breeze during the day, while at night is to be seen from far a beacon light ever burning, a lamp of hope in the darkest hours, and near by the picturesque water-tower.

As said, the writer had heard of these, but what is that wonderful building, nearly completed, high on the hill, near the Homestead, fronting the mighty ocean, and the very sight of which is an inspiration to a harmonious life? Circular in plan, rising in three tiers, surmounted by a dome of perfect proportions, crowned with a sphere and turret—the whole, so it appeared to the writer, typical of what human life should be, as man, though with his feet resting on earth, develops all his powers harmoniously, his thoughts purified, all his passions subordinated, finding his true center in the heart, lifts himself into the free air and lives the perfect life, his very soul in all its divine nature, typified by the sphere, emblem also of the radiant sun, dwelling in the spiritual realms, yet touching, crowning, inspiring and guiding his being on all planes of activity.

In such a dwelling life will become sanctified, it will be a glad worship, a peace, a joy. As each room partakes of the nature of the circular plan, all harmo-

niously fitting in to complete the perfect circle, so every power and activity will become adjusted and circumscribed by the law of the Higher Nature. This unique and beautiful building is but the first of many that will be erected from the original plans and designs of the Foundress-Directress of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. It has already been said of these that "in style and character they are absolutely new to modern times, reviving the beauty and chasteness of ancient periods, anterior to those of which we still have a few remaining examples, and so different from anything now in existence that they cannot be comprehended, much less appreciated, until seen. These buildings and their appointments will be conducive to the greatest simplicity of life, and yet will be more beautiful and utilitarian than the most expensive modern dwellings. They are in themselves object lessons, at once educative and ennobling."

Looking from there toward the sacred spot where is to be reared the Great Temple, the wonderment increased; for on the intervening rising ground, near by, are seen in process of erection six small circular buildings similar in construction, and on inquiry from the Leader, the writer is informed that these are the beginning of the white "City Beautiful" for the little ones, with its dwellings, school-house, play-house, little gardens and such marvellous things that the telling was like a wonderful fairy story. But that, he was told, will be written for the children by "Spots," who will send them a long letter soon, and so no more must be said about it here. The Leader spoke of it with a great joy and truly it is a harbinger of joy to the world. Nowhere do we read of a life so beautiful, so simple, so healthy to body, mind and soul. Nowhere in the whole world is such a "City Beautiful" as this.

The road leading from San Diego to Point Loma is sandy and dusty and the Comrades who attended the great Congress here last year will remember it; but now turning from the highway into the grounds of the Homestead, beneath a wide archway, is a beautiful, firm, hard road; the slope up the hill is graded; the road winds around the house, in one direction being continued past the School site, in another passing over the brow of the hill and descending down to the ocean crossing a deep cañon by means of a newly constructed bridge.

How were these roads made? is the constant inquiry of visitors. There are no hard roads in all the wide neighborhood. But here they are—an accomplished fact—the magical work of but a few weeks. As the writer walked along them he thought of almost incredible stories of the engineering marvels of the ancient Egyptians and what must have been their skill and knowledge; and it seemed to him that the same *skill and knowledge* was working now on Point Loma.

It is a magical land! Many other wonderful things remain to be told—the meetings of the students, with a touch so new to-day, yet reviving the memories of ages long gone, that a new world is entered, men and women take on a new dignity, their thoughts reach to new heights, the hollow shams of the world find no place in their assemblies—the harmony of high aspiration, earnest thought and endeavor, the music, the tones of the voice, the surroundings, the apparel of the students, all unite to give a foretaste of the possibilities that life holds for all men, not alone in their sacred hours but in their every-day activities, when again they shall recognize and follow the Helpers of Humanity and shall live the "Life Beautiful."

In thinking of all that is now here, an accomplished fact, and all that is to

be, one can surely feel that there requires no waiting for the world to recognize not only the grandeur but the utility of this ennobling work. True, there may be some reformers, some real lovers of humanity, who stand at a distance and judge and condemn without knowledge. But to those who take the broader view, who have seen the failures of organizations and institutions established for the benefit of human kind; to such will come the conviction that the Foundress of these wonderful institutions has a series of systems on educational lines that will change the whole aspect of human life wherever they are recognized and followed. Think of the thousands and millions of dollars given by humanitarians to projects for the betterment of their fellows which succeed only to a degree and temporarily; but do they bring out the noblest qualities in those whom they seek to benefit, have they awakened again such souls as adorn the pages of ancient history?

Every day adds to the unfolding of this new life. Who of the members of the Universal Brotherhood has not heard of the wonderful Colony House erected by the loving and faithful service of some who remained with the Leader at Point Loma after the Congress of one year ago, and of the brotherly work of some of those members who stayed and cared for the Colony? Well, a visit there was a part of the writer's plan and he found many interesting features that convinced him that verily this was a Colony on new lines and that the workers were imbued with a spirit of unselfishness and of love for Humanity. Here there are what the world would call old people, and people in the prime of life, and young people and little children from all parts of the world—all busy with their special duties or attending to the general work of the Colony and all radiant and happy. The visit was made one afternoon with the Leader and some of the Comrades and in the large hall of the Colony Building were found many Lotus Buds hard at work at their lessons. During the recitation they sang and recited and spelled and marched. School life for them was a joy. One little Cuban girl, three years old, sang alone one of the Lotus songs in beautiful English and with the sweetest voice; Ricardo, the little Cuban boy, both spelled and recited in English; the tiny buds who a few months ago came here from the Lotus Home, in Buffalo, watched the first part of the proceedings from their high chairs but took part in the marching holding the hands of the bigger children. The effect upon the audience is indescribable, the whole purpose of life seemed filled with a new meaning, it was a glimpse at the true education and to be there was as much a lesson for the grown-ups as for the little ones, a new spirit pervaded the proceedings, it was the promise of noble lives of work for the good of the Race. Shall I be forgiven if I say that such was the effect upon some of the on-lookers that their eyes filled with tears? Oh! the pity of it that children in the past might have had all this! But oh! the joy of it, that the real, happy, joyous life is now begun. Oh! the joy to think that these little ones with hundreds, thousands more, shall grow up into the sweet pure life of noble men and women who will bring again the Golden Age on Earth!

And here the thought comes,—What part have we in this, some of us here, others, the greater number, still living in the busy active life of the world and in its great cities? We know whence has come the inspiration, whose hand it is that plans and guides and adjusts, but that hand alone could not accomplish the work. It is Nature's own law, that no hand alone can accomplish her purposes which are the purposes of the soul. The work we know is for all Humanity and all

creatures and hence it calls for, nay our own souls demand our co-operation; our part it is to aid our Leader and Teacher to accomplish this glorious and mighty work.

Comrades, be our occupation what it may, be our dwelling in the great cities—or in a hamlet, in America, Europe, Australia or any part of the globe, our calling is, as men and women, to aid this work, and aid it we can and will. Each can so aid, all true Comrades by their unselfish devotion do so aid, and in so doing are we hastening the time when the Great Temple shall be completed and be a beacon of Light to all the earth.

J. H. FUSSELL.

One of the first greetings to the Universal Brotherhood Organization in its new offices at Point Loma was a large number of applications for membership from both America and Sweden and also several from England.

White Lotus Day was celebrated May 8th by all the Universal Brotherhood Lodges throughout the world. The sadness which we felt at the seeming loss of our first Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, has been turned to a great joy at the crowning of her heroic life and the ever-nearing fulfilment and actual accomplishment of her dearest hopes. All the White Lotus Day celebrations had this new touch and more and more do we realize the grandeur and nobility and compassion of that great Soul.

From Sydney, N. S. W., Australia, comes a brief notice, as follows: "We had a beautiful White Lotus Celebration last night. Twelve of us took part in readings and addresses. The flower decorations were very artistic and appropriate."

THE NEW CYCLE UNITY CONGRESS.

NEW YORK.

(Continued.)

NOTE ON ADDRESSES AT THE CONGRESS.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR BROTHERHOOD.

BY MRS. M. M. TYBERG.

The new keynote for human life is "Come let us work together for the whole world." Humanity is one, and if the peoples comprising it unite in their thought and work, human life will rise a degree and new joy, possibilities and power shall come for all. *All* work will be glorified when the least thing is done for the benefit of all.

Women must make this new ideal of life their own, must aspire towards it and foster it with their daily thought till it bursts forth into actual deeds of helpfulness for mankind as a whole.

Another way to work for brotherhood open to all women is to look upon all as souls working to perfect the whole nature, to face unflinchingly the lower nature and strengthen by love and trust the higher. This would be to love more wisely than many love at present.

These two means of working for brotherhood carried out by all women would soon free great helpers for the race, and make it possible for the great purposes of the Helper at present with us to become an actual wave of compassion, passing over the whole world reaching the needy in every land. The objects formulated by the Foundress of the International Brotherhood League are noble and inspiring, and embody the new ideal of helpfulness for men *and* women.

A new form will be given the legend of the Holy Grail in time to come. We shall hear not only of Knights, but of brothers and sisters of Compassion, going forth from the Mother's house to fulfil her promise that wherever there is a grief to heal or a sorrow to mitigate there we will be.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

BY MRS. COROLYN F. OBER.

In this age of general calamity, when disaster affects the individual, the nation and the relationship of all nations, the real difficulty, in fact the cause of all our difficulties, lies in the fact that modern civilization has no philosophy. To a vast number of beings therefore, life has no meaning. It is but drift. Naturally then consciousness must become absorbed in a sensuous life; and the one impulse to secure as much as one can for oneself must prevail with discord as the inevitable result. The word philosophy is derived from the Greek words *Philo* and *Sophia*, meaning love and wisdom. Science means merely to know. Now knowledge of itself may be of very little benefit, but the knowledge of the laws of our own being, combined with philosophy, or that love of wisdom which means adaptation to the law, opens a vista of radiant possibilities. And yet love of wisdom has become lost in love of self. That there once was a philosophy of life, universal in its application and universally accepted is easily proved. Examine the ethical codes of every great race religion. They will be found identical in their presentation of the dynamic law of being. Then discover the philosophy that has been for long locked up in the myths and allegories of every nation. They also are identical in the evolutionary story which they tell us.

Let us examine, for instance, the very simple legend of the sleeping princess—little else than a common nursery tale to all appearance, but full of wonderful meaning. We will take the version given us by Tennyson.

The princess represents the soul. The story tells us the profound truth that when the spiritual nature sleeps, all the powers in the realm of the soul must also cease, though the powers of the material life outside the hedge, remain active, but cannot reach their full attainment because separated by the "hedge" from the soul. The hedge represents the obstacles that separate the lower from the higher life. The one hundred years indicate the cycle of time most propitious for a possible reunion of matter with spirit.

This story is told in many different forms in the ancient myths, and it has a special significance for us now. At the present moment every possibility is within our reach. We must once more awaken the spiritual nature. We must dare to face and overcome the difficulties of the lower life. When we do then disappearance will become assured and we may find our own. It is useless to try any other method of bringing order out of present chaos, but, the higher life awakened, all that is below it must yield obedience to its mandates and fall into line. The auspicious moment has arrived to seek to recover our lost knowledge of the law of being, and to once more learn the love of wisdom. A great ocean of affluence surrounds us. We miss its benefactions because of our lack of adjustment, for the law of all laws, the law of adjustment, of adaptation, of appropriation, of divine harmony, is Unity, or Universal Brotherhood.

THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF BROTHERHOOD IN DAILY LIFE.

BY C. L. CARPENTER.

This is a very practical day and generation and we take just pride in it. If a new invention is presented, a new project or process, we straightway settle back on our heels and ask, what can it do? and if perchance it is something that can dig down a hill that stands in the way of a railroad, or a process that can melt iron ore a little quicker and cheaper we at once syndicate it and put it on the market.

Now some twenty-five years ago, Brotherhood, new because we had forgotten it, was brought to the notice of the world, and a few wise souls who could see, and who knew a real thing when they saw it, took brotherhood in faith and trust and syndicated it and it is on the market today, and its bonds paying a hundred, a thousand, or a million per cent., just as you choose to figure it, are free for the asking, the only restriction placed on the cutting of the coupons is that we must know how to use them. But we must get down to the practical. What is this Brotherhood? Is it a theory, or is it a something that can go to bed with a man at night, and get up with him in the morning, and sit down with him at his breakfast table, lending an air of harmony and gentleness; is it not the thing to follow him to his office, or place of business, making the morning greetings precious. Shall it not come home with him after an anxious day and help to smooth the frowns out of his face. Shall it not make him deal fairly and evenly and considerately with all his fellows.

I believe in the stars that are said to sing together in the morning, but I also believe that those same stars shall not make perfect music till we stars of the earth shall learn to sing our parts truly and join our voices to theirs and so make the perfect harmony. That is Brotherhood for every day, and when we wake to that sense of it, the roll of drums in the armed camps of the world shall cease and all the armies and all the peoples of the earth shall march to the steady throbbing of Brotherhood, Brotherhood, Brotherhood.

The following reports are printed by courtesy of the *New Century*:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., U. B. LODGE No. 7.

U. B. Lodge No. 7 is still heaving a long, satisfied sigh over the celebration of the inaugural New Cycle Unity Congress, which is admitted to have been an unqualified success by both members and outsiders. The hall in which the exercises were held was bright with the flags of all nations, beautiful with flowers and Nature's green, sweet with the breath of acacia, and alive with the force of the New Cycle. Every chandelier had its burden of flags and flowers, every window sill its bed of green stuff, and, best of all, every seat its pleased, interested occupant. The entire front of the raised stage seemed like a bank loaded with Nature's coin, from the center of which rose the Leader's picture framed in a purple heart, below which stood an offering of purple cinerarias so large as to suggest that the earth itself was making special efforts to recognize her noble work for all that lives. Perhaps the most striking decoration was the screen at the back of the stage, which is thus described by its designer:—

"The background consisted of a large screen in three leaves, eleven and a half feet high, covered with blue cloth, having in the center a heart-shaped opening, pointed at the top and terminating downward in large spiral scrolls, colored pure white above and shading to deep blue below, the opening being inclosed with a band of gold. Over the heart stretched the well-known Egyptian winged-globe, resplendent in red and blue and green and gold. Above, the flags of America and the S. R. L. M. A. were gracefully draped. A curtain hung behind so as to show a white center to the heart, through which the performers passed on and off the stage. Long gilded torches divided the three panels of the screen, two more showed from behind where they supported the white curtain, and along the top was draped red bunting.

"The figures composing the tableaux were posed on low, white pedestals in the heart and on each side, and when not so occupied a harp standing on its column formed both a symbol in itself and also a part of the symbolism of the whole. It

was a seven-stringed lyre, having a blue flame at the top and a heart at the base of the strings, the column, which rested on a dark blue sphere, representing the soul connecting heaven with earth."

The modesty of the artist did not permit him to add that this screen was a beautiful evidence of the great assistance the art of combining color in symbolical design can be in teaching the real wisdom. Those who came to scoff—if any such there were, which is doubtful—caught by its beauty, remained to inquire as to its meaning, and its image will dwell in their minds for many a day, a seed of Universal Brotherhood. Much more could be said as a labor of love in describing the surroundings at our Congress, but doubtless every other center is equally enthusiastic and demanding a hearing, so, without further preliminary, is presented the account of the Children's Festival by the Superintendent of the Lotus Group:

The children from both Lotus Groups assembled at the appointed time. Girls, attired in white Grecian robes, carried large bouquets of flowers, while the boys performed the office of standard-bearers of the flags of all nations, the American and the S. R. L. M. A. flags being borne in advance. As all marched in double file down the middle aisle of the Academy of Sciences Hall, dividing at the rear and then coming singly down the two outer aisles, they thus formed a heart inclosing a large audience. At the same time the children were told to fix their minds on the Perfect Heart which encompasses the whole world.

The march being over, the flags were stacked in front of the stage, the American flag and the flag of the School being draped over all the others. Then all marched to the stage, taking their places on either side of a large, decorated picture of the Leader, over which had been placed a white silken veil. Two of the older children unveiled the picture, after which three minutes were devoted to silence. So still was it during that time that only heart throbs could be felt. The song, "We Are the Flowers" was next rendered as only children could who had been accustomed to put their hearts in every act performed as a loving service to mankind. The "Floral Dance," a suggestion from "Eumenides," was presented by eight members of the Young People's Club attired in Grecian robes and bearing garlands of roses, dancing graceful figures and depicting the symbolical emblems of a cross, ladder, triangle and unity.

The Children's Festival concluded with tableaux representing various states of the Soul's consciousness, to which the scenery added great charm in its symbolical emblems and array of color. Thus the success of the children's portion of the programme marked a bright era for the Unity Congress and San Francisco Lodge. So we are forced to see that the words of the Teacher are fast coming true: "And a little child shall lead them."

SUPERINTENDENT.

Nothing so impressive as the opening of the public entertainment on Saturday evening is recorded in the annals of the public doings of our Lodge. The lights in the hall were extinguished, and the clear notes of the bugle-call sounded out as the curtain in front of the stage went up, disclosing four heralds in white robes, with long trumpets at their lips, standing in front of the heart, before described, sending the message of "Truth, Light and Liberation" to the four corners of the earth. This swelled up from behind the screen, first chanted by bass voices, then taken up by the tenors, passed by them to the childish treble, and, finally, rolled out by the whole chorus. Then the President read a Proclamation of Universal Brotherhood, after which came a programme of vocal and instrumental numbers, interspersed with tableaux.

Of the music, it is sufficient to say that it was of the very best, the artists contributing being noted for their ability, and performing up to their high standard of excellence. But the tableaux cannot be so disposed of. That depicting "The Awakening of the Soul" deserves particular attention. Here girls in Grecian costumes were arranged on graduated pedestals, three on each side of the heart and one in the center. As the curtain opened these figures were disclosed with arms folded and heads pillowed thereon. Gradually they awaken, and with graceful movements turn to the central figure with arms extended, while the first two play

on the harp, expressing their recognition of their Soul's divine origin and their relation to the Oversoul. Every number was enthusiastically received.

At the Sunday meeting four addresses were given on the "Practical Aspect of Universal Brotherhood," "Karma, The Law of Cause and Effect," "Reincarnation" and "The Spiritual Aspect of Theosophy." By the time the last speaker mentioned the names of the three Leaders the great audience was so with us that it rose as one man and stood in silence to honor these World's Saviors.

A. D. ROBINSON, Secretary.

The following is the Proclamation read at the Public Entertainment:

"In opening this entertainment, which is a portion of the New Cycle Unity Congress of the Universal Brotherhood for the year 1900, it is desired to emphasize the principal purpose of the Organization, which is 'to teach Brotherhood, to demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and to make it a living power in the lives of men.' The Organization affirms and declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and it has been established 'for the benefit of the peoples of the earth and all creatures.' It therefore repeats and re-proclaims the old angelic message of 'Peace on earth and good-will toward men.' It declares itself as an organization to be in sympathy with every effort to uplift Humanity and to make men realize their divine nature and glorious destiny. It clasps hands with all who desire the good of their fellow-men; it urges unity of action for the common good, tolerance for each other's religious beliefs, and pity and helpful compassion for the weak, ignorant and sinning. It appeals to all men to hope and work for higher, purer, more beautiful ideals in this, the dawn of a new century and a New Cycle! It proclaims 'Truth, Light and Liberation' as its watchword and rallying-cry; it but desires to make all men helpful and compassionate, and therefore happy.

"Believing that life should be at all times joy, and joyousness and gladness in all innocent ways promoted and encouraged, it offers you this entertainment to-night as an illustration of one of its many methods of exemplifying its philosophy of life, and its dissent from all forms and doctrines of pessimism and despair. Said the wise men of old, 'There is a time for all things,' and to-night is a time to be happy."

LOUISVILLE, KY., U. B. LODGE No. 119.

Members in Louisville, Ky., conducted their New Cycle Unity Congress with great success, all, the local press included, pronouncing it such. The Greek Symposium feature, which proved of such universal attraction wherever produced, was no exception in this instance, the papers mentioning it especially, as the following extracts show:—

"An entertainment in Louisville, which will be largely unique in introducing the ancient classic drama, is the New Cycle Unity Congress Greek Symposium, which will be given under the auspices of the Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 119, April 14, at 8 o'clock, at Library Hall. The stage setting and costumes will be unlike any modern designs, and will closely adhere to the old Greek ideal.

"The first scene will be a banquet hall, with opening music by the orchestra, and will introduce an assembly of noted philosophers, statesmen, musicians, poets and artists. This will be followed by the introduction of guests, discourses, music, songs and poems, and an imposing closing ceremony. The original Greek Symposiums were gatherings for mutual benefit and enlightenment, as well as enjoyment, but later degenerated into drinking debauches. It is purposed to reproduce the Symposium in its original purity, with ancient Greek costumes, stage settings and appropriate music. As a feature of the Symposium the personifiers of these ancient masters will present some of the philosophy of this old school. The proceeds will be used by the International Brotherhood League to help discouraged humanity."—*Louisville Post*.

The stage was set as the interior of a Greek dining hall; i. e., white paneled walls, the center of each panel having a mythological picture painted thereon. This hall possessed three screen sets. In the center of the stage was set a table eighteen inches high, open at the base and facing the audience. This V was filled with

potted plants in blossom, purple, white and yellow predominating. The table was draped in white, the top cloth covered with flat ferns, cut-flowers, fruits, nuts, figs, oranges, dates, candies, apples, bananas, flowers, cut-ferns and ropes of smilax being used in profusion. Along either side of the table and three feet from it were arranged couches eighteen inches high. These were first covered with white draperies reaching to the floor, then fancy Oriental rugs were thrown over them and pillows of bright colors were placed three feet apart for the guests to recline on.

At the apex of the triangle sat the host's chair. All along the sides, back of the couches, were large six-foot palm trees, and others three feet in height were scattered here and there among the higher ones. At front end of couches on either side stood two large purple and yellow pedestals holding jardinières of blossoming plants and ferns. On stands on either side of the door at the rear of the stage stood immense growing ferns fully five feet in circumference, and in the hallway seen through the door were other palms and ferns. Three large hanging baskets of trailing ferns and flowers were suspended over the table at the angles of a triangle. All characters were dressed in Greek costumes of white cashmere, trimmed in purple, yellow or blue, in Greek patterns.

The curtain rose as the second musical selection was rendered and as Pythagoras, followed by two slaves dressed in white, entered; the slaves at once disappeared to usher in Colynthia and Helen, two students of the "Beautiful" along the lines of painting and sculpture. They were followed by Biogenes, then Lydia and Diotima, Socrates and Plato, Pausanias and Æsculapius, and others, until six lady and six gentleman guests were welcomed, the host making thirteen, and with the two slaves there were fifteen in the cast. After the general greeting, the guests were seated and Pythagoras addressed them in a few words as to why he had invited them to his home, and announced that the subject of the evening's discussion was "The Beautiful, Good and True." Then, while sweet music soothed their hearts, the slaves placed laurel wreaths on the heads of all present. The guests were then called upon to express themselves on the subject of the evening. Some did so in verse, some in song, some in recitations or speeches,—the words of Diotima being the key-note of all: "True it is, my friends, that we as human beings are ever in search of that which in the end proves but mirage. . . . The poet, the artist, the sculptor, are ever in search of greater heights to climb; but *you*, my friends, could ye but cease to look *without* and look *within*, you would there find the 'good, the beautiful, the True,' all three in their perfection, and 'peace that passeth human comprehension.'"

The newspapers and all in the audience pronounced the Symposium a "great success." Before the curtain rose, three little Lotus Buds, dressed in white, sold the "New Cycle Unity Congress Issue" of the *New Century*, and from dainty baskets carried on their arms presented each purchaser with a purple or yellow flower. The Boys' Brotherhood Club and the Lotus Children attended in a body. COMMITTEE.

PITTSBURG, PA., U. B. LODGE No. 56.

The members of Wilkensburg and Pittsburg U. B. Lodges joined hearts and hands and held the New Cycle Unity Congress on the three days appointed, opening with an E. S. T. meeting on the evening of the 13th. Saturday evening, April 14, a public reception and the opening of our new Hall, 4700 Penn Avenue, was observed with a fitting program. Sunday evening a public meeting was held. There were, among the interesting numbers on the program, synopses of the work carried on at Lotus Home, the Boys' Brotherhood Clubs, by the Woman's Exchange and Mart, the War Relief Committee, the Cuban Crusade, and the Cuban Colony at Point Loma, departments of the International Brotherhood League, that organ of the Universal Brotherhood for practical humanitarian work.

The meetings were well attended, many inquiries being made and general interest manifested. The members feel that the New Cycle Unity Congress held in their midst was a grand success which the future work of the Lodges will prove; for they are satisfied that good seed was sown in good ground and will bring forth fruit in due season.

H. W., Secretary Lodge No. 56.