

Universal Brotherhood Path.

VOL. XV.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

NO. 6.

"THE LIFE."

By STUDENTS AT POINT LOMA.

I.



HIS subject recalls to mind the sayings of Jesus,—“I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life”, and, “No man cometh to the Father but by me.” Now what does it mean to say,—“I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life”? Does it not mean that in our very bodies, minds and hearts there flows that river of conscious being which proceeds from the Eternal to the Eternal, incessantly coming and going, and we standing as the watchers and controllers of the tide-gates, regulating that flow of force which passes through us and is in reality ourselves, as we flow in and out and through this body? It is the stream, the way, the road, call it by what name you will, which connects the bodily life and its consciousness with the higher consciousness and divine soul-existence. It is only by the regulation of the traffic of the mind and the body, of the thoughts and desires, of the aims and aspirations, that the roadway of the soul may be kept free and open and easy to travel. This constitutes being the Way.

The Way, as it appears to me, is the soul itself; it is that mysterious Being which connects the known with the unknown, as thought connects the thinker with the thing thought of, as also speech and action, and as all the senses; for when I say that I see you, is it not an expression of the divinity of my own soul in the terms of my own triple consciousness, an expression of the unity and immortality of myself and of all other selves? For what is this thing which we call sight, or for the matter of that, any of the other senses which are so commonly though erroneously called physical? How do I see; and what mean Here and There and Sight, and You and I and It? The ordinary and so-called scientific explanations of these things are utterly inadequate. A far deeper line of thought must be pursued ere the true and wonderful meaning of the phenomena which we call Life can be remotely understood and its lessons learned. Much might be said upon this point in order to demonstrate that in these everyday and ordinary things there lies the revelation of the soul, and in these things,

the perfected expression of the true Philosophy of Life, the demonstration and the proof of more than man has dreamed possible of proof or demonstration. Suffice it however, now, to say that in ourselves there is more than ample demonstration to be found, that in ourselves and all the realms of Being, in all the emotions and the mechanism of that wonderful and marvelous machine called Man, there lies sufficient evidence to show beyond all doubt that Man is a soul—the Way, connecting the finite with the infinite, a wonderful triune entity, a being whose parts so play and interblend that it is hard to tell unity from diversity. But Soul he is, and the greatest problem of “the Life” is how he may regain his consciousness divine and rise above the small and petty things of the lower, outer and material life.

This is the great problem and many there have been who tried to solve it and regain their lost inheritance of Light and Love and Life. Many have been the trials and many the failures, but the record of success is blank. Here we find ourselves face to face with a silence and secrecy impenetrable. What successes there have been and these how great, we do not know, and neither would it least avail us if we did lay hands on a perfect list of those who, from time to time, have risen above the mists and fogs of earthly sensuous life.

Sufficient now for us to know that here we are surrounded by a world full of sorrow and sin and strife, and face to face with problems which each himself must solve by personal action and personal experience, until he finds the Way the Life. But although we are unable to perform another's deeds, we each can aid by thought and speech and act, and thus help clear away some of the obstacles which bar the feet, obscure the path of those who struggle towards the Light.

As thought precedes act, so theory precedes practice, and thus awhile we may consider ways and means of finding Light and Freedom for the world and for ourselves. Thus in the matter of the Philosophy of Life may we show it is not so difficult to understand as many presuppose, for it is common in this age to say, “You cannot know!” “ ’tis impossible to tell!”—then “questions rise that urge an answer”, insomuch as these deep things “are not for us to know, they being beyond man's finite comprehension, and that God's good pleasure must be waited in order that he may reveal to us what we are not designed to know”—a strange and inconsistent tale, a jumble of superstitious ignorance and hopeless logic which cannot stand the test and light of reason and investigation.

But here we face the issue squarely, and having thought, and our thought found vent in speech, now let us act that in our actions we may prove correctness of our reason and show the world in plain and tangible results, the superiority of truth to lies, of light to darkness, which it now so rigidly denies. We have thought and we have spoken, and it now remains for us to act, or turn upon our thought and speech and brand ourselves as hypocrites and liars, or ignoramuses and fools.

Now in the question of our lives, much may be said and mutual help be given; and in the statement of belief and thought, there lies no claim of higher

thought or act, but merely an expression of an individual view, that thus the mutual interchange may help to mould the current of our lives more true than heretofore to that Ideal which we have set before us to attain. Now in the matter of the Life which all true students try to live, it is the motive deep that prompts the deed which counts, and not so much the deed itself, which latter rather marks the progress of the head and hand; though skill in action true shows forth the power of Soul yet *Motive* towers high above the act, for in the soul there lives that dual force of Light and Dark, and both may act and show results of skill in deed. But in the one, the Dark, the deed is stillborn, dead; but in the Light, the heart lights up and breathes the breath of life in all it does; and whatsoever it does lives on and benefits mankind and forms a stepping stone along the actor's path, a beacon light to show the way for other souls who follow on; whereas if done in dark and evil mood, or with reluctant speed and zeal, it does but serve to cut away the ground from underneath the feet, and form a stumblingblock for all who pass, a millstone around the actor's neck to weigh him down until he learns the lessons of the Life, that living for the benefit of all mankind is far the best and lighter road to take and free from ill. 'Tis living for oneself which brings the darkness of the mind, the faltering step, tottering and blind and lone.

But the other way, the way of heart and light, brings joy and peace and comradeship, ability to help the feeble and the weak along the way, blessing himself and blest by all. The first is chained to evil deeds to grind them out or be ground out by them, as case may be, and be an object lesson to the rest.

Of labor there are many kinds—of heart, or head, or hand, it matters not the kind of work so long as hand and head and heart unite to do it well. There's no such thing as called inferior labor or degrading work. All work is noble and refines the worker in proportion to his purity of motive. The only work to which the term may be applied is the useless and superfluous work which does not serve to lighten or make more beautiful the world we live in. But so long as necessity demands an act, an angel may enjoy the task and keep his hand unsullied, his heart pure, and mind free from taint or stigma. 'Tis false to say that any useful needed work can be degrading; no degradation is save in the mind that deems it so; unfortunate the man and feeble he who cannot turn his hand to any kind of work necessity demands—a helpless grown-up babe, tended and fed and housed and clothed by those his infinitely superior, the Heroes and the Workers of the world.

But though all kinds of labor are worthy and ennobling, it does not follow that a man is born to every kind, but rather that in consonance with the law of unity and organization, he naturally is born along the lines of law and justice and the artistic sense of harmony and fitness in all things, into his true and proper sphere of life, and thus finds to his hand his right and proper occupation. Thus it is in our Philosophy that we can see the law of Karma, ruling Caste, a true and proper thing if rightly understood. For if that which we call Life or Nature is the One made manifest, then all the parts of that great

whole must bear relation and proportion to each other, and there must be difference in the parts, both in outward show and inward purpose, though all interiorly are united in one harmonious whole; and so we find as in a tree there must be roots and trunk and branch and leaves.

So in the human tree there must be found similar relations of parts which blend and harmonise, and as we find the universal law reflected in the part, so in the part we find the symbol of the whole. And thus in man are many members governed by one head, one heart, and thus and only thus can man become a unified harmonious soul. Then take this law and see its application to the human race. If unity underlie diversity, then members many, but of head and heart there is but one. If there be truth in our Philosophy, if the external be, as it is said, the manifestation of the internal, then a Solar system can but have one Sun and only one, and more than one there cannot be, as there can but be one center to a ring; and as a Solar system turns about one Sun, and all the parts and lesser parts obey the law, Unity, Harmony, Leader, and led, order and discipline in all the parts, or else deformity. All are free to choose either to obey and be a unified harmonious part, happy and useful and free to live the life of Soul, or free to go his way and try to be a Solar system to himself, to bask awhile in the home-made sunshine of his own smiles, until he finds such pastime rather dull, and perchance his sunshine rather warm. Then at last like crawling insect under a burning glass, he is again drawn back to the more kindly beneficent light of Universal Brotherhood and tries to be a little law-abiding part, obedient to rules of morning and evening, of speech and food, steadily learning little by little, and day by day, that the laws of life are obedience and truth.

Such I take *The Life* to be, and in living that life from deed to deed, from day to day, the Life of the Soul is sure to grow and in the end bring back the knowledge and love of the kingdom of heaven, here upon earth. W.

II.

Life itself we never see; we can only note forms of life. In those kingdoms which come under our observation, the mineral, vegetable, animal and human, there are many modes and ranges of operation, and all these are phases of life.

We do not consider the larger measure of life to be that which shows the greatest physical activity, for we find that intelligence rules and guides life in all its phases. Most especially is this so in the human kingdom, which by reason of its greater intelligence, rules, and is constantly in greater and greater measure ruling, all the lower visible kingdoms. It is also seen in the human kingdom itself, that from the lowest savage to the highest civilized man, there are many grades of intelligent life, and that among them is found the fact, that a high grade of ruling intelligence is oftentimes connected with a very small power of physical activity, and which by reason of its intelligence, controls forms endowed with greater physical power. So we have to conclude that intelli-

gence or consciousness is a higher form of life than that of mere physical activity.

We note that the operation of physical life is limited by its form and conditions, but that the operation of consciousness has no determinable limits; therefore we may speak of physical life, as the *effect* of conscious life or intelligence, and of all life as expressions of knowledge and power on the mental and physical planes.

But here again we are confronted with the fact that mental activity may be wide or circumscribed in action, and we are compelled to place mental activity together with physical activity, in the category of effects; and the great causal life still eludes us.

Here it is that most enquiry stops, it being considered that human knowledge has reached its limits, and the great mass of humanity, ignorant, careless, or despairing, lives on in the ever changing circumstance of mental and physical existence. Some in their suffering pray in blind faith to some unknown power to relieve them; and others, careless of what may come, so long as the present moment is free from care and gives them their desires, trample upon their weaker and less favored brethren, in order to maintain their desired condition. Yet they know, that to all comes pain and sorrow and death, with nothing in the range of their so-called science or religion, to give them a reason for it all, nor show the way in which real life lies. To all such, life is a blind struggle—a dark enigma incapable of solution—a round of circumstances, of which they are the helpless victims.

But they need not so live; the Messengers of the Gods are again holding out to Mankind, the Crown of Life—the power to truly live—to know—to Be. It is the realized consciousness of the oneness of humanity, and of all creatures and beings—and of their essential divinity which opens the portals of the Temple of Knowledge, and leads to that Divine Thought and Divine Action which is Life itself. From this One Life spring all the Universes, all beings, all conditions and circumstances, under the great Law which will not be denied, but ever operates for equilibrium, harmony, and progress. This knowledge shows that Man is immortal—divine—a creator, preserver, and destroyer, or regenerator, in his own essential nature; that his present form, condition, and circumstance, are his own creations, the progeny of his own desire and will; that although all life teaches Unity, yet each man in his power has attempted to create and preserve a world for himself alone; and myriads of creators, working selfishly, have made the world we see—a world of sorrow, suffering, pain, and death.

The cure lies in Man's own hands. He must realize that Divinity is Life itself—that all forms of existence, are but temporary aspects of this inner immortal Life; that the Path and Goal of all is the same in reality; that birth, human life, and death, are but winding and recurrent steps, along which he may ascend to the Temple of Knowledge; that on none of these steps may he stay, nor may he hope to hold for himself the events of his journey for any

length of time; that it is with Man, the Divine, and his inner immortal life that we have to do, and not with the mere events of travel which bring us into more or less close contact as human beings; that the progress and happiness of the Unit, is bound to, and limited by, the progress and happiness of the Mass, and that consequently, the true happiness of the individual lies in the direction of service to the highest welfare of humanity. This service means an ascent and a descent; an ascent into nobler, better, higher conditions for those who would serve; a descent into the ordinary life of humanity for those who have attained, so that they may meet and assist those who as yet but dimly see the way, and are held down by their own conditions and those of the Race to which they belong.

Life then is Spirit, and Soul, and Mind, and Body—Creator and Creature—Being and Action on every plane.

True Life is full knowledge and conscious service; and true and full service is Conscious Life. C.

III.

All that is derives its life from the Breath of the Great Spirit.

The Great Spirit passes everywhere, is everywhere, as a boundless, unfathomable ocean, within whose depths are mighty circling currents, and tides that ebb and flow.

The wind shapes the clouds and the ocean carves the unyielding rocks upon the shore into battlement and turret; so the Great Spirit by its Breath and a Song fashions the Universes, wheeling the star-dust into glittering Suns and systems of a thousand radiant Suns, with lesser stars and planets, and forms thereon that dwell in earth and sea and sky and in the ethereal spheres.

Out of the womb of Infinite Silence, comes forth the Great Breath. With a Song and a Chant of wondrous harmonies it robes itself with rainbow colors of a thousand hues, proclaiming the New Day. As a mighty tide it sweeps on and on, through all the seven spheres, weaving for itself ever denser and darker garments—and lo! a Universe!

The tide ebbs, the resistless current passes on, the forms sleep, they dissolve into nothingness, the colors fade, the song dies. Night descends,—the Universe is no more.

Yet the Life *is*;—it ceases not, it but leaves the old forms and entereth into new. The Universe dissolves; a new Universe is born. That which passes not, which dies not, which is not born and knows not change, though it causes all growth and change, is the Great Spirit, the Life.

As with the great, so with the small; as with the Universe, so with each Sun and planet, so with each form in each realm of all the three Worlds. Each plant and flower, each crystal and stone, each bird and beast, and man himself—each is a little world, a Universe, each with its own life. That life and not the form thereof, is itself, whose very essence is divine, which step by step passing to the outermost bounds of existence, takes form in the lowliest, thence return-

ing step by step in infinite progression, it slowly circles through the worlds and climbs to godlike power and perfect knowledge.

Both great and small, each of a greater is a part, each the container is of lesser lives. Each of its own life to others gives, and all in one stupendous Unity are linked.

Of all the manifested worlds stands Man, the perfect Man, as crown. In him the three worlds blend, in him the Life awakes to consciousness of self, he knows himself as one with Nature, and his own being as Divine.

Alas! that in his circling path, he, whose life, his very self, has journeyed out and down until it sleeps in stone, by slow ascent through plant and beast awaking in his heart, through aid of radiant Elder Brothers, to consciousness of Self, potentially divine as they,—alas! that he in folly and in blindness, the twofold path confronting him, should live again the life of beast and seek the shadows of debasing sense.

Yet the Life, once throbbing in his breast, no peace, no rest will give, but urges on to ceaseless striving; and if he take the lower path, leads him to weariness unutterable and joyless toil, until in agony of despair he knows that death, not Life is there.

The lower path leads downward into slavery; the upper road, though steep and rocky, demanding strength and strenuous fight 'gainst obstacles of luring sense, 'gainst subtle self that outwardly makes sacrifice before the world for hidden vantage' sake that men offer sweet incense of praise, leads on to Freedom and to Joy—to Life. For, as in modern city's stifling atmosphere the pure sweet breath of Nature scarce has part, but tainted is by whirling streams of smoke and dust, laden with disease and death, and the city's life filled with subtle thoughts of greed and lust, breeding poverty and hate; but on the mountain top are Heaven's breezes and the glad free life of Sun and sky of blue, where out at night the stars ray down their points of light, awaking in the climber's breast that answering star which is himself and claims its kindred with the Sun and all of Heaven's hosts,—so must Man climb the heights of his own Soul to know the Freedom and the Life.

Yet how shall he climb and find again the Life—he whose feet have strayed to the very gates of death and who has lost all knowledge of the Life? To him the only life seems to be that of the senses; to give up which he thinks would be to give up all, and thus sinks he deeper in the mire. Will he ever turn again to climb the heights? What power, what aid is his?

Two-fold is this power, yet in essence one. Within, unless it has been consciously, persistently, denied—unless the evil has been seen for evil and followed for its own dread sake—within his breast, deep hidden is still the spark of a divine and radiant life, though slumbering, hidden, lost to knowledge, incapable now of self-awaking. But, without, there too is the Divine, in hearts of Elder Brothers, compassionate, strong, seeking to lift and save.

These are they who, leaving the hollow, empty, mocking life of sense and self, through aid of Brothers Elder still, have climbed and won their place

upon the glorious Sun-bathed Mountain Heights; these are they, the Warriors, Conquerors of self, resurrected, become one with the Self Supreme, the perfected, radiant and radiating Sons of the Sun, Lords of Life, who having climbed, descend again for sake of weaker, lost and erring younger brothers. And, as they descend, chanting the Song of Joy and Liberation, the sleeping, hidden life of weary, sin-entombed Humanity stirs, shoots forth an answering ray and lights again the fires of hope and courage to turn from out the dismal gloom of lower, lowest death, and mount the rugged pathway toward the Light.

To him who does so turn, though oft he falls again, to him is this "the Resurrection", a rising once again to Life. First, the Resurrection, the re-stirring, re-awaking of the Life within—then the Life. And, for each, there is a new Life ever beyond, and for each step gained, each new height climbed, a higher further still is seen. From height to height, from glory to glory the pilgrim ever mounts.

But further let us ask,—How presses he forward, is it solely that he has the will to climb, is it that he may gain new powers, is it because he sees the effulgence of the Light beyond, and through love of life seeks the Life? Nay. not so! How first did he awake? Was it through his own inherent power, separate, locked up deep within his breast? Aye and No! The power was his, inherent yet not separate, but because of its brighter shining in breasts of Elder Brothers, in his own heart it too shone out arousing him. Through Elder Brothers' aid was the first step taken, through their Compassion, that he might rise and live the Life with them.

So ever is it that not for sake of climbing not for love of life for self, can the heights be gained and the Life be known; but by stooping down to raise the fallen, by service of the lowliest, by bearing even the sin and shame of the out-cast, by self-sacrifice, by love to all that lives, by staying even of the steps that would mount higher, descending again to the valleys of woe—thus seeking not to climb, but clean and pure and strong the heart and raying out its Light—reflection of, and one with the Light of Life—thus *unsought* are new heights gained. Thus descending into hell, bearer of Heaven's light, thence with younger Brothers resurrecting, enter he and they together into Life. F.

"Great intellect and too much knowledge are a two-edged weapon in life, and instruments for evil as well as for good. When combined with Selfishness, they will make of the whole of Humanity a foot-stool for the elevation of him who possesses them, and a means for the attainment of his objects; while, applied to altruistic humanitarian purposes, they may become the means of the Salvation of many."

—H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II., p. 163.

TO MY SON JOHN.



THE question writ by you in answering my first letter is full of hopeful evidence that you have caught my theme, and key, and melody of Nature's universal song. Yes! learn to well define, to analyze and understand the nature of the Soul. *Soul* is the Key that opens wide the door to realms of earth and heavenly joy; or, better put,—unites the two in one, and saves a long and weary journeying, and passage paid in blood and agony, to far off unknown land, where Death stands guard as ghostly sentinel on foot worn bridge; when there, you find that you must journey back and learn to live and act aright in earth, to find the object of your quest.

By wish, I would that I could only speak this single, living word, *Soul!* but that so loud, and long, and strong, that mountains with the saving tone would quake, and sleeping man awake through energizing fear or questioning or reasoning or anything, so that he hear and understand.

God does himself so speak to man through Nature's many voiced organ pipes. The thunder tones by lightning's deadly shaft are heralded. Through earthquakes, Nature finds relief from pent up energy which man, her idle, ignorant master has forgot to use; and shakes him into momentary headlong race for life which he has failed to fairly utilize. In his great fear, he prays to God for help,—then lays himself again to drowse and sleep in lazy, selfish, lustful self-content.

That everyone's a soul is evident to thoughtful minds! but how made up, combined? Through education false we're taught, that the soul is apart from us,—the body, man—and, losing conscious hold on it, through this, have placed this holy part remote, and throned it there, and made of it strange Gods, each man to suit his mood. This leaves the lower self or matter-part, with its own baser life—the devil, ignorance names it—alone in dark material realm unguided, uncontrolled, except by sky hung Heliograph whose pictures few can see, or seeing, do not understand. Your Higher Self or Spirit-Soul is one; your lower self or human soul is one: each separate, but chained to common pillory, the human mind, their battle-field: the fiend—because untaught and uncontrolled—within, attacking the higher, patient acting soul, attached; till weary, suffering, baffled over battles never fully won, the lower some day sees its kindly master's guiding hand, and kissing it in thankfulness, the two are wed in Christ, the resurrected Son in you and me and everyone, whom we have crucified till then.

Perhaps you'll question this? Your "well read", creed- and dogma- analyzing, thought-bound friends will say—"He is insane, blasphemous!" "He seeth not his Lord!" Dear Son, I know my soul!—"He fears not devil, man nor God",— Quite true! I love to help them all too well.—Pray ask yourself and them, what then of holy writ all quote so glibly and claim to take as rule and

guide, then thoughtless dream and sleep upon? Not so! a smoke-dimmed burning bush they make of holy thing to hide and sneak behind; to settle back upon—like stubborn mule—when lashed to thought of what these books do say and mean.

God never wrote, nor put in form nor substance single thing, or more, so sacred, circumspect and high, which we may not know. Who says, "'tis false!" blasphemes against the Holy Ghost, his Higher Self, and prostitutes his own and your intelligence.

Clasp hands with God; the holy things, the true, the infinite. Invite them home to dine with you, and these, who serve for sake of universal life, will be your unwaged trusty servers.

The man who says "you're not a soul in body, working at your daily task", declares what Jesus, Buddha and yourself and even a child prove false. What is it leaves the active vibrant body cold, a sodden clod, when it has gone? What stirs the life within the dormant seed, that starts the subtle pump-works of the heart? Whence springs the thought that brain and voice express? What thrills the Heart when touched by finger tips of heavenly sound, incites the weakest man to hero's deed? What is it in you *always* knows the right from wrong, and bids you live in higher thought and act?

May not it be your soul? this subtle, knowing thing, beyond the power of mind to reason out, or words to frame a proper verbal substitute? Yet all the time it is the thing, the thinker, knower and the known, you know and apprehend. Whence comes the wisdom of the schoolless child to ask the priest or parent questions which they back against, and take on self-exposing airs of knowing wisely what they do not know and cannot safely talk about? May it not be the child's mind-unfettered soul, trying to help unbind a comrade soul captured, bound and gagged with mental swaddling clothes of custom, form and creed? Sometime, I beg you ask this little knowing child,—who, knowing little, somehow knows enough to formulate a poser question which confounds—what its fresh baptized soul conceives to be the answer: and likely, answering, may make you wiser, and show you what the Master meant by "Children owning heavenly kingdom."

On these and other holy matters do your thinking for yourself. My wish is only to suggest some straight cut thoughts for you to meditate upon. If leaning on a crutch makes you a physical cripple, then, too, in mental realm you're proven. Lean on yourself, and falling, learn to stand more firm and true on manly feet which the good law has furnished ample substance for, and use. Can you athlete become, and strong, if I instead of you go into training?

Consider well, then act as right appears to you, right counsel taking from the *proven* wise and pure of heart. From such well-tilled and water-moistened soil will spring a self-reliant, self-respecting, calmly daring, Godlike man, with heart compassion filled. There is no other way than using these soul qualities to rise from hell, to heaven, and God.

Read soul-inspiring books, if such you need to open deep within yourself

that crystal fountain-spring of thought, which heads above and purifies all books from steeped-in dregs of brain-mind reasoning; uncovers moss-grown banks imbedding gems of truth.

Beware of way-side grove-shrined pools, high signed, "The Truth for Sale or Hire". Polluted, stagnant waters trickle from their weed-grown vents. From such, delusive mirage emanates and, mirrored far in misty clouds, it lures the thirsty soul on sterile, sand-swept plain of human life to spirit death.

Truth is for use in equal trade!—a true earned increment for justice given and won; a medium of fair and equable exchange. 'Tis priceless, common, universal, free; like air and sunshine. So do not pay your gold for what is yours to freely take and give; for otherwise you help to prostitute a holy thing, corrupt the minted gold, yourself and all it contacts. The truest debt it pays is to some lonely, ship-wrecked traveler who has lost his way. Give him a lifting hand, buy him a chance to work, and, copying nature, pay him what he earns and no-thing more. This tests and shows you what he really is, what he needs, and how you most can help him.

I urge you with my soul compelling,—search out yourself and comprehend! Con nature's boundless book: Knock loud! *Command* her trusty guards to open all her secret doors, as YOU'RE PREPARED to enter. There you will find the Light, with guarding Deity at every forward step, a loving guide, examiner, who freely gives to *worthy* seeker for the light.

"Know thoroughly thyself", as Key to all; then, as on polished surface of an all-reflecting mirrored globe will you see all, and understanding, rightly use all things as part of your own knowing, growing self. With eye on highest, reach down to lowest in this boundless interlocking warp and woof of universal life and brotherhood. Live for to-day, and all its duties well perform; make every moment pregnant with Eternal deeds for good. Like sacred fig, bud, blossom and fruit within yourself, that in giving of your sweet life to others, you will be food, drink, and a perfect offering, from budding to budding.

I will, a common, universal, kindly thought,
 By lowest to the loftiest phase of nature taught.
 A shoreless, heaven-bent, human love,
 Sky-lured by white, descending, heavenly dove
 Between us two, and all, dear John.
 Con well the world's real, hidden, secret, saddened life,
 Till strength, and peace, and joy, you find in right's stern strife.
 My soul is on the wing; I'll write you more anon.

RAMESES.

"Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living ever-working universe: it is a seed grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day (says one) it will be found flourishing as a banyan-grove (perhaps, alas, as a hemlock-forest!) after a thousand years."

CARLYLE.

THE SPIRITUAL THREAD IN OPERA.

By WILLIAM A. DUNN.



HE usual meaning of the word "Opera" is—"a dramatic composition, set to music." A "dramatic composition", therefore, being a play which unfolds a series of events in life, and "music", being a manifestation, through the sense of hearing, of the inner World-Harmony which interpenetrates and binds into one whole all human and natural lives, it follows that the union of these two arts—drama and music—in Opera, gives to the latter a deep and vital significance.

Opera, considered in the broadest and truest sense, is the outward representation of the whole inner life of man. Correctly speaking, the "inner" and "outer" are but two aspects of one reality, for no outer can be perceived by any man except that which is in vibratory unison with his inner conscious perceptions. The law of sympathetic or corresponding vibration, establishes the identity between "inner" and "outer", and the adjustment between subject and object.

In Opera, the Soul may witness the action of, and interplay between, all human faculties and attributes; and discern that interpenetrating Spiritual Reality in which the faculties move and are synthesized, and through which the Soul shines upon the mind it illuminates and informs.

The "Spiritual Thread" is not to be found in particular characters or incidents. We should rather look behind and between the incidents of an Opera, if we would contact the golden ray which first inspired the composer, and around which he wove the details into form for outward representation. Light from the Soul always precedes artistic form, whose creation it directs.

Behind every creation of Genius, whether it be a Gospel, a Drama, a Painting, or an Opera, there is embodied within the artistic form an unseen Trinity. It is Idea—Light—Cohesion, and the three are one. A familiar commonplace will illustrate the truth of this. In language there are but twenty-six letters, yet these few elements answer for all literary forms, for all degrees of expression through language. That which marks the difference between a flimsy novel and a Drama by Aeschylus, is immediately sensed by any one of average intelligence. All life in words arises from the power within the man that classifies and combines them, and this power is conveyed through language as light is through varying transmitting media. All classical literature has behind it Idea—which radiates light with its many colored meanings, and Cohesion, that stamps the work as enduring. Glass is not the Light which it transmits; neither are words anything in themselves. They only momentarily live when the Soul makes use of them as a medium for expression. Therefore Spiritual meaning must be looked for in "That" which classifies the particular elements used—whether of sound, color, or language. This classifying power is

the unseen Trinity which builds around itself, and determines the degree of, every form in life, nature, and mind. A magnet placed beneath a sheet of paper upon which are strewn loose iron filings, beautifully declares this truth. The unseen magnetism determines the form into which the filings are thrown, which form is not in the iron particles so arranged. The same truth underlies all the works of Nature, varying degrees of cohesion, form, etc., corresponding to the "Status" of the incarnating Soul or Entity.

The Spiritual Reality embodied in an Opera is just such an unseen power, that becomes a Trinity in manifesting through the appearances of brain consciousness represented by the details and incidents of the play.

Let us, in imagination, consider the question from the point of view of the Genius, within whose Soul Opera first had birth. An audience must begin with the external, and first grasp the details, then the form, and finally the "Idea" or "Thread" which ensouls it all. Genius, on the contrary, begins at the other pole—within the Soul. An Idea of Beauty and Power there has birth. It is "The Logos" of the work about to be created. Under the guidance of its light, the composer then erects a stately temple from the elemental world of sound, upon the ideal etheric form within his mind. This palace of sound, held together by that cohesive power, which stamps a work as classical and eternal, enshrines, and is illuminated by, the light which radiates from "The Logos" or original inspiration—the light and cohesive power being always relative to the spiritual idea, which could only have had birth in an ennobled heart and mind. Such Souls are inspired types of what the whole of Humanity will attain in the course of evolution—nor will it rest there—but pass to mightier ends. But for the present the "Sound Temple", erected by Master-Musicians, is our guide and refuge.

In the outer Courts of this Temple—not made with hands—Humanity worships, and witnesses the divine "Mystery-Play" which the characters of Opera, officiating as Priests of the God of the inner Sanctuary, display before them. The people may only see the "Lesser Mystery" of outward representation—but that which unites player and people alike, is MUSIC—the Harmony of Spiritual Life. In it the "Greater" and "Lesser" Mysteries of "inner" and "outer" life are united as one, for Humanity finds therein momentary release from the discords of earthly existence. Music Universal and divine—is the World-Mother,—the first sheath of the Soul. It is the basis and sustaining power of all manifestation, and the mind that bathes in its pure streams finds itself upon the highway which leads to Wisdom and to God. Too often, alas, has this beautiful Art been made to subserve some sensuous theme, but since the Great Goddess—all beautiful and supreme—revealed herself through Beethoven, the redemption of Music is assured.

It is a grave mistake to imagine that music begins and ends with the limited scale sensed through the organ of hearing. The human octave upon which at present are received partial impressions of the Universal symphony, is an extremely limited keyboard, only capable of receiving that minute aspect of music

to which it, as receiving instrument, is attuned. This sense octave, is but one step on the Universal ladder up and down which pass the "Heavenly Singers". Man catches but an echo as they pass through his sphere of hearing and perception. On either side extend innumerable octaves beyond the scale to which our minds and ears are as yet attuned. As pearls upon a string, the "Spiritual Thread" unites all these octaves as one, and its shining path lies open for all Humanity. To find this thread within a great Opera, is to contact a beam of light from the living Soul of the World, which, in its passage through the mental darkness of the race, carries a message that the parent source has yet more light—inexhaustible and boundless—to pour forth upon humanity when aspiration has become sufficiently intense to cleave aside the darkness of contented ignorance. The music of God never ceases—it is only our immature receiving organs of mind and sense that limit its manifestation to consciousness.

A few words with reference to sound, from whose elements music is constructed, will aid in this direction; for it is possible to suggest some truths which underlie expression through harmonized sounds that will be found identical with those that vitalize and ennoble all expressions of true life. The exact mathematical basis upon which music is constructed provides a sure foundation from which the ideas suggested by it may be easily grasped. The sound elements wrought into musical form are so crystalline in their purity, and the law which governs their harmonious ratios and cohesions so beautifully exact, that the teaching of the Brotherhood of Sound is unmistakably clear and obvious.

All "Sounds" are but different "appearances" of one underlying vibration—detailed subdivisions of, and within, the universal key-note. Any single note of music is as a molecule made up of atoms, for it contains within itself a minute universe of sounds, which proceed from the low one sensed by the external ear up through a ladder of mathematically related degrees of vibratory motion, to the vibration of the *one* ethereal medium, that sustains *all* "Sounds". Hence all notes of music, in their highest subdivisions, coalesce and become identical in essence and vibration. It is upon these higher planes of unity between "sounds" that the Soul impresses its creative ideas, which, as cohesive power and Spiritual meaning, remain behind the rays of light that are attached to, and illuminate, the notes built into a musical composition.

Difference of pitch in music is caused by difference of wave-length, and the combination of different sound-waves resulting from three or more notes sung or played in harmony is geometrical form floating upon the Akasic ocean. Following, in imagination, the forms of each chord as they succeed and superimpose one another in a master-piece, the mind can picture the erection of a most beautiful ethereal temple, into which the Soul may pass as its natural home.

It can now be seen that the notes of music which appear to the outer ear as separate, are really "fingers upon one hand", and it is obvious that the Soul which constructs and illuminates a master-piece is beyond the etheric sea that it overlooks classifying and moulding the vibratory ripples for the purpose of

transmitting its light and love to the under-world of sense and darkness. And yet it must not be thought that the Soul is far from our minds and hearts. It is closer than aught else in life, for it is ourself—that uses the body as manifesting instrument. The human body is the most perfect musical instrument on earth, but the different organs have got out of tune with *each other*. We may find the Tuner within the heart and conscience, ready to adjust every discord. As the inner and outer are in reality one, loyalty to a spiritual leader implies *corresponding* polarization of mind and heart to the God within. These two poles are strictly relative and interdependent.

This then is the divine mission of Opera—to *act as intermediary between the Soul of Humanity and its blind Lower Self*.

The old Grecian priests, knowing the true nature of their duties, personified, in their music-dramas, the forms of the gods, which really represent high states of Being in man. Being able, through their pure lives and deep spiritual wisdom, to inwardly affirm identification with the Powers they personified when performing ritual, they poured forth into the hungry hearts of the people the vibrating energies their mental and physical forms were trained to convey.

The relation that the world of form bears to the ocean of formless life is here indicated. Sunlight—as everyone knows—is conditioned in its manifestation (as color) by the organism which absorbs and reflects it. In the same way, light from the Soul is conditioned in its manifestation through human life by mental and emotional forms that exist in the mind of the race. When the atmosphere about the earth has heavy clouds floating within it, the sunlight is broken up, some of it being absorbed, and what remains, reflected. But beyond the clouds, all remains bright and radiant.

So is it with Humanity. Its Soul is always pure and radiant, and never ceases to be so, even when storms and passions darken the intellectual heavens and shut out the light from the lower mind. To conquer the lower self is to transmute the sidereal contents of consciousness into such pure transparent thought forms, that the Soul may find a fit medium through which to shine in all its white brilliancy upon the lower self.

Pure music provides these impersonal forms of thought, and to subject the mind to its influence renders it easy to direct the faculties towards God; for it loosens the polarity the faculties have toward objects of lower thought set up through long exercise in that direction.

Spiritual light is forever about us, only hidden from sight and feeling by impure thought clouds and chaotic emotions which spring up from uncontrolled sense impressions. For spiritual light to illuminate the consciousness, it is as necessary to have a transparently pure heart and mind through which it may shine without obstruction, as it is necessary to have a clear atmosphere through which the sunlight may pass to paint the flowers on earth with its wonderful color-tints.

Man has within him such seeds of knowledge and power that thought of the greatness of coming races dazzles the mind; for is there not locked up

within the human form the essences and memories of all past evolution, through every form of life unfolded within the world-soul since it began its evolutionary career? These memories but require the sunlight of the Soul to reawaken from the long sleep of "Kali Yuga", the Iron Age. The over-soul of Humanity *eternally is*—only its sidereal contents change through countless disassociations and reconstructions, from the lowest form up towards the form of perfect man—"The Temple of God."

The Spiritual Thread in Opera (Opera being, let us remember, the outward representation of forces within human consciousness) ever tends to shine more brightly, and it carries to the heart the assurance that the sun from which it streams is surely rising, to disperse the mists and darkness which now envelope the heart of Humanity. The great advance made with Opera during the last two centuries removes all doubt that the time is quickly approaching when Master-Musicians from old civilizations will create works of Art that will ensoul the spiritual energies they are the ministers of.

That day may be hastened by increased effort towards the establishment of conditions through which they can work—by intense purity of thought, and by a love for Humanity which spreads like a stately tree with roots ever sinking deeper into the soil of practical work for Brotherhood. This is the root and branch of Occultism, and each depends on the other. Like the oak tree, which superbly withstands all storms of nature, because of its deep-rooted hold of earth soil, man may stand erect in the kingdom of God *because* he is rooted in compassionate service to the human race.

The inner faculties are capable of infinite application between the extremes of low sensuous servitude and identity with Universal forces. They become *servants* of that aspect of life towards which they are continually polarized. They cannot be chained to the Soul and to the personality at one and the same time. The acquirement of Spiritual knowledge and power depends entirely upon a compassionate attitude of mind and heart—fixed and unalterable—towards Humanity.

"The Past" exists to-day in all its fullness. Within the heart and Soul is the *original* inspiration of all world Religions, Philosophies, and Arts. The work of the "Universal Brotherhood" is to again impress upon outer life the same energies that brought about all past triumphs, and revivify the Spiritual Thread around which the old masterpieces were constructed.

Success is certain, for "The Leader" directs.

"If any man wishes to go where I go, he must renounce self, take up his cross and follow me. For whoever wishes to save his life will lose it, and whoever, for my sake and for the sake of the Good News, will lose his life will save it."

—MARK, viii, 34, 35. (*The Twentieth Century New Testament.*)

CHILDREN OF ONE SWEET MOTHER.

By PHAETON.



BEAR love to men as though they were thy brother-pupils, disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother."

As there is a birthday of the body, so also is there a birthday of the soul. As there is a motherhood of the flesh, so is there a motherhood of the spirit. Do we realize the significance of this?

There is often a tendency among those who have awakened to the delusions without and the enemies within, to dwell upon their own trials. The pangs of the birth into a higher life, the ache of getting adjusted to the new environment in which spiritual regeneration places us,—all this seems hard to bear. The real philosophers have always told us, "as above, so below". If analogy will teach us anything, let us apply it to this case. It is true that the babe suffers in the birth, but what are its puny pains compared with the unspeakable agony of the mother? Think for a moment of our spiritual Mother, of her to whom many of us owe our very existence as far as the higher life is concerned. Think of her joy as she first saw the light of spirit descend upon the tiny germ, hidden deep in matter. Think of her anxiety as she saw its growth, now and then retarded by some evil tendency or other, until at last, as it lay close, close, to her heart she felt it quicken with the inflow of the Breath. Then more anxious, brooding, nourishing care, until at last came the supreme hour when the spirit, incarnate, leaped from the womb of the finite into the ether of the Infinite.

Whose the pain, think you? What comparison between the unconscious suffering of the child, forgotten as soon as it is passed, and the pain of the mother, anticipated long, suffered in full consciousness of its meaning and remembered,—alas! incapable of being forgotten? What comparison, think you, between the sufferings borne merely for ourselves, and those which we cannot bear though we would, those which we must endure to see borne by the child whom we love better than ourselves, for whom we would willingly bear all?

When we feel the scorch of the flame and begin to pity ourselves and chafe just a wee bit under our Karmic load,—let us reflect for a moment what the greater life that we have been born into has cost the Mother. Our own sufferings will, like poor Mephistopheles, shrivel into nothingness. But at last the time comes when some of our debts to the Law are paid and we stand upright once more. Then how we long to help the Mother who has guided us all the way. And so we begin "helping" her, in a spasmodic fashion, and perchance risk to drown ourselves utterly in self-satisfaction at our own usefulness.

Do we ever stop to ask ourselves how much of the help which we take so much pride in is spelled "h-i-n-d-r-a-n-c-e"? A little reflection, in the light of analogy, will do no harm. But three days ago a mother I know was in the kitchen making muffins, when out came her four-year-old with the usual peti-

tion: "Mamma, may I help you cook?" "Yes, dear", replied the mother, "you may stir this batter for me." So he climbed upon a chair and began to stir, calling out in a minute: "See, mamma, how much I am helping you. I am putting in some nice flour." And the mother turned to discover that the little fellow had poured in enough soda to neutralize at least a gallon of sour milk!

How many of us help the Mother, at first, in much the same way,—and yet she is patient, for she knows that we must learn, though always, of course, *at her expense*.

We have a spiritual mother. Humanity owes her much; some of us owe her all. She has suffered as we are incapable of suffering,—and for us. She calls to us to help her work in the world, and we learn to help at the uttermost cost to her. And so when foes assail her, as they assail our truths, let us rise up and protect her. It is our duty, ten thousand times our duty. Is she not our Knight of the Holy Grail? And we know that the true Knight, like Parsifal, may never unsheathe the sword of his purified will save in the defense of others.

BROTHERHOOD.

By J. D. H.



STOLE out to rest in the woodlands,
 And I saw long silvery threads
 Floating in breeze and sunshine
 From branch to branch overhead.

Endless they streamed toward the hilltops—
 A sign of fair weather, I knew,
 For the spinners who spin in the day-time
 Belong to the ranks of the few,

Who work to send hope and gladness
 To those who are weary and worn,
 And sound again the glad tidings,—
 Once more a Messiah is born.

Spin, spin, ye vigilant toilers;
 Dart out your radiant gleams;
 Let love, liberation and knowledge
 Go forth on the morning's first beams;

Loyalty winds from the mountains
 Her triumphant clarion call;
 All over the earth hear the echo,
 Brotherhood, Brotherhood, all.

GLIMPSES OF OLD AND NEW.

By J. H. FUSSELL.



OW time flies! The years pass one into another with a rapidity that is marvellous. And yet, looking back at the past few years, the work of the Universal Brotherhood Organization has been stupendous. It is but four years ago, on June 13th, 1896, that the great Crusade around the World, bearing its message of Truth, Light, and Liberation to Discouraged Humanity, started from New York. Four short years ago, each passing so quickly, but fraught with events marking an epoch in the History of Humanity!

Emerson has some very fine thoughts in his essay on "History" which appear peculiarly applicable to and illustrated by the development of the Theosophical Movement, and the daring genius of its three Leaders—daring, so it has often seemed, and daring in reality, yet with all the prudence and foresight of far-seeing Wisdom, as demonstrated by the never-failing accomplishment, step by step, of the purposes of the Movement and the plans of the Leaders.

Are we not beginning to learn that the mind with its reasoning and argument, its calculation and caution, its wariness and fear of consequences, has become the greatest obstacle to the progress of Man? From the standpoint of the mind, the dictates of the Soul often appear impossible of execution, impracticable, a wild Utopia which no sane man would accept as within the reach of attainment. Such is the verdict of the mind on many of the injunctions of Christ and others of the great World-Teachers, and such has been the verdict of the World at large in regard to the aims and objects of the Theosophical Movement and the Universal Brotherhood Organization, and the promise of the Future held before us by our Teachers.

But the Soul is its own Vindicator, naught can stay the accomplishment of its divine purposes. As the tender shoots of plants burst the bonds of confining earth and rock, reaching to the sweet air and the sunshine, that the power of the inner life may manifest itself in stem and leaf, in bud and blossom and fruit; so the Soul, its divine life stirring within the heart of Humanity, bursts through the adamant walls of ignorance, prejudice and bigotry, and tears asunder the closely woven meshes of custom. Once that the longing for the pure air and the sunshine of the Spiritual Life has awakened in the Soul of Man, not any power in hell or earth, or in the whole vast Universe can permanently stay its progress, for the Soul's power is the Supreme Power.

Emerson says:

"Who hath access to this Universal Mind, is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.

"Of the works of this mind history is the record. Its genius is illustrated by the entire series of days. Man is explicable by nothing less than all his

history. Without hurry, without rest, the human spirit goes forth from the beginning to embody every faculty, every thought, every emotion, which belongs to it, in appropriate events. But always the thought is prior to the fact, all the facts of history pre-exist in the mind as laws."

Have we not found this true? Is not this Movement, "which has been active in all ages", the expression of the Universal Mind and the means for the accomplishment of its purposes? Is not the genius of the Movement, as shown in its present phase in the effort of the last quarter Century and now continued on into the new Century, more and more fully illustrated as the series of days passing into weeks, months, years, gradually unfolds not only the plans which existed from its foundation, but brings forth to light their marvellous fulfillment?

Are we not beginning to realize in part that our lives did not commence a few short years ago; that we, the real Self, did not then first come into being? To us, Members of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Students of Theosophy, the words of Emerson are far more than a figure of rhetoric: "Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history." And as of Man, so also of this Movement, it is explicable by nothing less than all its history. More than that it is the very epitome of all history, the focusing of all the Ages, the crown and flower of a long line of successes and failures and of successes again.

"Always the thought is prior to the fact", so do we find in this Organization with its different departments, the embodiment and actual realization, already begun, founded upon a sure basis, progressing with rapid strides, of the deepest longings of the human heart for æons. Already more has been accomplished than the human mind has dared to think within the range of possibility, more even than in its ignorance it has dared to hope. The impossible has not only been conceived and planned, but is being fulfilled. "Without hurry, without rest", this mighty work goes irresistibly onward, guided by a Master Hand, from the beginning embodying "every faculty, every thought, every emotion, which belongs to it in appropriate events".

One of the most valuable lessons in all the marvellous philosophy which our Teachers have again presented to the World is the practical object-lesson of the history and development of the Theosophical Society and the Universal Brotherhood Organization. It is the most forcible example of the reality and power of this great Cause; and, if so, surely we should all study and keep ourselves in touch with its unfoldment. If we will do this, we shall find, I truly believe, a key to all history and, further, a key to the understanding of our own lives.

Who, indeed, save one "who hath access to the Universal Mind", could have thus planned and wrought and successfully accomplished? Let us study this history; let us study and emulate more and more the noble self-sacrifice of our three Great Teachers, and by our lives engrave their names indelibly first in our own hearts and on the pages of the Universal Records.

Past epochs and great events live and are real to us today because of the living souls of the great actors in the World's Drama, the heroes and heroines. All the Past is our heritage which we are continually re-entering upon and adding to, as the cycles turn in their appointed course. The past beauty of Greece and the stupendous glory of Egypt, and of those still more ancient but unrecorded and unremembered civilizations of antiquity, wait to be unfolded again in the new beauty, the new glory, the renewed knowledge of the divinity of Man, of the now dawning civilization which heralds the advent of a new Golden Age. The mighty Past with its rises and falls is our heritage, because we, each one of us, helped to make that past; and it will live again for us, for weal or woe, as we now each day choose, because we then lived in it and aided or retarded it by aiding or retarding those who stood in the forefront, ever upholding the good and right—the Saviors, Teachers, the Divine Kings of the traditions of all races, the noble-hearted, wise and compassionate of all times. It is they who have made resplendent the glorious deeds of the Past and, aiding them, we helped to record the bright pages of the History and progress of Humanity; but opposing them we helped to plunge the World into darkness; and the record of our faithlessness and opposition is one of persecution of these Helpers, and for the World oppression, bloodshed, famine and pestilence.

Thus it is that to-day our lives are marked by so fierce a contest between the higher and the lower natures, and that the World to-day is convulsed by wars and rumors of wars, and pestilence, famine, poverty and vice. But yet there is one bright, soul-inspiring beacon light, penetrating the black darkness with rays of hope and courage. For to-day is the focal point for all the Past; the ancient battle of the Ages is being fought again between the powers of Light and the powers of Darkness; and thus it is that in the life of each and of all Humanity, all the past beauty and glory and knowledge, and all the past degradation await at the threshold to repeat themselves again in answer to our will and desire. But no longer is the result of the conflict uncertain, held in the balance. The choice has been made, the cyclic point has been passed, the tide has been taken at the flood, and all our days go forward with ever increasing hope and joy.

Yet the contest still rages fiercely, but in answer to Humanity's appeal, the invincible Hosts of Light have echoed back by their Messenger the battle cry of Truth, Light and Liberation to Discouraged Humanity—already the shout of Victory resounds in the air and a glad song of Joy in the heart.

Let us then read again and again the history of this the pivotal point in the progress of Humanity. Let us go over again and again in thought the great and "little" events of the past twenty-five years, in which ages of effort have been accumulated for final adjustment.

Do we realize the titanic struggle of these years with the powers of Darkness for the liberation, or enslavement and extinction, of Man's Soul? Do we realize that the Lion-hearted, Soul-Invincible Pioneer, H. P. Blavatsky, gave

up her life—not once, but many times, in this age-long struggle of the past quarter Century? With her fought William Q. Judge, Hero and Chief of a thousand fights for Humanity's sake. To him she passed the Torch and Sword; to him she entrusted the Sacred Word, in defending which he too gave up his life. Four years ago our Hero-Chief passed from us, but neither Torch nor Sword nor Word has been lost. To a third he handed them on. In the stress of fight, hard pressed, wounded by the shafts of calumny and treachery—not from the open foe alone, but from those who had spoken the smooth words of friendship—persistently persecuted and maligned; thus he died, but died victorious, as too died H. P. Blavatsky; for that third Leader, our Warrior-Teacher and Helper has lifted up the Torch, a living, ever-burning signal of Hope to all Humanity. She has encircled the World with the Sword of Victory over the powers of Darkness; and reverently, with hushed hearts, we may as we strive loyally, trustfully and devotedly to fulfill the sacred charge laid upon us—we may hear the echo of the Sacred Word, though we cannot frame it with our lips. But we know it to be the Word of Power, the Word long lost to Humanity though ever cherished, handed on from age to age by the Messengers of Truth—now found, echoing again in the Hearts of the Faithful.

Four years ago came our Leader to lead us in the fight, in the stress of battle but with the Song of Victory. The history of these four years is in part recorded—to fully tell the story would require volumes, and even then there would remain untold that which cannot be put into words but is recorded only in Heart and Life. But much there is that lies open to all, and the onward march and progress of the Movement all may see in its various activities and departments,—The Universal Brotherhood Organization, The International Brotherhood League, The Theosophical Society, The Isis League of Music and Drama, The International Lotus Home for Children, The School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, and other activities ever increasing and being added to. All these may be seen, and are the branches of the great tree, putting forth leaves and bud and blossom and fruit which shall be for the healing of the Nations.

All these things stand out before the World as the visible result and crown of the mighty labors of the three Great Ones and of our trust, steadfastness and devotion, in rendering noble service. But the full value of the already glorious outcome of the past twenty-five years' struggle cannot be known if the result only is looked at apart from the struggle, the conflict, the obstacles to be overcome, the enemies' plans to be frustrated and the steep and rocky path leading up to the heights on which we now stand, and from which we can see still greater and more glorious heights to be attained. The whole story must be followed and studied, and the lessons of the Past recognized, if we would fit ourselves to march onward with those who still climb higher.

The *whole* history must be studied—the dark side as well as the light, that both may be known, and that the student may come to know the possibilities that lie within the heart of Man and learn to act wisely and fearlessly for the

eternal welfare of all that lives. Yet not one tenth, hundredth, thousandth part can be told of the conflict, attacks of foes, the treachery, base ingratitude, of those who masked themselves as friends, who were self-pledged to aid and guard the Sacred Cause, calling themselves disciples of the Good Law, professing loyalty and love to her whom *they* called Teacher and Leader, and to the Comrades in the warrior band. Alas! that through ambition, through spite for thwarted selfish plans of self-advancement, through lust and love of sensuous ease and luring hidden vice, they denied their own soul's promptings and wilfully chose the downward, darkened path and set their hearts to aid the powers of evil. How sad their Karma which they, who once had seen the Light, must bear—not for themselves alone, but for those others to whom they might have been as beacons in the darkness, fore-runners and exemplars for the weaker ones who looked to them for noble service to pattern after. Some, forgetful of their task and their high privilege, not for themselves but for others' sake to strive, others, consciously refusing—and theirs the greater blame, because they knew that younger brothers looked to them—renounced their sacred obligation, self-imposed and freely taken, and joined their forces with the foes of Man, working even to their own destruction;—the snake of selfish pride up-reared its head, ambition's curse and vanity long slumbering, or till now with care concealed, awoke within their breast and stood revealed. And when the Teacher still strove to help, and sought to light once more the spark within their hearts, and, for the sake of Brothers and of their own true selves, appealed again that they should turn and fight the demon of the lower self, encouraging them once more to take the upward steep and arduous path and stretching out a helping hand, yet as in the days of old ever refusing to prophesy smooth and easy things and gratifying of the senses,—they, self-willed, self-worshipping, cried loudly, "We need no teacher, we ourselves can know", and then as if to cloak their own now glaring sin, with false malicious lies they sought destruction of the Teacher and her work.

Such is a glimpse of the dark side of the picture, and such have been the obstacles along the path, greater far than obstacles of bigotry and selfishness and ignorance and prejudice of men. But Darkness has yielded to Light, and around the Leader are warriors true, whose joy it is to aid her, and, inspired by her great example, to render noble service of loving deeds for the uplifting of all Humanity.

Let us turn, then, to the bright side and see the hope that is and increasingly shall be for all the World. Four years ago was given the hope, nay the positive promise, by the Leader, of the building of a Temple, and the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity.

The building of a Temple to some, to the great majority not caring to think deeply, sounds perhaps a matter of small moment. "Temples" are being built every year; but go back to the ancient times, search the records of antiquity, read the account of the building of Solomon's Temple and read between the lines, study the scanty references to the ancient Mysteries of Greece

and Egypt; turn to Egypt and see the ruins of her mighty Temples, and from them learn the part they have played in both the inner and the outer life of Man. For the building of a Temple, which shall be a Temple in very truth, is not the mere uprearing of a structure of stone and marble, but the welding together, in eternal bonds of love and self-sacrifice, of the hearts of men, and, only as this is accomplished and the inner Temple upreared, can the outer Temple as perfect symbol thereof be built. That we have this promise of the building of the Temple, perfect symbol of the living Temple "not made with hands", is, I think, the keynote to the future joy and happiness and true progress of Humanity on all the planes of being. And surely it must have meant then, and now, that the foundations of the spiritual Temple were already laid and immovably established, and we know and have seen that the new Golden Age has dawned for Humanity.

Four years ago was made this Promise; three years ago was purchased the site for the Temple on Point Loma by the great Pacific Ocean, chosen for this stupendous work by the direction of the Teacher. The land was then a wild moorland, covered with stubble, a home for wild rabbits, gophers and rattlesnakes,—unused for centuries, kept sacred for ages for this high purpose. To-day the land is cleared, roads are made, and in preparation for the Temple of stone there has been given to us—and as each day passes the accomplishment thereof comes nearer—the opportunity of living with one another the divine life of the Soul.

Look at the achievements of the past two years, since the great Universal Brotherhood Congress of 1899 on this sacred spot. After the Congress, to a few devoted workers was given the privilege of staying and working at the Colony of the International Brotherhood League, which had just been founded, a short distance from the site of the Temple. Then go forward a year, to the beginning of this present year. In the month of February, 1900, the Leader again came to Point Loma bringing with her several Cuban children and also some of the little ones from the Lotus Home in Buffalo. Then the Point Loma Homestead was purchased to further enlarge the work. Already here are many students, from many parts of America, Europe, Australia, and Cuba, members of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. Several other children are now here, a Cuban Colony of grown people and several young people who are being educated on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood, with the inspiration and the hope in their hearts of working for the uplifting of their Country and all Humanity.

The little City Beautiful, which has been recently described, is now occupied by the children. One of the beautiful structures, on the plan of which will be reared the buildings of the City of Esotero by the Sea, is now almost completed, and the extensive grounds are being laid out, artificial lakes being built, enhancing the beauty of the place and serving also as reservoirs for the irrigation of the miles of vegetable growth, olive and fig and other trees being planted. Other buildings, other work, other hopeful signs, everywhere a beckoning

promise of the Future,—but that work which makes all this possible is, first, the inner work which is being done in your heart and mine, and in order that it may be perfected, it demands our Trust, our Faith, our Will; it demands self-discipline and self-conquest that the Light of the Soul may illumine our lives and the lives of our fellows. But to grow impatient, to try to advance by leaps when alone the lessons of slow experience can make our foothold sure on each new height gained, has wrecked many a traveller on the way who, if he had persevered but a little while longer, would have reached the goal.

Let us therefore not be impatient, knowing that the Soul will work out its own purposes “without hurry, without rest”. Let us learn from the history of the Theosophical Movement and the Universal Brotherhood that Humanity has its Helpers; that “there is a Divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may”; that we have it in our power to work with that Divinity or against it; that if against it, we work only our own destruction but cannot prevent the full accomplishment of its purposes; that all the beneficent and divine powers of Nature are on the side of the Soul and work with it; and that consequently it is in our power to aid in lightening the heavy load of sin and suffering in the world. Let us learn the meaning and the blessedness of that joy which comes only from helping others.

We have our Guide, our Teacher, our great Example,—let us gladly follow and learn and follow. We have been granted the priceless boon of having revealed to us a glimpse of the design of the inner and the outer Temple which the Master Builder has drawn upon the trestle-board of Time; let us be true workmen, faithful ever in service and devotion; so shall the outer Temple be reared, and the inner Temple of the Hearts of Men be builded on the foundations of Helpfulness, Love and Joy, a fit dwelling place for the purified, radiant, divine Soul.

“Evolution is an eternal cycle of becoming, we are taught; and Nature never leaves an atom unused. Moreover, from the beginning of the Round [this present great cycle of development], all in Nature tends to become Man. All the impulses of the dual, centripetal and centrifugal Force are directed towards one point—Man. * * * *Man is the Alpha and the Omega of objective creation. As said in Isis Unveiled, ‘all things had their origin in Spirit—evolution having originally begun from above and proceeding downwards, instead of the reverse, as taught in the Darwinian theory.’* (Principles of Zoology, p. 206.)

* * * * *

“Truly, if we accept Darwin’s theory of the development of species, we find that his starting-point is placed in front of an open door. We are at liberty with him, to either remain within, or cross the threshold, beyond which lies the limitless and incomprehensible, or rather the *Unutterable*. If our mortal language is inadequate to express what our spirit dimly foresees in the great ‘*Beyond*’—while on this earth—it *must* realize it at some point in the timeless Eternity.”

—H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II., pp. 170, 190.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD IN DAILY LIFE.

By HELEN DOUGLAS.



BEFORE brotherhood can be made a part of daily life, it must first be recognized as a fact. The intellectual conception passes gradually into a feeling of its truth, and this works its way out in action. Universal Brotherhood is not a theory. It is not a mere hypothesis for sentimentalists on which to construct a visionary golden age. It is not a passing fancy. Universal Brotherhood is a reality. It is the expression of the fundamental unity of Nature. The many forms of life are manifestations of the one life, which works its way from the lower kingdoms of nature up through man to conscious godhood. Nature is one; no part is separate from any other part.

The unity of the human race can be seen even on the physical plane, where the delusion of separateness is most deceiving. Divest men of their surroundings, the conditions of their lives, and what have we? Take from the scholar his books; from the general his army; remove the business man from the intricacies of trade, and the society leader from the whirl of fashion; think of the Englishman minus his nationality, and the American less his; cancel the brown skin of the dark races and the white skin of the whites; remove from the Christian his dogmas; from the Mohammedan his forms; from the Brahmin his superstitions and we have—human beings who suffer the same physical wants, whose lives are torn by the same contending passions and lighted by the same loves, whose souls cry out for the same Truth. Only the superficial interests of mankind are diversified and antagonistic. The fundamental interests are identical.

The world is so closely bound together by cable and by steamship line that the condition of one country affects all the others. Fluctuation in London stocks is immediately felt in Wall Street. A failure of the crops in Russia makes a shortage of grain throughout the world. The financial panic of Australia swept this country and Europe. The bubonic plague has its victims in almost every seaport. Daily the world reads the South African war news, and is depressed or elated. If such an interdependence can be brought about by the purely physical cable and steamer, how much more intimate and immediate must be the connection along the subtler lines of mental action and the irresistible currents of feeling; for here every person is a seaport town, a centre of communication. Lust, selfishness and revenge go straight to corresponding centres and awaken kindred feelings in others; trust, sincerity, compassion arouse the highest part of man into responsive action.

Knowing Brotherhood to be this interrelation and interdependence of Humanity, it is evident that to make it a part of daily life demands more than a friendly feeling for one's associates, or a pleasant smile for all we meet.

Outer actions are the result of inner impulses. Only as the motive is pure and the impulse genuine or the reverse is the brotherly act truly or falsely so. We must first awaken a genuine sympathy for our fellow men; accord to each the dignity of being a human soul; grant that each life is as full of cares and trials as our own; that all are journeying towards the same goal.

If we feel our kinship with others we shall not regard them as competitors, but as fellow-workers. What is another's loss is not your gain. Another's gain is no loss to you. The best interests of the individual can be served only by serving the best interests of all. If we shift our field of effort from the plane of competition to that of mutual helpfulness, we shall receive better value for our labor. If another attains success in a line along which we have been striving, or is doing a work we have longed to do, we should not feel envious, nor regard him as a rival. There is work enough for all; the work of each is suited to his ability. If another acquires some degree of perfection in the performance of his duty, rejoice in his strength, for is not the world helped as much by his strong act as by yours?

Universal Brotherhood demands more than tolerance. It is not enough to say, "Brother, I wish thee well; go thy way." Brotherhood, whose basis is that fact in Nature, demands that each should work unceasingly for the good of all. If this end is served by kindly, gentle treatment, let it be tender and loving. But if the occasion demands strength and severity, do not hesitate to deal the blow. The act which causes pain, and which to the superficial gaze might seem unbrotherly, may be the only thing that could awaken another to his failing and help him on to a better life. The friend is unkind who speaks only of the things which please and flatter us, but dares not mention our shortcomings for fear of incurring our displeasure. The parent is unkind who indulges the child in all its wayward whims, leaving it to learn self-discipline when it is thrown upon the world.

The assistance which benefits one's worldly condition or aids in the gratification of desire may arouse gratitude and admiration, but it is of trifling importance compared to that which builds character, gives a truer conception of life, or awakens the soul to its responsibilities.

To be brotherly in the highest sense demands wisdom to discern the proper course of action and will to push it through, whether the process be pleasant or not. To look behind the present sensations of pleasure and pain and work for the ultimate good is true brotherliness.


If we could realize that the welfare of each is closely interwoven with the welfare of all, we should cease drawing the sharp lines of selfish personality, we should cease building for the personal self, and build for the larger self—Humanity. Universal Brotherhood is a part of that life whose guiding purpose is "To render noble service to all that lives".

"Sentences of studied wisdom, naught avail they unapplied;
Though a blind man hold a lantern, yet his footsteps stray aside."

Indian Poetry.

MAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

By ROBERT FRANCIS.


 BEYOND the uttermost depth of space,
 Beyond Chaos' turbid reign,
 There is a Being within whose mighty girth
 Is all of joy and all of mirth,
 But naught of grief and pain.
 A mighty Being; of wondrous lore;
 Calm, Just, Supreme, Divine.
 Forth from its heart there sprang a spark
 Of wondrous light; across the dark
 Of universe's chaotic clime
 It leaps, moulds for itself of earthly sand
 A tenement, and becomes a *Man*.

The spark within the heart of light
 Knew naught of grief or pain.
 And thus a flaw in the wondrous law,
 The law that Moses on Sinai saw—
Karma! that branded Cain,
 As ceaselessly it labored
 To round the cycle's girth,
 It could not find within the clime
 Of perfect harmony divine,
 The lost link of discord's birth;
 Incarnate life is yet untold;
 It seeks, and finds the Earth its goal.

A while upon the earth it dwells
 A Man; sowing the seed
 Of harvests rich, gleans
 When the high Sun casts its sheen
 O'er action evil and goodly deed.
 The Shepherd pipes,
 The Smithy smites,
 The husbandman plows the field;
 And every beast
 With man's at peace,
 And all to one God kneel.

In all the earth is joyous life
 And peace; unknown is strife.
 But soon a change comes o'er the scene,
 The Shepherd's pipes are mute,

And in their place the trumpet rings,
 Of War—a pæan, wild, uncouth.
 The Smithy smites on sword and sings
 Then swiftly comes the horrid strife,
 And grief and pain are born ;
 The woman weeps, the soldier groans,
 In agony of flesh o'erborne
 The God-man gasps and dies ; the Norns
 Sing then of death and birth,
 Man's future heritage on earth.

And now the Soul, immortal spark,
 Free'd from its prison clay,
 Swift wings its flight straight up the height,
 E'en to the portals gleaming bright
 Of that eternal Being ; but dark
 And closed to him the way ;
 Bar'd to this soul the light of day.
 Swift wings he hither, yonder, far,
 Seeking the cause of the hindering bar,
 Till soon he sees acrosss the sky
 In gleaming letters of golden fire
 These words : "Know ye, all men,
 That on the earth, within the ken
 Of human life, was found the link,
 To fill the broken rink of the circle's brink."

And now the Law a perfect sphere,
 Revolves through æons, centuries, years,
 For all—immortal God and mortal man.
Karma, the Law, forever stands.
 The Law of Justice a record keeps
 Of every deed ; and says to thee,
 "As ye shall sow, so shall ye reap."
 And naught can change the law's decree.
 So wing thy way again to earth,
 Immortal soul to mortal birth.
 Take on again the cloak of clay,
 And labor, learn and live and pray.
 Incarnate life once thou hast known,
Reincarnation is now thy bourne.
 On earth thou planted'st deep the seed
 Of mortal life and mortal deed ;
 On earth the harvest thou must reap ;—
 So saith the Law. It ye must keep,

And take back with thee unto man,
 This pure religion, simple, grand.
 Teach through the earth from land to land,
 From tribe to tribe, from clan to clan ;
 To earth and sea and shore and sand
 The eternal *Brotherhood of Man*.
 The great, the small, the rich, the poor,
 The White, the Black, the dusky Moor ;
 Mussulman, Christian, Buddhist, Jew,
 From one root-stock, one Father, grew.
 From the womb of one Mother sprang
 That countless legion, the race of man.

Of one great God each soul's a part,
 Born from the innermost depth of its heart.
 And each and every mortal man,
 Living and breathing on sea or land,
 Is *thy* brother ; heed it well
 To feed thy brother, and bid him dwell
 Within the portal of thy abode,
 And let him not hence naked go ;
 Thy hearth, thy board, thy cloak divide,
 Give half to him who to thee cried,
 Succor each suffering one whose need
 Is greater than thine, and heed
 To the cry of the dog, the motherless lamb,
 And aid each one with the work of thy hand.
 Write on thy banner in letters of gold
 The hope of all, the young, the old.
 Cry through the land, o'er plain and wood,
 The slogan of peace, *Man's Brotherhood*.

FRAGMENT.

By M. A. OPPERMANN.



H that the question of Brotherhood were more generally understood !
 It is better for a human being to defile his body by eating flesh
 and drinking wine and liquor, than once wilfully to hurt his fellow
 creature. On the other hand you may destroy the world and be as
 innocent as a child. Absolute perfect Brotherhood is not to be found among
 creatures because of the "three qualities" of nature. The *Bhagavad Gita* says :
 "There is no creature on earth nor among the hosts in heaven who is free from

the three qualities which arise from nature." Thus the ideal of perfect Brotherhood is as far and as near as the Absolute; we may feel it to be, but cannot reach it *while we are not it*.

Thus while we live in the consciousness of creatures we can strive after it, feel its beauty, love it for its own sake, transform our earth into a paradise and clean its sin-laden atmosphere; but there will always rest something still better, still more perfect beyond, and states of existence of which we have not the least idea now, will unfold and show an ever increasing higher life.

From the beginning of her teaching H. P. Blavatsky put Brotherhood first, all the rest after. But knowing well that the race is egotistical she had to give the teaching at the same time and unfold vistas even for those who might later only come back to the starting point. Most of her followers were attracted by a mystical tendency, by thirst for knowledge and some by lower motives. Was there one among her followers who said: "Teacher I will practice Brotherhood, and when I shall have learnt what it is, I will come back and sit at your feet and listen to your teaching"?

Yes there was one, but I think that one only, and if it had not been for him, what would have become of the Movement? Some of H. P. Blavatsky's followers began to understand later, they turned back to the starting point and acted wisely; others went on in their self-made knowledge and the more they gathered of it the further they got from the real starting point.

There is system in the whole Kosmos; worlds evolve in their order, and nothing that wants to be can oppose this law. Thus it is with us, if we want to become real Theosophists; we may waste our time if it pleases us to study and try to understand while remaining selfish, but there is no power in the whole universe which will enable us to skip the first object, viz., Brotherhood. Lucky for the world that at least one of Mme. Blavatsky's pupils knew this, acted accordingly and brought the Movement to the point of sure foundation, and did not leave this earth before having turned over the reins into the strong hands of our present Leader.

Unreasoning churchmen of whatever creed, dry philosophers, dissatisfied theorists,—where are your systems? Is your starting-point Brotherhood? There were and are now good men among them all, but they could not find a system which lasted, but system after system continually changed. And yet the true path has always been in the world. Is not the seven-fold path for liberation given in the oldest book, and does it not begin with Brotherhood? The Book of the Golden Precepts gives the key to open the first portal as Dana, the key of Charity and Love Immortal. Surely unless the first portal is passed none beyond can be reached.

Thus we know that if we really put Brotherhood first, we are on the true way, and whatever help we give, and be it ever so little, will be of real help for all men and for all that is.

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

XVII.—Five Later Dynasties.—The Twenty-seventh.—Revolt of Khabas.—Inaros and Amyrtaios.—Twenty-eighth.—Twenty-ninth.—Egyptian Kings for Fifty Years.—Thirtieth.—Nektanebos I., Agesilaos of Sparta.—Invasion by Okhos.—Flight of Nektanebos II.—Thirty-first Dynasty of Persian Kings.



AMBYSES and his seven successors are usually classed as constituting the Twenty-seventh Dynasty. Theirs, however, was not an undisputed dominion. The Egyptians never ceased to chafe under the Persian yoke. Sometimes native princes came to the front as kings, and several of the satraps as "lords of the province", who represented the "Great King" cherished the ambition to establish an independent throne for themselves.

Dareios Hystaspis, the second of the Persian Overlords, was familiar with the laws, customs and religions of the country. He had been one of the royal body-guard during the reign of Kambyses, and had profited by the opportunity to learn a theory of governing. Upon his return to Persia, he found a Magian on the throne, and all the nobility abjectly subservient. Even the Mazdean religion which he and his tribe professed, had been interdicted, and the old Skythic Magism was restored to its former ascendancy. He formed a conspiracy of seven princes to assassinate the usurper, and afterward suppressed the numerous uprisings which threatened to bar him from the throne. He then established again the simple Zoroastrian worship, and promulgated the Avesta and sacred laws as the authoritative standard. Afterward he organized the government anew into departments or satrapies, instead of subject-kingdoms, somewhat after the manner of the nomes or districts of Egypt. He also established highways over the Empire, and provided relays of horses and camels to enable couriers and travelers to go forward with promptness and uninterrupted. With this arrangement was established a postal system,* which seems to have been the origin of the post office of modern times.

He also reformed the coinage, requiring the gold and silver to be of the purest quality. Hence the Persian coins, known by the name of "Darics", were proverbial for their freedom from debasement, which characterised those of Greece and Asia. One of these is in the British Museum, having the Greek name of "Pythagoras".

Two of the Satraps had attempted to set up the rule as independent kings. Orætes at Sardis, whom Cyrus had appointed, had withheld any recognition of the accession of Dareios, and was put to death.

The other uprising took place in Egypt. Upon the conquest by Kambyses, the nobleman Uza-hor-en-pi-ris, the son of the high-priest of the "Great

*Esther iii., 13, and viii., 10; also Jeremiah ii., 24.

Mother" at Sâis, had made his submission and been appointed President of the physicians and friend or "grandson" of the king. Under his direction Kambyzes had confirmed the authority of the priests and established religious worship. He had accompanied the Persian army home, and was afterward sent from Anzan by Dareios to assure the continuance of the former privileges.

The conduct of the viceroy, Aryandes, however, gave rise to general disaffection. He had assumed the powers of independent royalty, and was harsh and severe in administration. He engaged in war in the Kyrenaika, but suffered the Persian soldiers to be massacred without any attempt to avenge them. He also issued a silver coinage, the Aryandics, bearing the legend—"Melekh Ari-en-tebt", King Aryandes. Finally, the Egyptians revolted, and Dareios led an army into Lower Egypt to bring them into submission. Having effected this, he punished the faithless satrap with death. He afterward appointed Aahmes, who commanded the Egyptian army and belonged to the royal family of Sâis, to succeed him. This prince and his successors bore the title of *melekh* or king of Upper and Lower Egypt, and also had the official name of Si-Neith.

Dareios made diligent endeavors to promote the prosperity of Egypt, and to eradicate the hateful remembrances of the Persian conquest. He taxed the country lightly, not exceeding the amount of half a million dollars a year, and his viceroys were members of the Egyptian royal family. Although himself a strict adherent and promulgator of the Mazdean religion with all its rigid simplicity, he contributed liberally to the worships of the several realms and districts. He built a temple to Amun in the Oasis, and was initiated by the priests with the name of Sutta-Râ. At Memphis he asked that his statue might be placed before the colossal image of Rameses the Great. The high priest refused, on the ground that he had not equalled the achievements of that monarch; he had not conquered the Skyths. He bowed to the decision, only remarking that he had not had sufficient time. On his arrival in Northern Egypt he found the people in mourning over the death of the Sacred Bull



INTERCOLUMNIAL SLAB OF A TEMPLE, WITH THE NAMES AND TITLES OF NEKTANEBOS.

Apis. He offered a hundred talents of gold for the finding of another animal that met the necessary description.

He ordered the Suez Canal to be constructed which had been begun by Nekho. Afterward however he commanded it to be closed, lest it should expose the country to destructive inundations. Nevertheless, there were two benefits derived; the adjacent region became productive, and the water of the Bitter Lakes was sweetened* from the contributions of the Nile.

The viceroy Aahmes was succeeded by his son Nefer-Râ. This prince died in the twenty-ninth year of Dareios, and was followed by Manduph. He had ruled three years when the great defeat of the Persians took place at Marathon, and put an end to their conquests.† Dareios had added Afghanistan and the Punjab to his dominion in the East and had likewise obtained the submission of the princes of Thrace and Macedonia, but had failed in an expedition beyond the river Danube. After that misadventure, the latter years of his reign were disturbed incessantly by revolt. The Babylonians began, and then followed the Ionians of Asia Minor. The Athenians had aided their kindred in Asia with a powerful fleet, and Dareios sent an army into Greece to chastise and subjugate them. The defeat at Marathon was so humiliating that he began at once to prepare for a new invasion. It was the opportunity for Egypt, and the plans for an uprising were immediately laid. Three years later the standard of revolt was displayed. The monuments give the name of the insurgent prince as Khabas, with official designations of Senen-Tanen and Setepen-Ptah, but Burton's *Excerpta* state that the viceroy Manduph was the head of the revolt and that he succeeded in establishing his authority as king over the two realms.

Dareios died before he could lead an army again into Egypt, and the Egyptian prince was able to continue in power two or more years. An inscription of Ptölemy I. describes his activity. "The Seaboard", it declares, "had been assigned by the king Khabas to the gods of the city of Buto; but the hereditary foe Xerxes or Sharsha alienated it. But the great king our lord drove out the enemy Xerxes from his palace altogether, together with his oldest son, and so he made himself famous in Sâis, the city of the goddess Nêith, the Mother of the Gods."

There occurred at this time the death of the sacred bull Apis, and the king made provision for the entombing. The coffin of the divine animal was placed in the Serapeion, and the lid inscribed with the date as follows: "The second year, the month Athyr, under the majesty of king Khabas, the friend of Apis-Osiris, of Horos of Kakem." But this lid was never placed upon the sarcophagus. The reason is plain.

Immediately after the accession of Xerxes I. to the Persian throne, no time was lost in sending an army to Egypt. The country was subjugated, and the king's brother, Cyrus Akhæmenides appointed satrap. There was no more lenity of administration. The exactions were increased, and the troops of

*See Exodus, xv. 22, 23.

†The story was told for centuries afterward that phantom soldiers, cavalry and infantry, were seen on the battlefield at Marathon, each recurring year, engaged in mortal conflict. See Maccabees II., v., 2, 4.

Egypt were drafted into the army and fleet that invaded Greece to be routed and destroyed. Two hundred triremes were manned with Egyptians and their courage was highly praised.

Xerxes had been assassinated and his son Artaxerxes Longimanus had been five years king before there occurred another revolt in Egypt. The prince Inarôs, of Marea, near the present site of Alexandria, the son of Psametikh of the race of Tafnekht, was the leader. He formed an alliance with Amyrtaios or Amun-art-rut of Sâis, and other princes of the Delta, and was supported by the Egyptians generally. The conflict lasted six years. The Athenians aided the insurgents with a fleet of two hundred vessels. A battle was fought near Papremis and the Persians defeated with a loss of a hundred thousand men out of a force of a hundred and twenty thousand. The satrap was killed, it is said, by Inarôs himself. His body was carried to Persia for interment, and the tomb at Murghab bears the inscription which has been translated: "I am Cyrus the Akhæmenian, King."*

The victory was pursued further, till only the fortresses at Memphis and Pelusium remained in possession of the Persians. The entire Delta, with these exceptions, was in possession of Inarôs and his allies, and Amyrtaios appears to have been recognized as king. The inhabitants of Upper Egypt took little part in the contest. They were of another race, other sympathies, another religion.

During this long period, Greeks were again free to visit the country. Among those who took advantage of the opportunity were Anaxagoras, the philosopher and preceptor of Perikles, and also Hellanikos and Herodotus the historian. The latter visited the battle-fields, and conversed with the priests from whom he learned what he wrote of Egyptian history.

Artaxerxes had learned that in dealing with the Greeks, his gold was more successful than his soldiers. He was pressed hard by Kimôn of Athens and his possessions in Egypt and Asia Minor were in peril. He sent an embassy to Sparta, to hire the Lacedæmonians to attack the Athenians and to draw their attention away from Egypt. For once, however, the expedient failed and the war lasted for years. He then sent his son-in-law, Megabyzus or Bagabusa, with an army to conquer the country. The conflict lasted a year and a half with uncertain results. The Persians were finally successful. They destroyed the Athenian fleet and routed the army. Inarôs then surrendered under the pledge of amnesty. The promise, however, was disregarded, and the perfidious captors carried him to Persia. Here he was put to death by impalement, three stakes being employed in order to increase the torture.

Amyrtaios escaped into the marshes and successfully eluded his enemies. The sons of the two revolting princes were then appointed to succeed them, Thannyras being placed over the Libyan district and Pa-Osiris over Egypt, subordinate to the Persian satrap. Meanwhile Amyrtaios continued to work for the independence of his country. He applied to Athens and Kimôn came to Egypt with a fleet, but he was unable to render any important aid.

*It seems that the Akhæmenians did not observe the custom of disposing of the dead without burning or burial in the earth. The tomb of Dareios was copied from the Assyrian models, and the figure of the divinity sculptured on them, the man in the circle.

Artaxerxes had now found opportunity to bring the war to an end. Perikles became the supreme power at Athens, the sole leader of a democratic commonalty. A treaty was made in which independence was conceded to the cities of Ionia, and the Athenians left the king in undisturbed possession of Egypt.

Now, however, followed a revolt in Syria, led by Negabyzus himself. Palestine was ravaged and Jerusalem burned. Artaxerxes was able to placate his son-in-law, and afterward gave authority to his cup-bearer Nehemiah, to rebuild the wall of the Judean capital.

Finally, Artaxerxes was succeeded by Xerxes II., and he by his brother Sekydianos. Both were assassinated and Okhos or Dareios II. became king. Degeneracy had come upon the Akhæmenians. The women and officials of the royal palace became the chief powers in the government, and many of the satraps were now virtually independent sovereigns.

Forty years passed thus over Egypt. The Persian yoke was hated, but so long as there was no interference with the worship of the gods, it was endured in silence. But the Persian worship itself became altered in form, from the purer Mazdeism of Dareios Hystaspis, and Magism became interblended. The attempt was made to produce conformity in Egypt. Ostanes, a Median magus, attempted the innovation. He had for an assistant Demokritos of Abdera, who was both physician and philosopher, and a convert to the oriental religion. He went as far as Upper Egypt and employed himself with the priests of Amun-Râ whom he delighted by his proficiency in astronomical knowledge. There was also Mariam, a Judean woman of great expertness in chemistry, and likewise Pi-men or Pamnenes, an Egyptian. Ostanes began an innovation with the worship of Ptah, insisting that the rites and instruction at the temple of Memphis should take the form of the



FRAGMENT OF A STATUE OF NEKTA-NEBOS FOUND AT MEMPHIS.

fire-worship of the East. As might have been anticipated, there was a revolt. The priests might be willing to discourse learnedly upon ethics and philosophic dogma, but the people were certain to resent meddling with a worship that had existed from early ages.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DYNASTY.

Amyrtaios raised once more at Sâis the standard of an independent Egypt. He was able to rally a force sufficient to uphold his authority. It was the tenth year of the reign of Dareios II. The Persian monarch was not able to suppress the revolution. Amyrtaios made a treaty with the Arabian chiefs, which secured the frontier against invasion and incursions and after a reign of seven years, he died leaving the kingdom to an Egyptian successor. He is classed by Manethô as the only king of the Twenty-eighth Dynasty.

TWENTY-NINTH DYNASTY.

The Twenty-ninth Dynasty is generally described as beginning at a date of four hundred years before the present era, with the founder Nefaarut or Nephertites, of Mendes, a descendant from the ancient kingly line of Egypt. The name of Psametikh also appears as king, and there is an uncertainty whether it was another designation of Nephertites or belonged to a different prince. Diodoros relates the account of an infamous act of treachery by this monarch. Cyrus, the satrap of Lydia and Phrygia contended with his brother Artaxerxes Mnêmôn for possession of the throne of Persia. Tamos, the governor of Ionia had taken part with him and commanded his fleet. Upon the death of Cyrus, he placed his family and wealth upon a ship and sailed to Egypt. He was originally from Memphis and had aforesaid rendered valuable service to Psametikh. He counted, accordingly, upon his protection. But the perfidious Egyptian murdered them all and seized the treasure.

Nephertites was able to maintain himself against Persia, and to establish a dynasty. He supplied aid and sent grain to the Lacedæmonians in their war against Artaxerxes. He also began the restoring of temples and public buildings in Egypt, and the monuments which had been silent during the Persian rule began again to have inscriptions commemorating what had been accomplished.

Hakara or Akhôrîs, the successor of Nephertites, maintained the conflict against Persia with great sagacity and energy. Evagoras also expelled the Persians from Cyprus and with the aid of Athens was holding his ground with every prospect of success. But the Grecian states were incessantly contending against one another, and accepting the "Great King" as umpire, until the overwhelming defeat of the Athenians in Sicily. After that there followed the peace of Antalkidas, which was little else than a command from Artaxerxes to leave him in possession of Ionia and Cyprus. Thirty thousand "Persian archers" helped to this conclusion. Evagoras, however, continued the struggle for independence and Akhôrîs aided him with provisions for his troops and also with fifty ships of war. Gaios, the son of the murdered Tamos, commanded the Persian fleet and reconquered a large part of Cyprus. A year later, however, he

abandoned the service of Artaxerxes and united his fortunes with the king of Egypt. Akhōris was thus able to maintain his throne, and found opportunity to do work on the temples and other public buildings. He died after a reign of thirteen years, and was followed by Psi-Mut or Psammenitos, Har-nek-kha, and Nefaerut II., none of whom reigned longer than a year. Finally, the Mendean dynasty, having continued twenty-two years, was succeeded by a new line of kings from Sebennytos.

THE THIRTIETH DYNASTY.

The Thirtieth Dynasty was founded by Nekht-hor-hebi or Nektanebos I. He was speedily required to defend his kingdom against Artaxerxes. Egypt was invaded by an army of two hundred thousand men and five hundred ships of war, commanded by the satrap Pharnabazos and the Athenian general Iphikrates. Nektanebos was diligent in preparations obstructing the entrances of the Nile, and making deep trenches across the country at the East, crossing with them all the roads from Asia. He was outwitted, however, and while he was awaiting the enemy at Pelusium, Egypt was entered at Mendes. Distrust existed between the commanders, however, and Pharnabazos would not permit Iphikrates to march to Memphis for fear he would establish himself as an independent ruler. Meanwhile Nektanebos harassed the invading forces by frequent skirmishes and finally defeated them in a pitched battle. Their annual inundation also came, obliging the Persians to retreat out of the country.

Nektanebos was now able to devote attention to arts of peace. He carried on work on several public buildings, and his name was duly carved on several at Thebes. In one instance the name of Tirhakah was effaced to make room for his. He also built a temple to the goddess Hathor at Philæ in Ethiopia.

The eighteen years of peace left Egypt open once more to travelers from Greece. The Grecian states had then changed their politics; Athens had been the friend before, but the visitors now brought their letters of introduction from Agesilaos, king of Sparta to Nektanebos and the Egyptian priests. Eudoxos the astronomer, Khryssippos the physician and Plato were of the number. Eudoxos remained sixteen months with the priests and shaved his chin and eyebrows. He consulted the bull Apis to learn his fortune. The animal licked his cloak, which was regarded as the portent of speedy death. Nevertheless, he went home, and taught for many years. Khryssippos was an innovator in medicine. He was skilled in the knowledge of his time, and employed procedures like the Reformed practitioners of modern times. Plato came with a cargo of olive oil to defray his expenses. He was at Heliopolis and greatly admired the industry of the Egyptians. How far the wisdom of the priests permeated his philosophy may be conjectured, but the fact that with the building of Alexandria half a century later, a school was established in which his dialectics were a principal feature, will help solve the question.

The reign of Nektanebos was so beneficial that like former sovereigns he was worshipped after his death as a divinity, and a priesthood constituted in his honor, which continued its ministrations till a later period.

- Taher or Takhôs came to the throne when the satraps of Asia Minor, Syria and Phœnicia had revolted against Persia. He at once went into alliance with them, and attracted the attention of Artaxerxes in his direction. An army was ordered accordingly to invade Egypt, and Takhôs procured the services of Agesilaos of Sparta to command his land forces and Khabrias of Athens for his fleet. But he ruined his cause by dissension and bad judgment. The preparations for war emptied his treasury and he resorted to a forced loan of gold and silver and to a tax on the sale of corn. This immediately produced a wide disaffection all over the country. The reception of Agesilaos was also marked by flagrant discourtesy.

The Egyptians had expected the man who might have conquered Persia but for bribery at home, to present an imposing and dignified appearance, and did not withhold ridicule at the diminutive figure, mean dress, and every familiarity of the man with his own soldiers. The old Spartan smothered his displeasure. He had expected to command the whole army, but was only placed over the hired troops. He counseled the king not to go out of Egypt but to leave military operations with his generals and give his attention solely to his government at home. But Takhôs left the administration of affairs in the hands of his brother, and himself took command of the expedition which was made into Palestine. Several towns were captured from the Persians, when word came of a revolt in Egypt. The prince of Mendes, a representative of the previous dynasty, had taken advantage of the prevailing discontent to lay claim to the throne. The regent immediately proclaimed the prince Nekht-neb-ef or Nektanebos II., king of Egypt. The army joined in the revolt and Takhôs who had already quarreled with Agesilaos, hurried to Persia to invoke the favor of Artaxerxes.

He was graciously received and help promised to restore him to the throne. But Artaxerxes had already passed the age of four score and ten years, and his life was embittered by the plots in regard to his successor. He had married his daughter Atossa, and she was aiding her brother Okhos, a younger son, in his ambitions. Bagoas, a native of Memphis, who held a place in the royal household, also took part actively with them. Artaxerxes was able to do little for the Egyptian supplicant and Takhôs died in a short time from disease brought on by luxurious living. The royal princes of Persia were all destroyed by artifices of Okhos, and he finally succeeded to the throne, by the title of Artaxerxes III. Bagoas was rewarded by the office of prime minister. King Log had been succeeded by King Stork in right earnest.

Meanwhile Nektanebos II., by the aid of Agesilaos, had defeated the prince of Mendes and now was fairly seated upon the throne of Egypt. The brave old Spartan now bade him farewell, obstinately refusing all reward for his services. Nektanebos sent after him two hundred and twenty talents, but he distributed the whole amount among his soldiers. He died on his way home and his body, encased in wax, was sent to Sparta.

Okhos had begun his reign by the massacre of all his relatives who might

dispute his claim to the Persian throne. His dominion, however, was none the less in imminent danger of falling to pieces. Phrygia had revolted and was aided by Athens and Thebes. An expedition which he sent to conquer Egypt was utterly defeated by Nektanebos, aided by troops from Athens and Sparta. Immediately, Cyprus, Phœnicia, and Palestine revolted, and declared their independence.

Philip of Macedonia was engaged in ambitious projects in relation to the Grecian states. The Athenian orator Isokrates wrote him a letter pointing out the disordered condition of Persian affairs, and urged him to take advantage of it to conquer Asia. Okhos, however, had anticipated him and made a treaty with Philip, which obviated all danger of such an invasion, and left the Grecian states occupied with their own dangers at home.

Nektanebos, with more zeal than discretion, formed alliances with the Sidonians and sent them four thousand Grecian troops under the command of Mentôr the Rhodian. The others were successful in driving the Persians out of Phœnicia. Satraps and generals were not able to maintain the authority of their overlord.

Okhos then determined to conduct the war in person. He had turned aside all danger from Greece, and could give his whole attention to the work of subjugation. He accordingly prepared an armament which should be adequate to the exigency, including three hundred thousand foot-soldiers, thirty thousand cavalry, and a fleet sufficient for the purpose. He also procured ten thousand soldiers from Thebes and Ionia.

He was able to win the victory over Sidon both by his gold and by the terror of his arms. Tennes, the Sidonian prince, and Mentôr, the Rhodian general, were willing to betray the cause for which they had fought, and Okhos made terms with them accordingly. Tennes, on his part, delivered a hundred of the principal citizens of Sidon to the Persian monarch, and admitted a detachment of his soldiers into the city. The Sidonians were thus placed at the mercy of a conqueror who never knew mercy. He immediately put the hundred prisoners to death together with four hundred others who had surrendered in hope of gentler treatment. The Sidonians in their despair set fire to their houses and to the number of four hundred thousand died in the flames. The ashes of their dwellings yielded a rich booty to the searchers. Traitors are seldom useful more than once, and Okhos, in disregard of his pledges, delivered Tennes to the executioner.

Mentôr seems to have been in many respects like the Grecian leaders, a soldier of fortune like Dugald Dalgetty, or else he had already learned to despise his Egyptian employer. He entered the service of Okhos with perfect cheerfulness, bringing with him his entire command, and to him was due the success afterward won in Egypt. He was richly rewarded by his new master and continued in the Persian service till his death.

Phœnicia made no further resistance. The Persians now overran Judea and a large part of the population was transported from the country to Hyr-

kānia. Olophernes a brother of the satrap of Kappadocia, was the commander of the expedition, and Bagoas, the minister, accompanied him.* He had an agreement with Joshua, the brother of Johanan, the high priest, in relation to the surrender of Jerusalem. This coming to the knowledge of Johanan he called the delinquent to account and put him to death in the precinct of the temple. The Persians, upon entering the city, massacred a large number of the inhabitants, and Bagoas, with a guard of soldiers, entered the sanctuary of the temple. He was purer, he declared, than a man who was a murderer. He carried away the treasures that were kept there, and imposed a heavy tribute. Fifty shekels were required for every lamb that was sacrificed. These burdens were exacted for seven years till a change of rulers brought relief.†

The fatal blow now fell upon the devoted realms of Egypt. Okhos now hastened thither for a final conquest of the country. As his army came to the Lake Serbonis, the Sea of Suph or Papyrus-reeds, part of the forces traversed the narrow strip of dry sand between the lake and the Mediterranean. Suddenly a strong wind blew and brought upon them a deluge of water from the sea, and a large number perished. The main body of the army, however, went on the other side of the lake, and safely reached the frontier of Egypt.

Nektanebos had made the necessary preparations for defense, fortifying the approaches by the Nile and from the East. He had also an army of a hundred thousand men, Greeks, Libyans and Egyptians. He was largely outnumbered by the enemy, yet in the ancient modes of fighting he had good reason for confidence. Psametikh I., or Rameses, or Osirtasen, would have dared the conflict and with good hope of success. But this was an Augustulus ready to yield all. Immediately upon the arrival of the Persian army at Pelusium a skirmish took place between the Theban troops under Lakrates and the Greek forces of the Egyptian army. The defense was undertaken with resolute determination, when it was learned that Nektanebos had left all to his generals and escaped to Memphis. At once the besieged soldiers left off fighting and obtained a promise from Lakrates that upon their surrender they would be permitted to return home to Greece with their property. Bagoas attempted to break this promise, but Okhos confirmed it, and Pelusium came into his possession with no more fighting.

Mentôr next invested Bubastis, and began operations by notifying the inhabitants that mercy would be shown them if they surrendered, but that the most cruel deaths would be inflicted if they were contumacious. A dissension arose in consequence. The Egyptians, distrusting the Greek soldiers, privately offered to surrender to Bagoas. This was discovered and a great dispute and quarrel took place among the besiegers. It resulted finally in the surrender of the town to Mentôr. But the particulars of the affair showed that with able commanders the Egyptians might have taken advantage of the jealousies and

*The romantic story of the Book of Judith appears to have been founded upon the events of this invasion. It presents several anachronisms, and names Joakim as high priest, instead of his descendant Johanan.

†Josephus.—Antiquities of the Jews, xi., vii.

conflicts in the Persian army to defend their country with reasonable hope of success.

Okhos permitted no prisoners to be taken, but treated all alike, the inhabitants of the towns and the garrisons, with gentleness. The effect was that the Egyptians quarreled with the Greek troops, and opened the gates of the cities to the Persians without a struggle.

Nektanebos had not the courage to defend his capital. Upon learning that Pelusium and Bubastis had surrendered, and that the way was open to Memphis, he abandoned all attempt at defense. Taking such valuable property as he could remove, he fled away to Ethiopia.* He had reigned nineteen years, and Egypt had been independent of Persia for half a century. The period had been a twilight in Egyptian history, and it now passed into an unbroken night.

Okhos proceeded to disable Egypt for future rebellion. He garrisoned the principal cities and leveled the fortifications of the others. He is accused of no specific acts of cruelty as was to have been expected. Nevertheless he took occasion to express contempt and aversion for the Egyptian worship. He destroyed temples, seizing the treasures deposited in them, and gave back the Sacred Rolls to the priests only on payment of enormous ransoms. When his first expedition against Egypt proved a wretched failure the Egyptians had derided him. Punning on his name "Okhos" as equivalent to the Egyptian term *aô*, "an ass" they compared him to the ass on which the malignant *dæmon*, Seth or Typhon was fabled to have ridden for seven days when escaping from Horos.

Okhos repaid the taunt by exhibiting an ass as now representing the tutelary divinity of Egypt, and slaying the bull Apis as a sacrifice. Afterward he placed a satrap over the country and returned to Persia with an immense booty.

Egypt never revolted again. The spirit of the people was broken. But the doomsman was on the path of the conqueror. He perished by the avenger of the sacrilege, and under his successor, twelve years later Egypt passed without demur into the hands of Alexander.

*Athenæos tells a different story. Nektanebos he says, was captured by Okhos and treated with kindness; and when sitting at dinner with his conqueror, remarked that the proverbial magnificence of the Persian kings fell far short of his own; that he had been ruined by his own wealth, and conquered by the other's moderation.

"Any one who, for my sake, welcomes even a little child like this is welcoming me, and any one who welcomes me is welcoming not me, but him who made me his Messenger. . . . And if any one proves a hindrance to one of these lowly ones who are learning to believe, it would have been far better for him if he had been thrown into the sea with a great millstone around his neck."

—MARK, ix., 37, 42. (*The Twentieth Century New Testament.*)

THE ETERNAL SONG.

By PHANTOM.



THE eternal song is with us—is with us
 evermore,
 'Tis the cry of the soul—life weary, as it
 Roams this restless shore.

Imprisoned in fleshly casement, perplexed
 By deep laid mines,
 Longing for eyes to see clearly, the Light
 That forever shines—

Shines with a wondrous brilliance through
 The Ether far and wide,
 For the soul from whose vision has fallen
 The dazzling mists by its side.

Glints from the far-off come to us of a
 Brighter and purer day,
 When the radiant heights we peep at, shall
 Be ours for ever and aye;

When earthly illusions vanish, and the
 Real stands out in sight
 To claim its own forever, in the Eternal
 Light of Lights.

It beckons us on forever, with glimmerings
 True and sure,
 If only the soul will hold the casement
 To the good and pure.

So our wandering sun-flecked lives have
 The true and false to sift,
 And sometimes the shadow o'er shades us
 And hides the light that would lift—

Lift to the truer vision where the false
 Must fall away;
 Then, enveloped in Light Eternal, we
 Hail the Eternal Day.

“To love the public, to study universal good, and to promote the interest of the whole world, as far as lies within our power, is the height of goodness.”

SHAFTESBURY.

IN THE SUNSET LAND.

By HESTER FORSTER.



HE writer had only a few hours to spend at a beautiful place in the Sunset Land, but that those who have not seen that sacred spot may travel thither in heart and mind and know the joy of its sunshine and the radiance of its days, these impressions which have been indelibly fixed on the records of her life; have been written down.

* * * * *

How many times, when a child, has the writer watched the setting Sun behind waters, hills and forests to the West, and longed to follow it to its happy resting place; and often in dream would she travel thither through avenues of fragrant bloom, across a vast continent, to a happy land, and to a radiant city, where there was all calm, all light, all love; where men were majestic and wise, and women radiant and good. Into a still deeper sleep she sank and knew she was again a child, who has not lost her Mother.

Whence came such dreams while the so-called real world around was so full of sorrow and of darkness. She sat down and mused deeply, trying to find out which was cheating her, whether the reality or the dream. The more she mused the more the dream took possession of her being.

Often was she awakened to reality by physical blows. She tried to realize that it was reality, but alas! she saw only tables and chairs, a bed and a stove, and she cried aloud for help and deliverance. But the deliverance did not come; she had to fight her battle all alone.

Often she cried for help, and then she began to sink into dream again, when suddenly she met an angel in human form. So delicate, so tender, yet she volunteered to help her in the struggle. She suffered in the battle even more than the one she came to aid, and attracted more blows, even so many that she has departed from this world of pain.

Then the writer was left alone, yet not alone, for the memory of the sweet self-sacrificing life of her companion was ever with her as an inspiration. Yet still the writer lived, half in reality, half in dream. Every time she was half forgetful, the world took advantage of it. The remembrance of her life at this period is dim—frightful cities, grinding like machinery all that is out of place; gathering storms which seemed to threaten to convulse the world for the evil it had done; murky oceans of despair waiting to engulf those who refuse to turn to the light; and ceaseless loneliness, as if there was none to come to say but one sweet word, and drive away the cruel forms. Oh! if there be any hell, it is this.

And then the bright memory of her happy childhood seemed to stand out as a mockery and a fancy. Alas! was it forever gone? What love can again be hers like her Mother's love, and yet not love for her alone but for all the world. For she was so long hungry for love that love for her alone would

never satisfy, only that love that went out to all the world. She longed to vindicate every one of life's struggles, and send light on every battlefield. Who will then come and love the whole wide world?

It cannot be described how the light slowly dawned in the writer's life, first breaking through the thickest clouds and wildest commotion of unliving and unloving things, clear as a rising Sun, belligerent and speedy when the Lion-Hearted Soul first came for the deliverance of many; how it grew steady and clear, throwing a golden shaft of radiance above all appearance of learning, in the second Helper's life; and how the whole round orb, the inner heart, so beautiful and so complete, shone in heaven when the third Teacher came.

Who can describe all the shifting changes, all the anxiety, all the commotion of the skies in the wondrous sunrise of ages, and the joy when the complete round orb of the sun emerged? The writer then knew she had found her real Mother and Teacher, found her who had been lost to her for ages, found her who will give the clearest and the softest sunshine to the world.

All know the story, so only the general impression as made on the writer will be given. At first it was as if some one spoke in a dream and about a dream. Then the feeling grew clearer, the faces brighter, oh! how great the surprise! It seemed too good to believe, but grim reaction was ever ready. Then the light for a time withdrew. How gently it oscillated, how softly it shifted, always near, and always far, and yet to be attained by our labor, as a sunny crown of our own deeds,—and all the difference was in the seeming only. Ah! how sweet when at last we shall realize its ever presence.

As a token of this ever presence, there has been found for us a sacred spot, a new home, life-center and school, prepared for the children of the world, a beacon of light for those who shall be sent out to tell the world the glorious news, a place of dove-like peace and refuge for them when they shall return.

Take the best words which thrill the heart of poet; faith realized, hope fulfilled, smile of heaven, brooding peace of spirit, deepest blue of aspiration, golden light of joy and wisdom;—add to them such strange descriptive similies, like Jacob's ladder, bridge of Iris spanning the gulf between earth and heaven, lyre of Apollo, and that other harp Æolian on which the winds sang to Buddha,—take all such similies, fill your thought and eyes with them, and then look into this brilliant electric blinding blue of air and water at this spot, and the skies will seem to tell you: "We have all this and even more."

How has it come about that all this is possible?

There was a time when many Comrades were careless and clouded the light divine in many words and theories, incipient dogmas, so to say; when the battle from being a silent power became like roaring breakers for the ship to strand upon; when pupils began to look for many teachers and to seek them only with external eyes, instead of through their inmost spirit and devoted service—then it was that One gathered around her those who knew that the token of the true Helper's presence was Universal Brotherhood. And we have learned from our Teacher who is leading us out of the dark rooms of our early child-

hood into the broad daylight, that the only token shall be wide and clear and bright as Sunlight.

Then our enemies came and told us and will tell us many times, that we are nothing but a **philanthropic Body** (!) and not at all different from our Christian Brothers. And then we rejoiced, our faces became bright and shone as fire, and we said: "Yes those Christians who really love their neighbors in all lands and among all nations and follow faithfully in the steps of the humble Nazarene are not surely different from us." And we rejoiced for the sake of our Christian Brothers, knowing that many of them are truly so.

And then our enemies came to us and said: "You are not occultists! We can show you how to be such." And without being invited, they spoke things limited and selfish. We answered them and said: "Have you read, 'Neither shall they say, Lo here! or lo there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you. . . . For as the lightning that lighteneth out of one part of heaven, shineth into the other part under heaven, so also shall the son of Man be in his day?' Now it is then so with us. Not by any tricks and processes do we hope to get illumination, but the heart's light is from divinity itself, whose wisdom cleanses our minds and bodies, and whose light is love as wide as all five continents and waters and air, and cycles of past and future. This light cleaves the sky from East to West, thus making the whole world visible to our hearts and our hearts to all the world. With the clearness of this vision may we ever grow; we have no other way than this. What? renounce our divine inheritance and the power of our unlimited and all-embracing Higher Self, the only God man can ever know, our interior Christ, and beg some help and mercy from psychological development and tricks, from the rustling wings of our perishable lower self? Nay! Not so! We can see our development when we see the progress of the world, and we can feel our advancement when we bask in the happiness of nations."

This is the daylight we are led to by our Teacher. It is this feeling towards all peoples and nations that makes them appear on the firmament of our soul, whether those brothers of ours are far or near, known or unknown, past or present, or even future,—and it is they who beckon to us with the holy symbols of their thought and their glorious civilizations from the pure blue skies of this sacred spot.

Here in this sacred place, where stood the Temple of the Lemurians, those divine beings, whose departing wings fanned the land for many ages, and whose hearts, which love in the eternities, warmed it with a wondrous fire, here will stand again a Temple, and live once more a people simple, natural and happy and recovering the sunny power of their heart. The riotous minds will hush here and become as calm as placid Ocean all around, so that they will reflect even far distant stars of the skies of spirit. Then, when that happens, people will learn to read their own minds and create new wonders which their hearts shall bring and their minds reflect from the Realm of the One Soul. This is "The True Raja Yoga", which will be taught on his sacred place.

This is the Teacher's simple programme. If our healthy physical senses work in simple manner, why should not our spiritual senses which are still nearer to truth, work still more simply and directly. The enlightenment of the soul is like a sunrise with its slow and almost imperceptible changes. The swing of planets is not as quick as a flash of meteors. Returning back to our Father is a longer way than crawling into a murky hole. And the space here is not measured in any ordinary manner.

Thus the students are not frightened by any occult mysteries of a questionable kind, and know the way is open for the humblest, be he Christian, Brahman, Hebrew, Chinaman or Agnostic, if he is a sincere searcher for truth and a lover of humanity; it is simple, straight and narrow,—with a wider and wider view around, and only occasional illusory dark passes. Yea! this is the way for all, saints and sinners, who wish to take the path of holy transcendental virtues.

In this spirit all work will be performed here and have success. The greatest worker is our Teacher. The firmament of her soul is lighted up from her continuous thought and her share in the labor of that Universal worker, Spirit. When she stands on one of these hills it seems that in her heart is a glow of sweet compassion for the woes of the world's children and thence pours forth a radiance on wings of love and pity, lighting the atmosphere as a daybreak of an eternally loving soul, spreading like a purple mantle in protection above all this breathing, sleeping, suffering world. Oh! if the sleepers only knew and consciously felt those protecting purple folds, sweet would be their dream, and they would know who is their Helper and Teacher by the right of long, long sacrifice. But as yet they know it not. Some of them only smile in dreams and know not why.

But in this beautiful Land of Wonder protection for the children of the human race will be more easy. Such peace and calmness in the air, that it seems as if all this murky, sad and restless world of mortals has passed away forever and the Gods are reigning in their stead. Streams of bright and cooling freshness seem falling from above and washing off all stains from human memory and thought. Who can tell what those streams are? Even the sky and ocean seem here more blue, than in any other place.

Happy must be the children growing here under such conditions. In this Land of Wonder is a City Beautiful, of dwellings round in form, with tent-like walls and roofs, a constant lesson and inspiration. Some how, circular walls do not separate from Nature as do straight ones. And here is to be a new City by the Sea, a home for those who make themselves worthy in devotion and service and whose love it is to work for human kind, and where they will be taught in practice and not alone in theory, the life which is of Gods. Sweet words like cooling dew will heal the pain of life. The unselfish attitude and resolve will fall like golden rain upon the arid desert of the human heart, and from that rain new thoughts and feelings will spring up and bloom and change into a garden that which before was a desolate spot, a

dwelling of jackals, bats and frightful things of night,—as is any unenlightened mind, resounding with the cries of fancy, more fit for jungle than for human beings. And many a heart, where raged a volcano and spit out death and terror and fiery passion all around, will change from a mount of hell into a crest of paradise, covered now not with cinders, hot clouds and lava, but with sweet running water, shady nooks and groves and sun-kissed flowery meadows. And many a soul which searched for truth and found despair and nothingness and silence of abyss, will renew its search in this wondrous city; and it will find in its own centre of existence, which dares to be divine, a fount unlimited of that truth which is the foundation of the happiness of others. It will find it flowing out, gushing without ceasing, once it is not circumscribed for our own selfish purposes and use, but sent out, without accounting, to all four corners of the world, to the meanest thing beneath and to the Holy Ones who watch above our head.

And what will it be when the children of many nations come to dwell here, each adding their own song and their own beauty to the common joy,—oh! such a great variety of joy,—so many nations, separate, and yet united, as many strings upon one harp, as many colors in a rainbow, as many cluster-stars in one great sky.

Had ever the reader an experience of looking on a most beautiful landscape and feeling the possibilities of supreme happiness, and yet he was not happy? And he wondered what veil was there and what curse was there. That veil was nothing else but himself, the earthly man and the dark shadow of his deeds. But if the reader can imagine there a veil and a curse, he can imagine just as well their complete removal. It may take a long time, but it will be done by a united effort in that happy city. Then the sweet voices which seemed so far above the clouds and behind the horizon and the shining mists of the setting sun will come so near as to illumine his mind, thrill his soul and clarify his body.

The veil will fall away between himself and his comrades and in his comrades will appear the beauty which is more than that of flower, and their mental touch will be fresher than morning dew, brighter than the crystal luminous depth of the bracing upper air; their colors will be deeper than midnight sky, more mysterious than twinkling stars, and though silent, they will be filled with ceaseless song.

The whole atmosphere of the city will become lighted up with presence of MAN, not any personal man, but the realized ideal of all students. And this MAN will be the central flame, in whom all fires merge and through whom may be seen the farthest horizons of attainment and joy. And the more it is so, the more divine will be that MAN, and in him we shall be divine ourselves. And he will guide our actions and give us joy of their high meaning and the communion of his wondrous deathless life, far in the purple depths of the Soul. And he will teach us truth, and our earthly life will not be any more a life in any ordinary sense, but simply a screen for that deathless truth to play upon and mould shining symbols out of clay of matter, until we change that clay into a bright harmonious habitation, a fit dwelling for the Soul.

“Loma,—dove, place of rest, refuge, peace; the same as ancient Roma, which was called in antiquity Roma—asylum—and was primarily a place of Sybilline Mysteries, probably of Samothracian origin, as was also the old Lithuanian place of the Mysteries, called Romove, which means in Lithuanian—peace.”

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

TWO LITTLE BIRDS.

By BLUEWING.



LEANING over the side of the verandah of the Point Loma Homestead one day I saw two of the dearest little birds that ever lived. They were little baby birds that had only been hatched out of their shells a day or two before. Their little bodies were covered with the softest kind of down that could hardly be called feathers, though their wing and tail feathers were more fully formed. They were sitting quite close together on the ground, and a little distance off I saw the Mother bird perched on the top of a flower bush. As I did not wish to frighten the little birds and as the Mother bird seemed rather alarmed when I discovered her little babies, I moved away and watched them from a distance. Then the Mother bird flew down to the young ones and then back again to a bush pretending to make a great effort in flying so as to show the little ones how to use their wings. This she did several times, talking and calling to them and encouraging them to try.

That was all I saw of them that morning as I had to go away to another part of the garden, but I determined to watch the little bird family when I was near them again.

The nest was in the roof of the verandah and I thought about the little birdies how a short time ago their little bodies were not grown but were pretty little eggs, and then the eggs broke and out of the shells came such funny little creatures. You would hardly think they were little birds, for they had no feathers at first. The Mother and the Father birds would go and hunt breakfast and dinner and supper for them and what do you think they ate? Flies! for these birds about which I am telling you were "Fly-catchers",—that is their name, because they catch flies. The big birds would catch a fly in their beaks and carry it to the young ones who would open their little beaks wide for it. Well, when the little birds began to grow and get some feathers, I can imagine the Mother and the Father birds having a long conversation and laying their wise bird-heads together, discussing when was the proper time to teach them to fly. And then when the day arrived, what do you think they did? First they poked one of the birds out of the nest and then the other. Now these little birds had never flown before but when they were pushed out of the nest they spread their little wings though they did not quite know how to use them and so they fluttered down to the floor of the verandah; then another push and they fluttered down to the ground among the flowers, and that is where I saw them.

The next time I saw them was in the evening and the little birds were sitting together on a bough of a flower bush—such a pretty picture, I wish I could draw it for you. The Mother bird was near by and presently she flew to them

and then up to the nest, calling to them all the while, telling them it was time to come home to bed. But it was a very different thing getting home from leaving it in the morning, for the Mother bird could not push them into the nest but they must fly there themselves. Very soon they had a good try, first one and then the other. The first time neither of them succeeded for they tried to fly all the way from the bush to the nest without stopping to rest. They very nearly got to the nest but could not quite reach it. I think their little wings must have felt quite tired. So they fluttered down to the floor of the verandah and stayed there for several minutes.

The Mother bird flew around to encourage them and at last one of them had another try and this time flew a little way at a time. At first it flew just a very little way on to the verandah railing, then it flew on to the top of a window screen that came to the middle of the window, then a third try and it reached the ledge at the top of the window. When it got to the middle of the window the other little bird flew up there too and then one after another they flew to the top and there they stayed a long, long time quite close together. The last bit of the journey home was across from the window to the other side of the verandah and just a little way up and finally they reached home safely and went to bed, snug and warm beneath the Mother bird's feathers.

There are a lot of nests on the Homestead grounds at Point Loma and the birds are very tame. Two of them, every morning go to sing just outside the Lotus Mother's window. I think they sing to her and to "Spots" to say that they are Brotherhood birds and want everybody to be happy and to enjoy the sunshine and the flowers. And then they sing to all the little Brotherhood babies that are at the new Lotus Home here in the little City Beautiful.

It is just like a beautiful fairy land with the birds and the flowers and "Spots" and the Lotus Buds and Blossoms and all the grown-up Brotherhood people and the Lotus Mother, and everybody working for all the World, and some day all the World will be like Fairyland and you and all of us must help to make it so.

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not real stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like a city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue;
And say, now, how does it seem to you?

—EUGENE FIELD.

NIG'S BROTHERHOOD.—A TRUE STORY.

By L. J. K.



IG is a pet in the family. He always expects to be petted. He loves to be talked to and stroked. He purrs and talks in cat language a great deal. Whenever he enters a room in which anyone is, he announces himself with a very good-natured "yeow", and unless he is asleep he salutes anyone entering a room where he may be in the same way.

He came into the family one cold stormy, snowy night, last winter. He scratched at the window and asked as plainly as any cat could, to be taken in. When he was hospitably received, he showed his gratitude in a most winning manner and thereby established himself as a permanent member of the family.

He likes his dinner served to him on a platter. He will never touch to eat a single morsel that is thrown to him on the ground, but if it is placed on a clean paper he is satisfied. As soon as possible after he became a member of the family, he applied himself to business and cleaned the house of mice promptly. Soon afterward he captured a large rat in the garden. He wished to bring in the trophy to show the family, but all the windows and doors were closed. Nothing daunted, he clambered up a pillar of the piazza onto the roof, thence up the window shutters from which he sprang to the cornice, then up the slanting shingles to the roof ridge along which he traveled to the end and then let himself down backward into a small air window which opened into the attic. The rest of the way was easy and he soon reached his mistress' room and proudly laid down his captive at her feet.

He has a way of climbing up into a large empty bird house, set up on a high pole and curling himself up in it for a good long nap every day. Strange cats occasionally come around but they are not allowed the freedom of the house like Nig, nor are they encouraged to come around by feeding them.

One day Nig's dinner was placed before him as usual, but he did not begin to eat at once. He examined it carefully, then selecting the best and largest piece of meat, he carried it out and laid it before an out-door cat. Then he returned to his dinner and ate it with a relish.

The one who saw this and related it, would scarcely have believed it unless he had seen it himself. Perhaps he does not yet know that Brotherhood is in the air, and that cats and dogs, and other animals are beginning to practice it. For "Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means".

Nig lives in Yonkers, N. Y., beside the beautiful Hudson River. He is as black as a coal and keeps his coat as shining as glass.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

AMERICA.

POINT LOMA.

As Point Loma is the Promised Land, the place of Joy, of Peace—not the peace of slothful ease, but of intense glad activity and service,—so the children are the Promise, the Hope of the Future. Combine the two—Point Loma and the work for the Children and then say if there is not the dawn of a great Hope, a new Day for Humanity.

The little City Beautiful is now occupied and its tented dwellings full of the busy, joyous life of its tiny inhabitants. The momentous event took place on Saturday, August 4th, in the afternoon. All the tents had been prepared under the loving care and direction of the Lotus Mother. The Lotus Buds and Blossoms were all ready and on the tiptoe of expectation to see their new home. The little babies were first carried over and seated in their little chairs on the verandahs of their tent-houses, to await the arrival of the procession of the older Blossoms and the grown-ups who had been invited to be present.

The procession was headed by a beautiful Palm carried by four of the Craftsmen. Then came the Lotus children, each one carrying an American flag. Following them was another Palm carried by the young Cuban Patriots aided by two Craftsmen, then the other Cuban children with Cuban flags. The rest of the procession was made up of the grown-ups. First the American tree was planted, the children sang "America", and another beautiful song, then a few words by the Lotus Mother, and short addresses by Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, Superintendent of the International Lotus Home, and by Miss Ethel Wood, the gifted young teacher of the children. The procession then moved on to the Cuban tent and the Cuban tree was planted. The Cuban children sang their National Hymn and the Rev. S. J. Neill spoke on their behalf. Both ceremonies of planting the trees were very impressive and the children standing around made a picture never to be forgotten. During the ceremony the School of Antiquity Flag was hoisted on its pole in the center of the little city, and the Lotus Flag on the top of the school tent.

The children then marched into the large study tent and sang and marched, going through their exercises with a joy and happy-heartedness that was evidence of the loving care bestowed on them and that to them their school life was indeed a joy. This tent, like all the others, is circular in plan and its walls are hung with beautiful paintings of flowers. No one entering it can fail to feel the influence pervading it; the little tables and seats, the paintings, the harmonious colors, the happy children, the music and singing and marching and the interest they take in their lessons—the whole partaking of the perfect circular design of the tented school house with its high central mast from the top of which the canvas roof depends in graceful lines. Looking into the other tents one has a peep of little hammocks swinging from the circular wall of the tent to the central pole and one wishes to be again a child.

And children we shall be again, we know, and the work that is now begun at the City Beautiful is but the beginning of the Life Beautiful for many of the children of Earth in which we all may share when we come again, if we but do our part to-day, and fulfill our high privilege of helping the children now. For here are not only the beautiful surroundings, calling out to fuller and fuller expression the highest natures and powers of the little ones, but also there is the wise discipline and guidance whereby the child learns to overcome and rule its lower nature, developing self-reliance, wise discrimination and that true independence which recognizes and is a part of the interdependence of all creatures. For the education of these children is on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood and the first lesson they learn is that "Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means." How different from the keen competition, the scrambling for place and prize of modern life, both in the school room and in the World, for the latter is but the outgrowth of the former which in turn reflects its selfishness and greed! Is it not time that education should be on a new basis? Only so can we hope to change the world's life, and this work is now begun and firmly established at the International Lotus Home at Point Loma.

JULY THE SIXTH was a Gala Day at Point Loma and High Festival was held all day. It was the anniversary of the Leader's birthday and we kept it royally. At sunrise all the students assembled on the grounds of the Homestead and marched beneath the Leader's window greeting her with the Beautiful Morning Song. A bouquet of exquisite white roses was sent to her room at breakfast time with an invitation requesting the honor of the Leader's presence that evening at the festal board in the dining hall. To this the Leader sent a gracious reply accepting the



NORTH VIEW OF THE TENTED "CITY BEAUTIFUL", CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE, POINT LOMA, CAL.

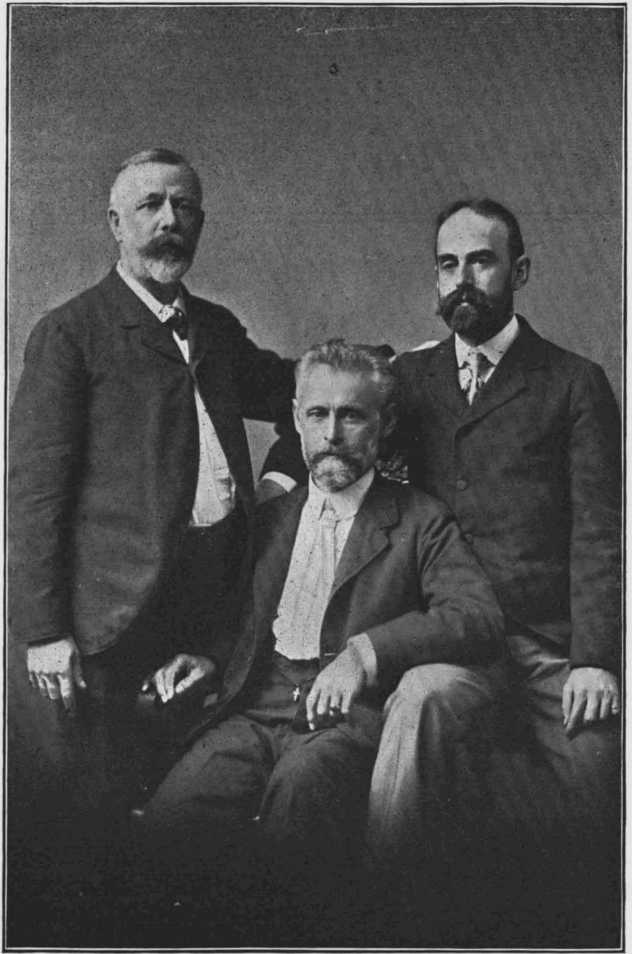
invitation. At 9.30 a. m. the members of the Cuban Colony brought their greetings, Señorita Fabra presented a beautiful bouquet and made a little speech in English, then Señor Fabra, her brother, presented a Cuban Flag "as a symbol of the heroism and suffering of Cuba and of their love and gratitude to Katherine Tingley for her noble work in relieving their distress after the war." The young sons of the Cuban patriots then each presented a little bouquet with a short greeting in English.

The prettiest event of the whole day was in the afternoon when the little Lotus Blossoms came to greet the Lotus Mother with their happy faces and their songs and gifts of fruit and flowers.

In the evening the large dining hall which had been transformed into a bower of flowers presented a beautiful sight. All the students and visitors were first assembled and in their places, then the Leader entered escorted by F. M. Pierce, the Secretary General of the Universal Brotherhood, and Mme. Olivia Peterson, the Mother of the Household, preceded by six Craftsmen in their Craftsmen's costume, while a burst of music came from the adjacent music room. Before being seated, W. T. Hanson, a member of the Universal Brotherhood Cabinet, read on behalf of all the members at Point Loma a Greeting and also presented to the Leader a beautiful cable-tow girdle in silver.

After the repast short addresses were given by many of the members present and also by the Leader and an adjournment was then made to the Oriental parlor. Here was another surprise awaiting the Leader in the presence of the members of the Colony household who had come over to the Homestead to add their Greeting to that of the others. It was throughout a happy, joyous day, and our wish is that the Leader may have many, many such happy birthdays. May we all do our share, through our love and devotion, to make them happy, for that happiness means added happiness to every human being.

J. H. F.



C. THURSTON, E. A. NERESHEIMER, P. B. TINGLEY,
PROMINENT WORKERS AT THE AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS,
144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

ENGLAND.

U. B. LODGE NO. 6, LIVERPOOL.

Our meetings are progressing well. At the study class we have had as a special feature studies in Ancient Religions which have proved most instructive. We also have a Question and Answer night, which is very successful. Arrangements are being made to give the children of the Lotus Group a picnic in the country where they can have a good romp and enjoy the beauties of Nature. From slums to the glory of lovely dales will indeed be an object lesson which will be riveted in their minds, a foretaste of the fuller consciousness that "Life is Joy" which is gradually being imparted to them. Things are moving nowadays with great rapidity. Individually and collectively we are acquiring knowledge, but we long for the masses to realize what we know.

R. SANDHAM, *Pres.*

BRISTOL.

THE LEADER'S BIRTHDAY.

At the Bristol Lodge of Universal Brotherhood the Leader's birthday was kept with much rejoicing. The festivities lasted over two days, new friends to the Movement were discovered and new volunteer workers were welcomed to make the

melody more complete. The members of the Lodge combined with the elder "Lotus Buds" and a number of boys drawn from various parts of the ancient city of Bristol to hold the opening social evening of the Boys' Brotherhood Club on Friday, July 6th. Bro. Duncan, whose name is well known to many of the newspaper boys, was present, as also was Mrs. Clayton, the beloved Superintendent of the two Lotus Groups.

The program consisted of music, singing and games and Bro. Crooke explained the object of the Boys' Brotherhood. Some interesting features of the program were a "Skipping Song" by girls who skipped with white skipping ropes in beautiful time while singing; a piano-forte duet "March of the Men of Harlech" by two of the boy visitors and a solo on a Japanese violin (a single stringed one) by Mr. Fred



A GROUP OF ENGLISH COMRADES.

R. W. MACHELL, C. J. WOODHEAD, C. F. RYAN,

AT THE EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS, 19 AVENUE ROAD, LONDON.



“THE SUNBEAMS AWAKENING THE LOTUS BUDS.”

TABLEAU GIVEN BY THE CHILDREN OF THE LOTUS GROUP, MALMO, SWEDEN, AT THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL OF THE NEW CYCLE UNITY CONGRESS, APRIL, 1900.

Smith, a recent visitor to the International Brotherhood League meetings, who also sang some humorous songs. Among the games the "Musical Chairs" gave great fun, and the party was a very happy one. Light refreshments were served during the evening and all parted with happy thoughts of the loving Lotus Mother who has made such gatherings possible.

Saturday, July 7, was the children's fête-day, and a happy party of Lotus Buds with their teacher, Mrs. Clayton, and friends had a delightful time in a large brake New York, when the Lotus Mother gathered the children of the East Side around her at Bronx Park. Among the visitors were Miss Tilley, of Cardiff Lodge, and Miss Wheeler, whose interest is greatly aroused by the Children's Movement. Brother and Mrs. Duncan joined the party at Coombe Dingle, and Bro. Crooke and all his family were there. Swinging, rounders, cricket and several other games were greatly enjoyed, while some of the party had a scramble through the woods and mounted the "devil's steps" from the deep ravine below. Tea was partaken of under the leafy arbors of Rose Cottage and pleasant memories were recalled, by some of the children, of those other kind helpers, Miss Townsend and Bro. Leonard, who are now at Point Loma and who in former times had been with them there. Coombe Dingle was a miniature of Bronx Park and the glorious sun shone across from the western sky and in the evening lighted up the clouds with a rich purple color the children so loved. The same sun that was shining upon Point Loma at the noonday hour was also radiating its happy sunbeams across the Downs as the children returned home "singing the glad little songs they knew." H. C.

Bristol, England, July 7, 1900.

Things here are going grandly, especially the Sunday International Brotherhood League Meetings, at which Herbert Crooke presides, and the Lotus Groups and Girls' Club.

Point Loma seems nearer every day and the feeling of Unity and Brotherhood is gaining ground so fast even in this distant corner that the ideal of all nations as one Brotherhood in about fifty years' time has already become quite realizable. EDITH CLAYTON.

HOLLAND.

A recent letter from Gröningen, Holland, states as follows:

"All goes well here. Rotterdam holds meetings every Sunday and we are making arrangements for another meeting of members from all the neighboring Lodges. Rotterdam Lodge is making preparations for a festival in the country. Leyden and Amsterdam continue their work steadily. A new Lodge has been formed at Gröningen.

"It seems a very important thing that Headquarters are now established at Point Loma and the New Order of Ages has begun. We know the Leader is often with us in thought, helping and encouraging us to go on and we also go often in thought to her. All the members here hope to serve our Cause ever better and better, helping to have the Dutch people participate in the Joy of Brotherhood, of the blessing of which every one may partake and shall partake eventually."

ARIE GOUD.

AUSTRALASIA.

U. B. LODGE No. 1 (AUSTRALIA), SIDNEY.

NEW CYCLE UNITY CONGRESS.

(Continued from last month.)

The Public Entertainment on Saturday evening drew a full hall. It was opened by Brother T. W. Willans, who explained the universality of the New Cycle Unity Congress, how it was held that day in every enlightened country in the world, and was unique both in history and the world. He told of the efforts and priceless teachings brought by our three Leaders, and of the wonderful results that are assured to humanity. A programme of music, readings and recitations was then carried out. A microscope and some interesting slides were brought by Bro. F. E. S. Hewiston. A number of copies of "The New Century" were tacked on the wall around the room, and formed a unique gallery of pictures.

Sunday's part of the New Cycle Unity Congress was a public meeting and a series of addresses. A selection was played on the piano, and as soon as the last notes had ceased four of the speakers for the evening successively recited from different parts of the room:



"HAPPY LITTLE SUNBEAMS."—LOTUS GROUP TABLEAU, MALMO, SWEDEN.

1. "Know ye not that ye are the Temple of the living God and the spirit of God dwelleth in you?"
2. "All has an end and will die away. Truth alone is immortal and lives forever."
3. "The selfish devotee lives to no purpose. The man who does not go through his appointed work in life—has lived in vain."

4. "All the air resounds with the presence of spirit and spiritual laws."

Bro. T. W. Willans then spoke on the "Spiritual Basis of Universal Brotherhood Organization," and gave a description of the practical work of its departments. The world owes to H. P. Blavatsky, in the present age, the re-introduction of the purity and universality of Spiritual Truths, to W. Q. Judge the preservation and further elucidation of the Philosophy of Life, and to Katherine Tingley its simplifi-



"WARRIORS OF THE GOLDEN CORD."—LOTUS GROUP TABLEAU. MALMO, SWEDEN.

cation and practical demonstration in universal plans and titanic works for a New Order of the Ages. In speaking of the departments of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, he dwelt on the work of the International Brotherhood League, its objects, its achievements and present fields of operation.

Miss C. E. Dole spoke on "Universal Law," having as a key note "the law that moves to righteousness, that none at last can turn aside or stay; the end of it is peace and consummation sweet—obey!" She brought out the idea of Love with law. Love was at the base of all Law. Mr. E. J. Williams next spoke on "Men Are Souls." His key note was "Know ye not that ye are the Temple of the living God and the spirit of God dwelleth in you." Humanity, he said, had lost the truth, and had thereby lost sight of the fact that they were souls. Here the addresses waited while music was rendered by Bro. Smith.

Mrs. Willans next addressed the meeting on "The Power of Feeling." Her key note was "Being and feeling." She said:

"Many recognize that Thought is a great moulding and guiding power in their lives, but man consists of Feeling as well as thought. As a man thinks, so he will become, but as a man *feels* so he is now; so it behooves those who wish to help themselves and humanity to *feel* their ideals as well as think them, since feeling is such a strong motive power for action."

Bro. A. A. Smith spoke on "Brotherhood," having as his key note "Truth, Light and Liberation." Brotherhood was proclaimed to be a fact in nature. Man could prove its truth by being brotherly and resolving, morning, noon and night, to render noble service to all that lives, doing all he could to help and share. He would ultimately discover that Brotherhood was a force and faculty of his own Love; that it was the faculty which energized all his other soul faculties. The exercise of the faculty of Brotherhood alone would reveal the Truth, enable him to live in the Light and give Liberation from all he clung to and which clogged his progress. The greatest brothers were those who worked to bring Truth, Light and Liberation to humanity.

T. W. WILLANS, *President*.

Sidney, N. S. W., July 4, 1900.

To our beloved Comrades at Point Loma, Lodge 150, Universal Brotherhood.

Greeting:—

We members of Lodge No. 1, Australia, in assembly together in Sidney on the 2d July, 1900, resolved upstanding with one accord to honor and respond to your noble "love token" sent to us by you on the eve of the first New Cycle Unity Congress held simultaneously by all the Lodges of Universal Brotherhood throughout the world. We know with you that Point Loma is the heart center of the Spiritual life of the earth and feel its harmonious power. As the great and glorious plans unfold for true human life, under the hand of our Beloved Leader, a deeper gratitude, joy, and trust fill our hearts stimulating us to give ourselves to truer service. We feel with you the mighty Unity and rejoice in the New Life, the golden bloom of the unconquerable will of selfless souls and loyal devotion of Comrades. So may it be as our Leader says, "Shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, we work on".

Faithfully yours,

On behalf of the members of Lodge No. 1, Australia,

T. W. WILLANS, *Pres.*, ALF. A. SMITH, *Sec'y*.

NEW ZEALAND.

Paera, Thames, June 8, 1900.

We received notices of New Cycle Unity Congress by last mail. Just by a stroke of luck or one of the happenings that do occur sometimes, our mail arrived on April 12th, rather short notice to fill the program, but we made up our minds that it had to be done in some way or other. So we held our Unity Congress. One of the most interesting features was the Children's Festival. We got together the Lotus Circle children and prepared to hold an entertainment according to the program. Guests were invited and all went off well. The outcome is that the Lotus Group has grown from 3 to 30 children. The audience at our last concert filled our large room and we shall have to find a bigger place. We hope to make good progress in the coming year. Here in Paera the Public Library has accepted the *New Century* and placed it on the table.

CHAS. J. SANDERSON.

NOTICE.

Owing to late arrival of the copy for the "Student's Column", it had to be left over for publication until next month.

Subscribers and patrons are requested to kindly bear with us for the lateness of our August and September issues, which was due to great pressure of work at Point Loma.

ERRORS.