

"No Time need have gone to ruin, could it have found a man great enough, a man wise and good enough; wisdom to discern truly what the Time wanted, valor to lead it on the right road thither: these are the salvation of any time."—CARLYLE.

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THE HYGIENIC ASPECT OF BROTHERHOOD WORK.

By H. T. EDGE.

"Some kinds of crime could be traced to soggy biscuits and tough beefsteak."—SHELDON'S "In His Steps."



SINCE the Universal Brotherhood movement has been under its present leader, much more attention has been given to the external and physical needs of humanity than in the earlier days of the movement. It was of chief importance in those days to introduce the lofty and luminous teachings of the old Wisdom-Religion to a civilization which had well-nigh forgotten them. But, when the first two leaders had by their heroic and untiring efforts succeeded in firmly establishing a society for the study of those teachings, the time was ripe for the third leader to begin to apply them visibly and tangibly in the world of men.

This change in the policy of the movement—or, rather, this natural development of the policy—startled many members who had grown long accustomed to the old lines of personal study and intellectual discussion; and a few, unable to adapt themselves to the change, were switched off at this point and ran into a siding of profitless, when not injurious, dabbling in mysticism. To such people as these, the work of caring for the physical needs of humanity seemed to be a degradation or falling-away from loftier conceptions of duty. One meets with not a few critics of the leisured and cultured type whose criticism is: "Surely such work is pandering too much to the material and physical side of life, and is inconsistent with the lofty spiritual aims which the organization proposes to itself!"

Such a view shows want of knowledge of human life. Our critic has lived an artificial existence in which he gets a false perspective. Modern criticism lends itself extraordinarily to such artificial existences and false view-points. It is so fatally easy to live the calm life of a cultured student, with bodily needs supplied, and to rule the universe in abstract, spinning paper theories for the healing of imagined ills, but knowing nought of actual life and actual human woe. There is a great gulf fixed between theory and practice, and these phil-

osophical experts, who can compare all the philosophies of antiquity and criticise every worker, may never yet have ventured to bridge that gulf by even the smallest *deed*. Says *Punch*, in a pictorial alphabet:

“F’s a philosopher, full of bright schemes
For mankind; but he don’t like cold mutton, it seems.”

So he throws it at his wife, thus proving that he keeps his ideals and his actions in separate water-tight compartments.

There have been times, in mediæval Europe for example, when intellectual study and seclusion were most needed by mankind; times when the people were so ignorant and so engrossed in a robust physical life that they could not progress beyond bucolic stupidity. In such times reform took the direction of intellectual teaching, and monastic seclusion was necessary to enable people to rise to a higher level of life. Then philosophers were reformers, and philosophy and idealism were the best means of raising the standard of humanity.

But, since then, *mental culture of every kind has become so prevalent—so rampant—that it has itself become a sensual indulgence; while, on the other hand, physical vigor has so degenerated that men’s bodies need reform as well as their minds.*

The tendencies are to a great extent reversed, and “spiritual” and “material” have not the same sense now as they had before. The world does not now need any more idealism and philosophical speculation, but it needs to be taught how to live healthily and cleanly. The philosophers are now the conservatives and the hygienists the reformers.

We are told, and it is true, that all evil is the outcome of wrong thought; and that right thought is needed before evil can be overcome. But nevertheless it is possible that the manifested evils produced by past wrong thought may acquire such strength and momentum as to need direct treatment, being too strong for right thought alone to cope with them. And this is the case with civilization today. So thoroughly rotten has become our physical and moral life that the attempt to restore it by merely pouring in more sermons and maxims seems quite hopeless. Even the sublime gospel of Brotherly Love degenerates, so morbid is modern society, into God knows what of erotic and neuropathic emotionalism. *Zeal degenerates into mad fanaticism; temperance into asceticism; freedom into libertinism.* The forces of evil are so strong and universal that they are ready to swallow and appropriate to their own service any virtue or living force that is cast before them. So, buoyant youth squanders its generous zeal in a vain attempt to reform what will not be reformed and to fill a leaking vessel; while cynical old age chuckles drearily and mutters, “All is vanity.”

No one who did not live a life of artificial seclusion could possibly so blind himself to the state of man in the mass as to think that what it needs is merely “spiritual ideals,” and that all thought of helping its physical troubles is “worldly and commercial.” Our scholar may find conditions quiet and conducive to poetry and meditation in his walled garden and book-lined chamber,

but what does he know of the drink-sodden slums, of the laborers stupified with ceaseless toil and bad food, of the brains and hearts devoured by the fiend of lust and "pleasure"?

But all reformers who have adopted more practical lines of work, and who have passed from speculation to action, know only too well of this oppressive and immovable dead-weight that lies so heavily on the energies of the race. They will see the value and importance of such work as our leader, Katherine Tingley, is carrying on at Point Loma. For there she is setting the pattern of a new and better kind of physical life, and that so publicly that all the world may judge of the tree by its fruits.

Past religions have given up this life in despair and preached a better life beyond the grave; bidding poor humanity acknowledge its inborn and irremediable wickedness and await with patience the hour of death. But let us make an end of this doctrine of despair, which makes of the earth a penitentiary, and let us regard earth as the garden Man has been sent to till, and Man as the incarnation of omnipotent and all-wise divinity, charged with the work of making earth into a heaven.

It is the business of Man, while on earth, to do the work for which he came to earth. He was not sent here for the sole purpose of trying to get away again; neither was he sent here to live the life of an animal and die. The spiritual part of Man is pure and free, and needs no missions nor sermons to regenerate it. What is corrupt in Man is his body and mind, and they need all the care and attention. We have a grand and sufficient philosophy of life, and it only needs applying outwardly. Practical application is far in the rear of theoretical perception. If we pass our time in speculation and study, we shall leave the field of work-a-day life in possession of the destructive powers; just as a parson may confine all his energies to the pulpit and ignore the out-of-church life of his congregation. If we say that food and medicine and habits are beneath our notice, destructive forces will take possession of the neglected field, and we shall be like a gardener who neglects his homelier duties and lets weeds grow and grubs devour.

In short, if human life is to be bettered, the remedy must be applied to all the affected parts, and not to one alone. And truly the disease has seized upon Western civilization through the degeneration of the physical body caused by depraved habits and reckless ignorance of the laws of health. It is no use trying to put a sound mind in an unsound body, nor new wine into old bottles, nor a new patch on old clothes. There is in our moral—in our vital—atmosphere a deadly ferment that will corrupt almost everything that is poured into it, turning all noble movements into fanatical sects and all sublime emotions into morbid lusts.

When we look around and find that one and all are the victims of a multitude of absurd and pernicious physical habits, preying on the vitality and health of the race, we realize that something must be done to release Man from such an intolerable bondage. This is the Achilles' heel, which renders

useless all the grand powers and beauties of the noblest body; it is the leak in the bottom of our vessel. It is futile to preach moral reform to a morphine maniac; he is thoroughly in the power of a ruthless demon. He must be shut up and relentlessly restrained until the demon lets go. It is the same with each one of us in a lesser degree; we are not physically sane. We over-drink, over-eat, over-sleep, catch colds, are consumptive, cancerous, neurotic, etc., etc. Until some successful attempt is made to rescue our physical life from all this rottenness, our noble philosophies and aims can never be brought to bear on the race, but are more likely to destroy it, as a pure and strong air may destroy a corrupted organism.

This, then, is why the Universal Brotherhood movement has founded at Point Loma a pattern settlement where the laws of physical as well as mental, moral, and spiritual health and sanity are diligently observed; and why it is thought well worth while to devote every energy to the most "prosaic" details that enter into human life. It is, to make new bottles to hold the new wine which our three teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley have brought to the world.

MORNINGS IN MY GARDEN.

By A. I. M.



THE best part of the day is the morning. Would you enjoy to the fullest extent that portion of the day in which Nature discloses most of her beauties, you should rise with the sun, for

“Mornings are mysteries; the first world’s youth
Man’s resurrection, and the future’s bud
Shroud in their births.”

It has been my pleasant task this summer to spend the morning hours in caring for my flower garden, and that I may have gleaned something from Nature’s scroll, these rambling, disjointed sentences will testify. My garden is an old-fashioned one, containing many of the olden blooms that endeared themselves to our ancestors of colonial times; and, in many spots,

“There grow no strange flowers every year,
But when spring winds blow o’er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces.”

The season, now just passing, has been a very dry one, and has necessitated vigorous and continued sprinkling, so I have been up betimes, often surprising old Sol himself still in bed. The peculiar charm of these mornings has been something soothing and restful to the soul. The exhilarating air; the first song of the birds; the sweet scent of the flowers; the incense from the dew-sprinkled earth; the hum of the bees; and the ever-changing charm which

Nature presents, bidding you take heed and profit thereby; all have contributed to make these mornings the most glorious part of the day for me, and the remembrance of them has lessened somewhat the darkened clouds which overshadow us all at times.

The little birds soon learned that my presence with the hose was a signal for breakfast, and they would perch themselves upon the sturdiest branches of the flowers, and among the neighboring trees, waiting for the moistening of the ground; for this called to the surface the worms that they were waiting for. Then, how they would flock just beyond the reach of the larger stream, burying their beaks in the humid soil, tugging away at the struggling worms, carrying them to the nests of the little ones in the adjacent trees, who welcomed their parents with loud chirps of joy. Often would I depress the hose, sending a fine, misty shower among them, and they would fairly revel in it, fluttering amid the falling drops, with outstretched wings, bathing to their hearts' content; then flying to some near-by support, they would dry themselves in the sun, and sing a song of thanks.

It was indeed a pretty scene; the clear water reduced to the finest spray; the bright golden Sun shining through the tiny drops, irradiating them with ever-changing colors of prismatic brilliancy; the little creatures luxuriating in their morning ablutions; the fragrant surroundings; and permeating all, the richness and glory of the newly-born day. What an opportunity for soul contemplation; for the realization of the true heart touch that Nature brings before us! Here was a lesson of trustfulness and peace, and I was taught something by the little birds. There were many other lessons, many thoughts, contained in the flowers, and growing plants.

Of course, in *my* garden was a profusion of purple and yellow bloom. I love those colors, and who does not? There is an olden lore that witches had a strange antipathy to yellow flowers, rarely frequenting localities where they grew. The same old plant lore also states that the heliotrope was often employed by sorcerers to make themselves invisible to ordinary persons. The heliotrope always signifies faithfulness and loyalty.

That pansies grow abundantly in my garden, goes without saying. The pansy has ever been a favorite of mine, and always holds a prominent place amidst my collection of flowers. As I have given them the *special* attention each morning that they deserve, I have thought much of these expressive little flowers,—you know they have different names with various people. The Italian name is "Idle Thoughts"; with the Germans it is known as "Little Stepmother"; Dr. Puir called it "Herb Trinity"; Drayton termed it "Heart-case." It has also been called, "Three Faces Under a Hood", "Cuddle Me Unto You", "Jump Up and Kiss Me", etc., etc.

The affectionate and heartfelt sympathy for this soulful little expressive face, that speaks so appealingly to you, has endeared it to all, for, very often,

"Ere man is aware
That the spring is here
The plants have found it out,"

and the little "heartsease" often opens a tiny bloom to cheer the heart, a true "Jump Up and Kiss Me."

We should value the pansy for its soulful qualities. Surely *all flowers have souls*. There is an olden belief among the Wallachians, that every flower has a soul, and that its outward expression is given in the odor thereof. They believe that the water lily is the sinless flower of the lake, that it blooms at the gate of Paradise, to judge the rest, and that it will demand of each flower what it has done with its odor. Then the pinks! These were Jove's own flowers, and the old-fashioned clove pink is the ancestor of all the carnations of the present day.

Yonder calendulas, turning their golden trusses to the god of day, were once the marigold, respected by all the ancient writers, but under its olden name now banished from our gardens. Repeated incarnations have developed it into an established favorite. The Mexicans call it the "Death Flower," from an old tradition stating that it sprang up on the ground stained with the life-blood of those who fell victims to the love of gold, and the cruelty of the early Spanish settlers in America. It nods its golden face to me complacently, reminding me of its sanguinary origin, but purified by long years of care it is a reincarnated lesson of trust and faith.

Near by is a clump of olden-time southernwood, sprigs of which were once carried to church on Sundays by our great grandmothers, and under the name of "lad's love" was often worn in each shoe when in love, when you were supposed to "see great experiences." The little humming bird perched on the top of its branches, is more interested in the bloom of blue delphinium close by him, than in the tradition I have in mind, and with a quick glance from his little beady eyes he buries his bill into the depths of the flower, and the tradition is lost to him.

These bright Sweet Williams, "with their homely cottage smell," derived their name from St. William of Aquitaine, the half soldier and half monk. It was formerly Saint William, but the word Saint was dropped after the demolition of St. William's shrine in the Cathedral. The long rows of geraniums, with their brilliant spikes of color, have also a history. It is said that the prophet Mohammed washed his shirt and hung it upon a mallow plant to dry; but when removed, its sacred contact with the mallow was found to have transformed it into a fine geranium.

The little blue myosotis, the well known "forget-me-not," is worthy of a passing thought. In the golden morning of the early world a fallen angel sat weeping outside the closed gates of Eden. He loved a daughter of earth, and he was not permitted to enter Paradise again, till she whom he loved had planted the flowers of the forget-me-not in every corner of the world, and hand in hand they went over the world planting the myosotis. After accomplishing their task, they entered Paradise together.

My purple pansies grow under the sheltering branches of a beautiful moss rose. As I have cared for them, I have been reminded of the origin of the

moss rose. The angel who has the care of the flowers and sprinkles them with dew, slumbered one day in the shade of a rose bush, and on awakening thanked the bush for the refreshing odor and cooling shade, and promised any favor it might ask. The spirit of the rose bush asked that it might be adorned with a new crown, and the angel beautified it with the simple moss. Might not these purple blooms represent the angel?

Who knows that the stately asters of today that charm the growers once flourished in the gardens of Revolutionary days, and were pinned upon the coats of gallants, under the name of "Queen Margets"?

And so might scores of flowers be enumerated, and an interesting story be told of each, but we should give some thought to the "waifs" or tramp flowers, growing in neglected and out-of-the-way places. All of them have seen better days. Once planted with tender thoughts, reared carefully amid home surroundings, now abandoned, and with the absence of the former tender care they received, they go on from year to year sowing their seed, reincarnating perpetually, striving to hide the deserted places of their early homes. You see them cheerfully blooming in desolate places, pushing themselves along deserted pathways, covering with their floral tributes the places where once their owners walked among them, and loved them.

Poor, neglected outcasts! Like many of humanity's thousands, you have once seen brighter days, and are now waiting for the magic touch of comradeship, the tender love and devoted care of sympathetic souls, the compassionate caress of brotherliness, that you may again resume your old places, grow in beauty and sweetness, and rejoice the hearts of all. Comrades, think of this, as I have for many mornings in my garden. Let us remember what they have been, and seek to raise them to a higher plane of usefulness, remembering what Goethe says,

"Some flowers are lovely to the eye,
But others are lovely to the heart."

While the mornings in my garden have been full of fruitful lessons, still at eventide, as the glow of the setting sun gives place to the mystic shining of the stars, when

"In puffs of balm the night air blows
The burden which the day foregoes,"

there has been much of soulful, restful peace. There was ever an influence that soothed, and smoothed out many a rough experience. Often, in the evening hours have I sauntered through my garden, my mind filled with strong and helpful thoughts for struggling comrades; thoughts to cheer; thoughts to encourage, and I felt with Solomon when he says,

"Awake, O North Wind; and come, thou South; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."

THE VOICE FROM WITHIN.

By E. O'ROURKE.

KRISHNA says: "If I were not indefatigable in action, all men would presently follow my example. If I did not perform actions all these creatures would perish."

St. Paul acknowledged the same truth when he said, "For in Him we live, and move, and have our being." And the greatest poets have disclosed the same thing. Recognizing the truth indicated, we have a guide to discover the light in our own heart, and in the hearts of all. This light within the secret chamber of the heart, in its divinest manifestations may be said to be a ray from the infinite light. We are in it, and of it, and do not exist in any real sense outside of it. Having faith in this, we entertain an unshaken belief in our own immortality. Surrounded as we are by the fog of materialism, at first we perceive but a faint light. If we persevere in our search, the light will grow,—become more bright, until ultimately we shall realize our identity with the infinite light.

As we move along on our pilgrimage, proving all things by the rules that human experience affords, we come to know as a fact, what is merely suspected by others, that there is a Voice that speaks to us from within, called "the still, small Voice of Conscience"—"the Inward Monitor"—"the Voice of The Silence." This is the key to unlock the burglar-proof safe of the life of Socrates to the materialistic world. Without it all is dark and dismal, but with this key the real meaning of the life of the Saviors of the world may be understood; a reasonable motive may be perceived in their life work. The great sacrifices they have made, their self-denial, their love for humanity, may not be considered as mere waste of energy, but rather as a perfect scheme, a divine plan for the regeneration and salvation of the human race. The great ones of humanity have blazed the trees through the forest of error, made the rough places plain and leveled down the hills and mountains,—that all might be able to follow along the path.

The greatest error of Western civilization lies in its attempt to separate itself from God. For, as Cicero says, "Whatever that be which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, is something celestial and divine, and upon that account must necessarily be eternal." God is the highest reason. He is the Supreme Law. This Supreme Law manifests in and through us and throughout the entire Universe. Hence, the attempt to separate ourselves from the Supreme and from each other is vain and futile. We are one in essence, separate only in development—physical, intellectual and spiritual;

separate as complex individual man differentiates from his fellows, having a higher and lower nature.

To illustrate: The centre of man, the real man, is divine. Hence we say man is a Soul, his body is a vehicle, an instrument. This soul is the master endeavoring to train and discipline the human nature, that it may come to realize its higher possibilities and divine origin. As we have learned, the Supreme is ceaseless, eternal motion—never at rest. Being omnipresent, it penetrates all things—in it “we live and move and have our being.” Hence we can easily apprehend that the growth and expansion of our mental and spiritual faculties depends upon the discipline and purification of the lower nature that it may respond truly and completely to the divine motion which is the basis and source of its manifested power. When this is apprehended, we may have a correct concept of the meaning of the phrase, “the Voice from within.”

Think of the greatest musical performer you have ever heard, or heard of. If you have heard the greatest musician at his best—under the most favorable conditions—with a perfect instrument, you can understand my meaning. Such a musician, with such an instrument, with such conditions, can lift an appreciative audience beyond their normal state to an immeasurable height. The musician himself, in love with his art, transcends the bounds of ordinary consciousness and ascends into the regions of celestial delights. The same may be said of the great singers. Then, again, think of the greatest musical performer having a bad instrument, attempting to entertain. I need not enlarge upon this. To attempt to simplify a matter of this kind, to even ordinary intelligence, could be likened unto the effort made to teach fishes to swim.

Let us think, then, of humanity as a whole, and individually. What an inadequate instrument humanity is for the divine breath—the divine voice. We may consider the matter in the same light as to each individual. Some thoughtless person may interpose that the Supreme is infinite in power and wisdom, and is able to destroy all discord in the universe and in humanity—and produce universal harmony. But the infinite is without limitations. The liberty of the infinite is as boundless as the Divine Wisdom. The Supreme is never shorn of the power of manifestation, the Divine Law and the Supreme are synonymous. Owing to the poverty of my language, I am compelled to say, by way of simplification, that the Supreme is true to its own nature; that manifestation, therefore, takes place according to the Law. No error can be permitted—absurdity is not to be thought of. No idea of injustice in the divine economy can be indulged. Who, then, can question the Almighty? The state of being that is subordinate, should not protest to the Supreme. Why should a single member of the human organism censure the heart and brain? In view of what has been written, it is quite unnecessary to answer the question of the thoughtless, Why was I placed here in this world?

It is natural for the person who is too indolent to think, or the one who is puffed up with intellectual pride, to drop into the notion that the Supreme

has irrevocably fixed the condition of each individual, and that therefore human effort is of no avail to change the lot of humanity. But in the light of human experience, why not accept the notion that we are sharers in that perfect liberty which the Supreme enjoys, and that the advancement we gain depends upon the right use we make of our privilege to choose. As intimated already, we cannot assume that the Supreme Law is just and unjust; that it is a complex rule in which justice and injustice are mingled. To ordain that one should be a master and that another should be his slave would be injustice. There is no warrant for such an assumption. It would be logically fatal to the theory that the universe is regulated by Supreme Law. As Pope says:

“All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see:
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good.
 And spite of pride, in erring reason’s spite,
 One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.”

The immutability of the Supreme Law is acknowledged. With the Supreme Law there is no past and no future. It is the Eternal Now. We cannot say that it has been, or that it is about to be,—but that it is. And on account of its unchangeableness and perfectness it is right.

All that we behold in the world is the logical result of antecedent causes and therefore must necessarily be right. Every effect in its turn becomes a cause. And if we allow ourselves to take a calm view of human action we shall become reconciled to the notion that every act of an individual, including his thoughts, makes an indelible impression upon the soul. He weaves for himself a garment which he cannot cast off so long as the same weaving processes that produced the garment continue. He may change by degrees, in daily, hourly, momentarily action, the warp and woof of the garment; and, by right action purify the human soul, thus reaching the greater heights of perfection.

Because of the gross, materialistic condition of the mass of mankind, the Voice from within is but dimly heard. The tone is below even the middle tone of nature.

Remember that the Supreme power does not move to destroy, but to regenerate and build. Neither is there any coercion exercised on the individual, for that would be entirely inconsistent with the principle of perfect liberty which belongs to the Supreme. The voice within is continuously suggesting and soliciting, rather than commanding and compelling. We may gain the proper idea sought to be conveyed, by recalling the methods of the great sages and Saviors of mankind. The master does not seek to substitute his will and superior state of consciousness for the state and condition of the individual he is teaching. His aim is to draw forth the powers latent in the pupil, that he may do the work to his advancement himself. The opposite method would

tend to destroy the consciousness of the pupil, and force his acceptance of truth blindly and without question. The pupil not apperceiving the truth, would remain stationary, and the voice from within, thrilling through such an imperfect instrument, would seem to utter an uncertain tone, just as the pure white light when transmitted through a colored medium, seems to be of the color of that through which it passes.

It appears to me that the perfect liberty of the Supreme Law vibrating in matter, imparts to each individual liberty of action, and because of the condition of the individual he does not seem to apprehend that he is free to choose. Outwardly at least, to screen himself and to avoid responsibility, he declares that he is not free; but when he tries to be true to himself, the voice from within, which is the real self, convinces him of his error. In his sober, meditative moments, he may realize and repeat after Holmes:

“From the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings,
 Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life’s unresting sea!”

The idea of self-reliance must be kept steadily in view. We advance or recede by the exercise of, or the failure to exercise, the will. If the desires are impure and the will is weak, we know what will follow. The desires must be purified. We should have faith in the right. We should strongly desire to have the courage of our convictions, and to love truth for truth’s sake. Heroes must possess these qualities. Such have made themselves glorious. As the “Dhammapada” says, “By one’s self the evil is done, by one’s self one suffers; by one’s self evil is left undone; by one’s self one is purified. The pure and the impure stand and fall by themselves; no one can purify another.” St. Bernard says, “No one can injure me but myself.”

In the consideration of this subject, it is necessary to understand that the cord of many strands—Karma and Reincarnation—runs through it; that each individual man has passed through many births, though they may be unknown to him. Each one may say, I am what I am in consequence of the work I have done on the human loom in many separate periods of existence. I have done the work myself, and I alone am responsible. I reap what I have sown. This, every rational, intelligent mind should recognize as just.

“And what is the purpose of every effort I make? It is that I may discharge the debt which I owe to other creatures, that I may make them happy in the world, and that they may gain heaven in the next.”

—Selected.

THE BATTLE WITH SELF.

By JEROME A. ANDERSON, M. D.



IN Holy Writ it is recorded, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." Turning one of the seven keys to any occult saying, this becomes a reference to the higher and lower nature of man, and to the eternal conflict which must exist between the two until the lower is entirely dominated. Hence, in view of this unavoidable and absolutely necessary warfare, each ought to carefully study his own lower nature; to note where it is weak and where it is strong, as calmly as he would estimate the strength or weakness of an outer enemy with whom he was compelled to do battle.

The voice of the higher nature is Conscience. Avoiding metaphysical subtleties, and admitting that conscience sets differing standards for differing men, the assertion is nevertheless made that it is the voice of the god within every human breast, and that it always teaches the very highest ethics which the particular man appealed to is capable of understanding. It ought, therefore, to be appealed to in every conflict; it should guide and direct every fight. Instead of this, its voice is but too often drowned just when the battle is fiercest, and its reproaches only heard when it is lost. For conscience speaks in the silence of hushed passions; it is the "still, small voice" which can only be heard after the roaring of the tempest of passion has passed. How necessary, then, for the soul to resolutely maintain its calm at all times so that the voice of the inner monitor may be heard!

It is easy to say, "Do this," or "Do not do that." But *how* are we to maintain that calm in which alone conscience may be heard? It is possible only by a thorough understanding of the nature of the lower self; by recognizing that the soul is in an animal body in which passion, desire and selfishness normally exist. These lower instincts, passions and desires are forces which are not to be rejected nor destroyed, but dominated, directed, transmuted, and utilized to the soul's advantage.

Further than this: not only are the emotions and passions normal to the lower self, but it takes pleasure and satisfaction in the exercise of every one of them. This is important to note. Grief is regarded as perhaps the most sacred of all the emotions of the lower nature (some, confusing it with compassion, would regard it as belonging to the higher), yet it is intensely selfish, and no one grieves who finds absolutely no pleasure in it. Its gloomy joys are indulged in with sweet, if unrecognized, gratification, until the emotion becomes outworn, and then, and then only, does it become assuaged.

Again, many permit anger, envy, pride, or other emotion of the lower self to dominate their lives, to the intense unhappiness of themselves, and of those

who are associated under the law with them. If such are remonstrated with, they indignantly reply, "Why, it is my nature, and I cannot help *that!*" Only a complete failure to recognize the duality of the higher and lower nature could lead one into such a defense; yet this duality has been plainly taught by every Seer and Saviour of the past. "O wretched man that I am," groans St. Paul, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" The eternal warfare between the higher and lower nature, between the soul and the "body" of its death, must be fully recognized, if the soul would win the victory.

Under the belief and excuse that they belong to one's "nature" the grossest animal passions are also permitted full sway, and millions indulge them daily without the faintest conception that such things must be brought under the strictest subjugation. They are a portion of the "nature," truly, but it is to the lower nature entirely that they owe allegiance, and this is the nature which is at continual warfare with the soul, and these very things its strongest weapons.

This lower self is continuously longing for pleasure. In myriad ways, and often by totally unrecognized methods, it seeks to gratify its selfish desires. Change it demands constantly, for change is the very essence of sensuous enjoyment. The wife or husband "pouts" or "nags"; or anger, or hysteria is resorted to simply because the lower self has tired of the sameness of a peaceful life, and these are its means of bringing about the coveted excitement. Tears flow because they afford the pleasure of change, or anger rages for the same reason. Lovers' quarrels are notoriously sweet because of the delightful change which the quarreling and the subsequent "making up" afford. All of these emotions and passions which are normal to a purely animal life, must be carefully studied, and their energies as carefully conserved and made helpful by a proper control.

The continuous demand of the lower self for new sensation, and its seeking this through the emotions and passions, once recognized, makes its control far easier. When it is realized that it is the lower self entirely that is creating and enjoying those passions and appetites, pride, or vanity, which we mistake as ours; that it alone is gratifying itself by our petty griefs and sorrows, we will take the reins of the chariot of life in firm hands, and control these tendencies as effectually as we would the tendency to bolt in a vicious horse. But we must learn to recognize the lower self under all its sub-conscious masquerading, under all its hypocritical disguises, before the higher Self—the Crucified Christ within—can ascend the throne of its rightful kingdom.

The lower self is susceptible to many foreign influences, which must be recognized and guarded against in the hard fight before the soul. The control of the lower nature is by following the dictates of the conscience, as has already been said. The voice of conscience in the ordinary man is feeble at best, and may be entirely annulled in many ways. Most dreadful of these outer and entirely unnecessary factors is alcohol, which first benumbs and then entirely silences it, which in many cases is the secret of the resort to it by men. With

conscience silenced, they re-become irresponsible animals, and the sense of exultation and freedom from moral restraint is like that of a caged wild animal who has been suddenly loosened in his native wilds. Many drugs, too, have the effect of stimulating the lower nature markedly. Too much indulgence in animal food; excesses of any kind, even fasting, or too great a loss of sleep, make the control of the lower self more difficult and often impossible. In those in whom the higher nature is not aroused, sleep may silence conscience so entirely (because the soul is then away from the body) that it may be absent for a dangerous time, even after one thinks that one is fully awake. Especially may this be the case with such when awakened abnormally or accidentally after a brief period of unconsciousness. At such times the higher will may for a time be quite annulled, and the lower self in complete control. Then, too, a day or a week spent in the purely sensuous enjoyment of "sight-seeing" may so charm and arouse the lower nature that its domination becomes exceedingly difficult. Coming from quiet country places, visitors to a city will often denounce the sensual "atmosphere," when in fact their own lower natures, unknown to themselves, have been aroused and excited, and they merely attract to themselves that which they condemn.

It must be recognized, also, that the brain-mind, which thinks our ordinary thoughts, is the servant and representative of the lower self, and must be held in strict subjection. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of our thoughts are the direct result of the things reaching us by means of the senses. The brain-mind may be made the servant of the Higher Self, but this can only be accomplished by being constantly on guard under the guidance of the inner Warrior.

"As a man thinks, so he is," is as old and as true as the granite hills, and vacant, idle, chaotic thinking must be sternly suppressed.

Finally, the would-be neophyte must have constantly upon his lips the prayer taught by the Christ, "Lead us not into temptation." Distrusting his own lower strength, he should ever seek to identify himself with the strength of the Warrior, and resolutely avoid even temptation's shadow. It is recorded of the early Christians that they were wont to place themselves under circumstances of the most overwhelming temptation in order to strengthen their will and the power to resist evil. But the quaint old historian records the significant fact that "outraged nature" (the lower nature, again) occasionally "had her revenge, and great was the scandal thereat." Such methods were and are due to ignorance of the nature and strength of the lower self. How foolish to trust in a will which has been so little exercised, save for personal ends, which so many things are capable of overcoming; how unwise to forget for a single moment that the lower self by which one has been dominated all his life is not to be overcome without hard and strenuous effort!

Nor must we forget that we are of the race, and possess by long inheritance all the race weaknesses. We must therefore study not alone our own weaknesses, but also those of humanity about us, for thus we may discover many an unknown foe lurking concealed within our castle walls, and which only awaits opportunity to apply the torch of action to the prepared pile of our passions and desires. We must *feel* the truth of the heresy of Separateness, and account ourselves as no better nor stronger than our fellow-men, but with only a little better understanding of our lower nature and that strange duality of the higher and lower self, and, it may be, a little more watchful and on guard against a foe which we have been taught to recognize.

A JUNE NIGHT.

By J. A. EDGERTON.



THE wind-stirred leaves rustle from gentle touch.
 Chanting and broken sounds lull through the night.
 The herds lie in the pastures; and the birds,
 Sheltered beneath the leaves, cosily rest.

Nature is still. Men lie in gentle sleep.
 I only wakeful, 'mid the dews of night,
 On earth's broad face, beneath the Mystery
 That crowns our little, visible universe,
 Lie awed and try to think.

Out from the depths of space—the blue-veiled depths—
 Look down the scattered jewels of the night.
 The fields of heaven are broad and figured beautiful
 By hand of Infinite Thought. The wavering rays
 Of light, struggling from out Immensity,
 Break on the shores of earth.

The worlds whirl on through space. Planets revolve
 About their mother suns. The suns move on.
 Vast systems roll, which go in turn
 To make up vaster systems.
 Space stretches to Infinity and stretches on,
 Peopled with worlds.
 Immensity, unwalled and limitless,
 Reaches and reaches on and reaches still
 Until the mind follows no farther,
 But, shuddering at the trial, wearied recoils.

Yet all this infinite host, these numberless worlds,
 Peopled with teeming life, they are not all.
 Nature has yet another greater phase;
 The phase of which we know not, yet may dream;
 Toward which we yearn, but which we cannot reach;
 The phase of which we see, through matter's forms,
 Faint, glimmering rays of light,
 Which are, e'en what we see, so beautiful,
 That to the spirit of man they gleam like stars;
 They stir within our souls a deeper thought;

They shine into our natures and give joy ;
 It is the hidden light, the secret force,
 The spirit of the worlds.

When all the stars that glimmer through the night
 And all that go to fill the measureless depths,
 Which lie beyond our ken, are rolling on,
 They move by perfect law—the law of worlds—
 The outer workings of some inner mind,
 That in itself is method, and whose thought
 Thrills through all matter, springing into life
 And forms of beauty ;
 That guides the Universe and yet e'en stoops
 To forms the most debased ; and at whose will
 The smallest atom moves and is impact
 With all the forms of force
 Of myriads of globes ;
 The infinite, the all-imbuing soul,
 That warms the heart of life
 And lights the beautiful ;
 Whose body is Existence and whose thought
 Quivers along the whole wide Universe.

THEOSOPHY THE HOPE OF HUMANITY.

By ORTIZ.



IN the way in which mankind is moving now, there is no hope for it. All is confusion. Each man follows his own path. The orbits are unrelated. There is chaos and discord. The chaos must be brought into form, the discord resolved.

But there is another picture. The City of Light has been established at Point Loma ; a nucleus formed of a new civilization, based on Universal Brotherhood. Here the students are being gathered from the whole world. Here the first rudiments of the perfect life are being taught, so that from this centre all humanity may be helped. From this city the light will radiate in all directions. From this city the teachers will go everywhere. The example of this city will uplift all.

Is this Utopian? That which has already been done proves that it is not. Let me quote from the prospectus for the students :

“Buildings are now being erected from original plans and designs by the Foundress-Directress of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, Katherine Tingley. In style and character, they are absolutely

new to modern times, reviving the beauty and chasteness of ancient periods, anterior to those of which we still have a few remaining examples, and so different from anything now in existence that they cannot be comprehended, much less appreciated, until seen. These buildings and their appointments will be conducive to the greatest simplicity of life, and yet will be more beautiful and utilitarian than the most expensive dwellings. They will be in themselves object lessons, at once educative and ennobling.

"The elevating influence of such habitations upon family life will reveal how the grandest principles of human life are interwoven with the simplest duties of home. In order to better serve humanity with these lofty, economic, unselfish and pure examples, they must be shown to the world as being both consonant and in most intimate relation with the sacred ties of family.

"To live under the refining influence of such homes, to be stimulated by such gentle and lofty surroundings while in active preparation to become a world teacher, is beyond measure inspiring. For the dominant purpose . . . is to establish a Temple, a Beacon Light, a Home of Peace, stretching out the strong hand of Truth, Light and Liberation, inviting the world to partake of its spiritual benefits."

That among men there is so little comprehension of their own needs is strange. That there is so keen an apprehension of their artificial wants, so conducive to unhappiness, is startling. The sorrow of the world is caused by the effort to gratify these artificial wants. How shall we rectify this condition?

Sounds are either harmonious or discordant. The harmonies are not the result of chance; nor are the discords the outcome of intelligent endeavor. Is it not the same with life?

Conscious activity, intelligently directed, is essential to success in art. The student takes simple problems first, complex ones later. Study precedes practice, and a teacher directs both. Yet, in the greatest problem of all problems, the problem of human life, there is an opinion, as widespread as it is abused, that its subtlest phases are within the immediate grasp of all.

All know how to breathe, or we should die. Most persons can walk, talk, hear, see and perform the other ordinary functions. But, are the underlying principles of existence known, much less intelligently applied? If so, why the discords?

Are they not due to the misapplication of fundamental truths, the result of misapprehension and ignorance? But this ignorance can be dispelled and the truth learned, for there is one who has the truth, and stands ready to teach it.

H. P. Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood twenty-five years ago. She taught in America, Europe and Asia. Her books had a world-wide reputation; people flocked from everywhere to hear her; the papers were filled with accounts of her; her name was on all lips. After her death, William Q. Judge took up the work; and after his death, Katherine Tingley.

What did Madame Blavatsky teach? That man is divine; that his life is immortal; that perfection is his goal. She demonstrated this from religion, science, philosophy and art. She delved into the mysteries of the past and opened up the stores of the present.

What does Katherine Tingley teach? The same, but with a more practical application. The present times permit of this. In Madame Blavatsky's day the precept which precedes practice was laid down. Now the precept and the practice go hand in hand. Endless study alone is not beneficial. Practice without study is useless. The true teacher will not burden with dissertations of too great length. It should be practice, practice, practice, of rule after rule and precept upon precept. This is the method of Katherine Tingley with her students, little children, boys and girls, men and women, both young and old. It is practice, practice, practice in purifying the acts of daily life in every smallest duty as well as in every largest one.

In every art there comes a time when fancy runs riot; when talent becomes prolix, ideas meretricious, form stultifying, and inspiration dead. At such times a reformer is needed. There have been such reformers in art, and there have been similar ones in religion. Of the latter class were Confucius, Gautama, Jesus, Mohammed, Martin Luther. Such also were H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge; and such is Katherine Tingley. Succeeding Madame Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, she is carrying on and enlarging their work. She is putting into practice what they inculcated, and is infusing new ideas as fast as the world is ready.

To fully understand this, it is necessary to be part of the work. All can be this to some extent. It is not essential for this that one should live at Point Loma, the great international centre, though there is a great advantage in that if one is ready. The vital thing is to take the first step. This can be done wherever one is, and whatever one is doing. The other steps follow easily one by one. As men and women do this they will find themselves falling into line, marching shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart.

Thus Theosophy, as today taught and applied by Katherine Tingley, with its branches and centres throughout the world, its head and heart at Point Loma, is the hope of humanity.

"The man to whom the universe does not reveal directly what relation it has to him, whose heart does not tell him what he owes himself and others—that man will scarcely learn it out of books." * * *

"There is no more lovely worship of God than that for which no image is required, but which springs up in our breast spontaneously, when Nature speaks to the soul, and the soul speaks to Nature face to face." GOETHE.

"There is this City of Brahman, the body, and in it the palace, the small lotus of the heart, and in it, that small ether. Both heaven and earth are contained within it, both fire and air, both sun and moon, both lightning and stars; and whatever there is of the Self, here in the world, and whatever has been or will be, all that is contained within it." * * *

"The Self which is free from sin, free from old age, from death and grief, from hunger and thirst, which desires nothing but what it ought to desire and imagines nothing but what it ought to imagine, that it is which we must search out, which we must try to understand." —Chandogya-Upanishad.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

By M. J. BARNETT.



TRUTH to each one of us is only our individual conception of truth.

“To him who wears shoes the whole earth is covered with leather.” He may tread on a different foundation of soil at every step, he may traverse valleys and plains and cross over diversified mountains, but he feels only leather under his feet. Let him, however, throw aside that little foot encasement and come into real touch with the earth, and by the sense of contact alone he can discriminate between the sand and the clay, the marshes and the dry earth, the green sward and the barren rock. He has thus related himself more closely to the surface of the globe on which he treads. So we, wrapped up as we are in our own conceptions or preconceptions, do not come into the closest touch with truth, which yet all the time is so near us, and which we really desire to perceive. But let us ignore or for the time being cast aside that encasement of preconceptions, and we shall find ourselves receiving new impressions at every step. Of course, we must continue to have conceptions, but they will be ever new ones that are not shut out from us by the interposing incrustations of the old ones. We shall thus have properly related ourselves to the object of our quest.

But this casting aside of our preconceptions is not an easy thing to accomplish. We become attached to our own ideas, and are fearful lest they may slip away from us. We have such strong preferences as to what shall and what shall not be true, that it deadens our powers of discrimination, and shuts the truth away from us.

A lady, on being told that her only means of salvation were within herself, in her own life and efforts, in her own reaching up to the Christ within her, said in alarm that she could not have her Saviour taken away from her, for it was the only comfort she had. What was her Saviour? It seemed that it was something outside of herself, a historical character, by whose merits alone she was to be saved. She did not feel willing to take the responsibility of her salvation upon herself. She preferred leaning upon the merits of that pure and great adept, whose teaching has been so variously and contradictorily interpreted. She was so sheathed in her own conceptions of a Christ that she was not in a condition to receive new light upon the subject. She was not willing even to consider the inadequacy of a plan of salvation that was withheld from humanity until nineteen hundred years ago, whereas a divine plan would always be one that could be universally applied to all humanity, and would reach backward and forward throughout all time, and must therefore be within one's own self, whether that self were incarnated in a primitive or in a more advanced race.

As to the taking away from us of any of our beliefs, it cannot be done. It is only we ourselves who drop one belief because we have found a seemingly better one to take its place. Nothing that can be taken away from us is of any lasting value to us. It is just as natural and just as painless for our old conceptions, opinions and beliefs to drop away from us with our further development, as it is for mature fruit to drop from a tree. We reach a certain stage when we have done all we can do with them, and they have done all they can do for us, so when they go we do not miss them, for they are replaced with something better. We do not, however, get that something better if we object to having it, but even though dissatisfied with our illusions, we go on hugging them, and bearing about with us the carcasses of dead opinions and beliefs.

All history amply exemplifies the hindering weaknesses of prejudice and antagonism regarding newly presented truth. Religion, science and art have all had their progress interfered with by the unwillingness of their votaries or the world at large to take a new standpoint in regarding them. As we look back across the centuries from our distant vantage ground, we can laugh, if indeed we are not more inclined to weep, over the folly of past generations, who antagonized the readily accepted truth of the present age with bitterness and cruelty. But we fail to realize that the same spirit of opposition exists in us today for the ridicule of future centuries.

A notable illustration of antagonism to newly presented truth is offered us in relation to the career of that great philosopher, mathematician and astronomer known as Galileo. Although he had for years freely given the public the fruits of his research in many sciences and had even himself constructed useful mechanical appliances, yet when in the same spirit of sincerity that always characterized him he presented a truth that contradicted a fixed opinion, he met with opposition, bitterness and cruelty. The malice of his enemies gradually gathered force until it finally brought him imprisonment and the tortures of the Inquisition. Instead of most fittingly closing his beautiful and useful career crowned with laurels and cheered with the love and gratitude of his compatriots, he was hounded to the death, ending his days under public surveillance, broken down in health, until he became blind and then deaf; and all for what? Because he rediscovered the astronomical fact of the diurnal motion of the earth and its orbit around the sun. Today any school boy would laugh at the absurdity of an opposite theory.

How the astronomers of Ancient Egypt might laugh (if indeed they were not too wise for mirth) at the puerile attempts of modern learning at a solution of problems of a science that held no problems for them, but only accurate knowledge.

What we have yet to learn has been known by races of humanity more advanced than ours. Should not this fact render us humble and tolerant in our search for more truth? Should it not prevent us from encasing ourselves in fixed beliefs that must of necessity change with our further development?

At the period in which Galileo lived the scientific and religious world had,

in harmony with the illusive testimony of their senses, become fixed in the belief that the sun moved around the earth. They, in their bigotry, preferred to have the sun move around the earth, just as in ages previous to that time the public had preferred to have the earth a flat surface instead of a globe.

Now, it is not strange that our senses delude us until the higher faculty of reason or of intuition comes to our rescue. But it is strange that we cling to our delusions and do not desire to give them up, even when we almost see that they are delusions.

If we are in a stationary railroad car, and another car passes us, our senses may tell us that it is we who are moving. But on taking another point of view, on looking out of an opposite window, we find the landscape stationary, and then by reason, by logical inference we contradict the teaching of our senses, and very foolish would he be considered who would still cling to his first belief, simply because it had been his belief.

Galileo was perfectly willing to consider the Copernican system of the earth's movement around the sun, although doing so might destroy his former beliefs. He was willing to use his reason against the evidence of his senses, to take new points of view, to make logical inferences that might contradict all his preconceptions regarding the subject of his study.

Those of us who are willing at any time to take a new point of view concerning any pretended truth are the ones who gain truth and benefit humanity. They are like Galileo, ever found marching in advance of their fellows, but this precedence is valuable to us only as it enables us to help others along the road.

Galileo's teachings, like those of many another teacher who has endeavored to help his contemporaries, were not generally appreciated until time had removed him to a distance in the background.

It seems scarcely credible that those who most bitterly and cruelly opposed the astronomer, were the learned men of science and the ecclesiastics, the so-called followers of Jesus the Compassionate, both of which classes now as then more frequently constitute themselves guardians of fixed beliefs than pioneers in quest of more truth.

From the masses of the people, the uneducated, must ever come that tolerance which lends to truth a ready ear and an open mind. They are not sheathed in the preconceptions of intellectual culture and learned bias.

In imagination we can behold the earnest astronomer in his hour of prosperity, with his frank and cheerful countenance, his fair complexion, and penetrating eyes—those wondrous eyes, that by long gazing at the stars had caught their scintillation—we can behold him passing through the streets of his beloved city of Florence, followed by a curious and admiring populace, on his way out of the narrow streets and through the old Roman gate, leaving behind him the shining spires, the picturesque towers, the blooming gardens of the City of Flowers, and the moving waters and many arches of the sparkling Arno. He advances up the Imperial Hill, under the line of cypresses that border the walk, and on to the top of the height, at last gaining his beloved

tower, the quaint structure that now bears his name, and where, with his marvellous telescope which he himself had constructed, he was accustomed to spending his nights with heavenly worlds unseen by his fellow-men, and whose very existence was scornfully discredited by so-called men of science. Rumors of his belief in the earth's daily rotation had extended down from the learned few and spread through the ranks of the people. But the great heresy had not as yet attracted to the culprit the slowly gathering venom that was finally to enter into and poison his life's blood; so he freely walked among the kindly populace who, ever lenient toward those who touch their hearts rather than their heads, still venerated him.

The great man always turned and smiled upon them, and they without logic or argument felt the sweetness and earnestness of his nature, and we can now across the centuries almost hear the ring of their musical Tuscan speech as they gather lovingly around him. "He is fair as an angel." "The light of the stars is in his eyes." "He says the earth moves, and it may be so; who can tell? Priests do not know everything."

How different is this early picture of the dispenser of truth from a later one! After years of effort on his part, and under severe restrictions, the Inquisition temporarily loosened its grip upon him sufficiently to permit him to revisit Florence for medical assistance, that he might repair his health so broken down by years of religious (?) torture and righteous (?) persecution.

The health he sought, however, did not come to him. We can see him in his acute misery, with his failing faculties, shunning public observation in the old streets that had witnessed his former happiness, and among the friendly populace whose good will was so powerless against the antagonism of the so-called great, and in his despair almost content to return to the judicial anguish of the rack as the lesser evil.

As the end approached for him, it could scarcely be dreaded, for his sightless eyes could no longer behold the stars or the loving faces of those who still kept faith with him, and his deadened hearing could no longer catch the sound of their friendly tones. The earth which he had so fatally proclaimed to move seemed indeed slipping away from under his own feet; while the sun which he had fixed so firmly in the heavens no longer shone for him.

He had, however, his moments of divine solace and compensation in the midst of his sorrow; for, though now blind, he had, as he said, seen so much more than other men. In his long nights with the constellations, which revealed to him their mysteries, he had gazed while all the world was sleeping. Then, too, he had freely given his fellow-men the fruits of his life-long industry, and as ungrateful as they might be, he yet experienced the pure joy of having given forth what to him was the truth.

He left behind him an incredible number of valuable works along many lines of science. His life work had been enormous, but it was now over. Enmity had gained the day, and enmity against what? Enmity against one who proclaimed a truth that clashed with preconceived opinion and belief.

Perhaps there never was any one better fitted for the discovery of new truth than this learned man, whose disposition was so charitable, and whose mind was so unbiased that he was always ready to consider in the kindest spirit any scientific theory, although it might diametrically oppose his own, while the individuals that advanced such theories were to him only fellow-seekers after truth, whose views at the worst he merely found unsatisfactory. There was no hard shell of preconceived opinion about him. His naked soul could therefore readily come into touch with the verities of the universe. Whatever might be the penalty inflicted upon him by ignorance and bigotry, he, like all the truly noble, found it a necessity to give forth to others the treasures he had unearthed. He could but let his own light shine upon others. History says that after the tortures of the Inquisition had extracted from him a promise to keep silence concerning his theory of the earth's motion, he was heard to mutter under his breath, "Nevertheless it moves." The truth must well forth from his heart to enlighten the world.

Do we ever think what a terrible price has been paid for the little truth that we now possess, what ghastly agony has brought the world's advance into the knowledge of the present day? We merely accept it all with complacency and self-gratulation as our inheritance and our right. Any truth into which we may come is our right; and still further—a fact which we, as well as our predecessors, sometimes forget—any greater truth than ours into which another may come is also his right, and the right of all who are willing and able to accept it from him. Indeed, to consider nothing but one's own views is not only a hindrance to progress and exceedingly selfish and egotistic, but positively childish. Freedom of thought is not solely for one individual, but for all.

The egotism, conceit and selfishness of non-development is truly astounding. An infant in his non-development and lack of reason regards the sun and moon as his toys, which he can draw to himself by reaching out his hand for them.

When the seventeenth century astronomer, with his giant lens discovered worlds invisible to the naked eye, scientific non-development argued, with the logic of an infant, that since these worlds could not be seen by the inhabitants of this earth (presumably the only planet of any importance in the universe) they were of no use, and therefore did not exist.

In the same century when any opinions were entertained, which did not coincide with already existing ones, religious non-development opposed them with the illogical and brutal arguments of the rack and torture.

It seems difficult for us to realize that any truth which we may gain is only a partial or relative truth.

Now, it may be that even Galileo himself did not realize that while it was true that the sun stood still, relatively to this earth and the other planets under its control, yet, there existed a larger truth in the fact that the sun with its planetary chain together with perhaps numberless other chains, was ceaselessly moving in space around some greater sun, which perhaps in its turn performed

a similar revolution on a still larger scale, and so on and on to yet greater and greater wheels of the universe until non-developed mind could go no further.

Can we not readily imagine that if one of these interdependent wheels within wheels should at any time fall out of line with the law, the whole universe would be thrown into a hopeless chaos? But they never will proceed against law. It is only we, interdependent humanity, who, under our own erring guidance, fall out of line with law by living for self and thus bringing upon the whole of mankind the physical, moral and mental chaos that causes all the suffering of the world today. We need not only to disbelieve in the false theory that our globe is the only one of any importance in the universe, and that every other world was created solely to minister to its pleasure; but we need to dislodge from our minds and hearts the equally false and much more pernicious doctrine that we, our personal and individual self, are the centre and recipient of all good, while our fellow men exist only to minister to us in our selfishness.

As there is not one little star in all the heavens that has not its own important place and mission, and that in its rhythmic progress does not contribute its own peculiar tone to the grand music of the spheres, so there is not one member of humanity, however seemingly insignificant and useless, who is not important in the scheme for the final perfection of all, and who is not, in his own orbit necessary for the harmony of all, equally with the greatest spiritual being, the greatest luminary that ever enlightened mankind.

GEMS FROM SENECA'S LETTERS.

"I will so live as knowing myself to have come into the world for others. . . . I shall recognize the world as my proper country. Whenever nature or reason shall demand my last breath I shall depart with the testimony that I have loved a good conscience, useful pursuits—that I have encroached upon the liberty of no one, least of all my own."

* * *

"Of what bad practice have you cured yourself today? What vice have you resisted? In what respect are you the better? Rash anger will be moderated and finally cease when it finds itself daily confronted with its judge. What, then, is more useful than this custom of thoroughly weighing the actions of the entire day?"

* * *

"Let us ask what is *best*, not what is *most customary*; what may place us firmly in the possession of an everlasting felicity, not what has received the approbation of the vulgar—the worst interpreter of truth. Now I call the vulgar the common herd of all ranks and conditions."

* * *

"That man is of the stupidest sort who values another either by his dress or by his condition. Is he a slave? He is, it may be, *free in mind*. He is the *true* slave who is a slave to cruelty, to ambition, to avarice, to pleasure. Love cannot co-exist with fear."

UNIVERSAL UNITY.*

By HENRY TURNER PATTERSON.


T
IS
 said, they, who the starry heavens watch,
 Spending their time in silent contemplation,
 And view the worlds and systems moving round,
 Become so filled with peace and perfect trust
 That unto them life, death, grief, care and fear
 Are almost naught. So, I, a long time past,
 Having passed my time in watching, night by night,
 The stars move in their orbits; and my days
 In mapping out their past and future course,
 One August night, while that the quiet moon
 Flooded tree and bush, and vale and hill-top,
 Stream and bank, and spire and roof with light,
 And whistling winds and rustling leaves added
 Their voices to the myriad sounds
 Of insect life, fell fast asleep. And, then,
 I saw the moon swinging slowly to and fro,
 And round our Sun the earth and other satellites
 Revolving ceaselessly. And as they moved
 I heard a sweet melodious sound
 And felt a soft and mellow light;
 And still I saw our Sun with other suns
 All circling round one common central point,
 All these centres round some other centre circling.
 The sound increased, till all things seemed but sound,
 The light increased, till all things seemed but light,
 The heat increased, till all things seemed but heat,
 And then I felt my soul beat rapturously
 Against the throbbing, pulsing, central life,
 From thence I felt the light, the heat, the sound,
 The life, the love, the peace pass out unceasingly.
 From thence, I knew all life to flow; and passing out,
 I knew all life was part of it, and it of life;
 I knew that I was it, and it was I;
 That sound and light, and life, and I and it were one;
 That life and death, and tree and bush, and stream,
 And bank, and flower, and seed and it are one,
 Then there passed into my soul a perfect,
 Great content; and rising from my sleep,
 I passed into my life, a happy man.

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EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

XX. Lathyros—Kleopatra Berenikê—Ptolemy the New Bacchus, or the Flute-Player—Ptolemy and Kleopatra—Expulsion of Kleopatra—Murder of Pompey—Kleopatra Again Queen—Her Visit to Rome—Cæsar Assassinated—Kleopatra and Antony—Herod the Great—Intrigues of Octavianus Cæsar—Battle of Aktium—Last Weeks at Alexandria—Death of Antony and Kleopatra—Rise and Fall of Egypt with Kleopatra.

 O Lathyros was successful. He had made the ancient capital of Egypt a ruin and a solitude. The Greek had crushed the Kopt, and the city from which kings had gone forth to drive usurpers from power, and to follow them into the heart of Asia, was humbled and utterly destroyed. But peace did not solace the conqueror. He must now prepare to reckon with Rome.

A threatened secession and forming of a new nation had shaken the foundations of the Republic. With its defeat the victorious General, Lucius Cornelius Sulla was chosen first consul. He had been elected by the influence of his soldiers. The opposition to him on the part of the Roman people made the holding of power for a long time uncertain. Meanwhile, the King of Pontos, Mithradates VI, had successfully resisted the encroachments of Rome, driven the Romans from Asia, and established his own power in Greece. Sulla hurried to recover the lost power and prestige, and laid siege to Athens.

In this emergency, he sent Lucullus as ambassador to Alexandria, to ask Lathyros to assist him with his ships. The Egyptian king did not venture upon any choice between two powers so closely matched. He gave Lucullus a flattering reception, escorting him into the harbor with a fleet, entertaining him at the royal palace, introducing his companions to the philosophers of the New Academy, and making him a present of eighty talents of silver. Lucullus, however, returned his gifts, understanding the refusal which they implied. Mithradates was defeated shortly afterward, and Lathyros was only able by bribes and skillful diplomacy to placate the Roman Consul.

His daughter, Kleopatra Berenikê, the widow of his brother Ptolemy Alexander, succeeded him. Alexander, her husband's son, however, claimed the throne. He had been placed by his grandmother in the island of Kos for safety, and made a prisoner by Mithradates, together with the *chla* or military clerk of Alexander the Great. Both afterward became the prize of Pompey. The young prince made a will, bequeathing the kingdom of Egypt to the Romans. Sulla was then Dictator, and quick to take advantage of such an opportunity. He sent him to Alexandria with a command that he should be received as king, and that he should marry Berenikê. He was to be joint sovereign with

her, but nineteen days after the nuptials he poisoned her. His own retribution speedily followed. The royal guards, upon learning of the crime, dragged the assassin from the palace to the Gymnasium, and there put him to death.

It was now an opportunity for Alexandria to establish a new dynasty and better government, but the city was commercial and not patriotic. It was proposed at Rome to take possession under the provisions of the will of the late king. But the nobles had been enriched by bribes from Alexandria, and were in no haste to slay a goose that could yield them golden eggs. The money of Tyre belonging to the king was taken, and Egypt left.

Ptolemy Soter II (Lathyros) had left two sons, who were not considered legal heirs. The older of these, a boy hardly fourteen years old, was made king, by the title of Ptolemy Neos Dionysos, "the new Bacchus." He was also called in the hieroglyphics, Philopator and Philometor, and in an inscription at Philai, by all three names. He is better known by historians as Auletes, the "flute-player." He is said to have been more proud of his musical skill than of his acts as king for twenty-nine years.

The first endeavor of his reign was to procure recognition by the Roman senate. He borrowed money and spent large sums to purchase the votes of the senators, but only secured their abstinence from action. His career was a series of revellings. Demetrios, a Platonic philosopher, was haled before him for sobriety and compelled to save his life by getting drunk and dancing with cymbals in an unseemly costume.

The successors of Mithradates had enabled another dominion, the Pirate Empire, to obtain a formidable position in the Mediterranean. It included four hundred towns in its government, and was master of a thousand galleys. Large districts of the coast were forsaken by the inhabitants. Sulla had retired from public life, and his friend and partisan, Cneius Pompey, was now a political leader. He had conquered Mithradates, and was now commissioned to destroy the Pirate Empire.

Egypt was too weak to defend its own coasts, and Pompey sent Lentulus Marcellinus with a fleet in the thirteenth year of Ptolemy, to exterminate the marauders. He was successful, and when he became consul at Rome, he put the Ptolemaic eagle and thunderbolt on his coins. This practice was followed by his successors.

The conquest of Mithradates and the Pirates was the prelude to the dissemination of the worship of Mithras and the Secret Rites of the Grotto-Temple over the Roman provinces of Europe and Africa. It was the theology of Zoroaster in its origin, modified and assimilated to the systems of the West. It now superseded the Grecian and Italian divinities, and "in fact during the second and third centuries of the Empire, Serapis and Mithras may be said to have become the sole objects of worship, even in the remotest corners of the known world."* Nor did their influence then abate, for we find it in the various

*Rev. C. W. King, "The Gnostics and their Remains."

secret and religious observances of later periods, and in the notions scouted as magic, heresy and witchcraft, as the "wisdom-craft" was denominated. "There is very good reason to believe," says Mr. King, "that as in the East, the worship of Serapis was at first combined with Christianity, and gradually merged into it, with an entire change of name, not substance, carrying with it many of its notions and rites; so, in the West a similar influence was exerted by the Mithraic religion." Such observances as that of the twenty-fifth day of December, the natal day of the Persian divinity, and others more familiar, are illustrations.

Ptolemy Auletes had played a dual part in the war. He sent a golden crown to Pompey at Damascus, and made a secret treaty with Mithradates, agreeing to marry his daughter. He was able, however, to avoid detection.

The next year after the defeat of Mithradates, Pompey took Jerusalem. This was a blow to the Jews of Egypt, which lost them much influence.

The Roman senate, some years afterward, passed a law to make Cyprus a province of the Republic. Ptolemy, the brother of Auletes, was king of the island, and Cato the Censor was sent to dispossess him. Auletes made no protest. At this the Egyptians rose up and drove him from Alexandria. He set out for Rome, and met Cato at Rhodes, who advised him to go back and make peace with his subjects. Auletes, however, went on to Rome and spent three years courting the senators.

The Alexandreians placed his two older daughters, Kleopatra Tryphæna and Berenikê, on the throne, and sent an embassy to Rome, headed by Dion, the Platonic philosopher, to plead their cause. But the money of Auletes operated against them. Cicero and Cæsar, who was then consul, took their part, and the senate acknowledged his title. The ambassadors were excluded from any hearing, and Dion was poisoned by a slave. Pompey was now eager to command an army to replace the king, but the Pontifex Maximus, or High Priest of Rome, declared from the Sibylline books that Rome should be the friend of Egypt, but might not help with an army. This disappointed an immense force of money-lenders, who depended for payment on his restoration.

Auletes, however, was able, with letters from Pompey, and the aid of Mark Antony and a bribe of seven and a half million dollars, by American computation, to procure the aid of Gabinius, the proconsul of Syria. During this period, the older Queen Kleopatra Nyptæna, had died. The Alexandreians invited Seleukos, the son of Antiokhos Gryphos and Selenê, to take the crown and marry Berenikê. He was a man so gross in his tastes and pleasures as to get the nickname of "scullion." He was said to have stolen the golden coffin of Alexander; and he so heartily disgusted the young queen that she caused him to be strangled five days after the nuptials. She then married Arkhelaos, the son of Mithradates of Pontos, and they reigned together two years

During this period, Gabinius had terminated the kingdom of Judea, and formed an aristocratic government, but the head of which was Hyrkanos, the

high priest. He refused, however, to go out of his jurisdiction into Egypt, on any promises of Auletes. The latter, however, was able to obtain money from one of his numerous creditors, Rubirius Post-humos, on the assurance that all would be repaid in Alexandria.

Gabinus then marched to Egypt. He was accompanied by a Jewish army sent by Hyrkanos, and commanded by Antipater the Idumæan, father of Herod. Mark Antony was in command of the Roman cavalry, and defeated the Egyptian forces at Pelusium. Auletes was then able to enter his capital, and was about to begin a massacre, when Antony interfered. Gabinus put Arkhelaos and Berenikê to death, and returned in haste to Syria. He had now to meet his trial before the Roman senate, and it required the influence of Pompey and Cæsar together to save him from death.

Rubirius was appointed paymaster-general at Alexandria, but before he could repay himself, Auletes removed him. He had violated a law by lending money, and he was obliged now to lose it and stand trial as an offender.

Universal lawlessness existed over the devoted country. It was as Italy had become under Lucius Cornelius Sulla. Men who had been banished for crime, fugitives from justice, run-away slaves, ruined debtors, renegade soldiers, and freebooters of all kinds, came in from everywhere. They could be enrolled in the army and then be beyond all law and discipline. Crime was unpunished, and the robbers acquired a kind of village organization of their own, like that of the dakoits of India. They were under the orders of their chief, and a person who had been robbed could make application to him and receive his property again, upon payment of a fourth of its value.

Ptolemy Neos Dionysos, the royal flute-player, died in the twenty-ninth year of his reign, fifty-one years before the present era, unhonored and unremembered, except for folly and vices. He left two sons and two daughters, all of them more noted in history than himself. The sons were called after the dynastic appellation, Ptolemy; the daughters were the famous Kleopatra, then sixteen years old, and Arsinoê. He bequeathed the kingdom to Kleopatra and the older son, who were to be married, and asked the Roman senate to be guardian. Pompey, who was then sole consul, was appointed tutor to the king. Three years after this arrangement, the Roman world was in war. Julius Cæsar, in defiance of the decree of the senate, crossed the River Rubicon, and found himself master in Rome. Pompey, the consuls, senators and nobility generally had fled to Greece.

During the final struggle for the supremacy, the Alexandreians sent sixty ships of war to the aid of Pompey. But Pothinos, the minister, in disregard of the will of Auletes and its confirmation by the Roman senate, expelled Kleopatra from the throne, and proclaimed the young prince as Ptolemy Dionysos II, King of Egypt.

Kleopatra made her escape immediately to Syria and raised an army, with which she set out to recover her throne, encountering the Egyptian forces at Pelusium. Here the occurrences of the greater world arrested her progress.

Pompey had been defeated by Cæsar at Pharsalia in Thessaly, and now came with his wife Cornelia to Egypt, where he had every claim of gratitude. But the Council of Ptolemy caused only to propitiate the man who had won, and the members were capable of any treachery, however base. Accordingly, as the galley of Pompey approached Mount Kasios, Akhillas, the Egyptian General, and Septimius, who commanded the Roman troops in Egypt, met him as friends, received him into their boat, and then assassinated him as he landed. His head was carried to young Ptolemy, who, with heartless indifference, gazed upon the face of the man who had been his father's sincerest friend.

Cæsar followed with less than four thousand men in pursuit of Pompey, but found himself anticipated by the assassins. He entered Alexandria as a Consul, preceded by the Roman lictors, with their bundles of rods. The city had been in disorder hard to repress, and it was made more unconquerable by these manifestations, that a master had come. He was assailed by the mob, and for days was detained on shore, by adverse winds, in imminent danger, and unable to get away.

He put on a bold front as a sovereign in full command, and ordered both armies to be disbanded. Pothinos sent a secret message to Akhillas to bring his army from Pelusium to Alexandria, while Ptolemy, under the eye of Cæsar, transmitted an order to remain where it was. His messenger was assassinated at the camp.

Kleopatra was with her forces near Pelusium. Relying upon personal influence rather than on formal negotiations, she sailed privately to Alexandria. She then resorted to artifice to evade the sentinels around the palace. Rolling herself in a carpet, she suffered herself to be carried like a bag of goods into the presence of the Roman Imperator. It was enough. Cæsar had before sought to enforce the will of her father, and to empower her to reign over Egypt jointly with her brother; now she reigned over Cæsar himself.

He had, however, already made enemies of the Alexandrians, by exacting from them the immense debt which Auletes had incurred to him while sojourning at Rome. Pothinos, the treasurer, did all that lay in his power to make the demands harassing. When Akhillas arrived from Pelusium with twenty-two thousand soldiers, Cæsar, with less than four thousand, found himself in a woeful strait. He shut himself up in the Brukheion by the harbor, taking the two royal brothers, their sister Arsinoë, and the Treasurer Pothinos with him as hostages for his own safety.

It was easy to resist the attack, but it became necessary to burn part of the galleys. The fire extended to the docks, thence to the neighboring buildings, and to the Museum itself. Seven hundred thousand rolls were in the Library, and perished in the flames. Ptolemy Soter himself had begun the collection, and his successors, however unworthy many of them were, had taken pride in adding their contributions. Cæsar, though himself an author and lover of literature, has left no utterance of regret at the sight of this destruction of the recorded learning of ages. But ancient conquerors had always sought to make

sure their conquests by destroying the literature of the conquered peoples. The Avesta, the Hebrew Scriptures, the records of Karthage, Italy and Spain, all perished by the torch.

Cæsar soon learned to distrust his hostages. Arsinoë escaped to the camp of Akhillas, and Pothinos gave information to him of the weakness of the Roman forces. The treacherous eunuch was at once put to death for his perfidy.

The Alexandreians were about to make another attack, when a quarrel broke out between Akhillas and the Princess Arsinoë. The General was murdered, and she became mistress of the army, and for the time sovereign over Egypt. She was not yet eighteen, but she exhibited a soldier's energy. She placed Ganymedes in command and ordered to pump sea water into the cisterns that supplied the Brukheion. Cæsar met this condition by the digging of wells. His ships were next attacked, but were victorious. His attempt to capture the island of Pharos was unsuccessful, and he came near losing his life by drowning. His scarlet cloak, the mark of his rank, fell into the possession of the Alexandreians, and was exhibited as a trophy.

But as a ruler, the princess soon became obnoxious for her cruelty. The Alexandreians offered a truce and asked for their king. Cæsar trusted the professions of Ptolemy, and let him go to the Egyptian army to take possession of the throne. The prince affected unwillingness, shedding tears copiously, but no sooner had he got away than he turned all his energies to dislodge Cæsar from the Brukheion.

About this time Mithradates, the king of Pergamos, came to Egypt with an army to the help of Cæsar. He captured Pelusium and marched to Memphis. The Jews of Heliopolis took arms to oppose him, but Antipater arriving with more troops from Judea, sent by Hyrkanos, they changed sides. Ptolemy then marched from Alexandria, but Cæsar came to the assistance of Mithradates. Several battles took place, near the head of the Delta, and finally the Alexandreians were routed. Ptolemy was making his escape by ship, but it was sunk by the weight of the fugitives, and he was drowned.

This brought the war to an end, and when Cæsar returned from the battle, the Alexandreians met him, bearing the images of the gods in procession. He took possession of the city and proceeded to arrange the affairs of Egypt in conformity to the terms of the will of the late King Auletes. Kleopatra was made queen, with her younger brother Ptolemy Nekteros for a colleague. He had been chosen Dictator at Rome, but for the last six months of his stay he refrained from writing to any one there, and in the meanwhile Mark Antony exercised the powers of the office.

He finally set out by way of the sea-coast, and finished the war against Pharnakes, or Phana-Ka, the son of Mithradates of Pontos. Its speedy completion was expressed by his famous despatch: "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

On his return to Rome, he celebrated a triumph. He had brought with him the Princess Arsinoë, and he now exhibited her at the procession in chains,

following his car with other prisoners. There was a giraffe in the train, along with other spoils of conquest, the first animal of the kind ever beheld in Rome. The statue of the god of the River Nile was also in the procession in the guise of a captive.

Kleopatra came immediately afterward to Rome with her brother, and Ptolemy Cæsar, her young son. She asked to be acknowledged at Rome as at Alexandria, as the wife of Cæsar, and her son as his heir. He entertained her as a guest in his house.

At this time he was engaged in projects to consolidate the provinces and to extend systematic administration to them. The city of Rome was still a Republic, with democratic forms of government, and he was its chief magistrate by popular suffrage; but the proconsulships were military despotisms. Hence, while he was simply consul and first citizen at Rome, he was Emperor with autocratic powers elsewhere. His assuming of the style and trappings of imperial authority created apprehension among his own partisans, and led to his assassination. He was about to conduct an expedition into the East, when his career was thus abruptly terminated.

Whatever expectations Kleopatra may have entertained were entirely dissipated by this catastrophe. She now directed her endeavors to procure the recognition of the young Ptolemy Cæsar as her colleague. The application, however, was unsuccessful, and she returned to Alexandria.

The Roman world was now embroiled in civil strife. Brutus was master of Greece, and Cassius Longinus had possession of Asia. Decimus Brutus was appointed over Cisalpine Gaul, and Mark Antony attempted to exercise supreme power at Rome. But Octavianus Cæsar, with the aid of Cicero, procured a vote of the senate, declaring Antony an enemy to the Republic; and then, having defeated him in battle, entered into an agreement to unite and grasp the supreme authority. Octavianus was elected consul, and a commission of the triumvirate was appointed to revise the government. It began by a proscription in which each delivered his nearest supporters for victims, one of whom was Cicero himself. Sextus Pompey, who had sought to be made one of the triumvirs, was put off with a promise of the consulship, the supreme command in the Mediterranean and the possession of Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily and Akhaia. The republican party in Rome, having been put down, the war was prosecuted against Brutus and Cassius in the East, ending in their defeat at Philippi, and with it the final overthrow of republicanism.

A contest of this character did not leave it safe for a client country to remain neutral. Yet at the same time it was dangerous to affiliate with the losing side. Kleopatra was therefore in a position of extreme peril to herself. She resorted to several expedients to extricate herself. Her brother Ptolemy had become of age, and demanded a share in the government. He would not only interfere with her ambitions for her own son, but he was likely to embroil the country unwisely in this conflict of the masters. The perplexity was resolved by his death, and she was left to meet the exigencies as she was able.

Sextus Pompey had full control with his fleets over the sea-coast and commerce of Egypt, and she was obliged to propitiate his favor.

Then Dolabella* sent Allienus to her for soldiers to help recover Syria from Cassius. He was permitted to take four Roman legions that had been left by Julius Cæsar to hold Egypt, but he added them to the force that Cassius had assembled against Antony. Serapion also, who was the Egyptian governor of Cyprus, aided Cassius with his ships. Kleopatra herself likewise prepared a fleet, but before it was ready to sail, the battle of Philippi had been fought, and the republicans utterly crushed. It was necessary, therefore, under these circumstances, that she should give an account of her action to the conquerors. Antony, accordingly, having marched through Greece and Asia Minor to receive the submission of the provinces, sent orders to her to come to Tarsus.

Nevertheless, it was hardly as a culprit that she was summoned. The man who had been Julius Cæsar's most trusted lieutenant was no stranger to the Egyptian queen, and his messenger made it clear to her that she had no peril to apprehend. Her power of pleasing surpassed the arts that are usually at disposal. She was twenty-four years old, beautiful and intellectual, having the accomplishments in perfection that attract the fancy, and win admiration. She was pure Greek in form and character, the features regular, the hair wavy, the nose aquiline, the eyes deeply set, the forehead arched, and the mouth full and eloquent.

She had been carefully instructed in every department of learning. She was proficient in music and an accomplished linguist. She was of course skilled in Greek and Latin, but not less so in Arabic, Aramæan, Persian and Ethiopian. She had no need of an interpreter. She was also a scholar in physical science, and deeply learned in the philosophemes of the School of Alexandria. In short, she seemed to have combined in her mental endowments, all the gifts that her ancestor, the first Ptolemy, had contemplated to be brought to perfection by the institutions and facilities which he had provided for instruction. If with all these her personal charms were more regarded and longer remembered, it must be attributed to the temper of the period in which she lived, and the persons with whom she was obliged to associate. If her attractions were superior, so also was her talent. She was born to rule.

Her expedition to meet the Emperor at his tribunal has been often described in glowing colors. It would seem to have resembled the advent of an Aphroditê, gift of the waves, attended by her graces. More correctly, however, it was the endeavor of a queen to procure a longer term of existence for her realm, and of a mother ready for any sacrifice to make sure the fortunes of her son. It is superfluous to discourse upon the prodigality exhibited in festive entertainments, or the glamour which was about her, as matters of wonderment.

* L. Cornelius Dolabella was the husband of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, but her father required them to be divorced on account of his profligacy. He acted with the republicans after the death of Cæsar, but Mark Antony, during his brief term of supreme power at Rome, was able to bring him back into his party.

Women were the peace-makers of former times. They went on embassies to supplicate kings for mercy to their families and people, or benefits for their country. The visits of the wife of Nimarata to the Court of Piankhi, of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, of Judith to the camp of Holofernes, and of the mother and sister of Coriolanus to the Volscian camp are examples.

Kleopatra, like the first Cæsar, also came, saw and overcame. Antony was eager to obey her will. The ambition of her sister had imperilled her throne, and Antony caused Arsinoë to be put to death in the temple of the Amazonian goddess at Ephesus. After a brief campaign in Syria, he went to Alexandria, and there set up his imperial court. The devotion which he and Kleopatra manifested toward each other was not far unlike that of the lovers in the Hebrew Book of *Canticles*. Antony was passionately fond of luxury, pastimes and magnificent display; and she was diligent to gratify his tastes. He, likewise, after the manner of the Khalif Harun at Bagdad, would traverse the streets of Alexandria by night in quest of adventures, and she accompanied him in the dress of a servant. Iulus, his son, came to Egypt and was received as one of the royal family.

Fulvia, the wife of Antony, was endeavoring to guard his interests at Rome. She proposed to marry her daughter to Octavianus, but he refused and war ensued. Antony hurried home, but did not arrive till his wife and brother had been driven from the city. Fulvia died about this time, and the two chiefs were soon reconciled. Antony married Octavia, the sister of his colleague, and the triumvirate was again established.

The Parthians took advantage of this state of affairs to invade Palestine. They captured Jerusalem, carrying the priest-king Hyrkanos to Babylon and placing Antigonos, his nephew, in power. Herod, who was betrothed to Mariamne, the daughter of Hyrkanos, immediately set out for Rome, to procure the appointment of her brother Aristobulos to the kingdom.

Alexandria was on the highway of navigators from the East to Italy, and the young Idumæan stopped there. Kleopatra was impressed by his appearance and ability, and endeavored to secure him for herself. She pointed out the fact that it was the dangerous season for shipping on the Mediterranean, and that affairs in Italy were in inextricable disorder. If he would remain in Egypt, she offered him the command of her army. Herod, however, continued his voyage, encountering no little danger and delays. He was shipwrecked, barely escaping with his life, and was obliged to build a ship at Rhodes with which to prosecute his journey. He arrived at Rome at a fortunate period. Calvin was first consul, and the triumvirs had composed their quarrel. They received him cordially, for his father had served them both, and they were eager to oblige each other. On learning his errand and the state of affairs in Judea, the senate was assembled, and at the suggestion of Antony the kingdom was bestowed upon Herod, and Antigonos declared an enemy of the Republic.

Antony set out for the East with Octavia, spending the winter at Athens. Octavianus, who was now planning to uproot both his colleagues, began a

quarrel, and his sister returned to Rome to conciliate the two. Antony conducted a campaign against the Parthians, and she accompanied him as far as Korkyra or Korfu, in the Ionian Sea. She then returned to Rome, and Antony proceeded to Syria, where he was joined by Kleopatra, with soldiers and money. She obtained from him in return the former possessions of Egypt, Cyprus and the Kyrenaika, and also Phœnicia. Herod, aided by Sosios, the Roman general, had recovered Judea from the Parthians, but he appointed Ananel, a priest of the former lineage, to the primacy. He was afterward compelled to restore it to Aristobulos, the brother of his queen. Upon the assassination of the young pontiff at his instigation, Kleopatra made it the pretext to call him to account, hoping thereby to acquire the kingdom for Egypt. Antony, however, gave her Hollow Syria, and parts of Judea, and Arabic Nabatæ. She afterward accompanied him as far as the Euphrates on his expedition against Armenia, and was visited by Herod on the way back, to farm the revenues of these countries. He was on the point of putting her to death, but his friends dissuaded him, insisting that he would thereby make an enemy of Antony, and procure his own destruction. He declared in justification that she was endeavoring to persuade him to compromise himself with her, in order that she might embroil him with Antony and obtain his kingdom. However, their counsels prevailed, and he conducted her on her way to Egypt.

Kleopatra was by no means unmindful of the glory of Alexandria. She repaired as well as she was able, the injuries sustained from the war against Cæsar, and also obtained from Antony the famous library of Pergamos, founded by Attalos and Eumenes II, exceeding two hundred thousand parchment rolls. Alexandria thus continued in its exalted rank as metropolis of learning, while Pergamos retained only the fame which it derived from the famous temple of Æsculapius.

Octavianus had not relaxed an endeavor in his purpose to become sole master of the Roman world. He conquered Sextus Pompey and evicted Lepidus from the triumvirate and government of Africa. He now prepared for the final conflict with Antony himself. He first commanded his sister to repudiate her husband for his profligacy and infidelity. He got possession of a will purporting to be that of Antony, which had been deposited in Rome, broke the seals and read it first to the senate, and afterward to the Roman multitude. In it Antony desired that his body after death, should be carried to Egypt and buried by the side of Kleopatra. He endeavored to create the impression that Antony would give the Republic to the Egyptian queen, and transfer the seat of empire from the banks of the Tiber to the city on the Nile.

He was successful with his perfidy. The Romans would permit any degree of profligacy, but they were tenacious in regard to marriage alliances with persons of foreign nationalities. A decree of the senate was obtained divesting Antony of his authority and a declaration of war was issued against Kleopatra. Antony had just been elected consul, but he was not inaugurated.

He was not able to cope with the cunning of his rival, and the net had been

too carefully woven to be disentangled. He sent an order to Octavia at Rome to leave his house as being no more his wife. She sorrowfully obeyed. She had faithfully labored to preserve peace, but she was weak against the machinations of her brother, and the wayward acts of her husband.

Antony returned victorious from Armenia and his triumph at Alexandria was signaled by the presence of the captive king following behind his car. He was now Emperor of the East, and proceeded to make a disposition of his provinces. Calling an assembly of Alexandrians at the Gymnasium, and seating himself and Kleopatra on two golden thrones, he proclaimed her with her son Ptolemy Cæsar as her colleague, queen over Egypt, Cyprus, the Kyrenaika and Syria. He also declared Ptolemy, the son, the true and lawful heir of Julius Cæsar. To her sons by himself he gave the title of "Kings, the Sons of Kings," and he also bestowed provinces upon them. Ptolemy, the older of them, was appointed king of Phœnicia, Syria, and Kilikia; and Alexander, the younger, received Armenia, Media and Parthia, when it should be conquered.

The royal personages were all apparelled in costumes corresponding to their respective countries. Kleopatra wore the sacred robe and was styled the "Later Isis." Ptolemy had a long cloak and slippers, with a bonnet encircled by a diadem; and Alexander was attired in a Medic garb and tiara. Antony himself carried an oriental cimeter, and was crowned as a king and Emperor greater than kings.

The coins of this period commemorated these events. Sosios, who was then consul at Rome, issued one with the head of Antony on one side, and the Egyptian Eagle and sceptre on the other, and bearing the inscription: "A Third Time Consul," in Latin. At Alexandria the coins of the Sons bore the names of their father and mother; and the others had the heads of Antony and Kleopatra, with the inscriptions: "Antony, third time autocrat of the Romans," and "Kleopatra, the Later Goddess." On the coins of Antioch the royal pair were named together.

The lines were now drawn, and preparations were made for war. Two years were spent in the work. Octavianus recruited his forces from Italy, Gaul, Spain and Carthage, eighty thousand infantry and twelve thousand horse, with two hundred and fifty ships. Antony collected his from Thrace, Asia Minor, Egypt and Africa, a hundred thousand foot, twelve thousand horse, and five hundred ships.

Kleopatra was sanguine of victory. It was her favorite asseveration: "As surely as I shall issue my decrees from the Roman Capitol." But the voyage to the Adriatic was no excursion of a goddess-queen attended by cupids and graces on her galley, and the event was no conquest of an Emperor. The fleets of the rival chiefs encountered each other on the second of September, in a little bay of the Adriatic, near the temple of Actium. For a time, the prospects were bright for Antony, when panic seized the queen. She turned her galley and fled from the conflict, not stopping till she had reached the African shore.

Antony followed. The victory which was in his grasp was abandoned. His forces on land greatly outnumbered the others, and it was difficult to convince them that their Emperor had deserted them. Immediately on learning this they changed masters, part to join the army of Octavianus, and part to return home.

The fugitives landed in Libya. Kleopatra went on to Alexandria. She had recovered from her panic, but Antony brooded in moody despair. All was not lost, the queen insisted. She endeavored to effect negotiations with different princes. But they had taken the part of the conqueror.

Herod of Judea had owed his throne to Antony, and been both profuse in gifts and abject in professions of devotion. He was of a jealous temper, and had long apprehended that Kleopatra might undermine him and deprive him of his crown. He even contemplated putting her to death in his jealousy, but feared that it would involve him in the very calamity which he dreaded. Now, however, he cut loose from his benefactor, and hastened to Rhodes to meet Octavianus, and swear anew allegiance. He afterward accompanied the Roman army through Syria, entertaining the officers and men, and "made a plentiful provision of water for them when they were to march as far as Pelusium, through a dry country, which he did also on their return; nor were there any necessaries wanting to the army."

The defection of Herod was the one thing desired, to assure the destruction of Antony. Other princes copied his example. The queen, however, did not yet give up all. She proposed, likewise, that if Egypt could not be held, to go with her fleet through the Suez Canal to some country, like Punt, to which the power of Rome did not extend.

Antony had remained in a little fortress near the harbor of Alexandria, in a state of abject prostration. Here word came to him that his allies had abandoned him, and that his army had joined Octavianus. He came immediately from his retreat and joined the queen. It was, however, an adding of his impotency to her burden.

As Antony and Kleopatra were the losers in this conflict, the story of their fall has been told for the conquerors and colored as they might require. Much that has been written and repeated is exaggerated and even untrue. In drama, it is common to do this; and even the tragedies of Shakespeare have perverted history.

The round of costly festivals and shows at Alexandria was again revived. It was in accordance with a policy to create an atmosphere of hopefulness. Unfortunately, however, the population of Northern Egypt was not homogeneous nor even Egyptian, but a conglomerate of Greeks and Asiatics, traders and nomads, with little attachment to the soil. It had, therefore, neither the devotion to Egypt, characteristic of the natives, as a religion, nor even common patriotism. It mattered little to such men what was the government or by whom it was administered.

The Roman army finally reached Pelusium, and its Greek commander sur-

rendered it without a struggle, falsely asserting that he did so by the command of the queen. Other garrisons made a feeble show of resistance, but it was not long before the invaders were in front of Alexandria. Then Antony sailed out, and routed the cavalry. The old master of horse in Roman armies had still the remains of former force. It was told, that on his return from battle, he praised the bravery of a soldier to Kleopatra, and that the soldier received a rich present from her, and immediately deserted to Octavianus. The next morning Antony renewed the conflict. His fleet and cavalry abandoned him, leaving the infantry to suffer a rout. Octavianus had succeeded better with his gold than with his soldiers.

He endeavored to effect a negotiation with the queen, but his overtures included the condition that Antony should be put to death. At the same time he caused the word to be carried to Antony, that such a negotiation was in progress. He knew the temper of his rival and hoped by exciting his jealousy to stimulate him to a desperate act. He dared not execute Antony or exhibit him as a prisoner in Rome. Antony might seek to punish the supposed duplicity of Kleopatra, but he would not be willing to survive her. Thus the knotty problem would be solved.

While receiving messengers from Octavianus, the queen was engaged in preparing for herself a funeral pyre worthy of an Oriental monarch. She had erected a tower near the temple of Isis, and brought to it her treasures, jewels, clothing and other valuables, and had stored it with flax and other combustibles. Torches were placed in every corner ready for lighting. She then retired to it, and sent to Antony her farewell message. He, at once, in an agony of grief, plunged his sword into his breast. The messenger hurried back to the queen, who immediately sent to bring him to her. He was borne to the tower, and Kleopatra with her two maids drew him by cords to the upper window. A few words were uttered and he expired.

Octavianus found little resistance in taking possession of Alexandria. He immediately gave orders to seize the person of the queen. Her sister, Arsinoë had been led through the streets of Rome in chains to grace the triumph of Julius Cæsar, and it would be a greater achievement now to exhibit Queen Kleopatra herself in like humiliation. Cornelius Gallus, whom he made proconsul, was sent to take her alive. While he was holding conversation with her, three soldiers scaled the tower, and coming stealthily behind her, snatched the dagger from her hand.

At the same time, Octavianus called the Greek citizens of Alexandria together in the Gymnasium, and promised them amnesty. He also took the three children of Antony and Kleopatra into his charge, but the unfortunate King Ptolemy, the son of Julius Cæsar, whom his perfidious Greek tutor betrayed, as he was fleeing to Ethiopia, was remorselessly put to death. The man who aspired to the name and inheritance of Cæsar, esteemed it necessary to have all rivals of near relationship out of his way. He was too selfish to let even gratitude stand in his way. Once Cicero had stood up intrepidly for him

when he was unable to maintain his own cause, and he, a few months later gave the orator up to be murdered.

He now endeavored to influence Kleopatra. He visited her in her chamber and gave her leave to bury the body of Antony. He strove to prevent her from doing violence to herself, promising her honorable treatment, and threatening the lives of her children. But Kleopatra knew that little confidence could be given to a man who knew no law but his own ambition, who had abandoned his own friends after they had saved his life, and who had scrupled at no perfidy or intrigue, to undermine Antony. She was also aware that her children would be safer in his hands if she should die.

Her plans were made accordingly. As though to declare herself still a queen she attired herself in her robes of state, put on the crown of Egypt surmounted by the royal asp, and then met her death. By what means she died is not known.

So she passed away, Kleopatra, the "Glory of the Fatherland." Perhaps with better conditions, her career would have better justified her name. She had the energy and persuasiveness which characterized Manon Roland, the sagacity and eloquence of Aspasia, the positiveness of Maria Theresa. With the means which the times permitted to her she accomplished results that needed only permanence to have won for her effusive praise. She lived thirty-nine years, and reigned twenty-two, seven of them as the spouse of Antony. When she became queen, Egypt was but a province, and its kings but effigies kept in position by Rome. With her it became once more a sovereignty, and Alexandria was the seat of empire. None of the old warrior-kings, Osirtasen, Thôthmes, or Rameses, accomplished more. Unfortunately for her, she had no partner in her power, who was equal to the exigency. She was renowned for luxury, but with her it was like a weapon, or means to an end; with Antony it was the end, the boon for what had been already endured. She failed in a moment of panic, as soldiers often do, but recovered; he sank abjectly, like one broken down by calamity. The more she made of him an imperial ruler, the less able he became to command an army. Perhaps she might have saved Egypt, but he became in the end a clog and dead weight upon her energy. Nevertheless, she was faithful to him to the last; if unable to live with him, she was resolute to die with him.

Octavianus did not overturn her statues with those of Antony, but accepted a thousand talents for permitting them to stand. He, however, assumed to be her successor, taking for himself the title of "King of Egypt," and dating documents from the first year of his reign. He placed the government in the hands of Gallus, a man of inferior rank, and forbade Roman senators from visiting Egypt except by his special permission. He set out to build a new capital instead of Alexandria, calling it Nikopolis, the "City of the Conqueror." He carried the twin orphans, Alexander and Kleopatra, to Rome and exhibited them in chains in his triumphal procession, together with the statue of their mother. He likewise took the double crown of Egypt, the crown jewels

and other regalia, and showed them to the multitude. He also removed statues and the obelisks of Thôthmes IV and Psametikh, and looted so much money that the rate of interest fell in Italy and land rose in price.

But the Egyptians themselves, the bodies of their kings, and their religion, he treated with contempt; and he gave the people no more consideration than was extended to nomad Skyths and Arabs. Tribute was exacted in fourfold amount; all the gold of the country was taken, and twenty million bushels of wheat were carried annually to Rome to feed the idle populace.

A few temples were built, and the priests continued their functions. The inscriptions give the Emperor the same titles that were borne by the Ptolemies and native kings.

Egyptian rites and theology were also carried to Rome, and adopted by many of the people in preference to the lifeless statue worship which was only permitted to Roman patrician families. The Egyptian Eagle and thunderbolt appeared henceforth on Roman coins. So general was the prevalence of the Egyptian influence that the Emperor passed a law necessary to forbid the Egyptian rites in Rome. They permeated all the later faiths.

Yet though she, the Glory of the Fatherland, thus passed away, and her dominion became the prize of strangers, there still remained her monument for centuries,—the Library and School of Philosophy which the ancestor of her line had founded, and which she restored and embellished. Alexandria was the home of learning and culture till the violence of religious jealousy, and the torch of incendiary fanaticism accomplished the fell work of Apollyon the Destroyer.

Such was the fate of Egypt and her Dynasties.

THE END.

THE MASTER SOUL.

“The Master-Soul is one, Alaya, the Universal Soul. Live in that Master as Its ray in thee. Live in thy fellows as they live in It.”

* * *

“Thou hast to saturate thyself with pure Alaya, become as one with Nature’s Soul-Thought. And one with it thou art invincible; in separation, thou becomest the playground of Samvriti, origin of all the world’s delusions.

* * *

“. . . Yet, one word. Canst thou destroy divine compassion? Compassion is no attribute. It is the Law of Laws—eternal Harmony, Alaya’s Self; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting right, and fitness of all things, the law of love eternal.”

—*Voice of The Silence.*

“In each phase of its progress science has stopped short with superficial solutions, has unscientifically neglected to ask what was the nature of the ancients it so familiarly invoked. . . . And this, which has all along been the unscientific characteristic of science has all along been a part cause of its conflict with religion.”

* * *

“Not as adventitious will the wise man regard the faith which is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter, knowing that, let may what come of it, he is thus playing his part right in the world—knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at—well; if not, well also, though not so well.”

—HERBERT SPENCER.

SIGN-POSTS ALONG THE PATH*



STUDENT—Has the age in which one lives any effect on the student ; and what is it?

Sage—It has effect on every one, but the student after passing along in his development feels the effect more than the ordinary man. Were it otherwise, the sincere and aspiring students all over the world would advance at once to those heights toward which they strive. It takes a very strong soul to hold back the age's heavy hand, and it is all the more difficult because that influence, being a part of the student's larger life, is not so well understood by him. It operates in the same way as a structural defect in a vessel. All the inner as well as the outer fibre of the man is the result of the long centuries of earthly lives lived here by his ancestors. These sow seeds of thought and physical tendencies in a way that you cannot comprehend. All those tendencies affect him. Many powers once possessed are hidden so deep as to be unseen, and he struggles against obstacles constructed ages ago. Further yet are the peculiar alterations brought about in the astral world. It, being at once a photographic plate, so to say, and also a reflector, has become the keeper of the mistakes of ages past, which it continually reflects upon us from a plane to which most of us are strangers. In that sense therefore, free as we suppose ourselves, we are walking about completely hypnotized by the past, acting blindly under the suggestions thus cast upon us.

Student—What mitigation is there about this age? Is there nothing at all to relieve the picture?

Sage—There is one thing peculiar to the present *Kali-Yuga* that may be used by the student. All causes now bring about their effects much more rapidly than in any other or better age. A sincere lover of the race can accomplish more in three incarnations under *Kali-Yuga's* reign than he could in a much greater number in any other age. Thus by bearing all the manifold troubles of this age and steadily triumphing, the object of his efforts will be more quickly realized, for, while the obstacles seem great, the powers to be invoked can be reached more quickly.

Student—Even if this is, spiritually considered, a Dark Age, is it not in part redeemed by the increasing triumphs of mind over matter, and by the effects of science in mitigating human ills, such as the causes of disease, disease itself, cruelty, intolerance, bad laws, etc.?

Sage—Yes, these are mitigations of the darkness in just the same way that a lamp gives some light at night, but does not restore daylight. In this age there are great triumphs of science, but they are nearly all directed to

effects, and do not take away the *causes* of evils. Great strides have been made in the arts and in cure of diseases, but in the future, as the flower of our civilization unfolds, new diseases will arise and more strange disorders will be known, springing from causes that lie deep in the minds of men and which can only be eradicated by spiritual living.

Student—Admitting all you say, are not we, as Theosophists, to welcome every discovery of truth in any field, especially such truth as lessens suffering or enlarges the moral sense?

Sage—That is our duty. All truths discovered must be parts of the one Absolute Truth, and so much added to the sum of our outer knowledge. There will always be a large number of men who seek for these parts of truth, and others who try to alleviate present human misery. They each do a great and appointed work that no true Theosophist should ignore. And it is also the duty of the latter to make similar efforts when possible, for Theosophy is a dead thing, if it is not turned into the life. At the same time, no one of us may be the judge of just how much or how little our brother is doing in that direction. If he does all that he can and knows how to do, he does his whole present duty.

Student—I fear that a hostile attitude by Occult teachers toward the learning and philanthropy of the time may arouse prejudice against Theosophy and Occultism, and needlessly impede the spread of Truth. May it not be so?

Sage—The real Occult teachers have no hostile attitude toward these things. If some persons, who like Theosophy and try to spread it, take such a position, they do not thereby alter the one assumed by the real teachers who work with all classes of men and use every possible instrument for good. But at the same time we have found that an excess of the technical and special knowledge of the day very often acts to prevent men from apprehending the truth.

Student—Are there any causes, other than the spread of Theosophy, which may operate to reverse the present drift toward materialism?

Sage—The spread of the knowledge of the laws of Karma and Reincarnation and of a belief in the absolute spiritual unity of all beings will alone prevent this drift. The cycle must, however, run its course, and until that is ended all beneficial causes will of necessity act slowly, and not to the extent they would in a brighter age. As each student *lives* a better life and by his example imprints upon the astral light the picture of a higher aspiration acted in the world, he *thus aids souls of advanced development to descend from other spheres* where the cycles are so dark that they can no longer stay there.

Student—Accept my thanks for your instruction.

Sage—May you reach the terrace of enlightenment.

—CONVERSATIONS ON OCCULTISM, page 19.

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

KARMA AND COMPOUND INTEREST.

It has been stated that in seeking to hold back Karma, Karma would add to itself compound interest. How can this be possible? Can a given cause increase and have a greater effect as time goes on than the original value of said cause, if reaction be equal to action?



It has been stated"—but where and by whom? As no one speaks, or states any principle, by authority, it may make no difference by whom; but if one knew where and in what connection this statement occurs, it might perhaps be more readily understood and answered.

2. "In seeking to hold back Karma." Now Karma means Action. The effort exerted in seeking to hold back its natural result is also action. Will not this new action or Karma attach itself to the old, and come back with it, as if a man whose note is due, instead of paying it, makes a new note for principal and interest?

3. "If reaction be equal to action." Let us not suppose, except for illustration, that the working out of the results of action is so simple a matter as this. We are each moving forward in time, and every moment each is projecting lines of influence in every direction. These Karmic lines, if undisturbed, trace a curve and come back to us at a later point in our own course. If I am riding on an open car, and shoot an arrow forward at an elevation to make its horizontal speed equal to my own, it will trace its course and catch me where our paths again coincide—and there is no compound interest. But if, as it is about to strike, I knock it aside into a hornet's nest, I may sooner or later reap a result that indicates a high rate of compound interest. This too, is a simple proposition.

In truth, our actions are constantly affecting other people and mingling with their actions, thus combining in an indefinite (to us) if not infinite number of ways. We are responsible each in his own degree for these combined lines of force. If a tree has been sawn through at the stump, and two men seek to push it over, one pushing it north and the other east, with equal force, it will fall northeast. If there are men on every side pushing, it will either remain standing, the forces balancing each other, or it will fall in the line of least resistance if they do not balance. Each pusher is responsible for his own share in the direction in which the tree at last falls. This is a weak illustration of the way our Karmic lines combine with those of others, but it may help to make my meaning clear.

The chances are very slight indeed for our actions (Karma) to return to us in the form we sent them out; they may sometimes come changed beyond recognition by combining with those of others. If, as already said, we push

them aside, they will come back with the added force of the new push, and very likely in new and unexpected combinations. If causes heretofore set in motion by us, perhaps in former lives, return to us in the form of physical disease, and we by mental effort heal the disease by pushing (or pulling) its cause back into the astral or mental sphere, we thus postpone the final result of the original Karmic cause; and it is reasonable to suppose that when it again returns it will be in a new combination and with added force.

But the Karmic interest and the compound interest continually added thereto, that comes of pure thought and a clean, simple, unselfish life, will be such as will ultimately result in a pure and healthy body.

G. A. MARSHALL.

Will you please tell me in the Universal Brotherhood Path if Theosophists think—or Theosophy teaches—that “Mental Healing” or “Christian Science” is wrong when done out of compassion, without thought of gain or honor, and without the knowledge of the person concerned. If so, why? Have you any idea as to the power Christ and his disciples and other persons up through history used in healing the sick?

J. BERRY.

It would seem that the writer of the question holds that “Mental Healing” and “Christian Science” may be wrong if done from other motives than those mentioned by him, but regards the practices included under these designations as permissible and right in the circumstances named. So, let us consider the case as presented.

What is compassion? Is that compassion which usually goes by the name? Should our compassion be for and with the lower nature and the man as he ordinarily appears, or for and with the soul, the real man in his higher nature? It is true the soul suffers because of the lower nature, but to the extent that the higher nature is awakened, it is willing to endure its own sufferings and the sufferings of the lower nature, in that they tend to purify the lower nature and refine it. Most of that which goes by the name of compassion is comparable to that false sentiment which when a naughty child cries for a toy or a piece of candy, will for the sake of peace (!) give it to stop the child’s crying. This treatment of children is not the exception, it is the rule, and it is an index of our treatment of ourselves and others and of the false sentiment by which we are controlled. We too often seek to mollify and pacify the lower nature by feeding it, forgetting that lust can never “be killed out if gratified or satiated,” and that “it is by feeding vice that it expands and waxes strong, like to the worm that fattens on the blossom’s heart.” The whole trend of Christian Science, Mental Healing and allied systems may be summed up as follows: That I may be well, that my physical body may be beautiful—in order that I may ever experience new sensations and enjoy the repetition of old, without reaping the results that nature enforces as a penalty for a life of sensation. To this false idea underlying these systems we might say, in the words

of Paul, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"; and though man by reason of his being a part of Nature, and wielding some of her powers may delay the harvest for a time, yet he cannot escape its reaping, though it be many lives hence.

But true compassion looks deeper and further than any immediate, temporary satisfaction or mere appearance of well-being. True compassion is willing to see and feel suffering in and for and with another, and in and for one's self, for the sake of the discipline and purifying influence. For compassion does not mean the desire to eliminate suffering, nor does it work to remove suffering as an end; it means "to suffer with" and works for that state of human perfection in which the body, mind and affections and all the human powers shall become the perfect harmonious instrument and mirror of the divine nature or soul. In the work of true compassion the elimination of suffering is not an end but only an incident.

On the other hand, as stated, the immediate removal of suffering and of the appearances of disease appears to be the goal and chief aim of the practices referred to, irrespective of the causes or ultimate results. And not only this, but these practices are, almost universally, still further tainted by, if not indeed having as their main motive, the charging of fees for the alleged or attempted cures and the sale of instruction in the knowledge(?) and methods of obtaining such alleged cures to any gullible person who may have the required sum of money, regardless of the moral character of the applicant for such treatment or tuition.

The claim of the possibility of treatment and cure without the knowledge of the patient, and the almost universal practice to treat merely for a fee—as advertised in the publications of these societies—are not compatible with what is claimed as the basis of these systems, namely, that disease is the result of wrong thinking. Otherwise, the only logical conclusion would be that one person may do the thinking for another and radically and immediately change the habits of thought of another without that other's consent or knowledge—thus doing away entirely with individual responsibility. Only one inference is possible, that if such were the case, the result would be produced by the usurpation of the freedom of thought and will of the patient by the operator. Even if it be claimed that this is not so, the whole system stultifies itself, for if the thought of the patient be not changed (and remember we are discussing treatment "without the knowledge" of the patient) and if the disease be the result of wrong habits of thought as is claimed by Mental Healing and Christian Science, then the thoughts and mode of life not being changed (save by usurpation of the will power) the disease will re-appear and no real cure has been achieved. For, the old habits of thought continuing will result as heretofore in disease—granting that the disease originally was due to the old habits of thought.

It will thus be seen that these systems as taught and practiced do not depend upon compassion, absence of thought of gain or of desire for honor. It is not

denied that true sympathy has a tremendous power, but there can be no true sympathy or compassion where there is thought of gain or honor, nor can either exist in the deepest sense where it depends upon the knowledge of the person concerned. But this power of sympathy and of compassion is very, very different from the forces employed in general in the practices referred to. Moreover, it is not denied that apparent cures have been made by following the methods of these systems, or that there are some earnest, truth-seeking men and women among their adherents; but while it is true that the mind has an immense power over matter, the *application* of this truly scientific fact as made by these systems is contrary to Nature's methods and to Nature's great law, that every cause must have its due and appropriate effect and will continue operative until the full effect has been attained. The results attained by these systems and their apparent cures are due, not to the working with Nature but to the prostitution of Nature's powers.

As to the final question regarding "the power Christ and his disciples and other persons up through history used in healing the sick," it must be clear to any sincere student of the teachings of Christ and of those whose lives have approximated to his, that their power was primarily the power of wisdom, the knowledge of Nature's laws and of the soul's purposes; it was the power that comes through working *with* Nature—the power of true sympathy, of true compassion with and for the soul in its upward climb toward perfection. But the logical outcome of the teaching, or rather the claims of the systems referred to, is the denial of the possibility of the soul's progress and makes of the whole of life a farce. The practices rest upon a fallacy so apparent that it is marvelous that so many should have been deluded into accepting them, but this is only another of the many signs of the enslavement of humanity by the lust for sensuous enjoyment, and the desire to escape the consequences of ignorance or wrong-doing. They are an attempt to cheat Nature, but though Nature is long-suffering, "not one jot or tittle of the law shall pass, till *all* be fulfilled."

J. H. FUSSELL.

PYTHAGOREAN MAXIMS.

"You shall honor God best by becoming godlike in your thoughts. Whoso giveth God honor as to one that needeth it, that man in his folly hath made himself greater than God. The wise man only is a priest, is a lover of God, is skillful to pray; for that man only knows how to worship, who begins by offering himself as the victim, fashions his own soul into a divine image, and furnishes his mind as a temple for the reception of the divine light."

* * *

"Know so far as is permitted thee, that Nature in all things is like unto herself: that thou mayest not hope that of which there is no hope, nor be ignorant of that which may be.

"Know thou also that the woes of men are the work of their own hands. Miserable are they, because they see not and hear not the good that is very nigh them: and the way of escape from evil few there be that understand it."

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

Old and New.

To realize the full purpose of the work and the promise for the future, it is well at times to take a backward glance and compare the past with the present. Nothing more clearly shows the tremendous progress that has been made than the reports of the work, which come in month by month and week by week from Lodges all over the world. The record of the past pales in comparison with that of today. Most noticeable is the hopefulness and enthusiasm and the willingness to follow out the Leader's suggestions everywhere shown by the members. The old touch of anxiety about the success of the work which hampered the efforts of so many in the past, has given place to an assurance of its glorious triumph. Members who in the old days seemed but half-hearted now wear a new expression on their faces, and with very few exceptions are much more united in lodge-work. In almost every case, the number of active workers in the Lodges is greatly increased, so that the Lodges instead of depending for their life and progress on the efforts of the few, have the active co-operation of the many, each of the new members realizing that he has a share in this grand work.

* * *

The Fathers at Point Loma.

November 11th was a record day in the annals of Point Loma. First, for the arrival of the two fathers of the organization, E. A. Neresheimer and Clark Thurston, and second for the opening ceremonies in the Aryan Memorial Temple, the first temple built at the Point and dedicated to William Q. Judge and H. P. Blavatsky.

The moment of greeting on the arrival of the two fathers and the royal welcome we gave them will never be forgotten by those who participated. As they stepped out of the Homestead tally-ho a burst of song—the glorious song of welcome—rang out from all the students assembled. The grand entrance hall was a veritable bower of Point Loma flowers and palms. Just as they stepped on to the veranda they were greeted with a shower of the loveliest fragrant blossoms thrown by the children on the upper balcony, dressed in their white Egyptian costumes. The Leader's happy face showed how glad she was at the arrival of these two veteran warriors. It was a welcome home, and Point Loma as "Home" has a deeper significance than any other spot in the world.

* * *

Dedication— Aryan Temple.

There are no words to describe the perfect harmony of this building—truly a temple. Its perfect proportion, the circular plan, the pillars, the great dome, with its purple-tinted glass, all lead man's thoughts to the highest, and are symbolical of his divinest powers and his perfect harmonious development. The acoustic properties are perfect, and the grand chorus of song did indeed lift one's thoughts to divine heights. After the ceremonies in the Temple a procession was formed and all marched to the School of Antiquity grounds. There were two great bonfires, one in front of the Homestead, and one on the School grounds, lighting up the whole building and all the surrounding country, and with the soft lights coming from the Temple and all the hosts of stars, shining as only stars do shine at Point Loma, and the long line of students in their white students' costumes, formed a picture full of the deepest significance, and one that must have impressed itself indelibly upon the minds of all present.

* * *

Children's Festival.

On the next day, November 12th, a festival was given to the children of the Raja Yoga School in honor of the two fathers. After ceremonies in the Temple with their beautiful Lotus songs, their marching and symbolical grouping, the children and all the others marched to the beautiful dining-room of the Homestead, transformed into a fairy land of flowers and garlands, with tiny flags worked in silk, of all the nations of the world, each on its little

flag-pole. Oh, the happy bright faces, the clear beautiful eyes of the little ones, their sweet voices and ringing laughter. what a picture. luminous with hope for the future

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The Two Fathers at the Colony. On Tuesday, November 14, the Leader and the two fathers, E. A. Neresheimer and Clark Thurston, and other members of the Universal Brotherhood Cabinet, visited the International Brotherhood League Colony, by special invitation. ● If this visit Brother Clark Thurston writes as follows: "With our two great white horses, we set out from the Homestead up hill and down dale to the high eminence on which stands the most remarkable business enterprise of modern times, where we were to enjoy the hospitality of its active workers. These greeted us in holiday attire, in their spacious rest room, from which we proceeded to the refectory and its table laden with the bounties of this genial clime. Over it all trailed a profusion of the rarest flowers. There, surrounded by bright and happy faces, we were in the midst of the culmination and crown of our efforts of nearly a quarter of a century, to bring down upon earth a living, active brotherhood. One felt an inexpressible gratitude that we were privileged to take part in such an assembly. We were from nearly every walk in life—men and women of reputation in the professions and the great industries of the world, and in our midst the Master-Mind and Heart of such wide experience, whom we gratefully acknowledged as always leading us on, constantly in advance of our own accumulated experiences and knowledge of the world of men and affairs. For here in this colony is an actual solution of every problem that vexes the mind of humanity—capital and labor are here in their true and harmonious relation; soul, mind and body are here energized and made active to a degree that surpasses the experience of men widely versed in the management of affairs elsewhere. From this eminence we look out upon the most entrancing land and water view. It is perfect in its harmony of light, color, shade and form, and its energizing sunshine. The place, its people, and the great Heart and Mind guiding and inspiring it and them, are a living benediction to the people of the earth."

* * *

Cabinet Meetings. It is a wonderful picture, which I wish I could fully describe in words, to see the Leader with the two fathers of the organization and the other members of the Cabinet, at their meetings in one of the private rooms in the upper part of the Aryan Temple, devoted to such purposes. E. A. Neresheimer, Chairman of the Cabinet; F. M. Pierce, Clark Thurston, H. T. Patterson, Iverson L. Harris, Robert Crosbie, and J. H. Fussell acting as Recorder, all have many interesting stories to tell of the devotion of the members, and of the awakening interest that is being taken in the movement by the public.

Week by week The New Century, and month by month in this magazine, have appeared reports of the activities and the progress of the work, but it is only by looking back at the whole year's record as is being done in the yearly reports now being got ready by the different officers, and by seeing the private correspondence of the Leader, which she never publishes, that one can at all adequately realize the immense work that has been done. Many times, the hand that writes is constrained to stop by the recital of some touching incident of devotion. There are many such that might be told, and many members in isolated places have held aloft the torch of truth and made brotherhood a living power in their lives, causing their influence for good to be felt and realized by the whole community.

* * *

Aryan Printing Press. It was at one of these Cabinet meetings, during a few hours, that the whole plan was unfolded by the Leader for a large printing establishment at Point Loma. This will be another link with the work of the past, and is the revival of a department, which for some time was active at the old headquarters in New York, but which, for lack of room and adequate and trustworthy technical help, had to be discontinued. The Aryan Printing Press

in New York, founded by William Q. Judge, supplied in the early days of its history a long-felt want, but Mr. Judge himself discontinued most of its work and was arranging for its entire cessation in its then narrow quarters at 144 Madison Avenue, as it was totally inadequate to the increasing work of the organization. When the present Leader began her work it was an utter impossibility for it to fulfill the requirements, and she therefore had it discontinued entirely. Now, however, the opportunity has come for this department of activity to again revive, and here there will be every advantage for its progress.

* * *

We might pause here once more and look back at the old, comparing it with the new. Here the Aryan Temple is built, here are gathered the students from all walks in life, and from all the professions—each giving of his knowledge and power, his experience and capability, and most of all his heart's devotion to the work, under the wise guiding hand of the Leader. Can it be wondered at that every undertaking is an enormous success, even in its inception?

The members all over the world can well imagine how much the establishment of the Aryan Printing Press means for the uplifting of the masses.

* * *

New Home for the Publishing Company and Aryan Press.

Concerning the new home for these departments of the Universal Brotherhood, F. M. Pierce says as follows: "Proceeding from San Diego to reach

Point Loma Homestead and the site of the S. R. L. M. A., the traveler first crosses a tide-water level about one mile wide over a causeway, which bridges the tide stream. This in reality makes Point Loma an island, and the topographical features of Point Loma and its surroundings plainly indicate that its shores were, at no remote period, entirely water-washed, and that it was separated from the mainland by a considerable strait. Reaching the Point Loma end of the present causeway or turnpike road, it widens out to a flat stretch of land bordering the bay, while immediately back of this the land rises abruptly on a high plateau. This upper plateau on which the Homestead and School of Antiquity grounds are located commands a sweeping view of the great Pacific Ocean, San Diego Bay and City and the Sierra Madre mountains, sweeping from the north as far as the vision reaches, south into Mexico. The plateau is reached from the bay level through three natural canyons or gorges. The one from the north is overlooked and commanded from the hill, which is occupied by the International Brotherhood League Colony. The narrowing mouth of one of the other passes by which the plateau is reached from the eastern side, is commanded by a leased property of the Homestead, occupied by Iverson L. Harris, one of the Cabinet Officers of the organization. The remaining pass is commanded and its mouth fully occupied, excepting the road-way, by property purchased by the Brotherhood under direction of the Leader.

"It was for some months a matter of curious surmise as to why this property should have been purchased at a point isolated from the rest of the organization's land. Yesterday, November 16th, the Leader and a party of the Cabinet officers, also J. R. Addison, one of our strong builder-brothers, took a pleasure-drive in the Homestead tally-ho, and stopping on the curious canyon property in question, remained for about half an hour, with the result that the grounds were laid out, directions given, and plans put under way for the immediate utilization of this place and the erection thereon of a commodious publishing, engraving, printing and mailing establishment, wherein all the printing of the organization and its departments will be done, including the publication by the Theosophical Publishing Co., of several New Cycle or Time's Stories, and literary works authored by students, brilliant writers, whose names will remain unknown. From this place members of the organization and the world at large will please note that works of a character and merit are in preparation which will shed a new and brighter light on the world's life, and of the nature and character of its most active and dominant factor, man, and the soul, which he is.

"This building alone will be larger than the whole of the old Headquarters at 144

Madison Avenue, New York, and be divided into composition, printing, engraving, mailing, and commodious office rooms—the latter occupying a spacious octagonal salient in the front of the building, which, with the remaining front, will be ornamented and made more useful by a broad piazza. This commodious and, for its purpose, handsome building, will be complemented by the conspicuous title, “THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,” and on the works therein printed and published will appear the words, “ARYAN PRESS.”

“It should be unnecessary, at least with Theosophists, to call their attention to the connecting link formed by the above combined names between the new and the old, and through the name “Aryan Press” the link formed by loving hearts with the one who, years ago, in the then struggling condition of the Theosophical Society, tentatively established and gave name to the Society-limited Press, which has now been expanded to print saving literature for the whole world.

“Kind nature has seemingly made an exertion to do her part in helping earnest, true human beings, when they honestly attempt to do their duty. For, in a country where, without other exception, water for all purposes requires to be pumped and brought for many miles at great expense through pipe lines—here on this property already exists an unfailing well, ample for supplying all possible needs of the new enterprise. The building will be completely and fully equipped with power, presses, and all requisite paraphernalia for the execution of the highest class of work, and here again, the perfection of the great law is made apparent to the most blind. The party on returning to the Homestead found the incoming mail, and among its mass the first letter that the Leader selected made a connecting link, making possible the quick completion of the work which two hours before had seemed impossible. Was it chance that sent that letter?”

**Universal Brotherhood Path and
the Pith and Marrow of Some
Sacred Writings.**

* * *

Of the Magazine, E. A. Nercsheimer says. “In its new physical expression of size, shape and thickness, and its attractive lithographed cover, it has

appealed most successfully to the public in a way that is satisfactory from every point of view. But deeper than that, it has lately redeemed the expectations laid upon it by the sincere student of Theosophy. Like the movement itself, it has presented the philosophy in action, that is to say, how it should be applied by each student for himself, and in a way in which it should be taught so as to reach the masses. An increasing number of students and other able writers have become contributors to its pages, presenting in a clear and attractive manner the synthetic results of their many years' studies, and especially the results of the teachings received at Point Loma. This will become more and more accentuated as the screen of time rolls past. They who can read between the lines and are able to perceive the enormous value which lies in such presentations, that have their foundation in actual practical experience of a bit of real human life—these can surely appreciate what our magazine is now doing for the world. The seemingly intricate theories heretofore presented only as theories by the great majority of writers, have become life itself under the gentle but firm and wise guidance of the Teacher.

“Another evidence of this is the new publication, THE PITH AND MARROW OF SOME SACRED WRITINGS, which our Leader commenced during her week's rest at Niagara, after the Brotherhood crusade across the American Continent in 1899. No amount of eulogistic commendation could do justice to this timely publication, which takes our civilization at its very marrow. With such wisdom and dignity and deep penetration this engrossing subject has not been presented to the world for centuries.

“It is highly gratifying that both the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH and THE PITH AND MARROW OF SOME SACRED WRITINGS have, by mere force of their own inherent strength and value, broken through the hard crust of preconceived notions among the mass of the people. These publications are being increasingly appreciated compared to former efforts to spread a knowledge of Theosophy through our literature, which the world needs so much, and they are now to be found in every household, whose members have, in the least degree, become touched with the spiritual awakening.

European Notes.

A great change is coming over Europe. The progress of the work in all departments and the enthusiasm of the members are unmistakable signs of the working of the leaven of Brotherhood in those older countries. The keynote is ringing clear in France, which gives great promise of future activities in that country so lately torn by dissension and unrest in its national life.

Brother Sidney Coryn, President of the H. P. B. Lodge, London, has been spending several months in Paris, and together with Miss M. Jonson, a young Swedish member, now residing in Paris, have been doing active work. A recent letter from Brother Coryn states that he has found an unexpected interest manifested by the French people and by those of other nationalities, especially the Americans and the Swedes visiting the Exposition. Brother Coryn will return to England before the close of the year.

* * *

Never before in the history of the movement has there been such enthusiasm among the English Lodges; the harmonious working of the members, their faithfulness and devotion are making the Universal Brotherhood Organization a power throughout the whole country. Brother Dick's letters from Ireland are full of most interesting accounts, and the work among the children is a hopeful sign for the future of the Green Isle, once the Home of the Gods, ever beloved by them, and never utterly deserted.

It was with deep regret that we heard of the illness of Miss Lisa Atkinson, who was appointed by the Leader as Superintendent of the European Headquarters at 19 Avenue Road, London, H. P. Blavatsky's old home. We hope, however, that by the time this is in the hands of our readers she will have completely recovered.

* * *

The news that Sr. Emilio Bacardi, lately Mayor of Santiago, Cuba, was coming to visit Point Loma, was received with great delight by every one at the Homestead. The noble assistance which he rendered the Leader in the work of the International Brotherhood League at Santiago, after the close of the war, has enshrined him in the hearts of all the comrades, and we are all looking forward to personally greeting him.

* * *

Every month sees an increase in membership in Germany, where there is now a strong body of earnest and devoted students of the Wisdom-Religion, not in theory only, but in the actual practice of brotherhood as a living power in their lives. Application for a new Lodge has just been received, adding another center from which light shall radiate throughout the Fatherland.

* * *

Most interesting letters have been received by the Leader from Miss Nan Herbert, the daughter of Lord Herbert, whose home is not far from London, telling of the beautiful work she and Miss White are doing throughout the neighborhood. Miss Herbert is a most enthusiastic worker, devoted to the cause of Humanity, and often visits the European Headquarters, at 19 Avenue Road. Many of the members will remember her picture, and that of Miss White in a recent issue of the New Century, and all who have seen it or met her are attracted by her earnest face. Our two English artist-comrades, R. Machell and C. J. Ryan, were recently entertained at Lord Herbert's country house, and a cable just received from them states that they will be leaving for Point Loma in two weeks.

* * *

A New Search-Light is being prepared, and will be sent to the members of the Universal Brotherhood Organization before long.

Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Spalding writes to say that she is counting the days to the time when she will arrive again at Point Loma. Although she has been visiting so many interesting parts of the world, she still looks upon Point Loma as the ideal spot and longs to be back here once more.

Miss Alice Peirce, one of the brightest and most devoted of the young members from Sioux City, has recently come to Point Loma, adding one more to the increasing number of young students here. One of the most active of the new members of the organization is Mr. L. S. Fitch, a young student with strong religious tendencies, and formerly an active member of the church, who has come to realize something of the deeper meaning of Christ's teachings and their actual practical application in the Universal Brotherhood. He is a delightful comrade and a devoted worker. His tent on the Esotero grounds, occupied by himself and his wife and little boy, is one of the prettiest, and adds to the picturesqueness of the hill-side. All who have met Mrs. Vespera Freeman, or who have read her beautiful contributions to this magazine, will be glad to hear that with her son she is now living at the International Brotherhood League Colony, amid the delightful surroundings of that busy, yet peaceful place, its beautiful flower-garden and unsurpassed view. Her health is much improved, which permits her riding to the Homestead and taking part with the students in their work at this great center of world-wide activity.

Mother Kramer's presence is always a benediction in whatever place she may be, as all visitors to New York Headquarters know. For some years past she has been mother of the household there. Her coming to Point Loma and her meeting with Madam Olivia Petersen, the Superintendent of the Household at Point Loma Homestead, was like the meeting of two comrades who had been together for ages. To see them at their duties and the harmonious way in which they work together, the sunshine and brightness of their faces, their faithfulness and devotion, are a delight, a shining example to all, of the actual putting into practice of the highest philosophy of life.

Brother J. O. Kramer, one of the oldest members of the Aryan Theosophical Society, is now on his way to the Point, and will have arrived before this issue is out. Brother Ernest Kramer, the son, will be here before the end of the year. Brother Lucien B. Copeland, of Providence, formerly President of the Universal Brotherhood Lodge in Omaha, arrived with the two fathers, to make a short visit. Miss M. E. Braun, from Chicago, an experienced and successful teacher in the Public Schools, who spent last summer at the Homestead, will soon return here to commence a course of study as a student of the S. R. L. M. A.

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Some Results of the Great Crusade.

Continually new evidences are received of the enormous work done by the great Crusade around the world in '96 and '97, and which included, not only the civilized races, but also many of the so-called savage peoples. Some of the latter were visited on some of the islands of the great Pacific, and from one of the fathers of one of these peoples was recently received the news of the splendid results that had accrued as the outcome of the impetus given, and the new energy infused into their national life through the advice of the Leader. Lands have been reclaimed and preparations are now being made to build a great educational institution for this people and to place it under the direction of the one who has inspired them to this undertaking, and whom they revere and honor so deeply.

Another matter of note and interest that occurred as the result of the Leader's visit to New Zealand was the revival of the ancient national games among the Maoris, and which are now participated in by all the tribes.

* * *

A Perfect Physical Development.

In the original notice given of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity at Point Loma, it was stated that "Through this School and its branches the children of the race will be taught the laws of physical life, and the laws of moral, mental and physical health and spiritual unfoldment. They will learn to live in harmony with nature. They will become passionate lovers of all that breathes. They will grow strong in an understanding of themselves, and as they gain strength they will learn to use it for the good

of the whole world." Little did we dream when this statement was first made in 1896, that so soon would come the opportunity to see it in actual practice. With such an end in view, can it be wondered at that physical exercises and athletic games have a new and hitherto undreamed-of influence.

It is well known that among the ancients religion in its deeper meaning entered even into their games, but up till now this has not been realized in modern times. To see the students at work one can begin to realize the importance of this new influence, now for the first time in hundreds of years being brought to bear upon life in its outermost aspect as well as in its deepest phases. Only when the body is considered as the temple of the living God, and where there is the purpose to make it a perfect instrument for the soul's use, can this be understood.

Some months ago, the Leader, Katherine Tingley, organized for the students preliminary athletic exercises, which are participated in every morning just after the sunrise assembly, by both men and women. Separate squads, one for men and one for women, assemble under their instructors in different parts of the grounds, entirely separate, and there in the pure morning air, under the soul-invigorating influences of the newly risen sun, they are building up their bodies, acquiring strength, agility and poise, that body, mind and soul may work in perfect harmony.

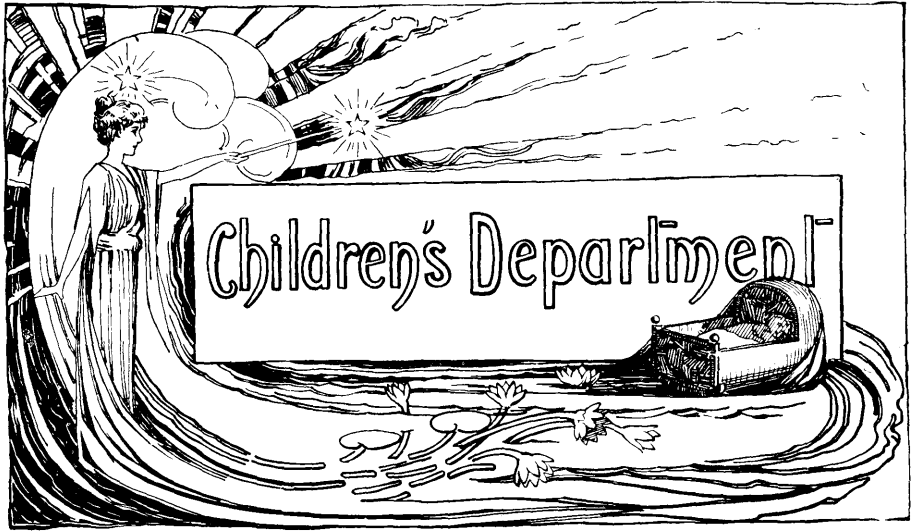
As a further development of this idea, the Leader has introduced archery—one of the most necessary acquirements of the warriors of ancient times, as well as one of their favorite and honored pastimes. Readers of Bhagavad-Gita know how famous an archer was Arjuna and other great warriors of olden times. The symbolism of archery is easily to be perceived by the student, and is worthy of the deepest study. Many of the members of the Universal Brotherhood know that William Q. Judge was a great lover of this pastime, and had great skill in sending his arrows straight to the mark. Brother E. A. Neresheimer is also a well-known archer, and often have he and the Chief practiced together. As soon as the plan was formulated, Mr. E. A. Neresheimer was asked to accept the position as Head Instructor, and he has donated his fine outfit for the game, so that the Archery Club is splendidly equipped. Its members are already most enthusiastic in its pursuit.

Plans for a splendid gymnasium were made some time ago by the Leader, and already many of the necessary appliances have been obtained.

* * *

Mental Development.

Several courses of lectures and classes are being carried on at the Homestead in the preliminary work of the S. R. L. M. A. These are lectures on physiology and hygiene, classes and individual instruction in singing, lectures on history, lectures and classes on art, in which the young Cuban boys are showing great proficiency; and a school of stenography, conducted by Rev. S. J. Neill; besides these there are lectures and papers by the students on the various phases of the philosophy, and its application to the deepest problems of human life. No adequate description can be given of the effect of the students' assemblies in the new Aryan Temple. The mind is quickened to new powers, the soul receives a new inspiration, and all life is endowed with a new dignity in that sacred atmosphere. In the upper part of the Temple are music and art studios, and one who is not privileged to actually participate in this work can but faintly imagine the new power that seems to come to both voice and hand amid these surroundings. Miss Bergman, the truly inspired singing instructor, seems to acquire new powers in her profession, and a capability of imparting instruction which increases with the wider scope that is hers in the new and larger quarters. Hereafter her time will be spent between Point Loma and Sweden, the summer months she will spend in her old home in Sweden, and the winter in her new home, the home of us all, at Point Loma. Thus a new tie will be made between Sweden and America, binding that strong, clear-eyed, noble people yet more closely to our hearts in this great work for humanity.



TOBY TO SPOTS.

19 Avenue Road, London, N. W.

MY Dear Spots:

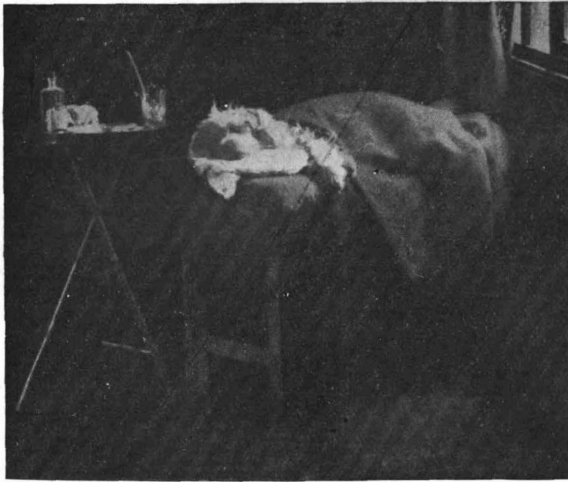
I must really write you a letter without waiting any longer. I have been meaning to write for a long time, but somehow I had to wait till I saw your last letter in the Universal Brotherhood Path, telling all about Point Loma and the buddies in their tented city. Oh! I forgot! I haven't told you who I am, and it's such a long story, but here goes—

Well, when I was a little baby dog I thought I would go and see what the big world was like. So I ran away from home into the streets of London and got frightened at the big noise the 'busses and carts made, and I put my tail down and ran, and ran, and ran, just like other little dogs do when they can't stop themselves.

Of course I got lost and a policeman caught me and took me to the dogs' home where they take all the lost dogs in London, and here I was put into a large cage with a lot of other dogs, and it was very cold and nasty and it didn't make me feel any better when one of the dogs told me that if we were not taken away by somebody soon we should be turned out of our bodies and sent to the Doggy-Dreamland.

Now I had only just got into this body of mine and it was a jolly one and I didn't want to get turned out just yet. So I kept my eye fixed on the door where the visitors come in, and one day I saw a big man come in and I said to myself, "That's the sort of human for me—he looks as if he knew dog-language almost," so as soon as the keeper opened the cage door I jumped out and ran to him and asked him (inside, you know) to take me away with him. And he did.

As we walked away he said he was going to call me "Toby," and I thought that would do pretty well. He took me to the old Brotherhood house at Ver-



AFTER I CAME HERE I WAS VERY ILL.

Just after I came here I was very ill and had to go to a dog-doctor and have nasty medicine. The first day when they propped my mouth open to put a spoonful of medicine down, I kicked and struggled, and they spilt all the medicine on the floor, and I thought I had escaped it, but they got hold of me again, so that after that I kept still and did the kicking afterward to try and get the taste out of my mouth. Ugh! I can taste it yet. They told me it was good for me; and I say, Spots, I believe I've found out a secret—nearly all the things that are good for you seem nasty at first, and it's no use trying to spill the medicine because you only get another dose.

After I got well I had to learn a lot of things and become useful, just like people who go to Point Loma, and when I had learnt a few things they began to give me puzzles. I've heard the



ONE PUZZLE I HAVEN'T SOLVED YET.

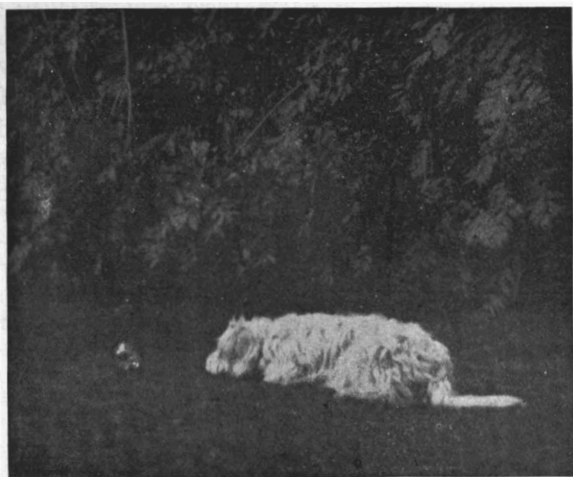
humans say that the other humans at Point Loma get puzzles like me and generally ones that they think they can't do because they haven't done them

non Place and there was another human, big, too, and he said straightway off, "Hello, Toby," so I saw that humans get hold of one-another's ideas sometimes as we dogs do always.

Well after that I came to live at Avenue Road, and here I've been ever since, and here I want to stay till I've seen you and your dear mistress. Oh! Yes! I know all about you because I often listen when the humans are talking.

before. Well, that was the way with me at first, and when they put a biscuit under a book I sat down and whined like—well, well—because I thought I

couldn't get it, and then I found I could get it easily by pushing the book away; so I learnt to stick at a puzzle and worry a way through it. One day they put a biscuit into an empty match box, but that was easy, I just put my foot on top and shoved one end with my nose. I have got one puzzle I haven't solved yet, and that is how to get a black bullet out of a smooth, round water-bottle, but there must be a way some-



THERE MUST BE A WAY SOMEHOW.

how, or else it couldn't get in, and so I lie down and just worry my thinker how to do it. Do you know what black bullets are? My mistress has a big tin full and they are fine.

Well, it seems I'm talking about nothing but my own unimportant little self all the time, so I'd better finish by telling you about the buddies at Avenue Road. There are lots of them and of course I love them, especially when they try to run after me in the garden. They are going to have a little school to themselves here before you get this letter, and so we shall have great times. They all seem so happy, not like most little humans, and they sing and romp till my little self inside gets all full of joy and I want to do the same and sing, too. Then there are the boys who come every week, and I like them, too, and the people who come to the meeting, and—and—*everybody*. Who can help liking everybody when they all have a little thing inside that says "Brotherhood, Brotherhood, Brotherhood! all



WHO CAN HELP LIKING EVERYBODY?

day without stopping? But it is the buddies I love most, and I think everybody does, because they are going to make that little thing inside say "Brotherhood, Brotherhood, Brotherhood," louder and louder every day, till, when they grow up to be big men and women, it will be talking so loud that everybody they meet will hear it and try and start their own. They won't need to *start* really, because it's been going all the time, but they must *start listening* to it, for it is just like listening to a sound you can hardly hear, it seems to grow louder and louder the longer you listen, because you shut off the other noises from coming into your head.

Now, my thinker is just about empty of all the things I wanted to say and so I'll send this off to you with as much love as the envelope will hold, and you can distribute it where you think it is wanted, but don't forget—you know!

I will write again soon and tell you more about the buddies.

TOBY.

P. S.—My full name and address is B. Toby, Esq., 19 Avenue Road, London, N. W. The B. stands for B-R-O-T-H-E—, you can guess the rest.

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.



DEAR Lotus Buds:

We were thinking that perhaps the little Lotus Buds in America would like to hear about a trip to the mountains, taken by some of their little brothers and sisters in Australia.

These little people lived in Sydney, and had a house near the beautiful harbor on which Sydney is built. It was a very lovely spot, and they could see the ocean that stretches away over to Point Loma, as well as the bays and indentations formed by the waters of Point Jackson.

In Sydney it is never very cold, and the atmosphere is nearly always rather moist, and what is called enervating. That is, it makes people feel tired, and although they may think of many things they wish to do, still they do not feel energetic enough to always carry them all out.

But just a few hours' journey away to the west of Sydney are the mountains, and there people can go for a more bracing air, when in summer the sun is very hot, and the moist sea-breezes are blowing every day. It was to these mountains called the "Blue Mountains," that our little folks were going. It meant getting up very early one morning to catch boats and street-cars before they could get on the train that was to take them there. But presently they were all aboard and on their way.

Only a few hours' journey, but it seemed a long time to the children. By and bye mother said, "Look, children! there are the mountains. Don't they look blue?" And through the windows of the train they saw the tops of the blue hills rising one behind the other, and glimpses of valleys, bluer still. The train was going very slowly now, and puffing and blowing just like a human being would, who was trying to carry a great load up a hill. The track was not level any longer, but sloped up an incline. The air grew perceptibly sharper the higher they went, and each station had on a board its height above sea-level.

At last they stopped at a station marked 3,350 feet, and this is where mother said they were to get out.

Then followed three weeks that were very happy times to the little people. There was much to see. I shall just have space to tell you of one walk they took, and which they went over and over again, always finding something fresh to admire, and always feeling their hearts almost too full for words when they would reach points that enabled them to get wonderful vistas of mountain scenery, with ever the noise of the waterfalls near and the mossy smell of the ferns and fallen tree-trunks lying around.

The day after they arrived they set off in the direction of one of the falls, and presently turned from the streets into a yellow gravelly track with the trees and scrub growing close up on either side. Suddenly between the trees they looked out on what seemed at first sight to be the ocean, but it was an ocean of blue atmosphere. Ever so far below them, stretching away into the distance, was a deep and wide valley, broken here and there with eminences that seemed like portions of the mountain summits that had remained behind when they had divided. The jagged, rocky sides appeared to have been torn asunder by some giant force long ages ago, and there were bright portions of rock, shining golden with the sunlight on them.

All through the valley the undulating, indistinguishable verdure was nothing but tree-tops. The hills beyond, went on range behind range of fainter and fainter blue, and over all was this strong, buoyant atmosphere, so intensely blue as to be almost unreal. We thought as we looked at it that one could float if only we let ourselves go, and we longed to leap out on an aerial voyage of discovery. Those rugged cliffs, what could they not have told us, as they stood there like witnesses of the ages, and full of mystery!

I do not know if the little ones thought all this, although mother did. Still they felt all sorts of things that they could not express, and their vocabulary of adjectives was quite extensive before they left for home. Little five-year-old would say, "Oh isn't that lubly?" "Mother, it is *'plendid.'*" Sometimes mother would find them wrestling with a new word altogether, none of the old ones being expressive enough for them, and had to come to the rescue one day, when A—— was struggling with an apparently unpronounceable one. Yes, he was really trying to say that it was "*'magnificent.'*"

But I have not told you about the falls yet. They made a great deal of noise, but like many things that make much sound, were not so very imposing after all, although they were very pretty.

Coming along the trail, we had several times to jump across little streams of water. By and bye this water found a nice, smooth path of rock and here it spread itself out and came along quite peacefully with little gurgles and ripples when small unevennesses would interrupt its serenity.

Oh, but what was happening now?

The smooth pathway had abruptly come to an end, and the little stream was sent flying downward, scattering into millions of drops of water, and fine spray, to presently find another rocky bed. Leaping and jumping it went, sometimes falling down just a few feet, and sometimes dropping down twenty or thirty. How lovely it looked then—almost all spray, and so white against the dark background of rock! And the song it sang! It never for an instant stopped.

We all stood still on a point of rock amidst the dimness of the deep fissure of cleft mountain. All around were ferns and mossy tree-trunks flecked with patches of grey and white and green.

The silence was wonderful. It could be felt; and the noise of many waterfalls only seemed to emphasize the deep stillness that pervaded the place.

We stood still for some time, seeming to become part of the scene. The sound of the waterfalls around, entered into the fibres of our being, and attuned us in harmony. Was it not nature's music? The steady deep note of the largest fall, as it came over rocks, then rushed into the ravine below, and the treble sounds of smaller ones—some bubbling and trickling down in small leaps, and others, tiny, harmless little streams of water, suddenly coming into view as they scattered into gossamers of white spray over ledges of the rocks.

It was all a breathless wonder to us as down we went, ever enticed onward and further by some fresh beauty, or new outlook.

At last we bethought ourselves of the time. How we wished we had brought lunch with us! But we had not thought of it. So we turned with sighs to retrace our steps. I will not tell you how many steps we climbed, and how many hills we toiled up before the hungry little ones reached home. But we would turn round every now and again and feast our eyes on the view, and then we would stop for a moment to examine some new fern, or wonder at some great rock that loomed overhead, vast and massive, weather-worn and lichen-clad, or we would scamper over picturesque little bridges, sometimes made of just a tree-trunk and a hand-rail. So at last we reached home quite tired, but, after all, it was quite a pleasant "tired" we were, for our hearts were filled with visions of Nature's wondrous loveliness, and we had been very near to her that day.

So now we will just send our loving greetings to the dear little friends with whom we have tried to share our pleasures, and sign ourselves,

"THE AUSTRALIANS."

REPORT OF LOTUS WORK AT STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

Though many of the children of Lotus Group No. 1, Stockholm, Sweden, have spent the whole summer in the country, yet all those who have been in town have had their meetings every Thursday. So, when the Lotus-Mother or the comrades in thought have visited the center they have always found some children *on guard* "at home." But now all the children have returned and September 12th more than fifty of them were assembled at the Swedish headquarters, to celebrate the anniversary of the Lotus-Mother's visit to this group last year.

The large, beautiful hall was tastefully decorated with flowers and white draperies and the photos of our three Leaders were united by a garland of white, yellow and purple flowers, and with the Swedish and American flags. The chairs for the children were placed in the form of a great heart and inside this on the floor there was another heart, a purple heart, and around it lots of little yellow candlesticks with not yet lighted candles—one for each child.

When all the children had assembled and the doors were thrown open, they marched in while "The Brotherhood of Humanity" was softly played on the piano. At the platform the three leaders of the Lotus Group and one of the teachers had placed themselves to the north, south, east and west of the Lotus-Mother's picture, one of them carrying the banner of the Lotus Group and another a big square made of little bouquets of yellow flowers. After a short silence, "Truth, Light and Liberation," was intoned three times by *the first* of the four.

The second intoned the following in Swedish, and which I have translated into English: "The words of Truth which have been spoken by the Spirit of Eternal Light and Love, shall enter deep into the hearts of men."

The third: "I feel the strong, true bond of Brotherhood uniting all in heaven and on earth. I hear you all wandering here again, proclaim those words, awaited by a world. Those words so plainly written on your brows are also read in golden letters on the white flag, which now I see unfurled—the snowy flag of Brotherhood."

The fourth: "So lifting high your glorious banner, in triumph you will reach the goal."

The first three decorated the Lotus-Mother's picture with purple flowers, the fourth placed the square below the triangle. Miss Anna Sonesson, one of the leaders of the group, now turned to the children, speaking to them from her very heart, wishing them welcome "home" again. She reminded them of that day one year ago when they were happy enough to have their Lotus-Mother present, and when each of them could give her a flower. "Today we can only decorate her picture, and that we all will do," she said. She took the square, and all the children rising and marching up on the platform singing, "Happy Little Sunbeams," took now each one in turn the yellow flowers out of the square and put them on the triangle around the picture. During their "silent moments," the children then sent their thoughts to the Lotus-Mother at Point Loma. Gerda Nystrom read a letter from "Spots," translated from the August issue of Universal Brotherhood Path. This letter interested the children very much, and thinking of the little ones at Point Loma, they then sang "Tiny Buds."

The leader of the group once again turned to the children and told them to look at the golden Brotherhood cord that was lying around the great heart they formed; they had now to take a new grasp on it, knowing that this cord unites them all, and that each golden warrior has to do his best to spread Truth, Light and Liberation to all. "But you cannot do this," she said, "without knowing that in the heart of each one of you is burning a light, and without trying to always have this light burning bright and clear."

She told them to look at the little candles in the purple heart, and at the light already burning in front of the Lotus-Mother's picture, and explained for them the ceremony they now were going to perform. The children turned inside the heart to fetch their candles, and then they went, three by three, up ● on the platform and lit their candles at the Lotus-Mother's.

When all the candles were lit and all the children had returned to their places, it was a solemn and touching sight to look at this great flaming heart that was formed by all the little lights, and to look into all these clear and bright young eyes which seemed to promise to try to follow the example of their Lotus-Mother, and filled with love to work unselfishly for others.

Now came another Lotus-song, the Circle Song, and so the festival was ended.

The happy children marched out of the hall singing "Warriors of the Golden Cord."

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The group has now its regular meetings every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, which all the children from 7 to 12 years attend. For the little tots, who sometimes visit those meetings, we are going to start a school on weekdays.

SUPERINTENDENT.