

## TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION.

"It is a shameful thing to be weary of inquiry, when what we search for is excellent."

*Cicero.*

# Universal Brotherhood Path.

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## CONSTRUCTIVE WORK FOR THE FUTURE.

By REV. S. J. NEILL



HERE is a work which is not constructive, but destructive. Destructive work may be of two kinds, one which is necessary as a preparatory step to future use, and another which is harmful and deadly.

In the Hindu Philosophy, the function of Siva is two-fold, that of destroyer and regenerator. In our own Scriptures we read, "Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, return, ye children of men." "Our God is a consuming fire."

In Nature we see this two-fold action of destruction and construction going on continually; the human system itself is a good example of it. With every breath we take there are thousands of tiny blast-furnaces set to work burning up waste tissue, and at the same time the blood is renewed for a fresh course through the system, to build up and invigorate every part. Man is a type of the world, and probably of the Universe, in this respect—a type, also, of history. If Humanity's heart beat in unison with the heart of Nature, the renewing processes in human history would take place as ceaselessly and as harmoniously as they do in a healthy human organism; but it is not so; therefore, stagnation, congestion, and the fever of revolution mark the sad stages of human history. The past is strewn with the wrecks of civilizations. The abuses of a thousand years culminate in a social upheaval, that the ground may be cleared for something else.

So it ever has been. Is it to be so always? Must the constructive work for the future be delayed always till the past has been torn down and taken away? Surely not. Such methods are not really in harmony with Nature's great plan of work. Nature carries on silently, surely and unceasingly the two great processes of removing the effete and building up the new at the same time. She never hastens and never delays. Man should intelligently follow Nature in this respect. Yearly, and daily, there should be the correc-

tion and removal of the evils of the past, and not only that, but the removal of things which were not in themselves evil, but which, nevertheless, "have had their day and cease to be" of use in Nature's unresting progress.

Perhaps we need not trouble ourselves greatly by spending much time in removing the *effete* past; if we "act in the living present," the "dead past will bury its dead." If we turn from the things that belong to the past, and set our energies with recreative skill to the work of the future, Nature herself will act in human affairs as she does when chaff and grain are cast into the ground—the chaff she receives without murmur or complaint, and silently and swiftly turns it into fertile soil for the nourishment of the growing wheat.

The constructive work for the future should be *noble* work—indeed, according to Carlyle, in one place, "all work, even cotton-spinning, is noble, work is alone noble." Again he says, "Genuine work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-BUILDER himself."

The secret of past failures, the reason why the past is strewn with the wrecks of mighty empires and civilizations is *Selfishness* in its various forms. That has been the canker and the rust. That has eaten into the vitals of religions, and empires, and they have, like a tree in the forest, stood for a long time without any signs of fresh life, then they have become leafless and bare, and at last they have fallen in a night.

In the constructive work of the future we should learn all the great lessons which the mistakes of the past can teach us, so that we may avoid such things in the future. No lasting wealth, no abiding progress for a man or a nation can be built upon Selfishness. That, at any rate, we should, by this time, see most clearly and lay to heart. We have, as members of the Universal Brotherhood organization, turned our faces in the direction of the true goal, the real and only secret of lasting success, *viz.*, that which is the opposite of Selfishness—Divine Compassion, or Universal Brotherhood.

Having found the cause of past failures, and having discovered the secret of Progress, it then becomes a question of details as to how the goal should be reached. The work of construction, avoiding the bane of Selfishness and seeking the goal of Universal Good, should proceed by natural methods, and also at every portion of life. The defect of many reformers has been that they have given their *sole* attention to some one thing; they have been like a builder who spent all his labor on a single tower, and neglected the rest of the wall encompassing the city. As true, as wise reformers, wise master-builders, we should have all the work of construction progress equally, harmoniously, so that no part of the social edifice may be out of due proportions.

It goes without saying that we should begin with the young. If we can bring into operation a sound system of education for the young we shall be building well for all the future. This is not the place, even if I had the ability, to outline what that system of education should be. It is, however, safe to say

that education should be more natural, and that it should, as far as possible, tend to bring all parts of the nature to a true and harmonious development, so that properly trained units may form a perfectly strong and harmonious society. Happy, indeed, would it be for the future, if, in our work of construction, it were possible for every man to find his own work, to perform it and feel true happiness in doing it with all his might.

To create a new social consciousness which will realize the great fact, and act upon it, that we *are brothers*, and that the welfare of all is impossible without the well-being of each unit of the whole; and that if "one member suffer, all the members suffer with it"; to realize this great but simple truth will assuredly be part of the constructive work of the future.

The constructive work of the future will not only give mankind a new earth, it will create a new heaven also, as the Scripture foretells—"a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

No *real* constructive work can be done now or at any other time, except by those who *are* what they profess to be. To be true builders we must ourselves be "living stones," fit for the Great Master's use. The sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal are useless for real work.

Two things, *strength* and *beauty*, are characteristic of all real building. These correspond to the straight line and the curve, or to *Truth* and *Love* on the spiritual plane.

Ruskin, to whom the world owes so much, says that one of the most important and most formative teachings which he received from the Bible, is contained in the words:

"Let not mercy and truth forsake thee."

These two are the fundamentals of all real constructive work—they are the true pillars of the State—Mercy and Justice, Truth and Love, without which men build only upon sand. Let us—

"Build today, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base;  
And ascending and secure,  
Shall tomorrow find its place.

"Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky."

"We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws  
To which the triumph of all good is given,  
High sacrifice, and labor without pause,  
Even to the death:—else wherefore should the eye  
Of man converse with immortality?"

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By GERTRUDE VAN PELT.



THE pages of history are written not in words, but in deeds. And as in glancing at the past, we see certain of such pages, telling the story with emphasis, which at the time they were written were too mingled with the common life to attract attention, so do certain of our customs mark our place in nature and tell that which in the confusion of sounds we do not hear. Nevertheless, through our law of Capital Punishment, we are writing a page in letters of flaming red, and in unmistakable language, proclaiming to the yet unborn our narrow conceptions of life, our lack of finer instincts, and our ignorance of actual law. It is a bitter comment on our civilization; a declaration that our consciousness is bounded by the grave, and that within these narrow limits we have drawn for ourselves we see no links which bind us to our fellows.

That we find this among our laws, is perhaps not strange. It is a part of everything else, and partakes of the general flavor. Good people, well meaning, and those of tender heart indorse it, and it is not the outcome of the lack of these qualities, but of the lack of a rational philosophy of life. Those who do not express their creed in the words, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," yet do, if they acquiesce in this law, confess their absolute lack of any sense of coherence in nature. Why should that which is, have no relation with that which is to come? And why should not every man who is found on this earth, be here as part of a plan? Is it a crazy universe we are in, without order, system or intelligent intention? Or is there that in nature which goes to suggest that the very hairs of our head are indeed numbered? And why should we imagine that we are rid of a man because we have taken the liberty to remove him from his body? Such near-sightedness is puerile.

If we see a bird of evil omen fly in at our window, cross our chamber, and fly out, do we infer he existed only while in our sight? And might he not again fly in the window? What would we say of a family who had a troublesome member, and thrust him out of the door for their own comfort or safety? Yet that is practically what is done to a public offender. For the sake of the other members, it is said, the effort is made to thrust him out of the human family. Supposing such a thing were possible, he must go somewhere, and if so, is he probably less troublesome there? These questions might naturally arise, it would seem, in any mind, with or without a satisfactory philosophy of life, and from the simple ground of expediency might give rise to uncertainty as to the wisdom of this law.



But suppose that the very fact that a man is on earth with us, shows in some way a link between us, and that whether we like it or not we must deal with his problems sooner or later; we simply evade the question by killing him. And a postponed duty never grows easier to meet.

The mental confusion that exists as to the absolute right or wrong of this law, arises from an improper focusing of the mind on the subject. Many of its opposers have a blurred vision because they have turned their mental lens upon the superficial region of sentiment, and here the images are always distorted. For purely sentimental reasons they would abolish the law, and naturally, in their dealing with the criminal from the standpoint of sentiment, they only pet into more active life that bundle of evil tendencies. Such methods arouse the disgust of another class, who mean to stand for justice, and out of consideration for the innocent, they will not spare the guilty. This seems to be an improvement on the flabby sentimental view of the question, for it is, without doubt, a devil incarnate that is in existence, and he deserves and should have no toleration. He is an expression of an evil disintegrating force, and should be fought to the death without pity, sympathy or mercy. And there should be no rest until he is extinct.

But the difficulty with these would-be dealers of justice, is that they, too, have improperly focused their mental lenses. They have centered them entirely upon the diseased personality, instead of adjusting them in turn upon the whole of that complex being called the man. Had they penetrated deep into the nature, they might have found a divine spark, which could be fanned in the very process of killing the devil on the surface. And also, as a part of the lack of this proper mental focusing, the curious belief exists, that killing him consists in letting him out of his body. What an easy method that would be! But does it bear on its face any measure of probability?

We feel here on earth influences from one another of various kinds; of thought, of feeling of all shades. There is a constant interchange of forces of one sort and another which are not material, and are not conveyed by material means. We know the atmosphere is full of such things—anyone knows it who stops to think. Now, knowing it to be the case that such currents are in the atmosphere, without material evidence, why should so many infer that at the death of a body every energy previously working through it immediately leaves the earth? Is it not at least as likely that in liberating a man from his body, we may place at greater liberty than already existed certain evil forces, which plainly do not belong to any spiritual place or life; and that we might more efficiently protect the innocent, by simply caging him? There is nothing in nature to suggest that that which exists suddenly becomes non-existent. Two things may happen to it. Either it may become latent, ready under the proper conditions to become active, or it may be transmuted. If by killing the body we render

these forces latent, we have, as I said, only postponed the question, and on the other hand, is it conceivable that there is anything in legalized murder which will transmute them into good?

The problem can never be faced with any possibility of solving it, until there is a rational philosophy of life. The duality of man's nature must be understood; the still further complexity which is included in that duality; and the nature of so-called life and death. Humanity cannot evolve such a philosophy as a matter of course, but when such a one is presented to it, by those who are above it, it must be open enough, earnest enough, unprejudiced enough to examine into it, and see how much it will clarify the ideas, otherwise it can never evolve, and must go on eternally doing stupid things, blundering itself into deeper and deeper confusion. There is only one way to kill a criminal, and that is to transmute the evil within him into good, and the only way to do that is to recognize something else within him which *is* good; evoke it and gain its co-operation. Even gods could not bring about this change without such co-operation.

I know there are many noble efforts in this direction, which have crystallized into institutions; and if these were based on a clear conception of the nature of man, and there were a consciousness that innate divinity exists even in the body of a criminal, so vivid as to awaken that consciousness in him and revive his hope and courage; and if there were sufficient wisdom to work in harmony with that innate divinity to transform the devil, we might witness a killing process which would be thorough, and which would begin to show itself in the social body at large by a decrease of crime.

But until the day for this dawns, until there is a general willingness at least to *examine* into a philosophy which has been freely offered to the world, this must remain a problem too big for us, an index of our civilization, a blot upon our history.

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## ONE LIFE IS NOT ENOUGH.

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"Viewing life and its probable object, with all the varied experience possible for man, one must be forced to the conclusion that a single life is not enough for carrying out all that is intended by Nature, to say nothing of what man himself desires to do. The scale of variety in experience is enormous. There is a vast range of powers latent in man which we see may be developed if opportunity be given. Knowledge infinite in scope and diversity lies before us, and especially in these days when special investigation is the rule. We perceive that we have high aspirations, with no time to reach up to their measure, while the great troop of passions and desires, selfish motives and ambitions, war with us and among themselves, pursuing us even to the door of death. All these have to be tried, conquered, used, subdued. One life is not enough for all this."

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

# THE AWAKENING OF THE SOUL.

By JEROME A. ANDERSON, M. D.



THE truth of the re-embodiment of the soul, after having been forgotten for centuries, is again becoming familiar to Western minds through the philosophical teachings of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and the Theosophical Society founded by H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge and now under the leadership of Katherine Tingley. Many, however, who accept the fact of the repeated return of the soul to earth through rebirth as a logical explanation of the mysteries of life, have but vague conceptions of the principles involved, though it is recognized that through the action of some subtle law, the soul does return, and that in some manner it brings over its past character.

The character certainly comes over from life to life; but with the vast majority of men character is the aggregate of selfish desires, the outcome of thoughts and acts which fall far below the plane of the spiritual nature. It is mainly the product of the lower self, and in so far is neither capable of nor fitted for immortality. It cannot therefore be assimilated by the immortal entity; it must have another vehicle, and this is the lower self which returns the same and yet not the same, and against which the soul, the true Self, has to fight again and again until it gains the victory and transmutes the lower into a fitting instrument for its own divine purposes.

So the man of passions, appetites and desires, the sensual, selfish man, the ambitious, vainglorious man, the cruel, deceitful man, the murderous, brutal man,—and in short, the man of our everyday experience, oftentimes brings back with him the same urgings, the same desires and passions, to renew the old conflict between the higher and lower nature. Dragging the true soul in its train as helplessly and cruelly as a Roman victor of old, man returns with his old appetites and desires raging, and repeats, life after life, the old crucifixion of the Christ within his own heart.

The plain truth is that every human heart which has felt the struggle between good and evil within its own recesses proves the duality of man's nature. No amount of materialistic sophistry has ever met or can ever meet the evidence that man is a dual being which this interior conflict affords. It has been recognized and accepted from time immemorial as the foundation for every logical theory of existence; for every true religion, science or philosophy. From failing to perceive its significance have grown up all the materialistic conceptions which have blighted the evolution of man for so many weary centuries.

The prevailing selfishness of man shows how largely his re-embodiment is at present under the domination of his lower animal self, and life after life seeking the satisfaction of his lower animal desires and his mere intel-

lectual cravings, it is thus that he makes our present cruel civilizations possible. How many, obstinately clinging to matter and sensuous things, refusing to recognize that they are souls, capable of an infinite, divine unfoldment, still long for earthly ideals, for wealth, power, ease, or other of the unrealities of a transient, animal existence. Well it is for the man who recognizes that he is a soul, even for one short hour of his sensuous life! Though men feel and know that right and wrong exist and that they ought to be made a guide in life, yet too often the feeling is submerged under the sea of the senses because of the non-recognition that the real man is the soul and not the body and that it ought to be master and not the slave of the latter. It is as absolutely necessary to awaken in man a recognition of his divine nature and power, if he would accomplish the purposes of life and avoid the otherwise inevitable dreadful suffering, as it is to teach the child the alphabet in order that it may later acquire the power to read and write. Nature's methods in the one case are her methods in the other, for Nature, God and Man are One, and it is the god in man which enables him to perceive the merciful guidance which saves him so many weary steps on the pathway of life.

When, therefore, a child of a day, or a year, or of ten years' age, shows anger, impatience, or other form of selfishness, it is not an explanation to attribute it to "instinct" and rest there. It is concealing one's ignorance beneath words of which one has never sought the true meaning. The child is angry because it brings over the unconquered tendency toward anger from its past. It is not self-conscious memory as we recognize this in sense-life, but it is an individual memory, brought over as the result of individual experience. No child screams, bites, fights, or sulks, because of instinct; it is its sub-conscious memory that causes it to do so. An intelligent recognition of this fact, and an intelligent discipline applied in the earliest childhood, will enable the soul to acquire such a firm hold upon its body that control of the lower nature will become an easy task during its adult life. But the discipline must be *intelligent*—not the opposing of one stubborn will by another, or of anger by anger.

The importance of wisely assisting the soul of a child to gain control of its body cannot be overestimated. The International Lotus Home at Point Loma, San Diego, Cal., is probably the only place in all our populous West where this assistance is consciously and understandingly given. In our ordinary schools and colleges the intellect is almost entirely appealed to, and the whole trend of this is sought to be set in the direction which will make it subservient to the lower nature. Even theological seminaries seek to turn out "successful" preachers from a financial standpoint. Their graduates have vague conceptions of the nature of the soul, and are, no doubt, sincerely interested in "saving" it, whatever it is, but their intellects have first been bent creed-wise and then financial-wise, and their own souls remain benumbed.

And so the universal process of engulfing and benumbing the soul beneath the senses of the lower self goes mercilessly on, and men wonder at man's inhumanity to man. Life after life may the soul reincarnate without one glimpse of a self-conscious recognition—buried beneath the mountain of matter. Nay, in many lives it is but mockery to say that it reincarnates. Can a soul be said to really enter a body in which it never awakens to a consciousness of its real nature; in which it remains benumbed while the lower man lives his mad, unreasoning life; in which the dumb and but too often unheeded voice of conscience is the sole evidence of its presence? A real re-embodiment means the taking possession by the soul consciously of its tenement; the making of the body a temple "fit for the indwelling of the holy spirit." "Man is the microcosm of the Macrocosm," we repeat, with little or no conception of what this implies. Just as the sun, the center of our macrocosm, carries many a lesser planet with him in his awe-inspiring journey through Space, so does man, throughout his cycles of incarnation, carry many an entity in his train. His passions, his vices, his crimes, all incarnate in and mold the nature of lower entities with which he is thus associated. When he quits the body at death, these of necessity become disembodied, but they neither pass out of existence, *nor leave him*. They become the *skandhas* of Eastern literature, and skandhas are only the disembodied entities of his microcosm whose consciousness falls below the level of self-consciousness, but which nevertheless swing back to earth when he returns with all their old desires as active as ever.

So it is the *whole man* who reincarnates, and not the higher man alone. In his microcosm are incarnated the elements which make up his lower self, the "devils," which he himself has alone created in his past. Physical heredity may, and does, modify form and feature and certain lower tendencies, but it is the microcosm of the man himself which makes him what he is, so far as his lower nature is concerned. Therefore, it is that the same weakness will confront one, life after life, unless a determined effort is made to overcome the Frankenstein monster which we have created, and we bring back, life after life, the old tendencies until we have gained the victory over them.

We must recognize the nature of our task. The world today is but a tomb of buried souls. Like Lazarus, they but sleep, and must be awakened. So, let us set about our work in deadly earnest, and call our comrades to our aid from every direction. Let no mantle of creed blind our eyes to an awakened helper; let no outer form of religion separate us from a toiler for the Right. Let us cry aloud to the sleeping souls about us, and who are in such deadly peril, "Sampson, awake, the Philistines are upon thee!"

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# LIFE'S CHIEF GOOD.

By EDWIN ARNOLD.

(Selected.)

"Shadows are good when the high sun is flaming,  
From wheresoe'er they fall;  
Some take their rest beneath the holy temple,  
Some by the prison-wall.

"The King's gilt palace-roof shuts out the sunshine,  
So doth the dyer's shed!  
Which is the chiefest shade of all these shadows?"  
"They are alike," one said.

"So is it," quoth he, "with all shows of living;  
As shadows fall, they fall:  
Rest under, if ye must, but question not  
Which is the best of all.

"Yet, some trees in the forest wave with fragrance  
Of fruit and bloom o'erhead;  
And some are evil, bearing fruitless branches,  
Whence poisonous air is spread.

"Therefore, though all be false, seek, if ye must,  
Right shelter from life's heat.  
Lo! those do well who toil for wife and child  
Threading the burning street:

"Good is helping kindred! good to dwell  
Blameless and just to all;  
Good to give alms, with good-will in the heart,  
Albeit the store be small!

"Good to speak sweet and gentle words, to be  
Merciful, patient, mild;  
To hear the Law, and keep it, leading days  
Innocent, undefiled.

"These be chief goods—for evil by its like  
Ends not, nor hate by hate;  
By love hate ceaseth; by well-doing ill;  
By knowledge life's sad state.

"But see where soars an eagle! mark those wings  
Which cleave the blue, cool skies!  
What shadow needeth yon proud Lord of Air  
To shield his fearless eyes?

"Rise from this life; lift upon pinions bold  
Hearts free and great as his;  
The eagle seeks no shadow, nor the wise  
Greater or lesser bliss!"

## A CHILD.

By H. G. C.

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home."—WORDSWORTH.



SOUL seeks an earthly tabernacle—a body, through which to manifest itself and gain experience on this earth. Nature, says a great mystic, exists for the soul's experience.

A soft, warm, tender human creature is born into our life on earth, demanding a happy place in which to grow and expand its powers, physical, mental and spiritual.

The father and mother see themselves mirrored in this child, which enters their Paradise. In his joy they doubly rejoice; with his griefs they, too, suffer. For him they learn by slow degrees to sacrifice their own pleasure; if it were possible, the mother would suffer in his stead.

Living in another's life becomes possible, and like second nature as time goes on; so, when trials cause the heart to bleed, and life grows heavy, the hope that grows with their child's growth, springs up that he may be spared their trials, and that they, in and through his joys, may find new gladness. Then the questioning arises, "Whence that something within him which is not of them"—an idea of alien breath from some far-off realm, a suggestion to their souls of unworthiness, a doubt of their power to fulfill the trust reposed in two careless seekers for happiness. "Whence the soul—the divine spark which hope believes immortal?"

The *heart* cries, "It has always lived and will live on forever. Divinity always was and ever shall be; it is immortal. One short life cannot be enough to give all experience, all knowledge, to a slowly developing being of divine essence that never was *not*, but always exists." Many earthly lives are needed to furnish right conditions for the growth, purification and development of the spiritual faculties. Think! This little being entrusted to your care, has lived before, perhaps during many existences. To your environment, he now comes. He looks to you for the warmth and comfort, food and sleep; for the sympathy he craves; for protection from dangers; for wisdom to guide, for love to cherish and delight the heart. *Through* you, he is to be made aware by degrees of the Power beyond yours; of the Spirit that quickens and revivifies the answering spirit in his heart.

What residue of those former lives still clings? Ever the mind asks, "What is of us?" and jealously, "What is of those earlier days?"

To you, father and mother, is the solemn duty to study, to pause and reflect before action, lest you mar the work already begun, lest you prove to be the means of turning him from a bent already given, already part of his spiritual nerve and fibre.

Can you not feel that the impulse which sends this especial soul to you two is a blessed one? To you, young creatures of good lineage, physically and mentally strong, happy, without taint, this soul is drawn through sympathy; to *your* family and not to another, by the very strongest ties of affinity.

Your obligations are great—to guide and not to rule; to control wisely, not to force the will, to be to him the wise judge, the counselor, the friend. His will not to be *broken* as the expression is—but to be trained to act as a great motive power, recognizing the heart's powers as the highest, and the soul as the link between the inner and outer realms of being.

As opposition only strengthens the determination, a leading to other thought gently, firmly, gradually changes the attitude of the mind.

We are coming into a new century of thought and action. Slowly the consciousness of man has widened. A larger spiritual insight—the light that grows toward the perfect day—is dawning.

Wherever (as in New England) an intense conviction of conscience has sternly worked through the warp and woof of daily life, the way has been prepared slowly for the "Heart Doctrine" which shall in time make "Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth and good will to men," the true law of all living.

"Except ye become as little children" is the attitude of mind for all seekers for the Higher Life.

If we admit that each soul entrusted to a parent's care is of divine origin, that it has lived before, will live other lives, will never cease to live unless by conscious refusal to obey the laws of life, rising ever higher and onward, then will follow the conviction that the truths contained in the life and development of the powers of Jesus of Nazareth, are facts which the life of every child born into the world on this planet must ultimately mirror. A ray from the Infinite Light burns in every human breast. "Born of the Spirit," but encased in human "flesh," is every child of man.

To develop that "divine spark of heavenly flame"; to endure nobly the crucifixion of the spirit in and through and in spite of its human body; to become each a "savior" of the race in some measure; to uplift the human to the God-like, has been the divinely self-imposed duty of the few only; but the day is at hand when Humanity shall feel and know the great transfiguration of a pouring-forth of the Divine Spirit, so that our daily life shall assume new proportions, as each man develops the Divine within him to a flaming light, capable of warming and illuminating the whole world.

If we admit evolution from the lowest forms of physical life on and up to man possessing God-like powers, why stop there? There is no void. From man, as we know him today, to the "spirits of just men made perfect"—the Helpers, Teachers and Saviors of the Race—ranks and armies of the Spirit exist, ever aspiring, rising ever toward the Infinite Source of Light and Love.



With Light as teacher, with Love as warmth and food, the mother-heart as inspirer, the father's strength to encourage—"a little child shall lead them." He (the child) may be a helper for Humanity, one who shall uplift and not degrade life, who may glorify and not debase it, who shall help, redeem, bless and exalt the human by and through the Christ-spirit dwelling within him.

James Martineau said, "Are we never to blend the fresh heart of childhood and the large mind of age, and so recover the lost harmonies of life?"

We must go back somewhat to those primitive instincts at the bottom of the soul—as the poet says, "*waiting to be born*," and allow our actions naturally and without strain or striving, to witness to the principles by which we are governed.

In the new day now dawning, Compassion and Sympathy shall bind all in one great Brotherhood of Parent-Child-Humanity, when the "Heart Doctrine" shall become the rule and guide of life. "The child is father to the man."

## THEOSOPHY AND ART. IN SEARCH OF THE REAL.

By R. W. MACHELL, R. B. A.



**I** WANT to show that the true artist does not take a common-place fact and put beauty into it, nor conceal its real nature by giving it an ideal appearance. I do not mean to say this is not done by artists; unfortunately, many do more of this than anything else, I fear, just as many of us Theosophists take the facts of life and try to conceal them behind the veil of a half-understood ideal, instead of trying to see the meaning and truth of the facts before us.

The true artist, I hold, tries to show in his work some deeper truth, some more real fact than is seen by the casual observer. He sees in the facts of life around him a scheme, a harmony, a purpose, that is more real because it is more universal than the ordinary perception of the same facts in the mind of the ordinary person. So he strives to express that harmony, and in doing so he makes a beautiful picture, which, to him, is but a poor attempt to express what he has felt, but which may appear to the spectator as a flight of the wildest imagination, even though he paint allegorical pictures with colors, lights, and effects, not peculiar to the physical world, he may still be doing the same thing. That is, he may be trying to give expression to something which he has internally perceived as a feeling, an idea, or an impression, and which, to him, may have been formless, in some form more or less familiar to the ordinary mind.

Thus an artist may have felt at some moment the beauty of a scheme of color in nature. The underlying sense of harmony has perhaps echoed in his own heart, and later on he will try to express it. To do this he may use familiar forms; he may take a landscape and seek to express the idea by har-

monious arrangement of the objects familiar to us in country life and scenery, and then you may look at the picture, "a country lane," perhaps, and think, "Well, I never saw a country lane look like that!" But some day you may see something quite different, say a London street scene, that will momentarily give you a flash of some such harmony of color and form that was in reality the subject of the picture.

Coming along the City Road, which is ugly and commonplace enough generally; plodding along in a rather dreamy fashion, no doubt; I became conscious of a harmony of color that charmed my inner sense of beauty. There was a varied scheme of purple and blue that was delicious in the perfect balance of mass and intensity of color and tone. My attention being called to it, my mind began at once to examine it in the ordinary, commonplace way; and immediately I was dragged into the analytical frame of mind, which says, "Oh, that is a woman!" Then the male animal chimed in scornfully, "Yes, old, ugly, and dirty, too!" at which the scientific mind was shocked, and, proceeding with its analysis, said, "The purple mass is produced by an old woolen shawl and faded blue skirt, and an old bonnet or hat with some indescribable blue stuff on it, and that flash of violet light is the sun shining on a bit of blue paper covering her old basket; the sunlight playing on the faded and variegated materials does the rest." Then I recalled the deeper mood, and saw the harmony of the whole, and realized the fitness of the stooping gait, the shapeless form, the utter unconsciousness of the poor old woman; and I thought, "Now, if one were to try and reproduce that harmony, that scheme of color, in a dress or costume for a state ball, the genius of a great dressmaker would require to use the costliest materials that the world can produce, embroidered by the greatest needle-workers. And then only a man of genius like Worth could accomplish the task of reproducing the harmony that Nature and necessity had worked for the clothing of that poor old woman. 'Consider the lilies . . . !'"

The Japanese artists have understood this idea of harmony better than most of our European people, and in the best of their work—their enamels and embroideries—you will see these wonderfully subtle harmonies expressed, though the design itself may be composed of dragons and butterflies, of flowers, waterfalls, and so on.

Then again, an English artist, having been deeply impressed with the beauty of such a harmony, might try to express it in a picture of a beautiful young girl in wonderful draperies, or a mother and child, a cottage scene, a fairy picture, or a classic myth, or, indeed, any form that pleased him. But only the greatest artists, or the least, would venture to use the same materials that Nature had used.

This brings me to consider again the things we see going on around us, and in ourselves, in this Theosophical work. When we begin, we are seized by the truth and beauty of some idea; either the scheme of Philosophy, or the

Principle of Brotherhood ; and this fills our minds and gives us satisfaction, and we talk of it at all times easily and readily. Then we come to another stage, at which point we begin to see that this is so far only talk, and that the idea has not yet entered into our nature and become assimilated. Then we begin to try to get it into working order in our own lives, and if our power of self-analysis is strong, we soon realize the enormous difficulty of the task. And then we begin to draw in, and are not so ready to preach to others, nor to find fault with those who are doing better than ourselves—in fact, we seem to be doing nothing. And it may be a long time or a short time, but it will certainly seem a long time, before we see what is the best method for the expression of the idea which at last has entered into the depths of our nature, and begun to germinate there. The seed must be buried in the earth, it must have time to germinate, then the tree must grow, and all this before the new fruit can be borne.

I spoke of three classes of minds: the Materialist, the Idealist, and the Realist. I should explain that in my idea all these modes of consciousness are present in each one, but usually one mode is so much stronger than the rest that it becomes predominant, and determines the class of mind to which a person may be said to belong. So a person who is an animal-materialist does not cease to be so by simply altering the character of his desires and appetites, but by eventually substituting an ideal for an appetite. Then the progress continues by constantly putting higher and higher ideals before the mind, until at last a reaction sets in; the internal faculties awake, and a flash of internal perception of truth forever shatters his belief in the permanence of any ideal. Then a new order of things has begun, and the tyranny of the ideal begins slowly to give way before the enlightened and developed Will set free. Now the path is the search for the Real, and the endeavor to express it. These expressions, or efforts at expression, become then ideals for those who follow on. No man can be freed from the bondage of the ideal by the substitution of higher ideals for lower, although this must be done in order to get on at all; but Freedom comes at last as a light from within, by means of which we begin to see and to know the Real in ourselves and in our surroundings.

So the process of development, or of human progress, seems to be not merely a course of gradual growth, but to be also a series of stages, with distinct turning-points, or gateways, to be passed, when the old method has to give place to a new light. And these gateways are as distinct entrances into new life as is the actual birth of a physical body into the physical world; though, of course, the whole process of birth, from the state of germ to the state of fully formed body is a long and steady growth. When the egg-shell is broken, and the fully formed chicken steps out, there is a very distinct step taken in development; and it is as impossible for the chicken to return to its shell, as for a man who has once caught a glimpse of Reality to be ever again content with any fixed Ideal, however lofty.

Both in Art and in Occultism you see people pinning their faith to a method, or a manner, as if it were *the* method. Then, getting dissatisfied with it, they reject it, and adopt another, and yet another, and so on—all the time remaining under the same protecting shell of what I should call methodism. Now I am not saying that methods are bad, but quite the reverse; they are just as necessary as language is to speech. But a time comes when speech is found to be inadequate. Then it becomes useless to invent more and more perfect languages, for what is wanted is not speech, but a better mode of expression. Then at last a new development occurs, and humanity perhaps becomes aware of the possibility of direct thought transference without speech at all.

If some few people have seen the superiority of this new power, and wish to benefit humanity, they may, even then, fall into the error of trying to force the new light upon those who have not yet mastered the old methods of expression; then arises conflict, and in such a conflict you may have perfectly honest and sensible people opposing one another, and each looking on their opponents as the enemies of humanity. And if, on the other hand the advanced members of the race, having seen the new light, refuse to speak of it or share their knowledge with the rest, are they not then indeed becoming the enemies of the race? For the human race is led by the advance guard, not by the main body, and certainly not by the rear guard, and if the leaders refuse to show the road, then confusion follows. So therein lies a problem, and like all such problems of right conduct, there is only one principle to enable us to find the solution, and that is the pearl beyond price—the internal sense of the fitness of things, which in Philosophy may be called Wisdom, and in daily life is known as Common-sense, the diamond among precious stones. But beware of spurious imitations!

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### “THE SIBYL ANCIENT AND MODERN.”

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“Today, proceeding from the occult Sanctuaries of the East resounds a voice, but Europe, in her mad course toward the abyss, heeds it not. Withal, everything gets ready for the great struggle between these two races; the haughty science of the West has denied her direct sire, Eastern Occultism! The current is just becoming irresistible. For the villager, the factory girl, the workman at the mill, the fatal day is fast approaching when the gigantic machine, exhausted and tired of work, will stop its wheels, leaving a formidable industrial army, thirsting for life. What answer is modern science prepared to give it, aye, that science always preoccupied with the discovery of new means to destroy one’s neighbor? It is then that will appear in all their majesty the Sibyls of our Race, who will teach through the *revealed* science and the sacred oracles the elements necessary for the restoration of Humanity to its proper groove.”

—*The Theosophist*, Vol. V.

## THE FLAMING HEART.

By CENI RAMA.



WHEN, once again, the hour had come when, in the Home of the World's Great Souls, a current stirred which, like a deep and mighty Breath, was wafted, silent, through the whole vast realm.

In each breast this Breath a thrill awoke. They all arose and speechless gazed at one another; for well they knew this was a sign the hour had struck when Great Souls must once more descend into the lower world to guide, uplift, instruct the race of ignorant, helpless, suffering men.

This was the first soft Breath of the Great Movement—that mighty wave of Life and Light that at each cycle's end flows outward from the fount of the Eternal One—flows out and downward through all worlds—the upper, middle, to the lowest in the universal plan; that, passing through the utmost bounds of fleshly walls awakes and quickens to new life all kingdoms far below.

They, the Great Souls, felt the quiver and the thrill; they rose and went forth, stately, slowly, to the Council Hall.

Then One spoke—He of the mighty arm—He of the eye of power. And He inquired (speaking calm and low, and looking round on all the gathered throng) who would willing go into the world of flesh—to waken all the souls that now could hear, and teach to them the meaning high, sublime, of life; show them the Movement—flowing onward like a river vast, with but one source and end; teach them how to enter on that tide, and moving with the mighty stream, become one with the Whole; thus adding their small strength to that great force of Soul-Infinite Power of Love that evermore sustains and draws from lowest depths all creatures to itself.

When the Strong One thus had spoken, there was silence for a space. Then slowly one Great Soul stepped forth.

“Yea, thou shalt go,” the Strong One said, “as thou hast, on such errands gone before. When thou art veiled and blinded by the flesh thy courage shall not fail; for thou hast from the ages back been as the Lion-Hearted known.”

Then came another forth and stood beside the First.

“Thou, too,” the Strong One said; “and well thy labor great shall all be done. ‘Friend of all Creatures’ through all worlds, O Comrade true, hast thou been named.”

And then the Third came, softly moving, looking up with reverent love into the face of the Second and the First.

Then said the Strong One, “thou art welcome too, for thou art one of Boundless Love—and for this Fire Divine in thee thou hast been called ‘The Heart of Flame.’”

Then, turning, "As for thee, O Lion-Hearted One, severe thy task shall be; so dark and dread that one of courage less than thine might fail. Thy heart will feel as does man's heart; and it will oft be wrung. The ground is to be cleared, the seeds thou sowest will be watered by thy blood and tears. Far to the Westward is thy goal; for there the New Race shall arise; and there shall dawn the New—the Golden Age. There the Temple of the Living Light shall rise. But ere that day thy exile hard shall end."

With eyes bent down and veiled, but with a brow of radiant Light, the Lion-Hearted One passed on.

"For thee, O Friend of All," the Strong One said, "in pain and sorrow shalt thou toil; and as it must be with the First so shall it be with thee. Ambition, deadliest sting of selfishness, in those whom thou hast taught shall move them to revolt against thee and the Cause. Their anger, envy, hate, shall shorten fast thy days. Before the last years of the Cycle roll thou shalt return. But as the Lion-Hearted One shall conquer, so shalt thou. A chain shall thus be woven through the worlds; a chain the Powers of Darkness shall not break."

Bowing low his head he backward drew—the Friend of all the Worlds—while over him a light like to the glory of the noon-tide lay.

And then once more the Strong One spoke.

"Oh thou of Love, Compassion Infinite!" he said, "into thy hands will fall the work of these—the Second and the First. This one will scatter seeds o'er all the fields, rough-cleared; and that will watch and tend the tender plants, with treachery ever lurking near. When he departs the same dread beast, with stealthy steps, shall follow thee. And yet the loyal hearts, the same true ones that followed both of these shall close and closer draw to thee. And though they could not form a perfect shield for them, they will have grown so strong in love and knowledge of the Truth that they will hold the poisoned shafts from thy Great Heart that's bared for all the Race.

"The traitors and the weakling ones must fall—the Great Law sifts them out. But in their place new ones will come, those who are wise, and evermore thus purged and cleansed, more pure and strong the ranks shall grow. Then in the days to come shall rise the Temple of the Light. The School of Wisdom, mystic, wonderful, shall stand a beacon fire to all the earth.

"Then shall the nations turn to thee, and those who are thine own shall know thee evermore as Bearer of the Truth. They shall see thee as a Soul of Love—a Heart of pure white Flame."

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"There is no happiness except in righteousness."

"Full of love for all things in the world, practicing virtue in order to benefit others—this man only is happy."

## A RECREATION DAY.

By HESTER FORSTER.

**M**ATILDA SARTO decided that she needed rest. She packed up all her things and went to the mountains. She selected an out-of-the-way place, rented a cottage, installed herself in it, and with the assistance of Emma, a German housekeeper, always quiet and very silent, she prepared to enjoy her outing immensely.

She had made absolutely no plans, but being fond of sport and a good shot, and also expert with a line, she had brought with her a hunting and fishing outfit, determined to be thoroughly independent and provide for the table herself.

Rest meant for her simply mental relaxation and physical activity. It was rather a retrocession of life into its primitive condition, thence to draw a fresh supply of vitality and force. For the first few days she succeeded. She bagged such a variety of game that even Emma found it superabundant and regretted that such nice creatures were killed to no purpose.

Hearing this, Matilda decided to miss a few shots the next day. But, such is fate, to often hit what one wants to miss, or is indifferent about, that the quantity of game increased rather than diminished. It was somewhat sad, and some creatures cry so piteously, but it was all in vain. Perhaps, too, they left some orphans in their nests or perhaps their mates. It seemed to her that she heard a rebuke in every animal sound around her.

The next day she sent Emma fishing, telling her that it would suit her very well, as she was extremely patient; she herself went out for a stroll without any purpose at all. Of physical exercise she had had already enough, and it had become a bore to her. She thought it monotonous, a kind of monomania, just as tiresome if persisted in as any occupation in a city for any narrow purpose. Such a life as this after all did not seem right. Nature was so broad, so various, so free, why should she constrain herself to anything so purposeless and narrow?

Thus she was strolling along wherever the path might lead, picking an occasional flower, and permitting the birds to fly about in peace, seeking only peace and rest for herself. And all the birds and creatures seemed more friendly as if sympathizing with her relaxation from a continued purpose, and enjoying the floating variety of pleasures of the moment.

Getting tired, she sat down on the slope of a hill, by a brook murmuring softly at her feet. The water was so cool, so free, so tender; it seemed to caress every pebble it passed by, to sing to every stone and to smile to the sky. There was nothing gross about that water. It seemed to forgive every boulder which crossed its path, which rejected it at right angles, and

appeared so absolutely self-contented as if it had done right. But the water answered back to it a sweet whisper, and continued farther its graceful curves. To feel restful, even when thwarted,—was it not simply sublime? Matilda began now to feel restful herself.

After a while she caught herself sighing. As all her wits were now exceedingly sharp and observant, she wondered what that sigh meant. If it meant rest, it meant longing also. What suggested it? Was it some whisper in the water, or the sighing of the wind playing with the tops of the trees as though inviting them to journey on with it?

She was looking at one spot in the water which was very still and silvery with the reflected sunlight shining through the leaves of the forest. The reflections seemed very playful, and the light danced upon the water. Fishes and birds darted through the shifting shafts of light. So life shifts, thought she. And then immediately she noticed an incongruity. Why, she had run away from monotony which was positively unpleasant, and now life appeared shifting. It is an enchantment of far distance, thought she. In that distance she could not distinguish clearly her life from that of others; she could not tell her very early years from the present. Details were dim, but the mental picture was very wide. It was poetical, too. Even unpleasant and dull incidents acquired some soft coloring from their more fortunate neighbors. Epochs of a dominant feeling colored whole sections of the vista.

She sighed again. Why sighed she? Had it not all passed already? Aye, it had passed, but it was not done away with. Hopes she had then, she had yet. Losses of yesterday she felt as losses of today also. Were they really passed? Will they ever be passed? Her two dear brothers, she remembered them so well, she saw them so clearly, their wit, their sparkling laughter, their free, sunny nature, as if it were only yesterday;—and to think that one accident, an upturned boat, and a memory only is left, as a window to look upon them,—a window often blurred by tears, indistinct, often obliterated altogether by the great sorrow. It happened only today, by this clear water, that the window was found clear and translucent. Dear brothers! so you are not gone, you are there yet, bright and sunny as before, as if yesterday. Oh! smile, smile to me again, crown my head with flowers, tell me stories to sleep, fan my face,—oh! how sweet, how good and dear you are, so you love me yet!

What is that? Oh! it is only a stone, slipped from under my foot into the water. What calm is around! Where are my brothers? Gone! Yes, gone. The window of memory is so fragile, so distracted. Oh that I could see them in reality again! Oh, if I could see them but once more! But, no! that great water, that black river into which memory peers and upon which it floats, is between us as some infernal stream, some Acheron, or Styx. O dark, dark water! do you unite or divide us, tell me, which? Now I ask, I implore you, tell me, which? No, it will not say, it is silent, it is



dark, it is nothingness, it will not shine of itself, it will not speak of itself, it simply reflects my own thought.

And yet it is so sweet, though hopeless.—a conundrum again, as all is in this life. Let me dream more, let me dream even these black dreams, what else have I to do today? But of what use? They will all pass away.

Thus long she sat and mused and sighed, until it seemed to her that all nature was sighing around her. It startled her. What is it? Oh! it is those foolish sighing winds, inviting the tops of the trees to travel on with them. Why? Where to? It is everywhere the same.

Yes, the same sad story is everywhere, mused she, all this wide world through. Oo—oo! Oo—oo! answered the winds.

Now, for once I agree with you, continued she. Here was life, joy, happiness, apparent, visible, embodied,—there only films on the black water,—and even now they have gone, and only your mocking songs remain. And yet you are so serious that I long to chum with you; my head is so hot,—now cool me off.

And with these words she began to climb up the crest of the hill. She went slowly as if dispelling the dark memory of the past. She reached at last the top and sat down on an upturned tree, gazing into a great expanse of wooded country dotted with several lakes. The landscape breathed joy into her again and composed her. If that water could always be as bright, thought she. At least the possibility of the bright, blue, sunlit water, filled with the skies, dispelled her melancholy, generated by the dark waters of memory. Even the winds seemed here to sing more brightly and cheerfully. Thus she sat alone, between the windy heaven and the silent landscape all around her.

And she listened to the winds and viewed the quickly passing clouds in the wind's dominion where all was so changeable, so unsteady. Yet the wind is frank, thought she, and makes no pretense at steadiness. It travels all the world over, and seems fain to show to mortals the absolute worthlessness of it all. It simply mocks human existence. What use of despairing, of crying? Take me, O wind, to your free expansive kingdom! Give me a space of flight for my imagination! All this world is nothing but imagination. If it be real, why, it would last.

Thus she sat gazing at the clouds.

How fantastic! Just like another world, but the world of fancy, changing every minute. No pretense of reality in it all. See! those clouds to the North look like a flock of birds. There below to the West white-maned horses are seen, as if clattering on the skies, while knights come marching from the South.

Thus she sat and dreamed things that are not. And the trees above her head sang an accompaniment to it all. She built castles in the skies, and fought battles there, interpreting the clouds just as she pleased, always giving victory to the best and noblest. And the clouds seemed to obey

her. The black dragons gave way to the white ones. The dove triumphed over the vulture. Golden castles outlined against the setting sun stood the siege of all the dark demons gliding from the valley on their bat-like, noiseless wings.

At every victory the winds sang more joyfully. She saw once, so she fancied, a maiden of transcendent beauty. That is my angel, who will take me when I die, thought she. Then from below to the left she saw a black serpent uncoiling itself, dark, and reddish from the lower vapory rays of the sun. But the angel became golden. She was absorbed in their fight, and watched with trembling the issue. The black snake was engulfed in a mist rising from the valley. Then she glanced to the Northwest. There it seemed to her a cloud took on the form and face of her brother; he came near to her own angel in the skies; they seemed to clasp hands. Her joy as they met was supreme. She sent him a thousand greetings, and the clouds grew luminous and radiant. Now they are nearer the sun, all enveloped in golden fringes; they shine as if made of rosy vapor. What a wonderful color it is! Is not that the color of undying affection?

So she mused. The sun was setting; the wonderful rosy color enveloped the whole West. Ah! what beautiful, loving, peaceful light! Everything became dear to her. She watched the last rays of the sun with a feeling of infinite rest, so that her own heart seemed to glow with the same soft light.

After the sun had set and she was returning home, her heart was full of a radiant light and peace. This is then what my imagination has led me to. But no, it cannot all have been imagination, it was the way of the gods. Surely I am not worse or less than all those beings fighting in the skies. They have all passed away, absorbed by the setting sun, and some of the light of this sun I am carrying with me in my heart.

Now at last she felt truly rested.

She found Emma at home preparing the fishes for dinner. She embraced the confused German girl.

"Why," said Emma, "I caught only one fish, the others a boy gave me as a present."

"No, no, it is not fishes, Emma. Of course my golden fishes always won the battle against crabs and spiders,—it was not fishes but the beautiful sunset. Did you not see it?"

"What are you talking about, Miss Sarto? Were you at the theater? But there is no theater here. I think you must have been dreaming. If I were to dream, no fishes would be caught."

"But you say you got them from a boy."

"Oh! yes, Miss, that is so, so I did."

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## MAGHA,—ONE OF INDIA'S GREAT POETS.

By KALI SHANKA SHARMA.

**M**AGHA may be ranked as one of the greatest poets of India, the first great poet after Kali Das. His immortal work *Sisupâlvadha*, is the most precious jewel which still decorates India, which no foreigner can venture to snatch from her. Though India has been losing for centuries her diamonds, emeralds and other precious stones and has become now one of the poorest countries of the world, yet its real gems, not stones, the works of Kali Das, Bhavabhūti, Māgha, Sri Harsh, Bharvi, Vyāsa, Shankara, Kanad, Goutam and many other learned authors are not yet gone.

Māgha was born in the country of Gurjaras (now identified with Gujrat). He belonged to a race which, by its possessions and wealth and its official connection with the kings of India, had acquired great reputation. His grandfather was Suprabhur Dev, the minister of the King Dharmahābha. It is a matter of regret that nothing more is known about the poet than is found in Bhoja Pravandha and the poet's own work, *Sisupâlvadha*. He was contemporary with Rajah Bhoja, a celebrated king of Mālwa (or Dhârâ), who flourished about the end of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century.

His father, Dattak, had immense wealth. It is said that at the birth of Māgha, he invited many celebrated astrologers from all parts of India to examine the stars of the child. They said to him that his son, after enjoying the wealth that he would leave to him, and acquiring good reputation, was destined to suffer at the close of his life from some disease in his feet and then to die in extreme poverty and gloom. His father, thinking that a man could not live more than one hundred years, 36,000 days, put as many necklaces of invaluable pearls in separate boxes in preparation for the days of misfortune prophesied by the astrologers, and, having educated his son in the best possible way, he breathed his last, leaving a property a hundred times more valuable than that stored apart against poverty.

It was after the death of his father that Māgha began to write his great work, *Sisupâlvadha*, the composition of which won for him immortal fame. He was not one of those unfortunate poets whose works are bitterly criticised in their own days, and are admired only after their death. After the completion of his work he was at once regarded as the greatest poet of his age, and was visited by many men of letters. But Māgha's reputation was not only due to his unparalleled genius, but also to his exceedingly compassionate nature and unbounded benevolence. He considered it his first duty to assist the poor and the suffering. He never forgot throughout his life the great truth that it is only in rendering service to suffering humanity, in working for the welfare of others, that life is worthily spent, and that thus only can the

soul obtain complete and final victory over the lower animal nature in man, the cause of all sin.

I have said that Bhoja was the contemporary of Mâgha. This king was himself a poet and a great patron of Sanskrit learning. When Bhoja heard of the learning and the good merits of Mâgha, he invited him to visit him. Mâgha accepted the invitation. When he reached Mâlhwâ he was very courteously received by the king, who, when the dinner was over, seating Mâgha on a sofa side by side with his own, began to talk to him on certain pleasing topics. Next morning, Mâgha expressed to the king his desire to return home. Being accompanied by the king as far as the garden by the gate of the city, Mâgha also asked him to visit Sri Mâlhagara, where he resided. After some days, the king went to that city, where he received a cordial welcome from the poet. The king's army, which accompanied him as escort, was quartered in a house so big that each soldier had a separate room. The king was conducted to the stately palace of Mâgha, the floor of which was of gold. He was invited to bathe and then to go to the temple, a separate place of worship, the floor of which was so skillfully paved with emeralds and other precious stones that a new visitor would think that the temple was filled with water, the emeralds appearing to be the green, moss-like substance growing often on the surface of water. When the Rajah was about to raise up his Dhوتي (a garment of worship, worn on the lower part of the body from the waist downward), he was informed of the real fact by the warden. Having performed his worship, he was requested to take his breakfast, which, to the astonishment of the king, was prepared especially of those delicious vegetables and fruits which were either unattainable at that season of the year, or hitherto alien to the taste of the king. Climbing up to the sleeping apartment at the top of the house, he saw there a collection of books, most of which he had never before seen. Though it was the winter season, it was so hot that night that he could not comfortably sleep until the servants began to fan him, and the sandal was applied to his breast. After staying many days, the king returned home.

The above description will serve to give the reader an idea of the immense wealth that Mâgha possessed. He may wonder how so rich a man could become poor. But Mâgha was compassion incarnate. It so happened that a terrible famine broke out in those days. Mâgha's house became an asylum to the hungry. The orphans and the shelterless women were given food and everything they needed. The number of the famished increased day by day. Wise suggestions that Mâgha was doing something beyond his power began to come from friends. But Mâgha's longing to feed the starving, however much it might cost him, was irresistible. At last, he spent all his wealth in saving the famine-stricken from starvation. The words of refusal, "Go away," he could never utter, for they were an arrow to his heart.

Now, when Mâgha had lost everything except a copy of his great work written by himself and became one of those who looked for help, he at once

resolved in his time of need to appeal to the assistance of his friend, the Rajah Bhoja of Mâlhwâ, by presenting him with his own book, *Sisupâlvadha*. He and his wife then departed, but not alone. The hungry whom they had comforted so long—how could they leave them? Alas! the pair that had never known sorrow, that had never had any longing that was not satisfied the moment it was felt—the same pair, followed by pale-faced men, feeble women and withered children, was now going on foot, without even a day's food, to ask for pecuniary help from a friend. Great is the law of Karma! Nevertheless their faces shone with heavenly light, they felt inwardly satisfied. Repentance they had not. A something unknown helped them. Perhaps in contrast with the ghost-like crowd at their back, there stood before them, what the material eye can only vaguely see, the smiling, glorious souls inhabiting heaven, telling them what they could not distinctly hear, "Your life is transient; your sorrows like your former joys, are fleeting. Come then with us and enjoy eternal happiness."

\*Reaching Mâlhwâ, Mâgha sat near the city gate. He sent his wife to the court of the king with a slip of paper on which was written a sloka (four lines) from his own poem. When the wife reached the court, the warden thus informed the king, "Mâgha, the best of Pandits, sits near the city gate. He has sent his wife here, who stands at the door." "Let her enter," said the king. Entering the court, the wife of Mâgha handed the letter to the king, who read:

"The white water-lily has lost its beauty. The lotus flowers are beginning to appear pleasant. The owl has become silent. The ruddy goose is happy. The moon sets. The sun rises. Ah! Karma, under the hands of heavy fate, bears fruit in different ways." (*Sisupâlvadha*, Canto II, Sloka 64.)

Reading this beautiful description of dawn and the moral deduced therefrom, Bhoja gave her 300,000 Rs. and said, "Mother, I give this little sum only for the preparation of food. Next morning I shall come to fall at the feet of your husband."

Hearing the poor praise her husband, she gave all that sum to them while she was on her way to the gate of the city. Reaching that place, she informed her husband of all that had happened. "You are my fame incarnate," said Mâgha, but what shall we do now, as other beggars are coming?" Seeing Mâgha in that plight, a learned Brahman among that famine-stricken people said to him: "Having poured water on the mountains scorched by the rays of the summer sun, having freshened the woods stripped of their green by direful fire, having filled with water hundreds of tanks and rivers. O Cloud, thy emptiness now has become thy most valuable ornament!"

Upon this, Mâgha said to his wife, "O unhappy time, I have not a penny left now. Forlorn hope yet follows me. My mind, distracted though it be, is still desirous of feeding the poor. Begging is loss of good name, commit-

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\*The remainder of the article, beginning here, is the author's own translation from "Bhoja Pranandha"—the Life of Rajah Bhoja.

ting suicide is a sin. O my soul, leave this wretched body of mine! Why dost thou delay? The waters of tranquillity have quenched the fire of poverty. But what thing in the world has power enough to extinguish the internal flame, which, being originated by the disappointed expectations of the hungry people, is bitterly feeding upon my heart. In this time of famine no one lends money. Alas! the king of the planets is setting now, and yet I have not given a bit of food to the poor. Life has now become burdensome to me."

Seeing Mâgha thus lamenting, the hungry crowd began to depart in tears. At this time Mâgha felt unbearable pain. "Away, away, my soul," he cried, "for the hungry in complete disappointment are leaving me. Thou shalt certainly depart one day, why not then on this occasion, when I sigh to follow the poor and when death is more welcome to me than ever?"

These were the last words of this great poet-philosopher. His prayer was accepted. It is needless now to linger too long at the death-bed of the hero by writing how his wife died after a few hours and followed her husband on his way to the glorious abode of the gods.

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## AWAKE, O AWAKE, MY SOUL!

By E. A. NERESHEIMER.

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**P**ROFOUND silence reigns as yet in the chambers of the soul. The hurly-burly of the crowding senses drowns the sweet harmonies of Heaven. Fear and ignorance confine the individual soul which is ever trying to express itself.

We complain that we know nothing of the nature of the soul; about life after death, spirituality, God and cosmos. It is true, the soul has not peeked out of its natural windows long enough to convince the ordinary mortal of its constant presence; and as to life after death, no one has ever come back to tell the entire story to the satisfaction of the physical, intellectual man. Spirituality, God and cosmos are no topics for our well-fed philanthropists, and they are good enough to be left alone by the indolent crowd. On the other hand, we go on day after day, year after year, tumbling over one another, trying to get hold of a new sensation, as if the happiness of the whole world depended upon it, forgetting, it seems, the experience that each such accomplishment leads but to another greater desire in the same direction. The only satisfaction is in the anticipation; when a wish is fulfilled, it always falls short of the contentment which it was expected to give. The charm is gone when we finally get what we wished for.

Following the irresistible impulse of human nature, we are constrained to be incessantly active, doing something; if nothing good, something bad. The waves of balance bring reward in due time for the good things, and punishment

for the bad things, and thus we are tossed hither and thither, creatures of changing feelings. Look where we may, no sign of relief; it seems as if we had to go on and on in frantic haste until we had reached an unbearable state when all should become raving mad, and heaven and hell tumble headlong into chaos.

Are there no teachers? Is there no philosophy? Will not the dead come back and tell the story?—the irony of it! They see no sun that are blind. No love those feel who hate. There is no teacher for those who deny!

The ancients symbolized the soul of man by a beetle, because that insect crawls with its head downward; it does not see the sky, being busy with its eyes fixed on the earth. Humanity does the same; its units do things that confine and limit them; whereas, if they chose to do what is exalted and worthy, they would become free. The perfected flower thrives easily wherever there are suitable primary conditions, such as soil, light and air. Its innate beauty bursts through somehow to the utmost possibility within the limits of its surroundings. When the soil is stony and poor, the plant is thwarted, mean and small, but it aims, nevertheless, to manifest all the beauty it can under the circumstances. So it is with the human soul, it tries and tries to express itself in the individual, to manifest its beauties to its utmost possibility. The energy to do this must be great indeed, when we consider what obstacles we put in its way to retard it; and still we see so much beauty expressed, though half hidden behind ugly masks. In the bringing up of our children natural tendencies are suppressed and pushed back as quickly as possible, consequently false notions take the place of intuition. Youth is passed in hard trials to the soul, one ideal after another being shattered by rude shocks from parents and companions, who try their best to laugh down and ridicule all the tender aspirations of love. Then comes the supreme effort of middle age; mostly struggle for existence. Fired into ambition by artificial surroundings, glitter, lust and passions, the poor Human is driven to exertion of mind and body, until he sinks down, most often a moral and physical wreck. Then comes a period of supreme discontent, the soul being buried deep beneath the rubbish of conventionalism, yet the divine nature looms up sometimes as from afar. Features, form and expression have by this time assumed the characteristics of the main sentiments marked by the life just passed. Turning back in retrospective view over the battle-field, we see a life spent in sham, mere sham, and looking ahead, what confronts us?—death! O horror! after all the tedious journey, no loving heart to console, no resting place for the weary head. “There is no future for me”; “the dead have not yet come back to tell me.” Oh, what a black picture!

When the life-cycle is about to close and the rush of passion and sensation has ceased, there comes a growing disposition to commune with nature. Yes, nature is beautiful, after all. It shows itself in eternal youth and freshness every day, as if just born; we sometimes see it that way during moments of exalted insight; we know then that these beauties are real, we feel its unending

glory; the bosom swells, the mind reels for joy, and—whiff—away goes all the beauty and glory, and darkness fills the place.

It could not be otherwise; we are but reaping what we have sown. We can hold such vastness of bliss but for a moment, having prepared no substance or organs to contain it; but for all that, a world of sweetness and joy unending lies concealed somewhere in the sanctuary of the inner man.

Awake then, awake, O thou, my Soul, awake ye faculties that thrill me through and through with longing to be free.

Must I wait till the hour of death?

The race, the methods, the whole social order,—all must be changed before Humanity can realize its well-being, which is nothing less than the recognition of the oneness of each individual with the Oversoul, the Great Self, Universal Brotherhood.

Institutions without number have experimented on the problem, but all have failed, because the fundamental knowledge of Brotherhood as a fact in nature was lacking. Meantime, the downward cycle of the descent of Spirit into matter has come to an end, and new elements of knowledge by direct perception are entering the mind of Humanity as factors of further evolution. Great souls are pressing to come to earth, awaiting proper conditions.

We may now faintly perceive the importance of the Theosophical Movement, which was founded in the year 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky to regenerate the world. Having the proper basis upon which to build the eternal and only true philosophy, that of Universal Brotherhood, it has by successive stages developed the ways and means on earth for the creation of the proper vehicle for the expression of the individual soul.

Katherine Tingley, that Helper of the Human Race, the active Leader, Guide and Protector of the "Orphan," Humanity, has this very day established on an undesecrated spot of the globe a new habitation, a world of its own. Children, yes, angels (compared to the infants and children of the outside world) are being brought up and educated there, according to the natural laws that govern physical, moral and spiritual life. These will be new vehicles of a coming race, unhampered by the gross, stifling atmosphere of modern life; a community of souls, free to love God and Man, unconscious of anxiety, worry or fear, spreading their beneficent aura of purity to touch all their brothers over the entire earth.

Awake!

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"On first awakening from my sleep, I should pray that every breathing thing may wake to saving wisdom, vast as the wide and boundless universe."

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## EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

- XIX. Romans Moving Eastward—Ptolemy V—The Rosetta Stone—Philometor and Euergetes—Pergamos and Its Rival Library—Kleopatra Kokkeia and Her Sons—Revolt in Upper Egypt—  
Final Destruction of Thebes.



THE kings of Antiokhos and Philip V paid no heed to the mandate from Rome, but continued their operations against Egypt with no abating of energy. It was virtually their challenge for a conflict which was to prove the destruction of both their realms. The Romans, rallying from the calamities of the war with Hannibal, prepared for new ventures with that quiet resolution and effective preparation which enabled them to become the overlords and arbiters of nations. They sought no help from alliances, but engaged in conflict, relying on themselves alone.

The Athenians had been members of the Akhaian League, which the kings of Egypt had largely sustained by contributions. They now sent an embassy to Alexandria asking help against Philip. The Egyptian Council of State referred the matter to the Roman Senate and received instruction to leave the contest entirely to the Roman armies.

The Senate also sent a demand to Antiokhos that he should give up to the Roman people all the territory which he had taken from Egypt, declaring that it belonged to the Romans by the right of war. Upon receiving this message Antiokhos made peace, betrothing his daughter to Ptolemy, and setting apart the conquered provinces as her dower, to be delivered when the young king was old enough to be married.

Meanwhile affairs in Egypt had fallen into a deplorable condition. For a century and a half the country had been governed by Grecian rulers, entirely foreign and distinct from the native population, but they had made life and property safe, and suffered industry to enjoy a large share of its earnings. Now, however, the government afforded little protection, and its administration had become despotic and oppressive. The result of it was a general discontent which had developed into disaffection. Alexandria itself became like a volcano, ready at any time to burst forth into destructive eruption, while the whole Delta was awake for active demonstration. Anarchy and violence prevailed over Northern Egypt.

The former kings had organized a military body of Egyptians, in its form and discipline similar to the famous Macedonian phalanx. It now revolted and fortified itself at Lykopolis. There it was besieged by the royal troops and capitulated on promise that the lives of the men would be spared. The king, however, paid no attention to his oath, and they were punished.

A second rebellion was headed by Skopas, who had commanded the Eryp-

tian army against Antiokhos in Palestine. It was promptly crushed by the efficient measures of the minister Aristomenes. Not daring, however, to punish Skopas openly, the latter caused him to be immured in prison, where he died by poison.

Ptolemy was now fourteen, and the Council of State declared him of lawful age to reign. The ceremony of coronation took place at Memphis and was very imposing. The priests of Upper and Lower Egypt, including those engaged in the worship of the god-kings, took part in the proceedings, and the young king was invested with the *pshent* or double crown in the Temple of Ptah. After the crowning, the decree was promulgated of which the famous inscription on the Rosetta Stone was a copy. In it the numerous titles of royal distinction were given, and he was styled the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, the Son of Râ, the Living Image of Amun, the Beloved of Ptah, Ptolemy the Immortal, and Epiphanes the Most Gracious god. The names of the priests were also engraved, together with the command that worship should be performed to the statue of the king in all the temples, and that the image should be carried in all the religious processions. It was likewise ordered that a copy of the decree should be carved and put on every statue of the king, in the sacred or hieroglyphic characters, in the demotic or common writing, and in Greek.

The discovery of one of these inscriptions, the Rosetta Stone, by the French at the Fort St. Julien, has served through the efforts of Dr. Young and the Champollion brothers, to make the hieroglyphic and cursive writing, the ancient language and history of Egypt known to the modern world. Before them, all that was definitely understood was the folk-lore in the works of Herodotos and casual allusions in the historic literature of other countries. Even the Hebrew writings seemed to recognize little as pertaining to Egypt, except what occurred in northern districts. Since that period the woeful Hermetic prediction has been fulfilled: The Skyth, and the foreigner inhabit Egypt; fables alone remain of its former worship, which the men of the after-time have failed to comprehend, and words engraved in stone narrate the works of religion. But now, these words are becoming known, and from these inscriptions so long undecipherable, there has been disclosed a history and a religion so long unknown as to seem merely sacerdotal fiction.

The decree certainly recites the particulars of a moderate and excellent administration, the very reverse of the government of Ptolemy Philopator. Prisoners of state had been set free, religious worship maintained, the press-gang for the navy abolished, duties on exports lessened, and the temples enriched in accordance with the wishes of the pious grandfather of the king, "the god Euergetes."

This may all be true, but the minister Aristomenes, and not the king, deserved the credit. Ptolemy V soon began a vicious career, and when Aristomenes, at the reception of a foreign ambassador, awoke him while the man was speaking, he sentenced him to death by poison.

When Ptolemy was eighteen years old, Antiokhos sent his daughter into Egypt, and ostensibly delivered the provinces of Hollow Syria, Judea and Phœnicia, to the Egyptian generals. He was hardly sincere, however, in the transaction. No sooner had the marriage taken place when he again took possession of the provinces. He had expected that his daughter would mold her husband to his purposes, but Kleopatra instead of this, became the sincerest and wisest of his advisers.

Antiokhos was at war with the Romans, Ptolemy sent to Rome a thousand pounds of gold and twenty thousand pounds of silver to help the Republic against the common enemy. The Roman Senate returned the gift with thanks.

Two years later there was another rebellion of the Egyptians. It was suppressed by the Greek troops employed by the king, the rebels laying down their arms on the promise of a free pardon. Ptolemy, however, caused the leaders to be brought to him at Sais, where they were bound to the wheels of his chariot, dragged around the walls of the city and afterward put to death. He then embarked for Alexandria, where he celebrated a triumph.

All the foreign possessions of Egypt, except Cyprus and Libya, had been lost, and the Grecian cities left the alliance of Egypt for that of Rome. Antiokhos having died, Ptolemy contemplated making an expedition to recover the provinces. A general asking him how he expected to pay his troops, he replied that his treasure was the number of his friends. This gave the alarm that another "syntax" or contribution, would be imposed, and the apprehension was allayed by administering poison to the king. He died at the age of twenty-nine, having reigned twenty-four years, and left a navy without seamen, an army ready to revolt, a treasury empty, and a government everywhere out of order.

Two sons succeeded him. Both bore the name of Ptolemy, which now became a titular appellation like that of Cæsar afterward at Rome. Kleopatra the mother was regent while they were under age, and displayed superior wisdom and ability. At the end of seven years, the elder son, Ptolemy VI, also known as Philometor, from his affection for his mother, was declared to be of age, and was crowned accordingly.

While Kleopatra lived, Egypt was kept at peace with her brother, Antiokhos Epiphanes, the Macedonian king of Syria; but after her death the effort was made to regain the provinces that had constituted her dower. Egypt had not a sufficient army or navy, and Antiokhos routed the Egyptian forces at Pelusium in a pitched battle. He then marched to Memphis, where he made a captive of his nephew, Ptolemy Philometor.

The younger brother was with their sister Kleopatra at Alexandria. He immediately proclaimed himself king of Egypt, taking besides the designation of Ptolemy VII, the additional name of Euergetes. He is also known, however, as Physkon, "the pudding," from his huge size, a circumference of six feet. He sent ambassadors to Rome asking for help against Antiokhos. His advisers, however, were too much alarmed to wait for a reply. There were

ambassadors at Alexandria from Akhaia, Athens, Miletos and Klazomenæ. and they were persuaded to go to Memphis to treat with Antiokhos. They were courteously entertained, but the king denied that his father had given the provinces as his sister's dowry. He immediately began a siege of Alexandria, but was unable to reduce the city, and finally on the coming of an embassy from Rome with the command that he should desist from further hostilities, he returned to Syria. Euergetes was thus left king of the Greek population at Alexandria, while Philometor at Memphis was king of the Egyptians.

Antiokhos meanwhile carried away from Egypt whatever treasure and valuable articles he could find. He also left a garrison at Pelusium, which enabled him to invade Egypt at a more convenient opportunity. Philometor was not slow to perceive that his uncle was only seeking to make Egypt a Syrian province. He speedily engaged in negotiations with his brother and sister, the latter of whom was most active and zealous to reconcile the two. It was agreed that the two brothers should reign jointly, and Philometor married Kleopatra.

Antiokhos not long afterward renewed hostilities. Claiming Cyprus and the district around Pelusium, he led an army into Egypt, entered Memphis and marched toward Alexandria. The Roman ambassadors met him here and commanded him to quit the country. He demurred, however, and Popilius, one of them, drew a circle around him with a stick, and told him that if he should cross that line without a promise to leave Egypt, it would be taken as a declaration of war against Rome.

On his way home Antiokhos marched to Jerusalem. A rumor of his death had induced Joshua or Jason, a high priest whom he had deposed, to attempt the regaining of his former authority. The disturbance which Jason created was now construed by the king as a rebellion and he stormed the city, massacring eighty thousand of the inhabitants without regard to age or sex and consigning as many more to slavery. He also plundered the temple and public treasury, and issued a decree prohibiting the Jewish worship. The Hebrew Scriptures were sought out and burned, and the Dionysiac orgies and mystic observances were made, with the approval of the high priest, the religion of the land. Two years later "they set up the Abomination of Desolation upon the altar, and builded idol-altars throughout the city of Judea." Swine were sacrificed in the temple, as at the death and resurrection of Adonis, and the goddess Salambo was also characteristically honored.

The death of Antiokhos took place four years afterward, and Judas Makkabæos began a revolt. He reinstated the worship at the temple, made a new collection of the Hebrew Scriptures, and opened a friendly communication with the Jews of Alexandria. Among the number was Onias, the son of the former high priest, whom Antiokhos had removed to make way for Jason. He had obtained permission from Philometor and Kleopatra to take possession of the temple-precinct of the goddess Sekhet at Leontopolis, and erect a new temple

for the Jewish worship. The result was a breach between the Jews of the respective countries, and "they each altered the word of the Bible to make it speak their own opinions."\* To this controversy the fact is largely due that the Greek text which was prepared in Egypt differs very considerably from the Hebrew version.

War broke out between the two brothers, and Euergetes drove Philometor out of the kingdom. He went to Rome where he found his uncle Demetrios seeking to obtain Syria by the help of the Romans. The Senate soon determined that Philometor should reign over Egypt, and Euergetes in the Kyrenaika. Euergetes became a suppliant in his turn and procured from the Senate the addition of the island of Cyprus to his dominion. While in Rome he offered marriage to Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, but for her a throne had few temptations.

Philometor would not give up Cyprus; and the inhabitants of the Kyrenaika, hating Euergetes for his vices and cruelty, rose up in arms against him. He was barely able to put them down. He then went to Rome and imputed it all to his brother.

The Senate ordered the ambassadors of Philometor to leave Rome in five days, but barely gave authority to Euergetes to hire troops and fight the matter out. Several battles took place, in all of which Philometor was victorious, and at the last made his brother a prisoner. He then generously forgave him everything, replaced him on the throne of the Kyrenaika, promised him his own daughter, Kleopatra, in marriage, and after that sent him a gift of corn every year.

The coins of Ptolemy VI have his portrait on one side, and the eagle on the other, with the inscription in Greek, "Ptolemaios the mother-loving god."

His reign was marked by the notable men who flourished at the time. Among them were Bion the philosopher, Aristarkhos the grammarian, Pamphilos the physician, Hipparkhos the astronomer, Markhos the poet, and Hero the mechanic and inventor. To Aristarkhos we are indebted to the present copies of Homer, with the interpolations added, and the *digamma* omitted. Pamphilos wrote a treatise on medicine and medicinal plants, and also included charms and incantations adopted from the Hermetic books. Hipparkhos was the inventor of mathematical astronomy and gave a new direction to study and observation. Markhos, however, enjoyed most favor of all, for his "Dirge of Adonis." Yet Hero ought to have more admiration in modern times for his works on pneumatics and his discovery of the mechanical force of steam.

Monastic life had been a feature in sacerdotal discipline at the temples of Egypt for uncounted centuries. The children of priestly families were dedicated every year to spend their youth in such retirement. Monks thus abounded, and nuns were also numerous. To be wife to a god was to live a celibate. The monastic influence spread to other races, and in Northern Egypt was developed the sect of Therapeutæ that Philo described, and perhaps the Essenes of Judea.

\*Samuel Sharpe: "History of Egypt," x, 25.

The institution passed a few centuries later from the temple to the church, with various peculiarities. The sacred precinct of Serapis, had also its monks of the Greek race living in religious idleness. This aroused the jealousy of the native Egyptian celibates, who regarded them as interlopers and neglected no opportunity to revile and ill-treat them till they were obliged to ask the king to protect them.

The later years of Philometor were disturbed by treachery. After he had defeated his brother in Cyprus he made Arkhias governor of the island. It now came to his ears that Demetrios had plotted against him and that he had agreed to give up the island to Syria. At the discovery of this treachery, Philometor united with the kings of Pergamos and Kappadokia in favor of Alexander Balas who claimed the throne of Syria as a son of Antiokhos Epiphanes. The allies were successful and Demetrios fell in battle. The new monarch of Syria conferred upon Jonathan, the brother of Judas Makkabæos, the office of high priest of Judea, with full civil authority, making him "a duke and sharer of his dominion." Two years afterward the nuptials of Alexander were celebrated with the Princess Kleopatra, the daughter of Philometor, and Jonathan was an honored guest of the two kings at Ptolemais.

Three years now passed, when the prince Demetrios came from Krete to recover the throne of Syria. Philometor hastened from Egypt to the help of Alexander, but at Ptolamais he learned of the plot of Ammonios to assassinate him. Alexander would not punish the offender and Philometor at once turned against him. He took away his daughter and offered her in marriage to Demetrios as the surety of his alliance. Demetrios accepted the proposal. Ptolemy marched to Antioch and was immediately proclaimed king of Syria. He declined in favor of Demetrios, and the two kings now joining their forces in battle utterly routed the army of Alexander. The defeated prince escaped into Arabia, where he was immediately put to death and his head sent to Ptolemy.

But the days of Ptolemy Philometor had also come to their end. His horse had thrown him during the battle, fracturing his skull. The surgeons were about to remove the fragments when the head of Alexander was brought to him. But it was no time for triumph; the king expired during the operation. He was forty-two years old.

Demetrios treated the Egyptian troops with contumely and they now returned home in disgust.

Thus fell the last of the worthy kings of the Ptolemaic Dynasty. In character and action he was another Ptolemy Soter. He began his reign with his country overrun by foreigners and torn by civil war, and he restored and maintained it in order and peace. He was brave, gentle and superior to selfish ambition. When his brother, who had intrigued and fought against him, fell into his power, he forgave him; when the crown of Syria, which would have given him dominion of the East, was placed on his head, he refused it; and during the thirty-five years of his reign he never inflicted the penalty of death.

His queen, Kleopatra, immediately proclaimed his son, Ptolemy Eupator.

king of Egypt, but Euergetes hastened to Alexandria, to take possession of the throne. The mob supported his pretensions; but the generals of the army, both of them Jews, Onias, the founder of the new Hebrew temple, and Dositheos, upheld the queen and royal prince. Euergetes was about to seek his revenge upon the Jewish population, but Thermus, the Roman ambassador, interposed. It was stipulated by him that Euergetes should be king and should marry Kleopatra. The nuptials were celebrated accordingly, but the young prince was murdered the same day. Alexandria was delivered over to the soldiery and the Jews were in imminent danger of general massacre. So many of the better inhabitants left the city that it was in danger of being depopulated.

The next year he was crowned at Memphis, and soon afterward he put away his wife and married her daughter, Kleopatra Kokkaia. These acts aroused the attention of the Roman senate. Thermus was called home to account for his conduct and was accused by Cato, the censor, of having received bribes and betrayed the queen of Philometor. Scipio Africanus, the younger, was sent to Egypt with two other ambassadors to arrange the affairs of the kingdom.

Meanwhile the Romans had recognized the endeavors of the Makkabæan princes to emancipate Judea. The Senate transmitted a command to Demetrios II and to Ptolemy Euergetes to make no war upon the Judeans. Jonathan the high priest had been assassinated, and Simon the statesman of the family, had now succeeded. Demetrios accordingly issued a decree acknowledging the entire independence of Judea. Money was now coined at Jerusalem, and legal papers were dated from the first year of Simon the high priest. But no additions were made to the Sacred Writings, which Judas Makkabæos had collected. The "Canon" was closed, as the Aramaic dialect now used was considered profane and not suitable for a standard book. The books which had been written at Alexandria, "the Apocrypha," being in Greek and often permeated with the Platonic philosophy, were never acceptable to the Judean and Babylonian Hebrews. The treatise on "Wisdom" by Jesus the son of Sirakh, was completed in his reign and added to the Alexandreian collection.

The vices and cruelty of the king made his government intolerable to the Egyptians. The public money was used for his pleasures, while the soldiers were left unpaid. Hierax, the general, was able for a time to restrain them, but finally an uprising took place at Alexandria; the mob set fire to the royal palace and forced the king to flee to Cyprus. Kleopatra, the repudiated queen, was seated on the throne. Upon the celebration of her birthday, Euergetes placed the head, hands and feet of their son in a box and sent it to be delivered to her in the midst of the feast.

Civil war followed. The army of the queen was defeated on the Syrian frontier. Kleopatra sent for help to her son-in-law, Demetrios II, but he was called home by a rising in Antioch. The Egyptians, however much they hated a tyrant, hated worse the peril of becoming subjects of the king of Syria.

Kleopatra fled to her son Ptolemy and son-in-law Demetrios II, at Antioch, and Euergetes regained the throne of Egypt. Affairs in Syria at this time

were greatly complicated, and Euergetes took advantage of the opportunity. Demetrios had been once driven from Antioch by Tryphon, and afterward became a prisoner to the Parthians. While in captivity he married the daughter of the Parthian king, at which his queen, the daughter of Philometor, was exasperated and became the wife of Antiokhos Sidetes, his brother, who was occupying his throne. After the death of Antiokhos in battle, Demetrios returned to Antioch, but now his arrogance and cruelty were so intolerable that his subjects asked Euergetes to give them another king, of the Seleukid family. He chose for them, Alexander Zebina, a native of Alexandria, pretending that he had been acknowledged by Antiokhos Sidetes. Demetrios was defeated, and coming to Ptolemais, where Kleopatra his former queen was in authority, she refused to let him come into the city. He went to Tyre where he was put to death by the governor; for which act Tyre was released from her dependence.

Euergetes soon found that the new king of Syria was no longer subservient to him, and that he must make his peace with the queen Kleopatra. She was invited home and her regal rank fully acknowledged.

Euergetes then married his daughter Tryphæna to Antiokhos Gryphos, the son of Demetrios II. and the daughter of Philometor, and aided him to expel Alexander and seat himself on the throne of Syria. This prince having offended his mother she prepared a bowl of poison for him, but he was aware of her purpose and forced her to drink it herself.

Ptolemy Euergetes had been a pupil of Aristobulos a Jew of the School of Aristotle, and of Aristarkhos the editor of Homer, and besides, he was himself an author and lover of learning. He would discourse till midnight upon a point of history or a verse of poetry. But the learned men, few of whom were natives, left Egypt to teach in other countries. As the taking of Constantinople operated to diffuse knowledge over Europe and bring about the Renaissance, so the cruelty of Ptolemy VII spread learning over all the region of the Mediterranean, by driving to it the philosophers, geometers, physicians, and scholars of every kind.

A rival School and Library came into existence. At Pergamos in Mysia was a temple of Æsculapios, which was among the most celebrated in the world. Multitudes came to it for healing and diversion. Kings Attalos and his son Eumenes II conceived the notion of founding a library and school of philosophy which should rival Alexandria. The concourse of scholars from Egypt aided the purpose. Two hundred thousand volumes were collected, when the jealousy of Euergetes was aroused, and he attempted to put a stop to it by prohibiting the export of papyrus. It did not stop the enterprise, but necessitated the procuring of another material for writing. The copyists now made use of prepared skins of sheep, which thus acquired the name of "*Charta Pergamene*," or parchment. The ambition of the monarchs was gratified; Pergamos became a seat of science and the arts, and so continued till foreign conquest put a stop to it.



Ptolemy Euergetes reigned twenty-nine years after the death of Philometor. He was a disagreeable spectacle, diseased in body, walking on crutches and compelled to wear a loose robe on account of his unwholesome accumulation of flesh. At his death he bequeathed the kingdom of Egypt to his widow, Kleopatra Kokkeia, and to the one of his two sons whom she might select. There were also three daughters who now began their part in history—Kleopatra, who had been already married to their older brother; Tryphæna, the wife of Antiokhos Gryphos, the king of Syria, and Selenê.

It was a family distinguished for the hatred between its several members, the brothers detesting each other, the sisters rivals to one another to the utmost, and the mother feared and unloved by them all. The dragon's teeth of hate had been sown, and now began to yield a harvest of armed men, with war, rapine and murder.

The queen desired to place her younger son, Ptolemy Alexander, upon the throne as her colleague. The Alexandreians, always inflammable and ready for any uprising, compelled her to appoint the other. She made it a condition, however, that he should divorce his wife Kleopatra, with whom he was contentedly living, and marry Selenê, the younger sister. She had given him the name Philometor after her father, but he is better known in history as Lathyros, from the print of a leaf of vetch upon his face, made in honor of Osiris. At his coronation, however, he took the name of Ptolemy Soter II. Despite his designation of Philometor or "mother-loving," he was always on hostile terms with the queen; they lived apart hating each other.

Kleopatra, the repudiated wife, set out to revenge herself upon her family. She married Antiokhos Kyzikenos the son of Antiokhos Gryphos, who was endeavoring to win the kingdom of Syria from Gryphos, her sister's husband. She raised an army in Cyprus to help him, but they were defeated, and the city of Antioch captured. Kleopatra fled to the temple of Apollo and Artemis for asylum, but Tryphæna insisted that she should be put to death. Gryphos demurred, both at the cruelty and the sacrilege, but she was inexorable. Kleopatra, at her command, was murdered as she clung around the statue of the goddess. But Tryphæna reaped as she had sown. In another battle, Kyzikenos was victorious, and avenged his wife by putting the sister herself to death.

A war broke out in Palestine which brought the animosity of the Egyptian queen and her son Lathyros into open conflict. Johanan Hyrkanos the son of Simon was high priest and had again made Judea an independent state. He besieged Samaria, and Kyzikenos, who had come to the aid of the Samaritans, had been defeated by his sons. Lathyros the former husband of Kleopatra then sent a force of six thousand Egyptians with whom Kyzikenos ravaged Judea.

The establishment of an independent government at Jerusalem had served to enhance the prestige of the Jews living in Egypt. The queen had accordingly made Hilkiah and Hanan her confidential advisers, and commanders of her army. They were the sons of Onias, the founder of the new temple, and were descended in direct line from the former high priests in Judea. They induced

her to engage in direct action against the invasion of Judea by Lathyros. She was now able to displace him from the throne of Egypt, and to make his brother, Ptolemy Alexander, king in his place. She also took from him his wife Selenê and her two children, and appointed him king over Cyprus.

Open hostilities promptly broke out between them. Jonathan, or Alexander Jannæos, as he is generally called, had become king of Judea, and led an army against Ptolemais. Lathyros came from Cyprus and drove him back, finally routing him in a pitched battle. Kleopatra immediately marched an army into Palestine, upon which Lathyros led his forces directly toward Egypt. Hilkiah the Egyptian general hastened to intercept him and defeated him, but fell himself in the conflict. Ptolemais surrendered to Kleopatra and in her exultation, she proposed to annex Judea. Hanan, however, dissuaded her, and she made a treaty of alliance with Alexander Jannæos.

She now turned her attention to Syria and gave her daughter Selenê in marriage to the king Antiokhos Gryphos, aiding him with her army. Meanwhile, Ptolemy Apion, king of the Kyrenaika, died, bequeathing his kingdom to the Romans. He was a son of Euergetes, and had been more or less supported by them in his dignities. The Senate then declared the country free, meaning that it had become separate from Egypt, and under Roman protectorship.

Ptolemy Alexander became impatient of his subjection to his mother. She had preferred him before his brother Lathyros, because he was more flexible and compliant with her will. He dared not attempt a contest with her openly, and his only course was to escape from her power. Kleopatra was apprehensive of the result of conflict with both sons, and sent messengers to him with glowing promises, to persuade him to return. Of course her confidence in his subserviency was shaken, and he knew that she would procure his death. He sought to foil her by counter-plotting, and was the more successful of the two. Kleopatra was murdered immediately after his arrival in Egypt, having reigned twenty-eight years.

Ptolemy Alexander gained little by his matricide. He had been the puppet of his mother for twenty years, and he now reigned alone a single season. He had no qualities that awoke love or even respect. He was the most vicious of all the Ptolemies, and was utterly debilitated by disease and sensuality. He walked on a crutch like his father, yet at his feasts he would rise from the couch and dance with his companions. The Alexandreians became disgusted, and rose up in fury against him, while his soldiers refused to obey his orders. He made his escape by sea to Lykia, but when crossing to Cyprus, was met by an Egyptian fleet and killed in battle.

Lathyros was then invited by the Alexandreians to return to Egypt and occupy once more the throne. He had exhibited few comparatively of the faults that so conspicuously characterized his family, he had successfully resisted his mother, and he had never invaded the country with a hostile army.

The Egypt of the Delta, so largely peopled by inhabitants of different races.

European and Asiatic, accepted him at once, but the Egyptians of the South, of purer race and indigenous custom, rebelled. They had been subject to their Greek masters for two and a half centuries, and had patiently borne political servitude and heavy taxation; but under the administration of Kleopatra Kokkeia, there had been developed an overbearing tyranny even less endurable than what had been before experienced. The revolutions at Alexandria seemed now to offer some opportunity for successful revolt.

It proved a terrible delusion. During the three years that followed, Ptolemy Lathyros marched his armies from the north against the insurgent cities. The conflict was hard-fought. The native Egyptians were making a hard struggle in behalf of their religion, their homes, their personal freedom. They fought with the energy of a desperate people. The temples in every city were so many castles which had been hard to assail and easy to defend. But they had been built to resist the warlike operations of former periods, and were not equal to the later devices of Grecian warfare. For three years the devoted people contended, perished by thousands and thousands. They yielded slowly to the greater skill and numbers. One by one the revolting cities were taken, and then the conquerors tore away the massive walls of the temples, in order that they might never again serve as fortresses for defense. Ruin everywhere marked the presence of the Greek mercenaries. Civil war is always more cruel, more destructive, more diabolic than the conflicts of nations. Ptolemy Lathyros now inflicted on Thebes and the other revolting cities a destruction, such as no other conqueror, however savage in his temper, had ever ventured upon.

The Memnonium which Amunhetep had constructed so elaborately in honor of his royal master; Karnak, where Thôthmes and his successors had so abundantly bestowed their treasures to embellish it as an imperishable monument; the remains of palaces and temples show to the present day the terrible devastation which a king of Egypt wrought upon his people. The wide acres still covered with these remains exhibit the former greatness of the Southern metropolis and indicate the prodigious force employed for its overthrow.

Thebes never again appeared upon the pages of history. "The City," the glorious place where Amun-Râ, the Occult Source and Creator, was honored, existed no more.

"I have seen," says the Caledonian monarch Fion-Gael, "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls, and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Klu was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head, the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass waved above his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers."

Such, likewise, is the story of the Great City of the South. Thebes had seen the childhood of what we call Ancient History; it began its career at a period of which the very record has crumbled from hoary age. Cities like Babylon, Nineveh, Palmyra and Baal-bek were built, flourished fell and perished from human memory; but Thebes was standing before them all in the full glory of age. Now, now, what is left? From generation to generation it has laid waste; it is a resort of dragons and a court for owls. Lilith herself rests there, it has become her abode. From it has been cut off the name and remnant, son and nephew; and it has been swept by the besom of the destroyer. The Arab pitches his tent where once stood the palace of Thôthmes and Sethi; the pillars of Karnak are slowly giving way, but they are still waiting to tell their tale to those who shall call us "the ancients."

## CONSISTENCY IN THEOSOPHICAL WORK.

By PAX DRANOEL.

"Don't be consistent, but be simply true."—O. W. HOLMES.

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance."

—ECCLESIASTES III, 1-4.



**T**HAT consistency which denotes the harmony of a man's conduct with the principles that he professes to make the rule of his life, is not the subject-matter of this article, but rather the question as to whether a man should aim at a sustained similarity of conduct through life, so that the acts of one year should repeat the acts of the preceding years; whether, in short, a man should be consistent with his past.

Now theosophical work should include all that we do, for all actions should be begun, continued and ended in harmony with Divine Law, and performed not for self-benefit, but for the good of the whole. Most men divide life into two parts, the religious life, which consists in attending the services of some church, and the secular life made up of business, pleasures, and family intercourse; but I need hardly stop to point out that all of life should be religious and should be lived in the conscious presence of the Supreme.

Consistency in theosophical work does not mean a slavish adherence to precedent, a mechanical repetition of past actions, and a rigid attention to certain rules of conduct drawn up and self-imposed at the time when first we began to take life seriously.

To construct a cast-iron set of regulations and then make the remainder of our life a constant effort to carry them into effect, may seem at first sight a praiseworthy endeavor, but a little reflection will show this to be a lazy device to save trouble, and to shuffle through existence in the enjoyment of the reputation of respectability, with the least possible exertion, or effort in the use of the discriminating faculty.

To live by rule is easy, but to be guided by the living principle of Brotherhood and Harmony, is difficult.

Our acts are right or wrong, according as to whether they do or do not harmonize with the prevailing conditions at the time of their performance.

The need of studying an appropriate time for the performance of a kind action is humorously pointed out in Proverbs XXVI, 14, where we are told "He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him." With the best intentions

people are always doing things like this. They have formed a habit of speaking words of cheer; have cultivated a bright smile and a high-pitched voice intended to convey the impression of joyousness, and then, regardless of times and places and the moods of friends, they go about like Solomon's fool, debiting their account in the Karmic ledger with a long, long column of "curses," for—

"Evil is wrought,  
For want of thought,  
As well as want of heart."

We find then that we may be full of love for Humanity, and willing to sacrifice everything rather than break one of the least of our rules, and yet—and yet, for want of tact and rare discrimination, we may become as walking firebrands and disturbers of harmony wherever we go. Our present conduct is perfectly consistent with our past life, and with our set of rules, why then do we so lamentably fail?

Because the consistency we should aim at is harmony with the Soul of Nature, and the consistent man is he who "consists" or stands together with his surroundings, stays in his place and performs his part, in perfect interdependence with the other parts of the great scheme in which he lives, and moves, and has his being.

"But how shall we know," cries the man of rules, "right conduct from wrong conduct, if we neglect to teach our children the Ten Commandments, those excellent precepts so appropriate to the lips of babes and sucklings, which form such a sure defense of public morality, and have kept our nurseries forever free from murder, stealing, profane swearing, idol-worship and Sabbath-breaking, and which should stand till the end of the world as a light to guide, and a beacon to warn the sinful generations of the time to come"? To which I make reply that no man ever yet refrained from theft or murder because his brain had memorized these rules. The power that keeps life sweet and beautiful is the heart force, and children reared from birth in an atmosphere of harmony, performing their duties in the spirit of loving service for the Soul of the World will never wander far from the path of duty and will live their lives in a natural and spontaneous spirit of mutual helpfulness and brotherhood.

And now, lest any should take fright at what may appear heretical or unscriptural doctrine, let me quote a passage from one whose words carry weight in orthodox circles: "He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law. For this, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not covet, and if there be any other commandment, it is summed up in this word, namely, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."

But it is not easy for those grown grey in trying to conform to rules, to set them suddenly on one side, and leaving the old familiar roads and pathways, float into the air, upheld by nothing more substantial than the

feathery pinions of the intuition, and with no chart more precise than the homing instinct of the pigeon.

To act without rule we must develop conscience, we must learn to hear the voice of the soul, which speaks in trumpet tones indeed, but drowned in most of us by the confused clamor of the mob of desires and passions ceaselessly surging in the lower mentality. We must attain the child-state we have lost ere the first sound can strike upon our ear. Oh, for that close adjustment between ourselves and the World Soul, by which we should know infallibly how to do the right thing, in the right way, in the right time and at the right place; for then should we always act "consistently" with Nature and her changing states and moods, and then, though viewed in fragments, our life might seem a thing of shreds and patches; yet seen entire, it would appear as a living harmony and a consistent whole.

## OBSERVED AND OBSERVERS.

By T. W. WILLANS.

**E**VERYTHING we say and do is observed, recorded, and our portion is allotted by the never failing laws of Nature. In 1896-7 the great Theosophical Crusade went around the world to proclaim its message of Truth, Light and Liberation to discouraged humanity. A certain number of people composed the crusade body. They were the cynosure of every Theosophical eye whether genuine or only wearing the Theosophical uniform, in each country they traveled through. In fact, it is hard to say where the observation ended; for it was one of the great beginnings of a stupendous work, hoped for and worked for by many a heart in their various posts of duty, all over the whole round world.

This Crusade was nothing less than an immediate cause for a universal and practical beginning of the regeneration of the whole of humanity, led up to by certain work done for this end during ages past, by the wise ones of the world. This has been said before by many people in various nations, both from their heart and from their head, but let us say it again, and yet again, till the whole wide world rings with the Truth and all men come into the heritage thereof.

The old, old records of thousands of years ago, the sacred books of all nations and races, have spoken of it as a thing to be done. Ever since the first word of that promise was published, the mighty spiritual will has steadily and surely and continually been setting in motion those causes in the hearts of men which should result in the accomplishment of that promise. One of the grandest effects, which in its turn has become one of the mightiest causes, that the world has ever seen, was the successful linking of the nations, in their common divine destiny, as receivers and

givers of "Truth, Light and Liberation, for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures."

The beginning of any great work, especially when the hearts of men are concerned, cannot be seen by all. The work of the Crusade was to bring Truth, Light and Liberation to discouraged humanity, but it is not said that all have yet consciously received this message or that all have as yet participated in it. But if there were only one soul, and there have been many, in each nation which received it and held to it, then the first link was forged between the soul of that nation and its fellow nations and the soul of all humanity. Such a link has been forged and is the earnest of the new day when all men shall recognize, "the fundamental identity of all souls with the universal Oversoul," which is one of the great basic truths on which the work of the Universal Brotherhood Organization is built. Men and women throughout the world are beginning to recognize this basic truth, this fact of Brotherhood, not merely as a mental abstraction, but as a living power in their daily life. Thus consciously are human hearts being linked together into one Great Heart and human lives into one universal chord, a focus and operating base for the Oversoul, and through which may be brought into activity its beneficent influences for the welfare of humanity.

Such a soul as can accomplish this linking of souls and hearts in their Spiritual nature is, of its own demonstration, a link between humanity and the Wise Ones and Helpers of the race, and shows itself thereby to be one of those Helpers. This is the golden chain of active consciousness reaching from the highest spiritual power in the Universe to the lowliest human heart and life, and to the realms below, to all that lives and breathes. This is the rationale in brief of loyalty to true spiritual Teachers and Leaders. As it is a matter of the heart, this loyalty cannot be imitated in times of action. The true devotion of that force generator will be attracted to that divine power which inspires it. For, as the old proverb says, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

The first great work of the Crusade is an accomplished fact, and through its action those who have come under its influence have taken their stand either for or against the Brotherhood of Humanity.

William Q. Judge in one of his writings, describes Nature's method of evolution as applied to the human species as mixture, precipitation and separation. He says, "At the present time the seven races are mixed together and representatives of all are in the many so-called races of men as classified by our present science. The object of this amalgamation and subsequent differentiation is to give to every race the benefit of the progress and power of the whole derived from prior progress in other planets and systems. For Nature never does her work in a hasty or undue fashion, but by the sure method of mixture, precipitation and separation brings about the greatest perfection."

As the Universal Brotherhood is an Organization on the lines of Nature and not in any way supernatural, fanciful or unnatural, the methods of its evolution are subject to natural law. So we have the process of "mixture, precipitation and separation." This can be observed throughout the history of the Movement and it is easy to discern the divine compassion at the heart of this great law of Nature, giving aid to the weak, uniting, purifying and making strong all those who, with true devotion and loyalty, work for the uplifting of the race, sifting from the ranks all whose motives are selfish and base.

A significant fact, well known to all observant workers and of great importance and unailing in its occurrence, proven in all instances, is that the attitude of the members and the public toward the three Leaders and Teachers of the Theosophical Movement is an index of their true attitude toward the Movement itself and toward Brotherhood and all that makes for the uplifting of Humanity. Thus it has been invariably the case that every one who has opposed these Leaders or any one of them, viz., H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, after having become members of the Theosophical Society, and the Universal Brotherhood Organization, and failing to take the opportunity of living in accordance with the high principles therein inculcated, failing to follow the dictates of their higher natures, has sooner or later publicly recorded himself or herself as an enemy to the work. This is but the natural process of the shining of the light by which all the things of darkness are revealed in their true natures. Life comes through the heart, and our three Leaders in succession, being the heart and life of this great cause, the whole Movement derives its life and power through them. He who opposes them opposes the Movement, and identifies himself as against the work. Words count for nothing, it is easy enough to talk, as the whole world knows, but it is the motive finding its expression in the act which reveals the true nature.

Neither money, nor literary ability, nor eloquence, nor worldly influence, nor all the powers of craft and delusion, have succeeded or can succeed against this work or its Leaders, or destroy their work for the spiritual regeneration of mankind. The Theosophical Crusade was one of the signs of the times and that which, through it and since, has taken place in the Organization, has also been taking place in the world at large. Everywhere not only individuals but nations and peoples are ranging themselves on the side either of right and good and the uplifting and true progress of humanity through its conquest of all the lower elements in life and Nature, or on the side of evil and the enslavement and debasement of all that is true and good and noble.

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## STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

### THEOSOPHISTS AND THE BIBLE.

"To study ancient and modern religion."—Subsidiary purpose of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and the Theosophical Society.



WE HAVE received a letter asking why Theosophists do not indorse the Bible. In answer to this, we ask a rather surprised question: Why should anyone infer that we do not indorse the Bible? All of our authorized publications show that we are seeking not to tear down or regard lightly any religion, but rather to bring out more fully the life of all. Inasmuch as we attempt this for every religion, it is hardly likely that the Christian—that which is perhaps the most dear to the largest number of Theosophists, should be passed by.

Our whole movement is based on a belief in Great Souls, of whom Jesus of Nazareth was one—who are constantly guiding evolution, and who from time to time come upon earth in human bodies. What the Theosophists protest against is exclusiveness in religion. They believe that Christians have belittled their own in asserting that during the immense periods of time which have passed since the earth was formed, and among the millions upon millions of souls who have inhabited it, that only once, in the comparatively short time of less than 2000 years ago, a Savior came among men.

Such a conception dwarfs the mind by holding it down to a point, and encourages a feeling of aloofness rather than sympathy with our brothers of other races. That which may have given to some minds the suggestion that Theosophists do not indorse the Bible is the especial attention that has been paid to ancient literature and religions. But it can easily be understood that if there has been a loss of the sense of proportion, it is necessary to first bring out to their proper places the neglected details, in order to gain a true idea of the whole or any part.

Imagine for a moment a tree composed of leaves each differing from the others, and conceive that each leaf possessed especial properties for a certain people, providing its true inner nature were understood by that people. What would we think of the intelligence of any tribe who confined its study entirely to that leaf, and refused to perceive the rest of the great tree? Could we expect them to progress far in a study even of their own leaf?

So we believe that it is only through a study of all religions that we can truly appreciate our own sacred scriptures, and clear away from their pages the misconceptions which have for so long been tarnishing the pure gold of truth which they contain.

G. V. P.

In what way does "The Law of the Conservation of Energy" apply to daily Theosophic life?

The Law of the Conservation of Energy may be briefly summed up as follows:

The energy existing in the Universe is a fixed and unvarying amount that can neither be added to nor diminished, but which may be changed from one mode of manifestation to another. Thus the heat latent in coal may be used to generate steam; the steam may be led into an engine that runs a dynamo; the dynamo converts mechanical motion into electricity, which in its turn may give rise to light or heat. Now man, like the Universe, has a certain amount of energy at his disposal which may be used on any one of the three planes of his being. He may expend his life-force in the world of Soul. He may glow with an ardent love for humanity. He may throb with the strong pulse of good-will to all that breathes, and concentrate all his power in aspiration to unite himself with the Divine.

Or again, he may decide to set his brain to work on intellectual problems, to the weaving of ingenious theories, or the classification of facts, and thus devote his life-force to brain activity.

Or as a third course open to him, he may prefer to convert his life-force into motive power for his muscles and give himself up to the practice of athletics. And thus we see that Soul, Mentality, or Body may each afford an outlet for the pure, uncolored life-force which he receives into himself from the Great Fountain of Life.

Now the question confronting us is this: Seeing that our strength is a fixed, unvarying amount, how can we best use it to advance the highest good of ourselves and others, and avoid its diversion into unworthy channels?

Perhaps the most appalling waste of vital force takes place in the world of desire; for a little consideration will suffice to convince us that we are most of us desiring one thing or another, for the greater part of our waking hours. To dwell in thought upon a pleasant object is to desire it, to dwell in thought upon an unpleasant object is aversion, or the negative pole of desire, and this involves as great an expenditure of our precious energy as does the ardent longing to enjoy a pleasure.

And thus we travel through the day forever oscillating between the two poles of desire, now trying to pull a pleasure toward us, and now attempting to repel a pain. Oh for some delicate instrument to record the force thus squandered through the hours of a single day! We should, I think, get a wholesome shock which might, perhaps, bring about a reformation. Upon this Law is based the teaching of all religions as to contentment and calm, and a patient acceptance of the events of life; for can we climb the steep ascent of the mountain path if we are all the time running after gay butterflies or rushing in terror from every snake or scorpion that crosses our path? The Bhagavad Gita describes the wise man as one who "doth

not rejoice at obtaining what is pleasant, nor grieve when meeting what is unpleasant." He does not let his life-force gush out wastefully into transports of joy or lamentations of grief, he prefers to "conserve" his energy for his great enterprise, the conquest of his lower nature, and the attainment of supreme enlightenment.

The power of speech, too, is daily wasted in a shameful expenditure of that sacred trust of power, which we daily receive and daily spend, with scarcely a thought as to our responsibility.

The ancients taught that to pronounce a word was to create a thing. And, indeed, the instinct of most of us is to avoid, if possible, the mention of anything unpleasant, because it is "unlucky" to do so. This is a natural intuition that we may safely trust. Consider then how we pour that never-ending stream of chatter from our lips, the utter emptiness of which is at once apparent to anyone who withdraws himself from general conversation for an hour and remains silent as a mere onlooker from behind the scenes of the social drama. From his vantage point of silence he may note the force displayed in the discussion of the veriest trifles, the vehement insistence on details of no importance, and the all-devouring zeal devoted to a subject which will be forgotten ere a week has fled. The writer once knew a man who made a vow to abstain from every word not absolutely needed, for twenty-four hours, and he described to him the sense of over-powering force which the dammed-up torrent produced in him. He expressed his belief that had he persisted, the accumulated force would have quickened into life some spiritual power and perhaps have made him a seer, but—he did not persist.

To anyone who has at heart the needs of humanity and the necessity for giving every vibration of energy available, to the great cause of the Spiritual Regeneration of the Race, the importance of the questions under discussion must assume gigantic proportions.

Energy cannot be annihilated or produced out of nothing; some sacrifice must be made, and in order to live the Higher Life and exercise Soul Powers, the life of desires must be abandoned. The force now poured so lavishly into the life of sense gratification must be devoted to worthier purposes, and thus the quest of Alchemy, the conversion of the base metals into gold, will be really and truly accomplished in us.

"Desire nothing," says the Voice of The Silence. Why should we if we hold that all things that we deserve are surely traveling toward us, and, that the Good Law which rules the Universe is absolutely just and right? How can we fail to miss a blessing due, or escape a penalty deserved? Then let us economize our powers, stop the fatal leakage of energy now wasted in desire and aversion, and turn the whole force of our nature on the One Thing Needful which cannot be described upon the printed page, but which each reader knows in his heart of hearts as his Highest Ideal.

P. L.

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

### POINT LOMA.

'Life is real, life is earnest,' may truly be said of life at the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and the Theosophical Society at Point Loma. All Nature here conspires to an active, intense and joyous life, which, like the blood from the heart, radiates throughout the world. No one who comes here can escape from its influence. There comes into his life a new element, a new purpose, a new joy.

One of the first things that forcibly strikes the new-comer is the inadequacy of words to describe this new life, and especially the influence of the natural surroundings in this respect.

People who have been in all parts of the world—tourists, not members of the Organization—who visit us daily, coming in large four-horse tally-hos, have declared Point Loma to be the most beautiful spot on earth.

Point Loma is the Land of the Rising and the Setting Sun—THE LAND OF THE SUN. There is a vastness in outlook that brooks no petty thoughts or little meannesses in him who perceives it. Point Loma Homestead is over 400 feet, and the School of Antiquity grounds nearly 500 feet, above sea-level. On the one side one looks over and across the Bay and the City of San Diego to the mountains beyond, thirty miles away, and behind them, mountain after mountain, until the range of vision to the farthest horizon is from 80 to 100 miles. The mountain ranges stretch from Mexico in the southeast, where is seen the curious Table Mountain, around through about 120 degrees up to the north; then, sweeping around to the westward and so to the south, the vision rests on an illimitable stretch of ocean. In the marvelous lights and the play of colors, the horizon line is lost, ocean and sky blend; the sky becomes but a part of ocean, rising up, drawing the gaze heavenward, away from earth into a jeweled sea of blue, whose deeps are infinite.

Surrounded by such a vast expanse as this, every day has some new revelation, some new wonder and charm. Sunrise over the mountains—sunset over the sea. To describe any one in words or on canvas is impossible. How then describe the infinite variety? Yet the mind is ever bold, sometimes rash, it may be, and would attempt the impossible, for as the activities at Point Loma, the world's center of the Universal Brotherhood and the Theosophical Society, under the direction of our Leader, are for the whole earth, so it seems and indeed must be, that Nature is thus lavish in her transcendent beauty that all the earth, all people and creatures thereof, may reap the benefit, and not merely those—though their number swell to thousands—who may be privileged to reside here.

Imagine a perfectly cloudless sky in early morning, just before dawn—the stars still twinkling in the blue vault of heaven, but one by one their magic eyes withdraw, and a soft, diffused light, beginning in the east, overspreads the whole vast dome. The light increases and grows stronger. Then a thing of wonder, a marvel, appears, a single broadening line of gold edges the mountain peaks uplifted against the sky, and the softest rosy tint above shading into the exquisite blue, and with no other herald, the sun, full-orbed, blazing, dazzling the sight, rises majestically to lead and crown the day. But words cannot tell the beauty and the glory of Nature in this magic land.

Can it be wondered that amid such surroundings the soul of man is inspired to a new life? What heart can fail to respond to the deep harmonies of Nature, or remain content with a narrow, sordid existence? The invigorating air, the throbbing, glorious sun, the vast expanse all unite to lead man away from self and live a larger, nobler life, in service for the good of all.

\* \* \*

### THE ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Headquarters of the Aryan Theosophical Society have been moved to Point Loma, to its permanent Home, the Aryan Temple, dedicated to W. Q. Judge and H. P. Blavatsky. It will, however, not in any way decrease its activities in New York, but has obtained a new and larger hall, more accessible for its meetings.

Last February the members of the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York, at a specially called meeting unanimously voted to build a memorial Temple dedicated to the memory of William Q. Judge and H. P. Blavatsky at Point Loma, and to there place the archives of the Society. The Temple is now nearly completed, and the Aryan members realize what a magnificent opportunity this has afforded them to perpetuate throughout the years to come the name of the Chief, William Quan Judge, founder and president of the Aryan Theosophical Society, and co-founder with H. P. Blavatsky of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood. How much we owe to him, cannot be told in words, and the lasting memorial to his name in the beautiful structure at the World's Theosophical Center is but an earnest and an outer expression of the eternal memorial in our hearts.

\* \* \*

The Leader says, "it is significant"—all members will recognize this—"that this crowning of W. Q. Judge's work should have taken place just before the close of the century. Through the influence of his royal example, his energy and life-long steadfastness to the cause of Humanity, the Aryan Theosophical Society has occupied a unique position in the movement. The house at 144 Madison Avenue, New York, was the early home of the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society and the Universal Brotherhood Organization until the latter were moved to the great World's Center in this Land of Promise, and it is fitting that the close association held between the two should be maintained. By this act the Aryan Society enters upon a larger field of influence and activity, world-wide in area, at the same time retaining its property in New York, which has been leased to great advantage, and carrying on its activities there with a new impulse, due to its vital connection with the International Headquarters at Point Loma."

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#### THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.

This important activity has also now its home and base of operations at Point Loma, and, as with everything and everybody that comes to the Point, it is immediately experiencing a new influx of energy and a wider sphere of work. Already announcements are out of two important additions to Theosophical literature, for which the demand is increasing all the time. These additions are as follows:

\* \* \*

#### NEW LITERATURE.

"Theosophy Generally Stated," a reprint of William Q. Judge's address at the World's Fair Parliament of Religions, and also containing other valuable extracts from his writings. This book is designed especially to meet the wants of the intelligent inquirer, and will be the most valuable book yet published to give to those whose interest is being awakened in our grand philosophy and its application to daily life.

\* \* \*

"The Angel and the Demon in Modern Life," by Herbert Coryn, now in the press, is a study of the dual nature of man, the subject being chosen by Katherine Tingley, and embodying many of the teachings which she has from time to time given to her students, and which are in part here given out, by her permission. On an understanding of the dual forces, the higher and lower, in man and nature, depends the whole of man's future evolution. It is one of the most vital problems of the day. Dr. Coryn has in many ways treated the subject well, and it is a book full of interest to the general reader.

\* \* \*

Script No. III of the "Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings" is now ready, and in point of interest equals, if not surpasses, Nos. I and II, previously issued. Many unsolicited expressions have been received from non-members of the Universal Brotherhood, testifying to their helpfulness and the new light they have thrown upon the Bible. In these days of "Higher Criticism" when so much attention is being paid to the mere outward form, there is more need than ever for the inner light to be revealed in these Sacred Writings. It is not Higher Criticism, but "True Interpretation" that is needed, and this need is being supplied in this series and in other publications of the Theosophical Publishing Company, and of the Theosophical Society—the Literary Department of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. Often members ask us what is the best book to send to people slightly prejudiced. For such, in my opinion, there is no better publication than this series, and if sent month by month, cannot fail to awaken interest, and remove misconceptions.

Commencing with November, the "Universal Brotherhood Path" and "The New Century" will be issued from their permanent home at Point Loma. This will mark a new era for both these publications. "The New Century" celebrates the event by appearing with a new design for its front page and title. It must be seen to be appreciated.

\* \* \*

Many of the old Aryan members are already at Point Loma, and are greatly rejoiced that the Aryan Archives and Headquarters are to be here. But there is one face that we long to see among us, because of our love for him, for his own sake and for the sake of William Q. Judge, whom he so loyally and devotedly aided in establishing and carrying on the Aryan Society. Every one will know that I speak of E. Aug. Neresheimer, our loved President of the Aryan Theosophical Society. May the gods soon grant that he may come among us. When the two Fathers of the Universal Brotherhood, as our Leader often calls them, E. A. Neresheimer, and Clark Thurston of Providence, come to Point Loma, great will be the welcome they will receive.

\* \* \*

Many a hearty hand-shake was given to H. T. Patterson, member of the Cabinet of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Vice-President of the Aryan Theosophical Society, when he arrived here just a month ago from the date of writing. For the past year the enormous pressure of his business and the responsibilities in connection therewith and involving others' interests, had forced him to occupy all his time therewith, but his delight at getting back to work among us may be imagined. He fitted in just at a time when most needed, and is temporarily filling the position of Acting Assistant Manager of the Theosophical Publishing Company until Mr. E. A. Neresheimer comes to Point Loma.

\* \* \*

On the evening of his arrival (Sunday), at the usual students' assembly, special reference was made to the great Theosophical crusade around the world in 1896-7, and to the presence of the three surviving members of the crusade, the Leader and her faithful helpers, F. M. Pierce and H. T. Patterson. The work at Point Loma pre-eminently, and in all the International Centers and the increasing activities of the Lodges throughout the world are glorious evidence of the mighty cable-tow of Brotherhood that was then stretched around the globe.

\* \* \*

### SWEDEN.

Good news was brought from Sweden and England by K. Lundberg and Mrs. Lundberg, who have recently returned from a business trip to Europe. Sweden keeps ever to the forefront in steady work and the applications from new members coming in week by week attest to the increasing interest in the Theosophical philosophy among that sturdy, clear-eyed and whole-souled Northern people.

Our comrades in Sweden, Dr. Zander, Torsten Hedlund, Dr. Bogren, Mrs. Scholander, and all their fellow-workers, are very dear to our hearts, and through them and Miss Ellen Bergman, the Assistant Directress of the Isis Conservatory of Music at Point Loma, and Bro. Lundberg and our other Swedish comrades all over America, the ties between America and Sweden are growing closer and closer, that there seems to be hardly an hour's distance between the two countries.

\* \* \*

### ENGLAND.

Enthusiastic letters from London report the opening for the winter season of the "Raja Yoga Lotus School," a free school for children, established by Katherine Tingley during her last visit to Europe, when she took possession of H. P. Blavatsky's old home, 19 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London. This school is truly a Lotus Plant, with its roots stretching down and out to the dark depths of London life and unhappiness, and its flower reaching up to and blooming in the free, joyous, life-giving atmosphere of Brotherhood.

\* \* \*

### THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL AT POINT LOMA.

Oh, the happy children, the bright faces and sunny eyes! What an inspiration they give to work on, on, on, for a bright and glorious future for poor, suffering Humanity! Seeing them, spontaneously and immediately the exclamation bursts from the heart and finds utterance: "Truly there is Hope for Humanity, and that Hope is here." There is Magic somewhere in it all. It is the Magic of Wisdom, the Magic of a Great Loving Heart, the Magic of a Sacred Land, the Magic of awakening souls peeping through young eyes, the Magic of faithful, loving hearts, all over the world, sending their love and devotion, their united hearts' strength and support to the children's cause, the Promise of the

Regeneration of the Human Race. It is all Magic combined. Arrangements are being made for the enlargement of the school. The International Lotus Home, by direction of the Leader, immediately on hearing the news of the terrible disaster at Galveston and of the many rendered orphan and homeless, telegraphed to the Mayor and offered to take ten orphan children and adopt them. The reply was, however, that the offers of aid from all over the country were so numerous and greatly in excess of the number of orphans needing assistance that in consequence there were none to send to the International Lotus Home at present. Other means will be taken to assist the sufferers from this awful catastrophe. Four sturdy English lads are now on their way from Europe, and others will soon follow. What more blessed work than this—to enable one of these little ones to come here and grow to be one of the future helpers and workers for Humanity?

\* \* \*

Within a few days we are looking for the return of H. T. Edge, who recently made a trip to England to settle some personal business matters.

Bro. Frank Knoche is staying at the Homestead for a short visit, and brings a personal report from his Lodge at Kansas City. He and Bro. H. Turner and others who have so faithfully held the fort, are preparing for the winter activities, after a brief resting spell during the summer.

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### LODGES IN AMERICA.

From all over the country comes the word: "Good work being done, special preparations being made for the fall and winter, many inquirers, literature more and more sought after." Several new Lodges have also been formed. Brotherhood, Brotherhood, is in the air, on men's lips, and—awakening in the heart.

\* \* \*

### HOLLAND.

I must not forget to mention Holland. The Theosophical activities have never been so great as now. The Dutch members are united, loyal, energetic. New Lotus Groups and Boys' Clubs show that the new wave of energy and spiritual life has touched the hearts of our comrades in the Netherlands. Bro. Goud writes that once a fortnight a Dutch translation of "The New Century" is issued, and is much sought after.

\* \* \*

### IRELAND.

Dear old Ireland, the land that W. Q. Judge loved so well! The work prospers here, too, under the faithful care of Bro. Dick and his comrades in Dublin. Good luck to old Ireland. We rejoice at the re-lighting of the fires in that ancient land.

\* \* \*

### NEW ZEALAND.

From the Paeroa Lodge, Thames, New Zealand. Mrs. Sanderson writes that as a consequence of the New Cycle Congress last April, the work progresses, and the Lotus Group has grown much larger. A special celebration was held on White Lotus Day, May 8th, in which the children took part in costume. In nearly every case, the parents of the children were present, as well as friends, so that the large meeting room was packed.

OBSERVER.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

### A LOTUS BUD'S LETTER.

The sunshine that is being brought into the lives of many of the little ones of the dark metropolis of the world through the Raja Yoga School, at 19 Avenue Road, London, beams in every line of a little letter from one of the Lotus Buds, as follows:

"DEAR LOTUS MOTHER:

"I am very pleased to write you, and I want to tell you that all the little children want to see you very much. We all like your Lotus School. We march with the golden cord and we play with the little children on Saturdays, and then we have our Pleasure-Mondays. Our teacher reads to us, and we are learning such beautiful Brotherhood songs. I hope one day you will bring some little American Lotus children and little Cubans over to see us, when you come over to see us. We are learning how to draw, and Dadda says that I will be an artist soon. I have never written a letter before, only to my mother when I was away in the country once.

"I remain your loving Lotus child,

N. HAYDAY."



# LATEST NOTICE.

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION

### BUSINESS ACTIVITIES.

The Treasury of all the Departments of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION, EMERGENCY FUND and SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY will be located at Point Loma, from November 1st. All members should be careful to write the full address when transmitting funds for these departments. Address, E. AUG. NERESHEIMER, Treas., Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

All business communications connected with the S. R. L. M. A., and the STUDENTS' HOME should be addressed to F. M. PIERCE, Point Loma, San Diego. Cal.

NOTE.—Any mail connected with the Departments sent to New York after publication of this will cause delay or loss. Members should see the importance of directing all communications connected with the different activities to Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

**Universal Brotherhood.....**Communications connected herewith address to  
**Organization** F. M. PIERCE, Sec'y Gen'l,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

**International.....**Address Mrs. VESPERA FREEMAN,  
**Brotherhood League.** Superintendent,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

**International.....**Address Dr. GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT,  
**Lotus Home** Superintendent,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

**School for the Revival of the.....**Address F. M. PIERCE.  
**Lost Mysteries of Antiquity.** Special Representative,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

**E. S. T.....**Address General Correspondence to  
KATHERINE TINGLEY,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

Donations to F. M. PIERCE, Treas.,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

Reports and Applications to J. H. FUSSELL, Sec'y,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

**International Brotherhood.....**Address Mme. OLIVIA PETERSEN,  
**League Colony.** Superintendent,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

**Woman's Exchange.....**Address all Business Communications and orders  
**and Mart.** to Mrs. VESPERA FREEMAN,

Sec'y and Treas.,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

**Theosophical Publishing.....**E. A. NERESHEIMER, Manager,  
**Company.** Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

H. T. PATTERSON, Ass't Manager,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

F. M. PIERCE, Treas.,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

**Universal Brotherhood.....**Editorial, address all Editorial communications  
**Path.** to KATHERINE TINGLEY,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

Subscriptions and Business communications, ad-

dress to H. T. PATTERSON, Ass't Manager,

Theosophical Publishing Company,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

**The New Century.....**Editorial, address all Editorial communications  
to KATHERINE TINGLEY,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

Subscriptions and Business communications, ad-

dress to CLARK THURSTON,

Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.





## THE SONG OF THE PANSIES.

By OBIE.

**E**LSIE came running breathlessly into the room where the mother sat at her desk, writing. The bright face glowed with some anticipated pleasure, but the little one was dutiful, and so, finding the mother occupied, she stood quietly by the desk until permission should be given her to speak.

"What is it, dear?" a sweet voice asked at last, after the patience of the child had been severely tested. "Has my little girl a wish in her heart this morning?"

"Motherkin!" cried Elsie, throwing her arms about the neck bent forward to receive the caress; "may I put the seeds in my pansy bed today? John has made the earth all nice and soft, and he says it's time they should be in. I want to do it all myself, only some one will need to tell me how. Will you, mamma dear?"

The mother stroked lovingly the curly head, as she answered, "I think that it is just the right morning for you to put the pansy babies in the ground. Run up stairs and ask Agnes to find the seed box, and by the time you have returned I shall be ready and will go out in the garden with you."

Before the last sentence was fully finished Elsie was on her way up stairs, and Agnes was captured, the seed-box found, and the eager little maiden standing expectant by the mother's side long before the writing was complete that had been planned to be accomplished during her absence. This time, however, the mother did not keep her daughter waiting, for she had promised to be in readiness on her return, so the busy pen was instantly laid aside and the two went together out into the golden sunlight.

Elsie obeyed directions. At first, with her fingers, she made trenches in the soft soil. Then she put the seed babies to bed in these, covering them over with a warm earth-blanket. After she had finished, the mother said to her, "Look up for a moment, into the sun. Feel its warmth and light yourself, and then you can better understand how the seed babies will soon want to be out of their beds, so that they, too, may see the Sun-Father and his beautiful world, just as you do now."

Following the mother's suggestion, the child stood silent for several moments, her strong eyes undazzled by the great light. "Can the seed babies feel the sunlight under the earth cover?" she asked at last, thoughtfully looking down where she knew that they were resting.

"Oh, yes, dearest: and because they do feel him there, they will soon wish to know him better, and to be nearer to him, just as you want to be up and out of doors where you can see——"

"He wakes me up every morning, doesn't he?" Elsie interrupted, clapping her hands together joyfully. "I never thought about it before. I supposed I just woke up and that was all. Thank you, glorious sun!" the little girl exclaimed, suddenly making to the King of the Day the low courtesy that she had learned at dancing-school.

The next morning, bright and early, a wide-awake midget was out examining her pansy bed to see if the sun had yet waked the seed babies. John observed that she was taking some of them from the ground.

"Why, little Miss! Ye must not. The seedlings will not like ye for that."

"I just wanted to see if they had raised their little heads, John. I would not hurt them for anything."

"No, Miss, of course ye never would, but that the seedlings cannot know. They like their quiet and the warm cover just at first. Bide a bit, and ye'll soon see them peepin' up at ye."

"But, how long will it be, John? It's so very hard to wait for them." Little Elsie looked at her pansy bed as though she were having all she could do to keep her fingers out of it. When the gardener explained that it must be a week or two before the leaves could come in sight, she walked resolutely away, but with an expression on her face that seemed a little bit like discontent. Suddenly, however, the smiles came back, a happy thought gleamed merrily from the bright eyes: the little feet stood still and the forefinger of one hand rapped a tattoo upon the other. Then a hunt for something, which proved to be a piece of shingle, and when it had been found, a run, with a hippoty-hop, into the house.

"Mama, dear," cried a cheery voice, when the mother had been discovered at her sewing, "I think I have made up a nice little verse for my seed babies. I want to have you write it for me on this board, and then I can stand it up in the pansy bed. Will you, please?"

"Yes, dear, certainly. Bring me a pencil and tell me what you wish to have me write." The mother's smile encouraged her daughter's enthusiasm.

When the pencil had been fetched, the words were slowly repeated while two tiny hands beat time so that the measure might be kept true. And this is what the mother wrote upon the shingle:

“Wake up, little seeds, wake up.  
The sun is bright:  
It's time to get up,  
And I know you're awake.  
Wake up, little seeds, wake up.”



The first little tot received at the Lotus Home, Buffalo, N. Y.;—now the little leader of the Sunbeams at the International Lotus Home, Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

"There now! Don't you think that will make them tumble out of their beds?" the composer cried, gleefully, after the little verse had been written down; and then, without waiting for an answer, she ran out into the garden and placed the shingle upright in the pansy bed.

It was not so very long after all before a few wee shoots came up out of the ground to look at the great world, and soon others followed, until the bed was all covered over with little green stars. In a very short while the boldest of these, those that had been the quickest to throw aside the earth cover, dared to open the two little leaves, which at first had been tightly shut together—and the plant inside was free. Then, almost before even the impatient little watcher could believe it, there were bushes, green, sturdy bushes, and from each one of these the buds peeped out, buds that soon would come to blossom.

Now our little Elsie had another chance to try how patient she could be: she did so want to see her pansies in full bloom, and after the buds appeared it was hard indeed to wait. But the weather became cold; clouds obscured the sky; the blossoms could not get the strength to open without the help of the Sun-Father, and so for several days they seemed to remain quite still. But, of course, the gray clouds passed away. They always do. And the great sun warmed and gave its life to earth again. It always will. And then, at last, after a day or two of clear weather, two sparkling eyes discovered one evening, just before their owner went to bed, some folded purple leaves between the green of several opening buds.

Early the following morning the mother, going to her window, as was her daily custom, to greet the risen sun, saw that her little girl was lying prostrate on the grass with her face close up to her precious pansies, several of which were open. Alarmed for fear the child had hurt herself, the mother cried out to her, but Elsie looked up with a happy smile. "Mother, dear, will you hurry as fast as you possibly can and come to me? My pansies are out, and I have had a dream about them that I can hardly wait to tell to you."

The mother hastened with her toilet, for she realized that something unusual had occurred to Elsie. Descending quickly to the garden, she found the child in the same quiet posture on the ground, but her footsteps aroused the dreamer, who was by her side attempting an explanation before the pansy bed was reached.

"Oh, mama!" the eager voice exclaimed, "I have dreamed a dream that has come true. At least a part of it has, and I guess the rest of it is true all right. What do you think? I dreamed that I knew exactly how the pansy seeds felt when they were put in the ground, and all the time that they were growing up until now. Only think of it!"

"I could think of it better perhaps if I were to sit down," the mother smilingly suggested.

Elsie ran for a garden chair that was in the summer-house close by.

"Now, little maid, I am ready and waiting to learn how it feels to be a pansy

baby," the mother declared, as soon as she was seated and her daughter had been perched upon her knees.

"Well, you see, it was this way," the story-teller began. "When the seed babies first woke up they didn't like it so very well that they had been taken from the nice warm box. I think they were a little bit afraid because it was dark and their cover was too heavy for them to lift off. And then after awhile they became hungry, so, of course that didn't make them feel any more comfortable; but at last they got, oh, so very hungry, that they grew restless, and that made them put out——"

The story broke off suddenly. The narrator looked up into the sky, pondering. The mother waited without remark. "I was going to say that the seed babies put out little arms, mama, but they were not just exactly arms, because they could eat with them. Yet they did seem to be arms, and they did eat. How could that be? It's funny, but they surely did."

"The arms were rootlets, and are really mouths, dear. You are quite right," the mother explained.

"Do all the trees eat that way, and all the plants and grass and everything?" asked Elsie, amazed. But before her question could be answered she cried out, "Of course, I know they do. I knew it in my dream. That is why they are our little brothers and sisters, for they eat and sleep, and are really just like us."

In the joy of her great discovery the child jumped to her feet. A light glowed on her face as though a radiance shone through from behind it. Looking upward, she raised her hands above her head, touched the tips of the fingers together, and then, with her arms described a circle in the air as far as she could reach, saying, oh, so joyously, as she did so, "Everything is just the same." Then she was silent, forgetting entirely to continue with her story.

Understanding that great Nature herself had become the instructor of one of her own life-lessons, the mother remained quiet until her little girl should recollect herself. When at last she did so, the child laughed aloud to think how absent-minded she had been. Sitting down beside the pansy bed, she exclaimed: "I had almost forgotten you, my dearie flowers, because everything else in the world seemed for a minute to be as beautiful as you are."

"Well, little one, may I hear the remainder of your dream?" the mother asked.

"Excuse me, mother dear, of course you may. Where was I? Oh, I know. The seed babies had grown so hungry they were restless and that made them put out little roots, or mouths—how funny that does sound!—and when they found good things to eat in the earth close by them they were——"

Once more the story-teller was forced to stop and appeared to be very busy thinking. At last she said, "There are so many funny things about this dream that I don't know how to tell it. It seemed to me that the seedlings talked. No, it was more like singing. No, that was not exactly it, either, but I knew how they felt, and so I made up the words to their little song. Yes, that must have been the way it was."

The assertion was accompanied with a sigh of relief. The perplexed little girl had dreamed of so many marvels that she found it difficult to interpret them. "Anyway," she resumed, "after they had plenty to eat, and the sunlight had made them feel nice and warm and coddly, something way down in their little hearts seemed to me to be trying to sing a pretty 'Thank you.'" Elsie looked up laughingly and hastened to explain: "In seed-baby language, you know, mama, that I could understand."

"Yes, dear, I know," the mother answered with a nod, and the dream-story was continued.

"But it wasn't always 'Thank you' that they were saying, for sometimes when they were thirsty and there wasn't any water, or the sun didn't shine and they were cold, they whined something that sounded like naughty. 'Oh, dear! I wish I were in some other place.' But when they heard patter, patter over their heads, and the rain came down to give them a drink, and the sun shone, and they were warm again, the 'Thank you' feeling grew bigger and bigger, till at last one morning a whole lot of them peeped out of the ground."

Here a long breath was drawn to accentuate what was coming: "Well, when they saw the flowers and the birds; and when they felt the sunshine and breathed the fresh—— They do breathe, don't they? Yes, of course they must if they eat and drink and sleep—Why, they were so happy that they tingled all over like this." Elsie twined and twisted the tips of her fingers rapidly together to try to show what she meant by tingled.

The mother appeared to understand.

"You look as though you know what I mean, mama, but it really did seem to me that every one of those little green leaves was taking part in a tiny chorus, and they surely kept saying, 'Thank you, little girl,' in the dearest way. When I heard them it made me so glad that I had put them in the ground and given them a chance to come up into this beautiful sunshine."

Hesitating for a moment, the eyes of the little one were cast downward, but they were quickly raised again, when she said, with a fearless, straightforward manner, "It made me remember that I have often been as silly as the seed babies when I have fretted and said, 'Oh, dear,' about things you wanted to have me do, because I always found out that your way made me the happiest, after all."

A light shone now from the mother's eyes, and Elsie, seeing it, could not help but spring into the arms that opened to receive her. Caressing the dear face that bent over hers, her own voice made music to the mother's ears when she said, "I think I must always know better now, dearest mama; for I cannot forget how it sounded whenever the seed babies were happy enough to sing that pleasant little 'Thank you.'"

A cheery whistle from the open door broke the stillness of the morning air. "Why, there is father looking for us," the mother exclaimed. "We must go in for breakfast. Is there much more of your dream to tell me?"

"No, mother; only that all the time I watched the seedlings grow the singing became sweeter, and the 'thank you' feeling seemed to come out stronger and stronger; and then, when, all of a sudden, these dear little blossoms popped out—Look at them! Don't they perk up their heads as though they were saying, 'Here I am!'" The child stood up straight and tall, throwing her hands out and her head back in an effort to imitate the expression in her face and attitude that she thought the pansies wore. "And don't you believe that they may be singing, 'Thank you, little girl'? I am almost sure I do."

"I think that they are saying, 'Here I am, Elsie,' in their own language, which your beautiful dream has made it possible for you to understand," the mother answered, rising. "And I think, too, that they look happy and very thankful to my little girl, and to their father, the sun, and their mother, the earth, who gave them the joy of life. But come, dear, now that you have told me all of your dream, we must go in. Father is waiting."

"All but the music," Elsie replied, following her mother toward the house; "and I cannot tell you that. I never heard anything like it before. I wish I could think how it goes. It was perfectly distinct in my dream. I woke up listening to it, and trying to sing it, but I forgot it right away. I was certain sure though that my dream was true, so I dressed and ran out-doors as fast as I possibly could, and there were the open pansies just as I had seen them, only the lovely music I could not hear."

"It was the great song of life, my darling, in which your pansies, and everything that lives, must join. We could always hear the exquisite chorus if the little instruments in our ears were fine enough, but they are not yet. They will be, though, if we listen with all our souls, everywhere and all the time."

"That was what I was trying to do before you came out to me. I was lying close up to the pansies to find out if I could hear them."

"What do you think the song of life must be, Elsie?"

"I don't know, mama, do you? Tell me."

"May it not be Brotherhood?"

"I guess it is. That would be the grandest song of all, wouldn't it?"

At the breakfast table, after Elsie had completed her morning meal, she declared that she must have been tasting the song of Brotherhood. "Everything that I eat seems so perfectly delicious," she said, "now that I have found out how happy it feels to grow."

The words were scarcely spoken before her father began to read aloud from his paper the account of a terrible accident which had occurred to a little girl, of his own daughter's age, the day before. She had been trampled on by a runaway horse, and in all probability would never be able to walk again. Elsie listened attentively, her own face saddened. When the father was ready, she brought him his coat and gloves and accompanied him to the station, as was her custom, but this morning, instead of the chatter which was ordinarily habitual with her, she remained quite silent, save when she answered the questions addressed to her. Kissing her father as he was about to board the train, she returned at once to her home, and, going directly to the pansy bed, she stooped and picked every blossom. There were quite a number of them, and, at her request, John added a little feathery green. Arranging her flowers daintily together, the child once more sought her mother.

"I should like very much to send my pansies to the little girl who was hurt," she said, presenting the nosegay. "Do you think that you could spare John to go with them? Will it take too long?"

"Mother is so glad to have you think of this, dear, that she will go with you and you shall take the flowers to the little sufferer yourself. Put them in water and run to Agnes. We will go as soon as you can be dressed."

Of course, the sympathetic little maiden was in a transport of delight. "Oh, you dear, blessed mother!" she cried. "I will be ready as fast as ever I can. How happy I am this morning. Thank you, mother dear. I am a pansy, singing my pretty song to you." Elsie dropped a courtesy and flew off up stairs.

The address given by the newspaper as the house where the afflicted one lived proved to be in a quarter that was inhabited by a class of very poor people. The woman who opened the door for our visitors looked pale and care-worn; her eyes were tear-stained, and her whole manner seemed weary and broken-hearted.

"Is it your little girl who was hurt?" Elsie's mother asked, in a kindly tone of voice.

"It is, indeed, M'am." The sad eyes filled and the lips quivered.

"My little girl is very sorry for her, and has brought her some flowers which she has raised herself, and they are very precious to her because they are the first blossoms. She went at once and picked them all on learning of the disaster."

"God bless the dear! Minnie loves flowers, and it is but few she ever sees. Will the little one come in and see Minnie?" The woman smiled through her tears at Elsie, who was eagerly holding up her treasured pansies.

"Oh, please do let me give her the flowers myself! May I not, mama?"

"Certainly, dear, if Minnie is able to see you."

A nod from Minnie's mother brought both the visitors across the threshold, and they were led at once into a darkened room, where, on a bed in the corner, the crippled child was laid. The pillow was scarcely whiter than the cheek resting upon it, and low moans came continuously from lips that were pinched tightly together.

"Minnie, my darling, open your eyes and see your little angel friend. She has brought you some flowers, oh! such beauties, all for you."

Elsie went over to the bedside and placed the pansies gently within the hand that lay on the outside of the counterpane. Minnie's eyes opened, and she saw the glow of purple and gold. Feebly she lifted the delicate blossoms that she might inhale their sweet perfume. Drawing a deep breath, her glance rested on the tender little child face beside her bed, and then, for a moment, a smile so bright and happy took the place of the look of torture that Elsie involuntarily clasped her hands together and cried softly, "Oh, I am so glad that I brought them to you! You love my pansies."

"Thank you, little girl," the weak voice murmured with a sigh that told of a satisfied heart, and the tired eyes closed again. But the peaceful smile lingered. Fondly the fingers toyed at intervals with the pansy blossoms, held close to the pale cheek, and brought around once to the lips to be kissed. And soon she passed into a sweet sleep.

"Mama," said Elsie, when they were once more walking homeward, "all the while that Minnie was loving the pansies the thought kept coming to me that perhaps their color and odor were just other ways they had of singing that wonderful music. I guess the Song of Brotherhood does not always need to be heard, because everything that I taste and see and smell today seems to be saying, 'Thank you, little girl,' to me, and I believe that it's all the same song the pansies were singing when I heard them grow in my dream, for it makes me feel just the same. I expect a beautiful thought must be like a song, too, and a color, and a perfume, because I surely saw them all in Minnie's eyes when she said 'Thank you' to me so sweetly. Is it because the Song of Brotherhood is a growing song that it is the song of life?"

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TO THE CHILDREN—In the next number will be a letter to Spots from Toby,—the Children's pet at Madam Blavatsky's old home at 19 Avenue Road, London,—with a lot of pictures, showing the dreadful trials he went through soon after he first came to the house.