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TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

Your goodness must have some edge to it — else it is none.—EMERSON

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A Religion of Joy

by E. H. B.



A LITTLE child recently remarked, "If we are happy, there will not be so many bad people in the world." This was stating simply a deep philosophy, for joy is a holy thing, the child of purity and courage, and an evil man never is, and cannot be, a joyous man.

If you will think a moment, does not all the joy you have ever felt belong to the higher side of your nature? Joy is as natural to true manhood as to childhood, but contact with the world in its present state and the sufferings that man himself has brought about, denies the joy until it leaves the heart and an ache remains, and only a few remember that it should be ours.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy.
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy;
 The youth who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die away
 And fade into the light of common day.

How can a child grow into a life of joy when its earliest lessons are self-indulgence, vanity, and a regard to appearances rather than to truth? Unconsciously to the parent and the teacher, the life and training of the child at home, at school and at Sunday-school, go to develop selfishness in its many subtle forms, and selfishness is the destroyer of joy. The religions of the world, or chiefly their followers, are largely responsible for this, for even into the beautiful teachings of Jesus of Nazareth has crept the element of fear, and we believe that we may be saved, that we may escape punishment. And this is used by the powers of evil to bind men's souls, for it is plain to see the effect on humanity of a religion whose ruling power is fear, that instills fear into the heart of man—fear of eternal punishment after a few years on earth, hampered and stifled by conditions these very teachings have caused. Would a religion of joy murder and burn and torture and destroy in order to maintain its existence? Would it warp men's minds and narrow their souls and oppress them?

Are the so-called religious people of your acquaintance those whom to know is to feel new hope, new courage and strength, both to do battle and to enjoy?

This joy that comes to the heart that has been purged of its dross is not noisy and bubbling, like a shallow stream that murmurs over its pebbles, but a strong, deep current, calmly and powerfully bearing its burdens on its bosom, sweeping away decay and death, and bringing life and nourishment.

If, then, joy is natural, why do we suffer pain to reach the higher things of our being? A modern writer has answered:

We enter into the kingdom of the spiritual man as a babe enters into the kingdom of the natural man. Every new creature grows up from the germ of the old. Up the stairs of holy patience we climb the heights of the inner kingdom. Our will henceforth is to yield our will, but the sensuous man contests every inch with the spiritual. The perishing of the old man day by day is painful, and so is the revival of the inner, for birth also is painful. . . . We are in the soul's gymnasium—on its battlefield. Says Ruskin, 'I do not wonder often at what men suffer, but I wonder at what they lose.'

There is joy in sacrifice—in overcoming—for what is sacrifice but the performing of a sacred act?

The light that is now breaking over the world is that of a religion of joy. It brings a message that has been sent to the children of men from time to time, since the morning stars sang together—a message that all the saviors of

men have brought—"Peace on earth and good will toward men," "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind and with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." As the ages have passed, men have forgotten this message, or have lost the spirit in the letter of the law, but this time it comes with a new force, with a mighty power—breaking down the barriers that shut out the light, snapping the fetters of fear that have bound men's souls and paralyzed their powers, and clearing away the mists before men's eyes that now demand the truth, and through which they follow shadows for their resting place with phantoms for their guides.

Today Theosophy proclaims that the time has come for victory over those influences that kill the joy of the soul, and that every man may join in this holy war, beginning with his own heart, killing the germs of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness that have found lodgment there. Theosophy brings a new hope and a broader life. It teaches that all men are brothers and that to injure another is to injure one's self—that the command, "Be ye perfect" was not empty words, but a law of nature, and as it is obviously impossible of accomplishment in one life, we have many lives on earth in which to grow and to fulfill the law.

Theosophy also teaches that through our sufferings and failures we may learn the way into the perfect joy of life for others. It takes none of the beautiful away from life, but adds thereto in untold measure and power of enjoyment. It is this deep and strong song of the joy that is the soul's birth-right, that the great of all ages have sung, inspiring men to cast away the fading pleasures of the world and to seek the true; for we are divine souls, and this priceless possession, this princely heritage, is waiting for all, when we will break through the shadows of doubt and despair, when we will overcome the promptings of our lower natures and burst the shackles of empty conventionalities and wrong usages, and for the belief that we are miserable sinners hold high our heads with the knowledge that we are gods. Then indeed "the joy of morning" will be ours.

At Point Loma, California, is established the nucleus of a people whose religion is joy—whose lives are pure and whose aims are lofty, whose hearts are filled with compassion, and their days with cheerful toil for others and unremitting effort to overcome their lower natures—whose little children are taught and have already learned to look within themselves for the causes of unhappiness—for they know that life is joy and happiness is natural for those who live in harmony with the law.

And these men and women and children are conquering selfishness and wrong, and upholding the good and strengthening the weak for a greater purpose than that of bringing joy into their own lives—for they work consciously to send from this center of spiritual light a religion of joy to all parts of earth—to scatter abroad the seeds of truth and purity and self-conquest, that shall and will redeem humanity.

Economy of Force

by Philon



THERE seems to be no doubt that we all have a right to a good deal more force or energy than we are generally able to make use of. When stirred by strong impulse we act with an amount of energy that surprises ourselves and others. When the impulse is a right one, that is, one that is in accord with the natural law or fitness of things, we do not suffer from this output of energy, but if the impulse is a self-indulgent desire we find we have exhausted our stock of energy for the time and may suffer considerably, because all selfishness runs against natural law and the fitness of things.

Why do we not find this force always available? Is it not because we waste our energies? We do not save our forces. Those who spend so much time and thought scheming to save themselves trouble are the greatest wasters of energy. What they do is to use mental energy in scheming to avoid the sensation of physical discomfort. This is to put the higher power, the mind, at the disposal of the animal desire in the body. The mind should rule the body, if there is to be any true economy of force. Every attempt to avoid trouble or discomfort in the performance of a duty is a waste of energy, as surely as is each indulgence of the animal desires or attention paid to them beyond the strict needs of health.

To one, who seeks to *live the life*, every moment of life has its duty. The true Theosophist is never off duty. As most of us are still far from the realization of this state, so we are largely employed in wasting our forces. The fact seems to be that we are not really the holders of force as personal owners of something, but transmitters of Nature's force. So that, when acting unselfishly, we are simply transmitting and transmuted natural force, losing nothing, but rather gaining strength thereby. While, in selfish action, we are turning the force that should be passed on, back upon ourselves and stopping the flow through us of the vital current of Nature-force. When a tree becomes hide-bound the force inside it becomes destructive to the life of the tree.

Look at a great Soul driving the body it uses to do the work of a dozen ordinary workers, and see the marvelous endurance of such an one. And then look at the self-centered mental hypochondriac who is always saving himself trouble, taking a little more rest and a little more food and a little more care of his comfort, and see the miserable condition of feebleness he lives in, scarce able to do the fourth part of the work of a man.

Thinking in this way we may get a truer understanding of how best to economize our forces, and we shall soon see how different is the *economy of force from the saving of trouble.*

Goethe's Faust

A Study of the Higher Law

by PHAETON

I I

MARGARET had completed the cycle of her experience, for the woman-heart is very intuitive and this makes it possible for the soul to rise to the very heights at a single bound. "As is said in the East, you may go through the appointed course in seven hundred births, in seven years, or in seven minutes."—(W. Q. Judge).

But in Faust the intuition had become atrophied. He stands before us as a typical product of book education. Whenever the great opportunity came to him, his intellect was certain to get in the way and prevent him from understanding it. Because of this he was obliged to go back into the world, like a Prodigal Son, and complete the long, long cycle of experience upon which he had entered.

Goethe pictures this in the wonderful second part of the drama, which is a sealed mystery to the reading classes in general. We see Faust entering the world of Court life, of politics, of finance, of society, of literature, art, Greek culture. He lingers, to his sorrow, in the astral world but at last finds his way back to the Celestial Spheres of the Prologue, to the Archangels, the Cherubim, the Mater Gloriosa and Margaret, redeemed, glorified.

* * * *

The great desire of Faust's life is still to find, somewhere, somehow, this Eternal Woman Principle, the faint symbol of which he saw first in that magic mirror in the Witch's Kitchen. Like poor Vanderdecken, the Flying Dutchman, never can he rest till he finds this Eternal Woman-Soul, never can he become free till he accepts his liberation at her hands. It is the old, old story, true of the individual, doubly true of the race. It is a story of travail and sadness, yet of promise and profound joy. It is the Higher Law.

Led by Mephistopheles, his own desire nature, Faust's first little excursion was on the physical plane and ended in bitter disappointment. And after

this, we see Faust reclining on a flowery turf, stunned by remorse and grief, but soothed and calmed by Ariel and the elfin choir of Nature spirits which sing about him, symbolizing the healing effect of Nature upon a stricken, disturbed soul. Mephistopheles, by the way, is absent.

But at length he returns, and Faust feels the desire within him for further effort. He rises, a changed man, and throws himself actively into the outer world, not as before, to gain pleasure, but this time to help humanity. He goes, with Mephistopheles as servant, not as adviser, to the Court of the German Emperor to help him save a crumbling, degenerate state. He advises the Emperor, a weak man, and tries first to get the bankrupt state upon a better basis. So he issues paper money, builds a credit, and establishes industries by which to redeem this money. But, in seeking to regenerate a decaying state by political measures, Faust made the same mistake, in judgment, that so many are making today. He failed to redeem the state. He merely postponed its doom, for political measures are external. They fail to actually reform because they never touch the core and center of things, the heart. And has not an ancient Teacher of the Heart Doctrine told us that "Out of the Heart come all the issues of life?"

Faust learns this at last, when he sees that, after all, the people are really no better. The basic, indispensable element is lacking. It is the heart force, though Faust knows not what it is. So, hoping to discover it, he finally turned from the world of politics and externals to the inner world of thought and of the beautiful. There, surely, he feels that he will find this Woman Principle which alone can regenerate.

Searching, he goes to the old Greek world, where so many are going today for inspiration, the world of "The Good, the Beautiful and the True." There he finds all this symbolized in the woman, Helena, the Greek woman-ideal. Yet Faust, impelled by his urging desire nature (Mephistopheles) feels that he must go deeper, farther than even Helena herself, before he may win her. And, after some preliminaries which indicate that Goethe knew a great deal about ceremonial magic, Faust finds himself in the depths of the Underworld. It is his mystic descent to *The Mothers*.

Goethe himself would never explain this passage. When Eckermann asked him to do so he looked at him a moment with his big brown eyes and then repeated, as if to himself, the words he put into the lips of Faust, "The Mothers! The Mothers! it sounds so strange." And that was all the explanation he ever chose to make.

This passage of the drama cannot be understood without the philosophy of *The Secret Doctrine*, and even then each student must work it out for himself.

Faust was not shallow. He was a great soul, a deep thinker, a Warrior to his very heart's core. Never could he be satisfied until he should reach the very basis of things, the divine Source of this Eternal Woman-Soul for which he was searching. It is *Akasha*, the Great Deep, the abode of the World's

Mother, primeval, infinite Chaos, the mystic mother principle which, when overshadowed by Spirit, Fire, gives birth to the worlds.

Armed with a blazing key, given him by Mephistopheles, Faust descends into the depths. The key guides him to where a glowing tripod, the triune symbol of the Higher, lights up the abode of *The Mothers*. Not that Faust actually passed to another place. The scene is probably symbolic, indicating a state of complete inner abstraction, a state wherein he had ceased to hear the many and therefore could discern the One.

In Faust's own words, "Ye Mothers, ye who on your throne dwell in the Infinite, like a vast cloud panorama in the boundless realm of the ideal,—formation, re-formation, eternal mind, eternal re-creation."

It is pure Void, where nothing is, yet wherein abides the essence, the potentiality, of all forms. It is the matrix, the world of ideal beauty.

Fresh from this journey to *The Mothers*, whither this life-long search led him, Faust makes a dangerous dip into the astral world. Before the Emperor's Court he conjures up the shades of Helena and Paris, not knowing, alas! that under every blossom of the astral world there lies a serpent coiled. The result of his experiment is that an effect is produced by the elementals of the astral plane which is similar in its action to a powerful explosive on this plane. Faust is thrown to the ground, senseless, from the shock, all but killed.

When he recovers, he is, of course, in sympathetic relation with the astral plane and he seems not to have had enough of it. And so Goethe relates to us a long series of his experiences with the Pygmies, the Dactyls, the Griffins, the Ants, the Cranes of Ibycus, the Lamiae, old Chiron and the Sphinxes, the Phorkyads, Nereids, Tritons, Nymphs, Sirens and other denizens that we do not meet in daily life; and Goethe pictures the pilgrim guided hither and thither by Homunculus in his little glass bottle.

Faust, in searching for the Soul on the astral planes, makes the same mistake that so many are making today. Fortunately, he survived it. Some experimenters do not. For, although Faust searches long, of course he does not find Helena among these "classical spooks" as Mephistopheles calls them.

At last it dawns upon him that the real Helena exists on a far higher plane, the plane of mind, of culture, of beauty. And Goethe gives us a wonderful picture of the redeemed Helena and her Court into which Faust comes, a mediæval scholar. It is Goethe's way of telling us that Faust at last abandoned his excursions on the astral planes, having discovered that the Woman-Soul, for which he sought, was something too divine to dwell in the confusion and horror of this plane.

So Faust plunges into the old Greek world, absorbs its beauty and its culture, unites it with the culture of his own world, the mediæval. The result of such union is, of course, a renaissance of culture which in itself is not adequate, but must pass away to give place to something better. Of its very nature, it must be transitory, (read the history of European culture during the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) because it lacks that one im-

perishable, higher element which alone can make it eternal—the heart, the Soul.

Or, in Goethe's symbolic picture: Faust, the mediæval philosopher, steps into the court of Helena, woos her, wins her, makes her his wife and to them is born Euphorion, a borderland sort of fairy creature who does not live very long. He perishes finally, goes back to the world of the unseen and draws his mother Helena back with him. Faust is again fated to disappointment.

One day, Helena whom Faust holds in his arms, vanishes, and he stands, despairing, holding only her empty garment. Yet it is better so. Had Helena not departed of herself, Faust must have put her away later. She did not embody the Eternal Woman-Soul for which he was looking. That was something higher than mere beauty, or culture, or intellect. More than that, Faust himself had yet to arrive at the point where he would not desire to hold this, keep this for himself, even when found. He had yet to learn that intellectual culture, even the love of the beautiful, may be just as selfish as the lower passions.

Again we see Faust in the midst of Nature, on a high mountain, symbolic doubtless, of his own higher state of consciousness. Nature again heals his soul, and again Mephistopheles—his own urging desire nature—urges him out into active life.

“There is still room on earth for some vast deed. I feel within me the power to do it.”

“Yes,” whispers Mephistopheles, “and thereby gain wealth and fame.”

“The deed is all,” replies Faust, “the fame of it is nothing.”

Again Faust seeks the Court of the Emperor, to help him. But this time he helps the state wisely, for his descent to *The Mothers* taught Faust very much. He learned there that greater than the seen is the unseen, greater is the inner than the outer.

Faust sees how futile were all the political measures he had once tried. They had only postponed the doom of this state and now he finds it in the midst of a revolution. His first object is to put down this revolution, in which Mephistopheles is the greatest possible help. He enlists the aid of the three mighty men, typing perhaps, the lower, coarser elements of the racial life, and he even searches out a quantity of empty mediæval armor and puts into it “spirit natures passed away.” These too, take their places on the battlefield, signifying, perhaps, that Faust calls to his aid Nature's finer forces. However that may be, the battle is won and the Emperor firmly believes that Faust won it by the aid of magic.

So Faust saves the degenerate State, not because the old, decaying order of things is right and the revolutionist's wrong, but because violent revolution is never the best way. It *never* regenerates of itself alone.

Faust had a better plan; and his heart went out to this people whose Emperor seemed capable of doing only one thing for them and that was—the wrong thing, always.

From the time when Faust first offered his services to the Emperor in this revolution, he, not the Emperor, was the real ruler of the people. No one dreamed of it, but such, nevertheless, was the case. And finally, when the revolution has been put down, he modestly claims as his reward, not fame, nor position, nor money, nor a title, but just a little piece of forsaken land under the sea, useless to the Emperor because submerged. But Faust was a magician. He knew what he was about and that little piece of land was not useless to him because it gave him a spot of his own to stand upon. Having that, he knew he could lift the world. Submerged and forgotten, this spot of land had remained free from the encroachments and contaminations of the state, of their so-called civilization, and of the Church.

First of all, this land must be reclaimed from the waves, builded as it were, anew, its swamps and morasses drained. Not until then might the perfect state, the ideal community, be founded upon it. So Faust, the head and heart of the people about him, lays his plans. Mephistopheles he appoints overseer and inspector, an office almost divine in its possibilities. And yet is not this desire nature of ours, an almost divine thing when it is the willing servant of the real man? Says the Bhagavad Gita, recounting the manifestations of the Supreme on all the planes of life, "In all creatures I (the Supreme) am desire, *regulated by moral fitness.*" Many are drawn to Faust, many who trust him and desire to help him in this work of building dikes and driving back the ocean, this ocean that would swallow their world. And Faust does what only the magician can do, he uses for this work even the forces that make for destruction, those which work against progress and against the soul. For to the Master *all* things are as wheels unto the Law. Mephistopheles is his best ally. Even the Lemures, the grave diggers, he sets at work digging a moat.

And this land was not reclaimed in an instant of time. Those about Faust, his workers, his students, must have trusted him very much or they would have lost heart, for the work went actively on for fifty years, a lifetime, before this spot became an ideal home for the little community about him. For Faust's ideal had wider grown. His was no longer the philosophy of Being, merely, but the diviner philosophy of Doing—of which we are hearing very much today.

Yet all the people did not, would not, advance in the ranks of this Army of Light which Faust had enlisted about himself as Leader. Baucis and Philemon, an aged couple living on a portion of this land, type for us that sweet, innocuous class of people, convention-bound, who would not for worlds do positive wrong, and yet who *will not advance*. They will have nothing but the old and can see, as Baucis says, nothing but "a godless affair" in this Faust and his new order of ages. They stand for that exasperating element which does not actively oppose the good, yet which finds fault with all but the traditional, and chooses to cut itself off from humanity in its inevitable advance. They obstruct the way, and at last the time comes when Faust must claim and use the ground they are standing on. If they will not march ahead with the

greater civilization of which this little community about Faust was the promise, at least they must get out of the way. Faust dislikes to force them to do this. "How it wounds my heart to do it," he says: "To bear it is almost impossible."

But Faust's acts are of the Higher Law. So he bids Mephistopheles take them from their old home and find them a home on other ground. They had severed all connection with this great movement of which Faust was the head and heart. In placing them where they were no longer able to criticize and obstruct it, Faust was merely recognizing what they themselves had done. He did not cut them off. They did it themselves.

* * * *

Fifty years have passed away and Faust's work is almost done. The Great Reward is at hand, though Faust never once thinks of that. He has not forgotten his dream of the Eternal Woman-Soul, but he has been willing to renounce it, willing to give it up. He has forgotten himself utterly in the service of his beloved people.

And Goethe shows plainly his knowledge of that law by which, when the great opportunity is at hand there are also at hand elements of evil whose purpose it is to blind and delude the soul, that it may fail to recognize its opportunity, as such.

Faust is in his palace, an old man, one hundred years old, thinking over the progress of this work, when these evil forces, symbolized as four old women, Want, Blame, Need, and Anxiety (*Sorge*), try to enter his room. The first three fail to enter and depart. But Anxiety comes in and tells Faust that she has come to stay. For Faust was an old man, and doubtless he was often anxious about the fate of this beloved work which he must leave so soon. Yet, when he actually faces this Anxiety or Worry and recognizes it to be what worry always is, an agent of evil, he is at first agitated. Then he rises in all the strength of his soul and bids Anxiety begone. In anger, this gaunt old woman strikes him blind. But what of that? Faust realizes to his very heart's center that he is a *soul*, and the soul, if need be, can get on without the outer senses. In this case he is but the richer for having lost one of them. He says, triumphantly,

Deeper and deeper night is round me sinking,
Only within me shines a radiant light.

It is the light of Soul, of Intuition, this Eternal Woman-Principle of man's being.

Faust had found that for which he had been searching all his life. But he did not find it until he had ceased to search, had become willing to give it up, until he had lost all his personal self in a sense of unity with his people, with Nature, with the Supreme, in a divine passion to give, give, rather than merely receive.

And so, blind and old, he goes out upon the terrace where he hears the

music that his soul loves to hear, the clang of spades and shovels, the mantram of this new philosophy of Doing. With his soul eyes he sees about him a free people, dwelling upon a free, a transformed earth, and a feeling of utter satisfaction, of complete joy, takes possession of him. He utters the words, "Stay, blessed moment, thou art so beautiful," those fatal words which, by his compact with Mephistopheles, are to deliver his soul to the forces of evil forever. Its casement shattered, the soul at last is free. Faust is dead.

Mephistopheles comes to claim what he deems his own. He summons the Powers of Darkness to aid him. Hell with all its demons yawns at the left. But at the right descend angels who rise again, bearing with them the immortal part of Faust, his soul, *himself*.

Faust, the soul, is welcomed by the chorus of Cherubim, by Pater Seraphinus, the angels, and the good Doctor Marianus. Greater than all is the Mater Gloriosa, the Mother Glorified, and at her side, Margaret, redeemed. All these years has she waited for Faust, though he knew it not, trusted it not, drawing him unto her at last as the lode star draweth its own. Thus Margaret becomes the faint symbol of that other companion, of which Mephistopheles was the counterpart, the angel, the Augoeides, the divine Higher Self. Degraded, crucified by the personality, it frees itself at last, and waits, with a patience that is imperishable, for the personality to waken and rise. When Margaret sends Faust from her, it seems to him that he is utterly forsaken, "that the Warrior and all Light had deserted him. Yet that very sense of desolation was the proof of their presence, the assurance that it was not too late to turn." (Katherine Tingley.)

Margaret's soul knew, though her brain perhaps did not, that only by separating herself from Faust for a time could she ever save him. Only so could she lift him above those lower levels of life where he chose to stand. Her soul knew, though perhaps her brain did not, that Faust's elemental self, his lower nature (Mephistopheles) had such complete possession of him that nothing but a great shock would cause it to loosen its hold. Her refusal to go back with Faust to the same old life and the same old world, was proof, to those who can see as the soul sees, of her utter love for him. For, as there is a love of foolishness, so also is there a higher love of wisdom. The first, for fear of giving pain, begets destruction. The latter can bear it, even to be misunderstood by the one beloved, can bear it even to do the swift, terrible work of the surgeon, which wounds, yet, in the wounding, saves. Margaret had risen into this wiser love out of the shadows of its Kamic (desire or passion) reflection. And the soul tie, the spiritual, divine bond between them was not broken, though it surely would have been had Margaret remained on the lower levels upon which Faust was determined to hold her.

Yet, it is the Higher Law that he who would save his life shall lose it and he who would lose his life for "my sake," that is, for the sake of the Christos, shall find it.

And at last, Margaret sees Faust coming back to her. So great is her love

for him—for had she not waited long?—that she begs the Mater Gloriosa that she may be allowed to guide him in these new regions whose brightness dazzles the soul.

The loved one, ascending,
His long trouble ending,
Comes back. *He is mine!*

But the answer of the Mater Gloriosa is itself the voice of the Higher Law. Even then Margaret may not go down a single step. There can be no compromise. Says the Mother:

Go higher still, thine influence feeleth he,
Unto the very heights, he'll follow thee.

And Faust does. And, having sought the kingdom of heaven, which, as Jesus says is "within you," he found that all the rest was added unto him. In finding his own soul, his intuition, the woman principle of his nature, in being willing to give up all that which the personal self longed for most, Faust took the first step—he won the great battle.

Through the Gethsemane of pain and the crucifixion of his own lower tendencies, he became divine, transformed. The Christos had risen in him. And when at last he was willing, glad, to give up all that was of the personal for the sake of the Universal and the Future; all that he had given up, Margaret, the Eternal womanly, was given unto him.

And, as Faust rises into mystic union with Margaret, the *Chorus Mysticus* closes the drama with these prophetic words:

Here the impermanent as symbol showeth,
Here the inadequate to fullness groweth.
The inconceivable here is it done.
The Eternal Woman-Soul leadeth us on.

END

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells,
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad,
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—ANON

Wisdom Is to *the* Pure

by H. T. E.



THOSE Theosophical teachings which are so strange to the modern world are so because they are unfamiliar, not because they are false. Conversely, the teachings of the world (so far as any positive ones exist at all), have a false glare of reasonableness because of their familiarity.

Besides this the insincerity and falseness of modern civilized life harmonizes, so to say, with wrong theories, and gives them a certain appropriateness that may commend them to the reason. For example, the materialistic view of life and death suits the aims and desires of the sensualist, and the theory of vicarious atonement commends itself to the shirker of responsibility.

May it not be that, as society becomes purified under the influence of the purer ideals and ways of life as taught from Point Loma, the clarified intellect will recognize easily the philosophical teachings of Theosophy—those teachings that hitherto have had to be explained elaborately in a dry and abstract way?

May not Rebirth, for instance, begin to dawn on the mind as an obvious truth, a necessary corollary to the demonstration of the true way of life? At present Rebirth comes as claimant to a title held by other theories which have the right of possession; whereas it is these other theories that are the actual usurpers. But this, the true state of affairs, remains undetected on account of the falsity of modern life which lends color to the false theories.

Again, the truth of Karma is not obvious to many, on account of the very limited section of human life which they observe. For not only is the prevalent view of life limited as to time, but the selfish exclusiveness of people restricts their knowledge of the mutual relationship and interdependence of individuals.

These considerations lead to the expectation that we shall see those theories that have been too fruitlessly expounded in philosophical text-books gradually infused into the popular mind by a process of natural growth. Instead of bringing our ideas dressed in foreign garb and introducing them to a bashful world as strangers, we may see the world get to know them in the informal way in which casual friendships are made.

In short, it is probable that when the better ways of life become prevalent, the Theosophic theories will be found to be so readily deducible from them as to become virtually obvious.

Evolution *and* Re-embodiment

by X.



WEISMANN finally became convinced that an epigenetic development is an impossibility. He says that he has found actual proof of the reality of evolution. In his treatise on "Germ-Plasm" he holds that the germ is not created by the union of the fecundating principles, but that it pre-exists in one of the principles. The oak is in the acorn, the lotus flower is in the lotus seed.

Science maintains that all forms of energy are simply manifestations, or correlations of one primary force; that all things are different phases of one thing, as light, heat, electricity, etc., are correlations of a principle unknown to us. It holds that matter is indestructible and therefore eternal, which accords with the teachings of sages of the past. The *Bhagavad-Gita*, one of the sacred books of ancient India, says:

Know that prakriti, or nature, and purusha, the spirit, are without beginning.

The Supreme is never without the power of manifestation. This power is the indwelling spirit in the material essence and, active or latent, is ever present and eternal. In the active period of evolution the material Universe is the vesture and drapery of the Divinity. Herbert Spencer, in giving expression to his maturest thought, says, "The divine energy that is manifested throughout the universe is the same energy that wells up in us as consciousness."

Science concedes then, the manifestation in the material world of a principle, called divine energy, which, when manifesting in man, is named self-consciousness and becomes mind, intelligence. The monad or unit life has evolved up through the different rounds, periods or ages of evolution, in the kingdom of nature to the consciousness of the human ego. The long pilgrimage of the monad through the lowest forms of matter up to the highest we know of, reveals the fact that it has developed by experience its capacities, that were latent at the beginning of its journey. This monad or persistent center of life, or divine energy, referred to by Mr. Spencer, must contain within itself potentially the essential elements of the human being. When we speak of the persistent type of life evolving from the stone to the plant, from the plant to the animal, from the animal to man, and from man to God, we must not lose sight of the idea that this part of the divine energy called the monad, by reason of its accretions from its experience, does not confound its life with that of other monads, but on the contrary, although inseparably linked with them, preserves its identity and gains from experience the power to evolve to higher states of consciousness. Its instincts require it to

learn all that may be gained in each round before it passes to another; hence it is re-embodied many times before it evolves to a higher plane of being. As Mr. Huxley observes:

Certain well-marked forms of living beings have existed through enormous epochs, surviving not only the changes of physical conditions, but persisting comparatively unaltered, while other forms of life have appeared and disappeared.

To call the thing that persists spirit or matter would be misleading. As another ancient writing declares, it is neither spirit nor matter, "but verily the root and container of both," it is eternal and indestructible. This indestructible monad has power to evolve and respond to the promptings of the law of its being, which tend to the highest goal. The lowest forms, as forms, do not tend Godward, for form is destructible, being but the temporary vehicle in which the monad finds expression in material life, and gains experience of that mode of life.

The monad is formless and capable of adjusting itself to all forms and conditions of life. A grain of sand, a clod of earth, will pass away, but the cohesive, informing life principle in these objects persists after the forms have ceased to be. The monad being of a persistent nature, preserves what it gains, does not forfeit the condition it has attained, and, seeking constantly for higher modes of expression, abandons the forms that can afford it no new experience nor higher state. All the gains from the experiences in the rounds of one kingdom of nature make up the sum total experience of the monad of that kingdom. What is true of one kingdom is true of all. Re-embodiment must prevail. There could be no progress without it. Evolution involves re-embodiment. That which is necessary to advancement in the lower kingdoms of nature, for reasons equally potent, is required in the human kingdom.

We can understand how a physical organism increases in size and grows in strength, how plants are nourished and come to perfection; and that animals are improved and trained to perform many things requiring intelligence, we know. What food and nutriment are to the physical, training and practice are to the mental faculties. The dormant powers of the ego are awakened by education. The true office of the educator is to awaken the pupil to a sense of his own knowledge of what he, the educator, is endeavoring to impart. When our attention is rightly centered on a certain thing, knowledge so clear and evident comes to us that our surprise is that we did not realize it before. Our knowledge must come from introspection or from an awakening from without; in either case we may learn what is at the core of our better and higher nature.

When we look earnestly and deeply into the nature of organized life, it is not so difficult to realize that impressions made on the mental and moral nature cling to us and are preserved and pass along from one generation to another. The facts of mental and physical heredity reveal a mysterious law that aids us greatly in considering moral and spiritual heredity. Writers on physical and mental heredity have, as a general thing, viewed the subject

from a materialistic standpoint. At this time, since but few men are atheists, and since nearly all realize the existence of soul, we can see, keeping in mind the evolution of the monad, that heredity must be treated from physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual points of view. In the evolution of the ego, the attainment of the most perfect form, as such, is not the goal of the pilgrim, but as a perfect instrument, to give expression to the highest state of consciousness of the ego.

When the monadic essence has evolved into the human ego its persistent characteristics propel it through rounds of evolution and through different races to gain all possible knowledge from such experience; and, as the history of the monad has shown that re-embodiment is the law of its progress, the human ego, obedient to the same law, is re-embodied or reincarnated many times. Form evolves in obedience to the demands of the ego. In other words the ego weaves a fabric fit for its own purposes which ever expand as it evolves to a higher state.

In the physical world all things are subject to change. The temporary condition of things is for the service of the permanent, the real, the eternal. Every change that occurs in the temporary reveals new aspects of the eternal. In the delusions of physical existence the ego seems to be one with its vehicle. This condition is the one cognized by those evolved to the same extent as the one observed. The development along the way implies the attainment of different states of consciousness. These are the infallible signs of the ego's progress. Every state rests upon the state below it, the result of severe tests and painstaking or indifferent efforts. These efforts are never in vain. Their results can never be lost. They become the warp and woof of the vesture of the soul that has won its freedom. Nature does not advance by leaps and bounds. Order is her first law. Her efforts are fruitful. She guards whatever is worthy of preservation. Without such jealous care the monad would never pass beyond its primal condition. The preservation of the fruit of human experience for many ages has given us whatever of wisdom we have and the civilization of the present time. If mankind had exercised the prudence and economy of Nature, the world today would be highly enlightened.

In every human being there is the higher and lower nature, or the divine soul and the human soul. The divine is the monitor to the human, prompting, suggesting, and admonishing. And every pure thought, unselfish motive and spiritual aspiration of the human soul is reflected back to the divine soul that prompted them. The difference between that which descends and that which ascends may be mentally perceived in this respect, that the reflection from the human soul has its color and characteristics, and is deficient in purity and force. But whatever has any affinity to the divine and is worthy of preservation is preserved. This is the way of the building of character, the growth of the soul, its purification, that it may come to be like its parent of which it is a reflection. What I have been considering relates to average humanity, where want of opportunity and circumstances

of birth and environment are not impediments. How must it be with those egos that Karma has placed in the lowest condition? By comparison we may judge of the difference in spiritual enlightenment between individuals and races by reflecting on the intellectual development of one of the ancient peoples most favored in this respect. Although the most intellectual may not be the most spiritual, we may get suggestive help for our task.

It is said that the nineteenth century had no one to stand by the side of Socrates and Phidias. And none probably to be compared with Plato or Pericles. It is said that the average ability of the Athenian people, on the lowest estimate, was about two grades higher than that of the English people—which is reckoned at about as much as the English are above the African negro. This estimated disparity may seem too great, yet critical observers say it is confirmed by the bright intelligence and great culture of the Athenian commonalty, before whom the best literary productions were recited, and works of art exhibited of such rare merit that they would be beyond the capacity of the average of the best favored people of our times to appreciate, judging from the books that are most largely read in our public libraries and in public places. In passing, I may observe that the style and matter of public lectures of the day, which seem to please the people, the dramatic performances that are most popular, the stress that is laid on the production of theatrical plays, show perhaps as well as anything else the average intellectual caliber.

The matter that is vital in the consideration of evolution and re-embodiment is that the Divine is the source and origin of all things—"from whom all proceed and to whom all must return." Therefore the principle in manifestation that is indestructible and eternal is one with the Supreme Power. In essence it is not simply the power of God, but in its purity and simple quality it is the Supreme manifesting in the universe by means of the material essence. We must not confound spirit and matter. In a logical and metaphysical sense spirit and matter can never meet. People who have not carefully looked into the subject may say that this is Pantheism. I reply that it is not historical Pantheism—the kind referred to by those who object to this teaching. Spinoza uses the term God as equivalent to Nature (*Deus sive Natura*). Theosophy teaches that God is the source of the natural world, that the latter is subordinate to God, that it is the manifestation in space of God's power. The universe is not God. In the beginning of the world of manifestation in which we live, God evolved the material universe; and, being omnipresent, he veiled himself with the material essence, and thus subordinate conditions and entities were the result. The gods, or entities of the highest intelligence, came into existence, and beings of the lowest forms of life made their appearance. As Krishna says, "In presiding over Nature which is mine—I am born but through my own maya (illusion), the mystic power of self-ideation, the eternal thought in the eternal mind."

In the intellectual world the aim is to reach the highest state of intelligence

—that we may be conscious that we know, and gain all that is wise. And Goethe says: “All that is wise has been thought already; we must try, however, to think it again.” We have different modes of thinking the things that are wise and real. How much that is real and true, or nearly so, do we make our own? Now we may apprehend that the truth and all that is considered wise are re-embodied and have a new birth. The arts that were lost will be rediscovered; the mysteries of antiquity are to be made known. If the wise things in the world of man are to be thought over and over again, that we may know and realize their divine aspects, is it not indispensable to the growth and perfection of the human soul that it should have many births? What a strong support the truth of evolution has in the idea of re-embodiment of the divine principle which ensouls matter and constantly tends toward higher types and perfection of form! Higher types and perfection of form are not for the sake of the form; can we not see that there is a higher purpose which they serve? The divine energy that Spencer refers to, welling up in us as consciousness, manifests more and more completely as higher types are developed and a greater perfection of form. Without accurate and cultured language, the medium of expression, the vehicle of thought, how poor would not the best ideas and the divinest concepts be?

The idea of the soul's progress is acceptable to most people. Yet we know that the overwhelming majority of mankind have made but little advancement in the past. Since humanity came on to this globe billions of people have passed away in ignorance and misery—what has become of them? Have they reached their final destiny? Or have they been from time to time, returning again and again to earth-life for further experience to perfect themselves for higher states of consciousness? Does it not seem perfectly reasonable that inasmuch as souls are here for experience, to gain knowledge—to become wise, they would return here until they gain all that it is possible for them to gain on earth? That they must become purer than they are now before they can go to their final destiny would seem to be certain. Here they have sown, here they must reap. How shall they reap what they have sown in this life unless they return to earth-life again?

It is not reasonable to suppose that either God or Nature projects us into a body simply to fill us with bitterness because we can have no other opportunity here, but rather we must conclude that a series of incarnations has led to the present condition, and that the process of coming here again and again must go on for the purpose of affording us the opportunity needed.

—W. Q. JUDGE

Richard Wagner as a Seer

by M. G. M.



IN reading "Richard Wagner's Prose Works," one is forcibly struck by the wonderful knowledge of how best to help humanity, to uplift it through Art in Drama; and also by the many prophesies in his "Art Work of the Future," that have here on Point Loma come into fulfillment and are now being worked out by our Teacher and her students. How perfectly our stage settings for our dramatic work fulfill the following:

Landscape painting as the last and perfected conclusion of all the plastic arts, will become the very soul of Architecture; she will teach us so to rear the *stage* for the dramatic Artwork of the Future that on it, herself imbued with life, she may picture forth the warm background of Nature for *living*, no longer counterfeited, *man*. * * *

The *man-portraying* art of painting will never find it possible to lead a healthy, necessary life—until, without a pencil or a canvas, in liveliest artistic setting, the *beautiful* Man portrays *himself* in full perfection. What she now toils to reach by honest effort, she then will reach in perfect measure, when she bequeaths her color and her skill of composition to the living "plastic" of the real dramatic representant; when she steps down from her canvas and plaster and stands upon the tragic stage; when she bids the artist carry out in his own person what she toiled in vain to consummate by heaping up of richest means without the breath of actual Life. * * Each branch of art can only address itself to the *understanding* in proportion as its core—whose relation to Man, or derivation from him, alone can animate and justify the artwork—is ripening towards the Drama. In proportion as it passes over into Drama, as it pulsates with the Drama's light, will each domain of art grow all-intelligible, completely understood and justified. * *

The illusion of plastic art will turn to *truth* in *Drama*; the plastic artist will reach out hands to the dancer, to the mime; will lose himself in them and thus become himself both mime and dancer. So far as lies within his power he will have to impart the inner man, his feelings and his willing to the eye. But where his power ends, where the fullness of his will and feeling impels him to the uttering of the inner man by means of speech, there will the Word proclaim his plain and conscious purpose; he becomes a *Poet*, and to be poet, a *tone artist*.

But as dancer, tone artist and poet, he still is one and the same thing; nothing other than *executant, artistic man, who in the fullest measure of his faculties, imparts himself to the expression of receptive power*. * * * Not one rich faculty of the separate arts will remain unused in the United Artwork of the Future; in *it* will each attain its first complete appraisalment.

Speaking of "the Folk," the "Fellowship of Artists," and who they really are, to the *Egoistic cultured*, he describes our present Brotherhood, which is of artists, laborers and warriors. He says:

The Artwork of the Future is an associate work, and only an associate demand can call it forth. This demand is practically conceivable only in the *fellowship of artists*; the union of every artist according to the exigencies of the time and place, and for *one definite aim*, is that which forms this fellowship. This definite aim is the Drama, for which

they all unite in order by their participation therein to unfold their own peculiar art to the acme of its being; in this unfoldment to permeate each other's essence, and as fruit thereof to generate the living, breathing, moving Drama. * * *

Yet no alliances of men will enjoy a richer, more eventful change than those inspired by *Art*. For in these each individuality, so soon as ever it has wit to utter itself in consonance with the spirit of community, will, by the exposition of its passing purpose, call forth a fresh alliance to realize that *one specific* purpose; inasmuch as it will widen out its own particular need to the Need of a brotherhood which this very need will have summoned into existence. * * Thus only will the future Artist Guild be constituted, so soon as ever it is banded by no other aim than that of the *Artwork*. Who, then, will be the *Artist of the Future*? The Poet? The Performer? The Musician? The Plastician? Let us say it in one word: the *Folk*. *That selfsame Folk to whom we owe the only genuine Artwork, still living even in our modern memory, however much distorted by our restorations; to whom alone we owe all Art itself.* However, [to the Egoistic cultured], neither you nor this rabble do we understand by the term the Folk; only when neither ye nor *It* shall exist any longer, can we conceive the presence of the Folk. Yet even now the Folk is living wherever ye and the rabble are not; or rather it is living in your midst, but ye wist not of it. Did ye *know* it, then were ye yourselves the Folk; for no man can know the fullness of the Folk without possessing a share therein. The highest educated alike with the most uneducated, the learned with the most unlearned, the high placed with the lowly, the nestling of the amplest lap of luxury with the starveling of the filthiest den of hunger, the ward of heartless Science with the wastrel of the rawest vice,—so soon as e'er he feels and nurtures in himself a stress which thrusts him out from cowardly indifference to the criminal assemblage of our social and political affairs, or heavy-witted submission thereunder,—which inspires him with loathing for the shallow joys of our inhuman culture, or hatred for our Utilitarianism that brings its uses only to the needless and never to the needy—which fills him with contempt for those self-sufficient thralls, the despicable Egoists! or wrath against the arrogant outragers of human nature, he therefore, who *not* from this conglomerate of pride and baseness, of shamelessness and cringing, thus not from the statutory rights which hold this composite together, but from the fullness and depth of naked *human nature* and the irrefutable right of its absolute Need, draws force for resistance, for revolt, for assault upon the oppressor of this nature—he then who *must* withstand revolt, and deal assault, and openly avows this plain necessity in that he gladly suffers every other sorrow for its sake, and if need should be, will even offer up his life:—*he, and he alone belongs to the Folk*; for he and all his fellows feel a common *want*. This *want* will give the Folk the mastery of Life, will raise it to the only living might.

Time, Real and Imaginary

An Allegory

On the wide level of a mountain's head,
 (I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place)
 Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
 Two lovely children run an endless race,
 A sister and a brother!
 That far outstripp'd the other;
 Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
 And looks and listens for the boy behind:
 For he, alas! is blind!
 O'er rough and smooth with even step he passed,
 And knows not whether he be first or last.—COLERIDGE

Providence *and* Chance

by H. T. E.



OF the things which happen to us, some are obviously due to our own conduct, and others are not so easily explainable. In the latter case we may find it necessary to introduce a Deity or Providence to account for our lot.

For example: If I am ill from over-eating, I blame myself; but if I am ill from birth up, I blame God.

Or again: If I jump off a cliff and break my leg, it is my fault; but if a shingle falls on my head as I walk along the street, it is God's inscrutable will; or, perhaps I may prefer to say it is Chance's inscrutable will.

Doubtless one could find some events that would be on the border-line between these two categories, and where it would be difficult to decide whether to blame God or one's self.

There is no valid reason for thus partially using Providence by bringing him into some of the affairs of our life and leaving him out of others. He must be involved in all or in none. Man's destiny is as much a part of his belongings as are his character and his clothes. He spins and weaves that destiny as he goes along, like a spider with its web. This fact is generally admitted in the case of many events; but surely, if it is true at all, it must be true throughout and must apply even to the smallest detail, such as the falling of a brick on one's head.

There may be no *apparent* connection between the trivial and so-called "casual" incidents of life and their causes in ourselves; but then our knowledge of the universe is extremely limited. When we consider what vast realms of nature remain yet unexplored, and what huge gaps there are in our knowledge, we shall not wonder that many things remain unexplained.

Many Theosophists have a general belief in the law of Karma, but that is not the same thing as understanding the *machinery* by which that law works out its operations.

Nevertheless it is beyond question that advancing knowledge will reveal more and more of the subtle links that unite character to destiny, and thus leave ever less and less to be assigned to the inscrutable will of Chance or to blind Providence.

The drops of water wept to leave the sea,
 But the sea laughed and said, "We still are we."
 God is within, without, and all around,
 And not a hair's breadth severs me and thee.

YORK POWELL'S VERSION OF *Omar*

The Story of a Star

by Merceo



A CHILD who dwelt much alone learned to look upon the stars as his companions.

To his fancy they were living things that looked at him with eyes golden and bright. When they twinkled he said they were smiling at him.

All about him were living things. From the ground he saw the snake glide forth, and many other burrowing things that made their home within its dark bosom. The water had its inhabitants, too. He loved to watch the fishes dart and swim in its clear depths, the turtle drowsing on its bank. Animal life was all about him. He saw the bees and butterflies, the myriad insects of the lower air, and overhead the forest songsters, winging their way toward heaven. Why not other beings far beyond where he saw moving lights?

Dumb things had always been his friends. Without speech he communed with them. Each sign or sound was as a word to him, part of a strange language that all things spoke to those who understood. Nothing was quite voiceless. However small or silent, it spoke to him, each in its own way.

The stars seemed always to be saying: "Light is gladness, light is joy."

In the evening he would watch for their coming. As darkness fell upon the scenes around him and they faded from his mind, he thought only of his silent companions of the night. Sitting at his window he would gaze upon them with so much love that his heart grew still and bright as if a star had fallen there.

"How beautiful to be a star!" he said.

No matter how dark it grew on earth they were always shining. From their high places they looked upon the world and nothing could be hidden from their calm, clear eyes. "If only I could get up there" thought the boy, "I could see the whole world."

He thought of tall hills climbing toward the sky, but even they were far too low to reach his radiant friends. Nor did birds fly so far.

"If I were a bird," he said aloud, "I would fly up among them."

Thinking these thoughts he fell asleep. In a dream he saw himself as a golden bird with wings that scattered brightness as they lifted him through the dark blue air. He was nearing his beloved stars. Then it seemed that all their light was merged in a radiant being that spoke to him, saying:

"Your home is yet on earth. Carry the light into its dark places that all may learn to love the light." And from its radiance it filled the boy's heart full to overflowing.

Softly he sank back to earth, waking on his pillow with a feeling of such deep joy that he nevermore forgot it, but from that time was assured that he, too, had once been a star.

Years passed and the boy became a man. The light still lived in his heart though at times a shadow of doubt or grief would cover it as clouds conceal the sun. Sometimes he thought the light had gone out, but it would shine forth again and again, driving shadows away and filling his soul with song and gladness.

At last he came to understand that the light did not die, and that it was able to destroy all shadows. Then he feared them no longer. Knowing they would soon pass away, he thought instead of the deathless light shining behind them.

He learned, too, to look for the starry light in other men. Where he found it, there was always a friend, for the shining hearts knew and loved each other. By the soft harmonies playing between them they felt the presence of other selves. No words could tell it half so well, nor could they ever tell the joy of such a meeting.

But the music within told all. In the silent language of his childhood it spoke of happier climes where they had been together in the past ; of their common home ; of longing for re-union. Thus the old tie was made again, a tie that men call friendship.

Onward passed the man's life like a pathway, going sometimes through flowery places and again through barren wastes that chilled his hope. Only the star held him to his course. In darkness he looked overhead, and nightly when he lay down for his rest he prayed :

“O radiant Star, come to me in my dreams !”

But the star spoke to him no more. Only sometimes when he wakened joyously with all his troubles gone he knew his sleeping soul had looked upon it. Unknown to him it shed its brightness upon other lives as well, and its peace was like a soft hand laid upon aching heads, or like gentle speech to hearts that are a-fevered. It banished pain away. Others followed still their various dreams, but they learned to love the light, and in sorrow they turned to it for healing.

At length the man grew weary. His feet no longer bore him on. His tired eyes closed and he sank beside the road. It was very dark and lonely, he thought, no friend at hand, no help in his distress.

“O Light, where art thou ?”

It was his heart that cried unto the darkness and forth there sprang a light. His opened eyes were dazzled by its glory so that he turned his head a moment ere he dared to look again. Then he saw it was a living star that shone upon him. From its glowing heart went forth a love so tender that his own heart sprang to meet it. Eyes divinely pitiful looked into his, and in the silence a clear voice said to him :

“Come home, thou weary one, and rest.”

Led by a Little Child

by R. S.



LAST week as I mounted a bus on my way to the city I saw Bob Maynard in front, and accordingly I went forward and took the vacant seat by his side. After a brief salutation we sat in silence, which continued until Bob suddenly remarked, "What queer things children *do* say!" I assented and waited expectant for more.

"Yesterday," he resumed, "the wife took little Kitty into Epping Forest to look for primroses and on the way home what do you think she said?" The field for conjecture was so very wide that I begged him to proceed and save me the trouble of guessing.

"'Mother,' she said, 'we are like primroses, aren't we? We spring up and fade and die and then we spring up again, don't we?'"

"That is interesting," I said, "many children have the belief that they have lived before on Earth, and I have heard numbers of similar 'queer sayings' from the lips of children."

"Are you a believer in reincarnation?" said Bob.

"Most certainly," I replied.

Bob Maynard puffed at his pipe in silence for awhile and then continued as follows: "It's funny how ideas will come into one's head, be dismissed as ridiculous and yet crop out again years after, more vigorous than ever. It is some years since I heard the idea of many earth-lives for the soul, and I thought I had ridiculed it for good and all, yet now little Kitty sets me thinking of it once more, and do you know it somehow seems almost credible!"

"The weak point about it, to my mind," he continued, "is that it can't be proved, and that I have no recollection of my past lives."

"No," said I, "neither have you any recollection of being born in your present life, and yet there is no doubt whatever that you did undergo that experience or you would not be here today."

Bob smiled and re-lit his pipe which had gone out.

"Suppose," I went on, "that some one who could remember his past lives were to tell you that you and he had worked together on the Pyramids, or had been comrades in Cæsar's army. You would not be able to give one solitary proof to the contrary. You might indeed say that you had no recollection of old times, but you would be forced to admit that he was possibly correct. A very important and far-reaching admission is it not?"

After a pause, my companion resumed: "You know my wife is orthodox and believes that we shall all meet in heaven when we die and live forever and ever as a united family. She doesn't take to the notion of coming here

again and occupying another body—says she wouldn't know who was who, and the whole thing would be cold and cheerless."

"With my wife it was quite different," I said. "We lost our first baby in infancy, and my wife was terribly cut up about it. She was orthodox and believed she should meet little Tommy in heaven, but that was where the trouble lay with her.

"She used to say that she might live to eighty, and when she died and reached the golden portals she would be welcomed in by some grown up, stalwart angel who claimed to be little Tommy. 'But he wouldn't be the same little baby I used to wash and tuck up in bed. Oh, it's cold comfort, isn't it, dear?' she would say. Well, one night she went to hear a lecture on Reincarnation, and came back a changed woman.

"'Babies who die young,' she said, 'haven't done with earth life, they have lots to learn yet, and why shouldn't our new baby be little Tommy come back to try again?' Then she went over to the cradle and began, 'Oh, Tommy, you — —,' the usual mother's talk, you know the style. Well, sir, she has never grieved since and has taken quite a new interest in life, and, whether true or false, reincarnation has altered her whole life.

"The curious thing about reincarnation is that it doesn't need proof. Once you get a person to view life in the light of this doctrine and he can never get rid of the idea. It explains so many puzzles and is so eminently reasonable that it sticks, and after awhile insensibly takes root and becomes a part of their very being. I dined the other day with a cotton merchant and after dinner got the chance to make a statement of reincarnation. He sat still when I had finished, lost in thought. After awhile he muttered, with great earnestness, 'God forbid!' 'Why should the Deity forbid anything so just and reasonable?' I objected.

"The only reason he could give was that he should be sorry to come back again as a mill hand under present conditions. Of course I couldn't prove the doctrine to him, but it has evidently sunk into his mind and a young fellow who works in his office tells me that already he has started all kinds of things for the benefit of his work people."

"It certainly explains many problems that the one-life theory does not touch," said Bob. "I met a fellow at school whom I took to the first time I saw him and we have been friends ever since without a break. Perhaps we had known each other far back in antiquity and our present friendship is simply the renewal of an ancient tie."

We were recalled to present conditions by loud cries of "Bank, Bank," and as Bob rose to go he pointed to the massive pile of the buildings of the Bank of England.

"I would give all the wealth that lies behind those walls," said he, "to be sure that what you say is true."

As he clambered down the stairway, I asked him to keep me posted in little Kitty's queer sayings. He promised he would.

Ancient *and* Modern Music

by a Student



Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling, passionate and eternal form.—PLATO

ANCIENT and modern music, notwithstanding the long, eventful centuries and mental epochs intervening between them, show many points of inner, vital relation. Especially is this true with regard to sacred or church music, which all along its course from hoary antiquity to modern times forms an unbroken chain of technical and harmonical relations.

To trace the evolutionary path of music as it winds through the ascending and descending arcs of human culture, is by no means an easy task. No other art presents so many difficulties to the student. Thus while, for instance, the student of Grecian sculpture has a relatively easy task to follow up and uncover the lines of the Greek genius as related to that art, being gauged in his researches by a speaking, yet inflexible marble—the student of Greek music will find no Phidias whose masterpieces can furnish him with a standard of judgment relative to music. Prior to the excavations in Delphi, the heritage of ancient music left to posterity amounted to three hymns and a few fragments of quite mediocre value, and of no older date than the second century of our era. The above mentioned excavations, however, have added essentially to our store of knowledge, permitting an extension of our lines of inquiry into the third century B. C. Two hymns, dedicated to Apollo, were discovered, but the anticipations this acquisition gave rise to, did not fully materialize. While incomparably surpassing the hymns of the second century, the hymns dedicated to the Delphian Apollo offer yet but an incomplete insight into our subject. Unable from these fragments of a mere theoretic music to establish a living touch or train of feeling with the products of this art in Greece, we can, nevertheless, on a basis of doctrinal testimonies arrive to a rather complete and reliable conception in the abstract, of the value as to the character and moral force of Greek music.

Music consists of four elements: Melody, rhythm, harmony and color of tone. In our modern music the two latter predominate, while the music of the ancients consisted exclusively of the two former. Hence the monotony of Greek music; but hence also its impressiveness and solemn strength.

Homophonous to its character, the Greek music was only to a slight degree adaptable to instrumental uses. In this case, however, it was supported by the simplest contrivances, such as the primitive harp or lyre and flute. The

limitation of the lyre, whose seven or eight strings could only respond, each with a single tone, explains the peculiar absence of symphonies in the antique world of music. Its range of instrumental execution was limited to solo-presentations and duets. In preserving works of music, the elements of melody and rhythm—ever present in the Greek art—are of more importance than harmony and color of tone. At the same time it is in rhythm and melody the peculiar power inheres, which in the execution of music so enraptures and spellbinds the mind. The truth of this statement can easily be verified by comparing the heights of mental tension arrived at in the rendering of a modern *Opera-Finale* or liturgic *Credo*, a *Marseillaise*, or a prayer.

The fact that in ancient music the rhythm constituted the central or basic element, does not lessen the importance of melody as a vital factor in musical structures, for it is through the melody that beauty and ecstasy is added to the rhythmic forcefulness and depth. Thus while rhythm engenders the substance or character of a musical production, the melody clothes it with its transporting vestures. Rhythm is the soul, melody the body, and though in the true valuation of things, the soul extends higher claims than the body for being an expression of the eternal and *real* in life, the latter, nevertheless, in its quality of evolutionary agent holds a position of indispensable importance in the advancement of the world. Melody and rhythm stand to each other in the same relation as an operator to his instrument. The genius of the former would be sterile and unproductive, if not rendered potent and actual by the medium of the latter, and no true master or musical critic ever underrated the vital importance of melody in the life of music. We even sometimes find melody to assume the leading and central position in a musical rendering. The unison Folk-lied consists almost solely of melody.

Until the deep-wrought experiences of a more advanced ethical culture had imparted *motive* and subjective grasp to the musical conception (the rise of rhythm)—the melody with its burden of outer, objective, natural life, sufficed to express the simple notions of pure, primitive human existence. Yet the function of the melody is by no means exhausted on those primitive levels of life; it follows the onward march of the evolution of music, entering as a vital factor in its highest achievements. T. A. Gevaert, the famous Belgian musical composer, goes so far in his estimation of melody as to impute to it the character of a seed from which has sprung the Polyphony itself—a Fugue of Bach, a Symphony of Beethoven, or a Symphony-Drama of Wagner. In “Tristan” Wagner has twice acknowledged the power of pure melody, and unreservedly expressed his admiration for its beauty; in the “Sailor’s Song,” in the first act, and again in the “Elegy of the Herder” in the beginning of the last. And whatever the polyphonic and symphonic genius of Wagner has accomplished in this masterpiece, he never succeeded in adding to the pathetic touch and sweet melodic emphasis present in the theme itself. In the pure melody, the human soul finds a vehicle for the expression of its primitive, instinctive impulses of joy and sorrow, hopes and fears.

The Greek melody, though ever held in abeyance to Greek rhythm, has nevertheless, when compared to modern melody, several points of advantage. Thus while our melody is reared on a mere dual scale with a twofold division of its ground-tone, the Greek melody arises from three basic gamuts, with a fourfold division of its ground-tone. Furthermore, we find that the tone-genera, operative in the Greek melody, amounted to seven, while in modern melody they are limited to two: *dur* and *moll*. In ancient music moll-accords predominated, being the expressions for the solemn, deep-going, soul-heaving, tragical in human nature, while our music is mostly freighted with dur-accords—the manly, the grand and the joyous. A study of Greek melody must necessarily be lacking in depth, owing to the limitations of working material left at our disposal. All we know about Greek melody results from the study of a few musical fragments of undetermined age and origin.

In our study of ancient rhythm, we have been favored with better opportunities. Our comparatively intimate acquaintance with the Greek rhythm, is almost entirely due to our knowledge of Greek poetry, through the preserving media of which, the former has been transmitted across intervening centuries, without losing any of its characteristic qualities. Gevaert leaves us in no uncertainty as to the dominating influence exercised by rhythm over Greek poetry and song; and it is to this circumstance we are indebted for our knowledge of Greek rhythm.

The composers and poets of Greece regarded rhythm as the agency through which character and purpose were to be imparted to poetry, music and dance, while the beauty, grace and artistic measure of a musical production were accredited to the function of melody. The latter expressed to them the feminine, rhythm the masculine element of music. Again, melody to them revealed feeling and color; rhythm, intensity and endurance. The former is intuitive to human nature; the latter becomes appreciable to the mind through the stress of subsequent mental and spiritual evolution.

This view furnishes the key to the character of a people's culture. The Greeks with their high appreciation of the rhythmic in every presentation of time and measure, indicate a position of far advanced evolutionary growth, and as this rhythmic dominance is characteristic even in their earliest musical creations, it follows that this wonderful people had already passed their stage of mental childhood at the time when they made their first appearance on the stage of history.

In their painstaking studies of ancient music, Gavaert and Croiset have brought to light the marvelously complicated tone-structure of Greek rhythm. A few of the more striking details may here be quoted:

The execution of Greek music involves three basic rhythmic relations: 1—1 (one long and two short); 1—1½ or 2—3 (one long and three short). The first mentioned is the *Dactylic* (two-footed); the second is the *Iambic* (three-footed), and the last the *Peonic* (five-footed). The character contained in the first is serious, dignified, and at times mystic—used mostly at religious observances, mystical initiations and as accompaniments to the movements of the gods. In modern music we find this rhythm represented in the sonnet in Bæthoven's Seventh Symphony, "The waves of Song."

The second rhythm in our enumeration—the Iambic—is warmer and more vivacious, and is reproduced in the opening ecstasies of the “Eroican.” The third or Peonic rhythm, was the most common among the Greeks and has recently been introduced into the Orient and Russia. In our western countries this rhythm is very seldom found.

Besides these three basic rhythms a great variety of others have been discovered in Greek music, being produced by an ingenious shifting of the feet. In the course of time these minor, or *derived* rhythms were arranged into orderly and specified measures, later on to be formed into periods. Again these periods gave rise to the formation of joints or intermodes in musical structures or *organisms*, with a subsequent evolution of Strophes, Systems and Comata, each one constituting an integral part in a unified, poetic whole. Carefully analyzing the “Alceste” of Euripides, the “Clouds” of Aristophanes, and the “Odes” of Pindaros, Messrs. Gevaert and Croiset have showed that these wonderful structures of beauty, sanity and strength of Greek rhythm, were possible of being produced only through rhythmical unification into a perfect whole of the two qualities, systematic order and functional freedom.

There is a symmetry and order in this system which without giving the impression of severity or rigor, nevertheless control with undeviating certitude even the minutest of its parts. The division of rhythm and melody into *quadratic sections*, which seems to be so necessary for our appreciation of music, was entirely unknown to the Greeks. Nor is the rolling or waving movement which is so characteristic to our modern rhythm, at any time to be found in the rhythm of the ancients. The indeterminable sweep in our modern melody is likewise unknown to the musicians of old, who used to beat the time with appropriate instruments and not unfrequently with the wooden-soled stage sandals of the tragedians.

In a very learned treatise on the evolution of music published some time ago in the French magazine, *Le Revue des deux Mondes*, the Frenchman, M. Combarieux, has called attention to the fact that Greek rhythm is still extant in the so-called classical music of our present time. In his admirable analysis of modern and ancient music, this well informed Frenchman has discovered the striking rhythmic analogy existing between the productions of Bach and Beethoven, and the dramatic creations of the Greek poets. This may be so, yet in the musical productions of our immediate time a tendency is noticeable to demolish the rhythmic forms of the ancients and substitute them with flitting, self-sustained melodies. “Panta Rhei”—everything is afloat, everything is moving—is the device adopted by our modern composers. And in a deeper sense this device expresses a great truth; but while formerly the ever-floating, ever-moving current of music was regulated by rhythmic law, the process at present seems reverted, and an unregulated current of melody is striving to free itself from all rhythmic restrictions.

If this tendency of modern music to free itself from the sway of ancient rhythm, were permitted unrestrained to pursue its course, our time would be

threatened with the irreparable loss of an agency, through the operation of which, the human nature has been made to yield some of its deepest secrets—some of its grandest truths. But in the midst of this musical image-breaking a growing reaction has set in, followed by a tendency to return to the heroic virtues and simple strength of ancient measures. It is especially in the genius of that great Bavarian mystic, *Richard Wagner*, that the spirit of ancient music has found a true and befitting *reincarnation*. Yet Wagner has never slavishly imitated the *forms* and mannerisms of a gone-by past. His mission has been to array the antique genius with all its heroic craft, in a more representative evolutionary appropriate garment. No one has more clearly than Wagner realized the futility of a resurrection of once out-lived forms. "Art," he once said, "being a bearer of living power, has its sole guaranty of survival by the ceaseless vigilance with which it adopts ever new and more plastic vehicles of expression. The moment Art claims infinitude for her forms, as she does for her ideas, she shall lose herself in the nebulous and the bizarre."

The burden of Wagner's life as philosopher and artist was contained in his grand endeavor to ensoul music with *motif* (purposive unfoldment). Drawing his themes from the innermost springs of human nature, (its consciousness of universal identity and oneness,) Richard Wagner, through the agency of music, translates this vague, only subjectively experienced feeling into cognitions of objective and palpable certitudes.

Through the magic of his master genius, the spirit of ancient idealism descended as a living, adjusting factor into concrete wants and necessities of nineteenth-century life. Above all other considerations the workings of Wagner's genius had always ethical and humanitarian ends in view. To the deep *rhythmic* currents of *subjective* life—so dominant in the Greek rhythm—Wagner has added the *melody* of *objective* life, and inflated the monotone of mysticism with the variations of vital—practical issues. Through his sometimes almost to the unendurable extended bars of rhythmic intensity, this master genius fired nearly to the point of conflagration by the divine flame of inspiration, sinks his shafts of rhythmic energy into the mystic deeps of human feeling, lifting the latter through steps of melodic variants into the daylight of practically verifiable and realizable truths. Wagner's great absorbing themes are the *Unity of Life* and *Brotherhood of Man*. In the former he saw the *end* of evolution, and in the latter the *means* or methods indispensable for its attainment. As a bearer of this philosophy, the Wagnerian music has furnished the present and the future with enduring guide-posts for moral and spiritual conduct. An expositor of human brotherhood, in the service of which he spent his noblest energies, Richard Wagner, like Antæus in the tale, through a constantly renewed touch with the earth—humanity—derives an ever increasing, ever triumphant strength:

Oh ye millions, I embrace you
Here's a kiss to all the world.

In ancient Greece poetry, dance and music constituted a closely allied trio, and mostly in co-operative touch with each other. The one suggested and complemented the others. Song imparted life to poetry, and both of them received from dance their plasticity and motion. The independence existing at present between music and poetry was unknown amongst the Greeks. The word was adapted to the music and formed with the latter an integral and organic part. Hence the assistance which the student of Greek song or music is rendered by his knowledge of Greek poetry. If, for instance, the music to the celebrated verse of the elegiac poet *Tyrtæus*, "Aget 'o Spartas enploi!" was lost, an attentive study of its text and metre would readily reproduce its rhythm. Not so with our modern poetry. If the music to a modern song should be lost, its reconstruction by the mere guidance of the surviving text would be impossible. From the first verse in the *Marseillaise* not an atom of musical sound could be rediscovered. And yet, strange enough, the rhythm of the *Marseillaise* is precisely the same as that of the above mentioned *Elegy of Tyrtæus*.

In true poetry, music precedes the words. Inspiration descends, as rhythm, into the soul of the poet, and his attempt to translate its message into concrete terms of understanding, results in the text—the rhythm and metre bearing testimony of its musical source. The words are temporal and conditional, while the music is eternal and self-sustained. When Palestrina was requested to write music to the liturgy of the Roman Catholic Church in order to add intensity and depth to their text, the result of the work was more advantageous to the music itself than to the words to which it was administered. The polyphonic genius of the composer gave through his labor a stronger impulse to the general evolution of music than to the strengthening of the liturgical text. In the "Mattaus Passion" and in "Don Juan," the unfoldment of the art of music receives another impulse, and the unified effort of a symphonic Germany puts the crown of supremacy on the art of music in its quality of rulership over the word. Then Richard Wagner took up the work. Through the touch of his magic art the spirit of music took up its abode in the word. The drama yielded to the inherent nature of rhythm and became a song. Illumined and transfigured by the witchcraft of music, the word became endowed with a new beauty and intensity. It is not the word in the Wagnerian Music-Drama that stirs and heaves the soul like an ocean—it is the music which breathes in and through—the music that lives, sings, weeps and smiles. The word merely calls attention to the presence of passions and feelings; it is the music which analyzes, describes and imparts them. In one of the duets of "Tristan," and in the closing scene of "Gotterdammerung," this musical transfiguration of the word has reached its highest manifestation of lofty passion and vital intensity.

As with poetry so with dance. Our modern music—save in its lower forms—has divorced itself almost entirely from the dance, mainly because the latter has ceased to be an art. To the Greek the dance was an inspired art, and everything plastic, spiritual and graceful was comprised in its movements. In

his descriptions of the arts and modes of culture in his neighboring country, the Roman poet Lucianos makes the observation that in Greece "the dance was a sculpture, endowed with motion, life and intelligence." For their symposiums, dance and impersonation of character were inseparably combined into a harmonic and symbolic whole. The dance even rose to become a function in the religious life of the Greek, as evidenced in the sacred temple dance. Dance developed from the gesture, and the mission of the latter was to assist the word in expressing the rhythmic energy inherent in the genius of the poet. From this it follows that the union of music, poetry and dance has its root in the very consciousness of man, philosophically and ethically indissoluble.

The philosophers of Greece considered music the most effective means and method by which to impart a true education to the popular mind. Plato once said that "music is an art endowed with power to penetrate into the very depths of the soul imbuing man with a love for virtue." The following we quote from his great work on the Republic:

Though not acquainted with the inner nature of the harmonies, I feel satisfied to know of one single harmony, which is capable of reproducing the tone and manly accents of the brave and heroic man, who, when thrown into danger by force of his conception of duty, stoically and unwaveringly accepts the blow of fate. And to the knowledge of this one heroic harmony I shall seek to add still another, which represents the man engaged in the performance of civic and domestic virtues invoking to his aid the mercy, wisdom and guiding intelligence of the gods; praying, loving, working; with affections for all, and words and deeds of benevolence and trust for every phase of suffering and misfortune; ever satisfied with what life has in store for him, modest, humble and eager for instructions at all times and circumstances. These two harmonies; the one energetic, the other calm; the one preparing for death, the other for life; the one finding its path of duty in the sacrifice of life, the other in the maintenance and cherishing of life—are representing the inspiring accents of heroism and wisdom, of renunciation and absorbing joy. A knowledge of these harmonies equips the citizen with courage and power to discharge his duties to the individual and to the state; to himself and to others.

Ancient music knew little of the overwrought, abnormal conditions of the soul, and its convulsive struggles, which is so characteristic of our modern descriptive music. Every age or era of human history is characterized by its special kind of music, expressing the inner life, the emotions, hopes, fears and ideals sustained by its people. The music of the ancients elevated the soul into contemplations of the ideal and sacred in life. Brought under the ennobling influence of seraphic harmonies, the individual becomes porous and receptive to the afflatus of pure untainted life; and as he re-entered the arena of public life he brought with him the rejuvenating affections and inspiring loftiness of soul, derived from the touch of soul-stirring harmony. When modern society to the same extent as the ancient has learned to understand and appreciate the stupendous power active in music, either for good or for evil, the moral forces of this world shall become equipped with a new armament in their crusade against the tyranny of selfishness and vice.

The Place of Religion in Daily Life*

by Emily I. Willans



I HAVE been thinking a great deal lately about the ancient peoples, and the place the religious ideal held with them; or shall I rather say, about ourselves and what place it held with us in the olden times, since it is a fact that we, the Souls, once inhabited the bodies of those old time races.

What made the glory of ancient Egypt, ancient India, ancient Greece? If we study their history we find that they were each deeply religious peoples, and that their religion entered into every act of their lives, and that *nothing* that they did was apart from religion.

Both Science and Philosophy in those days were closely associated with religion, three facets of the one divine Star of Truth. The people worked out from the *heart* and the ever flowing stream of love and aspiration that pulsed from the center illumined the mind, and energized the brain and hand, to produce those splendid philosophies and great creative works which still stand as monuments of the skill and profound learning and deeply religious feeling of those far away times. What has cramped the mind and fettered the genius of present day mankind? Why do we not produce the pyramids of Egypt, the statues of Greece?

Since we were Souls in those days, so we are Souls today, with all the knowledge hidden somewhere in our natures that made these Nations great in the past, and all the experience we have added since. Nature never meant that we should keep our eyes turned backward, sighing that the age of beauty and power is past, that perfected men walk no longer on earth as Teachers. The pure, unselfish Souls, wise in the teachings of the Book of Life—the Elder Brothers have never left Humanity alone in its struggles towards freedom; and the glad truth that *Man is Divine* in his origin and may consciously re-become one with the Supreme Spirit is pealed forth in clarion tones by their messengers today.

It was the truly religious, reverential spirit, founded upon the knowledge of man's unity with God and Nature—the attitude of heart and mind that enabled men to *express* themselves as *Souls*—that made them great. This is what we cried in Ancient Egypt, "The Gods adore thee! they greet thee, Oh the One Dark Truth," and addressing Ra they add, "The Gods bow before thy Majesty, by exalting the Souls of that which produces them . . . and say to thee, Peace to all, emanations from the Unconscious Father, of the Conscious Fathers of the Gods. Thou begetteth us, Oh thou Unknown and we

*Read at the Public Meeting December 1st, 1901, Sydney, Australia

greet thee in worshipping each God-Soul which descendeth from Thee and liveth in us!" In India's Scriptures we find: "I am the origin of all, all things proceed from me." "I am in the hearts of all men." "As a single Sun illuminateth the whole world, even so doth the One Spirit illumine everybody" while those who were the disciples of the Christ were taught of Deity "in whom we live and move and have our Being." "Know ye not, that ye are Gods, and the Temple of God?" All were alike enjoined to make their religion an active factor in their lives. "Whatsoever thou doest whatsoever thou eatest, whatsoever thou sacrificest, whatsoever thou givest, commit each unto me." "Whether ye eat or whether ye drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the Glory of God."

When in the past, through selfishness and love of the things of this world, we strayed from the practice of the precepts, the true *spiritual* illumination became dulled, for the worship of the Golden Calf is not permissible to the devotees of the Supreme—"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

Hence the downfall of the civilizations of the past with the introduction of creed and dogma in place of love for the Living Truth, and willing obedience to its behests.

But the Star of Humanity is in the ascendant today and great ones are amongst us, living examples of the truth of Reincarnation—great souls who have learnt much in the past, and have put their lives at the service of humanity, showing us how we may carry out the true religious spirit throughout our daily duties.

H. P. Blavatsky came first, and she restated the ancient Truth, and demonstrated that all religions were offshoots from the Primeval Truth—the Wisdom Religion. At her death the work was carried forward by her co-worker, William Q. Judge, who further prepared the way for the great demonstration of the practical value of Theosophy in ennobling and uplifting the minds and lives of men, and which is now carried to such glorious fruition by their successor, Katherine Tingley, at beautiful Point Loma, the heart of the world's spiritual life, from whence we shall all learn the great secret of embodying our highest spiritual ideals in our daily action. The visible effect of such action is already apparent in the little children gathered under the protecting care of the Messenger of Humanity's Helpers. To *them*, "Man is the Soul" is no empty phrase, but a beautiful reality, for they are *living* the Soul life in their daily lives, and those of us who have been students of Theosophy through the years of up-hill struggle mightily rejoice that the sacrifices of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge have not been in vain, but that the hope so long looked for by the weary, waiting world has come. The Christos has been reborn in many hearts, and the call has gone forth to all who love their fellow men to make "straight the way of the Lord" that Peace and Brotherhood may reign again on earth.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL



I find it so difficult to understand the Theosophical teaching in regard to the state after death, Devachan or Heaven. How far is it a real state and how far an illusion? For instance, in *The Key to Theosophy* by H. P. Blavatsky, the statement is made "that the bliss of the ego in heaven, consists in its complete conviction that it has never left the earth, and that there is no such thing as death at all, that the *post-mortem* spiritual consciousness of the mother will cause her to think that she lives surrounded by her children and all those whom she loved; that no gap, no link, will be missing to make her disembodied state the most perfect and absolute happiness."

What is this but an illusion, and what soul that desires truth can be satisfied with such an illusion?

IT also states in "The Key" a little further on, that "the Ego, omniscient as it is, *per se*, clothes itself, so to say, with the *reflection* of the personality that was, the *ideal* efflorescence of all the abstract, and therefore undying and eternal qualities or attributes—such as love and mercy, the love of the good, the true and the beautiful—which ever spoke in the heart of the living personality after death, cling to the Ego, and therefore follow it into Devachan. . . . As to the ordinary mortal, his bliss in Devachan is complete. It is an absolute oblivion of all that gave it pain or sorrow in the past incarnation, and even oblivion of the fact that pain and sorrow exist at all. The Devachani lives its intermediate cycle between two incarnations surrounded by everything it had aspired to in vain and in the companionship of everyone it loved on earth. It has reached the fulfillment of all its soul-yearnings."

Then in reply to the enquirer's exclamation, "But this is more than simple delusion, it is an existence of insane hallucinations!" the answer is made, "From your standpoint it may be; not so from that of philosophy. . . . We are with those whom we have lost in material form, and far, far nearer to them now than when they were alive. And it is not only in the fancy of the Devachani, as some may imagine, but in reality. . . . Again we say, that love beyond the grave, illusion though you may call it, has a magic and divine potency which reacts on the living. A mother's love will always be felt by her children in the flesh. It will manifest in their dreams, often in various events—in *providential* protections and escapes, for love is a strong shield, and is not limited by space or time. As with this Devachanic 'mother,' so with the rest of human relationships and attachments, save the purely selfish or material. Analogy will suggest to you the rest."

In spite of the above, quoted from "The Key," which no doubt the enquirer has read, the question is put, how far is Devachan or Heaven a real state and

how far an illusion, and what soul that desires truth can be satisfied with such an illusion?

There are several points that should be considered in relation to this question. First, what is meant by "a real state," and by "truth." Take an illustration: A man who has undergone a great calamity, causing intense heartache and sorrow is yet forced to give his attention to his business,—we may suppose it to be for the sake of others,—and in attending to his business which perhaps demands the closest attention, for the time he loses sight of his grief and pain by becoming absorbed in his work. Is he therefore in a state of illusion? Not at all. The one state is as real as the other and if his activity be stimulated by the desire to help others is really a higher state than any which is characterized by selfish sorrow however great or keen. It is simply another state or phase of consciousness.

Take another illustration, the man whose mind cannot at first be abstracted by business or the daily duties, will at least find temporary oblivion in sleep, and though in each case he will awake again to the consciousness of his loss, still he will have gained strength and gradually he will be able to look back calmly and—how often has not each of us proven it?—find that his calamity was a blessing.

It is a strange thing indeed that men are so prone to view truth from the standpoint of their likes and dislikes instead of from the standpoint of Truth. Such do not know the power that comes from the reliance on the Higher Law, and from working with the laws of Nature. Is there nothing real in sleep because it gives rest and sweet dreams? Are these of no value in life? Who can say there is nothing real in dreams? Do we refuse to sleep because we know that for a time the heartache may be stilled and the heart consciousness be once more with those we love?

What is death but a longer sleep—or is it not an awaking, and after it another awaking on earth to resume the experience of life here in a physical body? And if love is a power at all, the love we still feel for those who have gone will, so far as it is *true*, be a benediction to them and their love a blessing to us. There is no more helpful teaching for discouraged humanity than this, that the unsatisfied longings of the heart are not in vain, that love lasts beyond the grave and will bring back again to rebirth on earth those who in the past have loved and worked together, and each one shall come to his own again.

J. H. FUSSELL

DEVACHAN is then neither meaningless nor useless. In it we are rested; that part of us which could not bloom under the chilling skies of earth-life bursts forth into flower and goes back with us to earth-life stronger and more a part of our nature than before. Why should we repine that Nature kindly aids us in the interminable struggle, why keep the mind revolving about the present petty personality and its good and evil fortunes?—
From a Teacher's Letter, quoted by W. Q. Judge

The Ideal Home

Domestic Life in Loma-land

by a Student



IS THE Home Life upon which modern civilization is based all that the thoughtful father and mother could wish? Are they satisfied that it affords proper conditions for the enlightened, unselfish and broadly moral, safe education and living for the child?

To say that it does, is to pronounce our civilization perfect and complete when all know this to be far, far from true. Can we not look into the average home and its domestic life and find the most fruitful, nay, even the main cause of the world's selfishness, to be man's murderous competition, the mad rush after wealth, and the seeking for power to gain more wealth, resulting in a multitude of physical and moral wrecks strewing the course of business and professional life?

These public demonstrations are, in the vast majority of cases, but the effect of domestic extravagance to satisfy hurtful personal desires, family and class rivalries and display. An army of servants, any one of whom taxes the patience and ability of a good mother and housewife, minister to a devouring swarm of false and injurious desires, which force and overstrain the ability to satisfy them.

This condition is general among every class of our complex, tangled civilization. Rivalry, display, excess, extravagance, unrest, physical and moral decadence and early decay, all inevitably leading to domestic discord, infidelity and the straining of matrimonial bonds. This picture is so generally true that it is recognizable by all. *Such is the parentage of the new generation!* What will, what *must* it be?

Standing face to face with this fatality (for such it is if we do not change these conditions), what is the remedy? For one there must be, because this condition is wholly unnatural. We must find the natural remedy and put it into prompt operation, if our false civilization, as shown, is to be rebuilt on right lines, or even saved from further crumbling and utter decay.

The remedy can be effected in but one way, and that withal so pleasant and easy that, in its accomplishment, there need be no disturbance nor upheaval, for in its progress and execution the real zest and joy of life will be found each moment.

The diseased growth now poisoning the atmosphere of home and domestic life must be supplanted by healthy, thoughtful self-control in word and act. This will surely bring the harmony and peace, in which love inevitably grows to bloom and rich fruitage. This can be done in the humble home and in the

palace; but with Nature's kindly aid, with human love and wisdom to clear the way and gently guide, the right desire will be vastly augmented and the result hastened.

Where and how can this be most easily, quickly, and withal most cheaply, accomplished? Certainly not amid the whirl and strife and bonds of present conditions in the great centers of population which foster these evils, now holding most forceful sway. If not here, then surely the most helpful and natural environment must of necessity be found in suburban and rural life. But even these offer serious drawbacks in rigorous climates, particularly to those who have come to depend upon external things for entertainment and, almost, for life itself. Then healthy companionships and surrounding fascinations must be sought, where out-of-door life invites and holds the tired ones through Nature's subtle wooings.

All these elements and conditions are so perfectly combined in Loma-land as to make Point Loma the one place in that most favored portion of the earth, California, where the ideal home life can be established and lived.

It is here that these vitalizing remedies and purposes have not alone been recognized and inaugurated, but are *already perfected and are now in successful operation*, under the creative mind and far-seeing wisdom of our Teacher. She would be blind indeed, and unfaithful to her sacred mission and trust, did she fail to see the general absence of a true home life and to find and apply the remedy. Who by nature is fitted to do this, if not the woman?

That she has recognized this fact and, in doing so, accepted this great trust and responsibility, and that she is competent and able, is evidenced by what she has already done.

To illustrate her plans and present what she has accomplished in one year, let us take a view of her work, the surroundings and conditions as now existing in the Loma-land ideal home life, on Point Loma, California, U. S. A. These Ideal Homes, as now instituted, are at the World's Center of the Universal Brotherhood, located on the high peninsula of Point Loma. The topography of the Point presents a bold headland, thirteen miles long by two miles wide, 400 feet in elevation, projecting into and overlooking the placid Pacific ocean, San Diego's land-locked bay, the city, valleys, mesas, foot-hills and the distant, snow-capped, Sierra Nevadas. This point, which is reached by an hour's pleasant drive from the city of San Diego, commands a view which, in scope and variety, is not equalled in the known world.

One of the natural canyons Katherine Tingley has already utilized as a magnificent open-air amphitheatre, capable of seating an audience of four thousand people, who look upon the actors in an arena one hundred feet in diameter, and beyond them upon the blue Pacific, as a stupendous stage setting. Here the students of Loma-land, present revivals of the Greek drama, many beautiful musical dramas and others of similar character, carrying into effect the purpose to elevate and restore the stage to its ancient high position as a moral and spiritual educator.

Palms and perennial floral growth and fruits add to the picturesqueness of the surroundings, while the richness of the soil yields harvest a hundred-fold. All the students enjoy the privileges of a general system devised by the Leader, under the operation of which success is attainable to each in any of the natural pursuits of men and women.

The combination of beneficent Nature and people who live true lives of mutual helpfulness, insures health and happiness to Point Loma student workers where others have failed and will fail, until they too learn to live and to work for the benefit of their fellows.

The Loma Homestead, of the most beautiful and wholly original design, is after Katherine Tingley's plans. This building is crowned with a perfectly proportioned glass dome, sixty feet in diameter, rising to a height of forty feet above the Homestead roof, covering a court of the same diameter, surrounded by dome-supporting, decorative columns, curving stairways and galleries, into which the rooms open. The building is surrounded by broad piazzas, asphalt walks, flowers, palms, and from it is obtained a grand view of ocean, valley and mountain.

Near by stands the magnificent, circular, purple-tinted, glass-domed Aryan Temple, devoted to music, drama and lectures.

In the Homestead a large number of the students reside, others in individual houses or bungalows, all living as one family.

BUNGALOW HOMES

These unique, picturesque, semi-oriental houses are for small families or groups of students. These novel structures consist of a central room with conical roof, terminating in a small circular opening covered with purple glass. The side walls are tastefully decorated with quaint designs. The interior with high raftered roof opens onto a broad piazza covered with California roses.

The exterior of these group homes delights the educated eye, the interior presents a picture of harmonious design, arrangement and color not to be painted in words; simple harmony is the key-note of the home and its material surroundings. All of these and manifold other priceless advantages, amusements and entertainments cover all that the ordinary world life affords, and a thousand times more—*avoiding its excesses*—and are a wholesome, healthy, joyous offering to the harmonious upbuilding of physical, mental, moral and spiritual manhood and womanhood. Ennui and weariness of life are strangers to all. Here life can be lived under the most favorable circumstances.

* * * *

The example of work is set to all by the tireless Leader, who, with a detailed personal oversight of everything and everybody, never ceases her labors until morning hours. The care and direction of a world-wide government; telegrams, cables, and imperative correspondence; dictating papers for, arranging and editing the Organization's publications, originating

and formulating new and far reaching work, working out plans for new buildings; agricultural, horticultural and landscape work; introducing new methods in silk culture, medicine, science, music, systems of education, literature, mechanism, manufacture, engineering, electricity, archæology, astronomy and all the arts. But, more important than all, she seeks to so simplify the teachings of the Wisdom Religion, Theosophy, that all who are really seeking help may be benefited.

If such versatility, energy and ability were applied to self-interest and aggrandizement, a much easier path would be hers. Instead of this, we witness her ceaseless work, utter abnegation and sacrifice of self, financially and otherwise; working for others under a storm of accusations of self-seeking for wealth and power, amid calumny, persecution, attacks and constant threatenings and attempts upon her life from the enemies to progress whom her saving work disturbs, antagonizes, frustrates and overcomes. This is the power by which she attracts and holds the good service of enlightened intelligence.

Hundreds of tourists are personally conducted through and about the buildings and grounds daily. They are also given daily lectures on Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood by the students. Each Saturday afternoon the children of the Raja Yoga School give a public entertainment in the great Aryan Temple.

KATHERINE TINGLEY'S SYSTEM OF EDUCATION

The modern methods of education are concerned only with mental development. It is a cramming of the brain-mind and cultivation of personality only. Not alone this: what little incidental training the child receives in acquiring control of the physical nature, is made to still further minister to its selfish desires by the wrongly developed mind.

Under Katherine Tingley's system, the students perform every duty according to the newly awakened ability of each. Some portion of each student's duty comprises the thing that the person knows least about and perhaps likes the least. In this way each is led by duty out of fixed habits, ruts and grooves of thought, to become an effective, practical, worker, wide-awake, ready and able to do whatever presents itself. The glad and honest performance of the small duty is the only sure stepping-stone to a greater one. This system is a simultaneous developing of the physical, mental and spiritual, calling out the higher feelings in gratitude for the opportunity and thankfulness for the privilege of doing helpful work. It elevates every duty and makes it a pleasure. Looking deeply, it will be found to contain the remedy for the chaotic conditions of present life. Must we not learn to recognize the laws of Nature and apply them? Is it not by such work that selflessness demonstrates its ability and power while proving and discrediting the impotency of selfishness by comparison? By such object lessons is Wisdom "justified of her children" and the truth revealed.

While it requires not much observation to discover the chaotic conditions of human life today, the fact remains that but few realize them. Does it not require infinite courage and self-sacrifice in the one who dares to step out and meet these conditions? Does it not require wisdom and unselfish action?

By simple, common-sense methods, Katherine Tingley has shown thousands of human beings the way to self-purification, and she has lighted a great Beacon in the world's darkness, which has been, and now is, attracting a host of men and women who prefer light to darkness, selflessness to selfishness, right to error. Is this a dream of things and states to be, some day remote? No! Now!! Today!! such homes are formed, sweet life has been found in Loma-land, and in this perfected home life is a new Joy.

Truth reveals her *jeweled* secrets only to those who use them truthfully.

The Parable of *the* Sower

(LUKE VIII: 5-10)

by Bandusia Wakefield



THIS parable applies both to humanity as a whole and to man as an individual. It applies to the work of all great Teachers and Saviors of the world who come to bring light and sow the seed of Truth; it applies likewise to the work of the Christ-principle in man. In the physical world a "wayside" is a path that is much trodden down and hardened by the continual passing to and fro of the many who are seeking worldly pleasure or profit, and the few who are seeking the welfare of their fellowmen. It represents in humanity and the individual man that hardened and non-receptive condition which is produced by the continual recurrence of narrow, materialistic and selfish lines of thought, feeling and action. Seed falling on such ground is under the crushing foot of old habit and custom, and the fowls of doubt swallow it up.

The "rock" has not yet been ground to powder by ages of hard knocks. It may have a shallow soil upon its surface, but there is no depth for roots. It represents a condition in which there is lack of experience. When the Truth is presented it is hailed with joy, but it can take no deep hold, and when temptations come it is swept away. But these temptations are the gateways to that experience and suffering which will grind the rock to powder and at last prepare a deep rich soil for the seed of Truth.

The seed that falls among "thorns" falls on ground already occupied by something of an opposing nature and has no good chance to grow. The cares and pleasures of this life so crowd upon it that it brings no fruit to perfection.

The "good ground" is that in which the rock has been pulverized and enriched through much experience, in which the hardened way of custom and prejudice has been broken, and the thorns of selfishness, care and passion have been burnt out in the fires of pain, and the whole nature has become softened and receptive to Truth. In this soil the seed will grow and bring forth a hundredfold. The disciples asked Jesus what this parable might be. And he said:

Unto you it is given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdom of God; but to others in parables: that seeing they might not see and hearing they might not understand.

Does not this passage clearly show that Jesus taught mysteries to his disciples that were not taught to others except in parables. The disciples were near enough to the Master to come into a knowledge of these mysteries by degrees. They were pledged to the service of humanity, had given up all worldly things to follow the Divine Light, and so were fitted to receive what the multitude could not. But even to the multitude they were given in parables, that each might receive according to his capacity and fitness. The parables having in them the germ of Divine Truth could not die, though they might, in many soils, remain long latent; yet when the right conditions came, the germ would sprout and grow and bring forth fruit. By the mysteries being presented to the multitude in parables, they were kept hidden from those who, through selfishness, would make a wrong use of them. They might see with the outer eye and hear with the outer ear, yet they would not understand and be able to misuse. So the method of teaching was both wise and compassionate.

The Mysteries of the Kingdom of God are the mysteries of man's own inner nature, for the kingdom of God is within. When man knows himself, understands all the potentialities and powers within himself and their use, he will know these mysteries, and those of the Universe of which he is a part, for man is a copy of the Universe.

The New World

by W.



LOOK at the new World beginning life at Point Loma, coming into being at the end and the beginning of two great life periods on earth! Periods when changes occur as surely as when youth turns to manhood—they correspond and are governed by the same law.

How pure and beautiful the new World is! Its proportions are Divine, an unparalleled example of soul in life. Here long searched-for Truth has been proclaimed and become established as a power, to create and fashion "the life perfect" on earth. The heart-touch, the touch Divine, is in all, is the foundation and inspiring tone of each facet of the gem! This new World life,

springing out of the heart of the old, is not comparable with the life of any known time on the earth, since its birth and infancy. In portraying it we must go for its basis to the abstract purity of the perfect idea. Here is Beauty, Goodness, Nobility, Grandeur, Simplicity, Love and Truth, in Religion, Philosophy, Science, Art, Commerce and Family Life, Architecture, Music, Drama, Pictorial Symbology and Games. From henceforth these words will bear the grand meaning of their essential nature. In this new World we are again at the beginning of things. A world breathing in childlike purity—a new creation in its original divinity.

How was this wonder brought into being? By the truth of the sublime nature and destiny of man. By the truth that there are Great Helpers of the race, World Saviors and creators, Sons of Light, who by right divine are Gods, the right to *be*, to become, the royal heritage of the race: By the Truth of Universal Brotherhood, that the elder help the younger; that there is *the Link*, the superb example, who bears the plans for the perfection of the race: By the Truth of the giant hearts of Heroes who are the bodyguard and ever battle with the dark creatures of the night, the minions of a world's misdeeds—so helping to make the new life possible.

How can each one of all earth's children enter into the conscious world of Light and know and feel that this is true? By making a faith and trust in their own Divinity, *by work with and for the One who bears the plans, the Living Example of our True Selves*. This reasoned faith, not blind, but conscious, is built on a sure foundation, by perfect computation of the axiomatic propositions at the base of all worlds and beings.

The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Oversoul is the first principle of true consciousness. Given the superb example as a living factor, the *Link* with the great perfected Universal Brotherhood—the Oversoul—we have then the axiomatic check in figuring out our states of consciousness and feeling. When we are in harmony with the Living Example, who lives according to, as well as carries the plans of entry into the new World, then we are true for that much of life, and when we can accurately prove this by action at all times in all conditions, we shall have become wholly a part of the great harmonious life of the Oversoul and consciously, fully know that these statements are true.

The new World is the beginning of the *true* world, the world of Light, the descent of the Oversoul on earth. It is the life of harmony, sequence, order, unity and intelligent consciousness in accord with the natural Law—heaven upon earth. This life is *Life and Joy!* As the new World is established the old goes! The old artificial world of separate, selfish, personal consciousness is dying with all its discord, disorder, disease and strife.

The new World is already alive and will live and grow larger every day, and the old World is dying and will go. Let it go, for are we not glad to see the beginning of the end of misery? Sever all connection with it and enter the new World! It is bright and fair and beautiful and good and true.

A Parable of Religion *



I HAD read the Sermon on the Mount and laid the volume down;
 The midnight stars shone still and far and silence wrapt the town:
 The words, so long familiar, drew somewhat from the hour
 That wrought upon my spirit with a strange and spell-like power.

I saw, as in a vision, beside the world's highway
 An altar old as history, yet new as of today;
 And one by one I saw pass by a line of marked men
 Who bowed before the altar and went their way again.

One came in garb of sackcloth, with ashes on his head:
 "Lo, for religion I renounce this false, vain world," he said;
 "Far from its dire temptations, its tumult, and its strife,
 Will I through fast and vigil unspotted keep my life."

One came in shining armor, like an old crusader grim;
 The passion of a hundred wars incarnate seemed in him:
 "I will fight for my religion until from east to west
 The one true faith revealed of old shall be the faith confessed."

Another came; all wild of eye, he seemed in love with Death:
 "I will die for my religion," he cried with eager breath;
 "What boots this paltry life of earth? Who freely lays it down
 Shall enter everlasting life and wear the martyr's crown."

Then came a man in common dress, clear-eyed and passion-free;
 The noblest of them all he seemed in his simplicity:
 "I will *live* for my religion, to haste the longed-for day
 When light and love and liberty shall through the earth have sway."

Was it dream or waking vision, or a fancy of the brain—
 The altar and its votaries that knelt and passed again?
 Truth has its many channels; enough herein to see
 A parable of coming time and better things to be.

Slow move the dial-hands of God, yet never turn they back;
 The old ideals yield to new that light our onward track;
 Nor slight of earth nor scorn of Death fulfills our being's plan,
 But to live for one's religion and the growing good of Man.

—*Pacific Unitarian*

* The Rev. F. L. Hosmer, the writer of these verses, is a Unitarian minister at Berkeley, California, and, as can be seen, is evidently a believer in the "Heart Doctrine" as the essence of true Religion.

The Gospel of Innate Ideas

by Felix



IN one of the earlier chapters of the *Key to Theosophy* occurs the following statement of H. P. Blavatsky. Speaking of the causes which have aroused so much interest in and also so much animosity to Theosophy, she says that one of them is:

A conviction on the part of many, and *Knowledge* by a few, that there must be somewhere a philosophic and religious system which shall be scientific and not merely speculative.

The passage was written in 1889 and yet so rapid has been the progress of the movement initiated in the West by this great teacher of men that the knowledge possessed only by a "few" thirteen years ago is now not only known to many hundreds of people in all parts of the world, but it has become, in a vast number of cases, the guide of their lives, the living power in which they move and think and have their being.

It would be difficult to estimate the importance of such a revelation as this, considered as a factor in the world's evolution. A very superficial consideration of it shows us at once the wide chasm which separates such a condition of affairs from that which preceded it.

If we look back upon the known history of man's efforts to discover the source of Truth, we cannot fail to perceive that the results attained have been mainly speculative. For fifteen hundred years the world has been passing through the darkest period of the dark age—the Kali Yuga of the Indian philosophy—which began five thousand years ago—"black and terrible." Comparatively few have found the true source of inspiration. The light of absolute knowledge has been obscured. But by pain and suffering men have been learning a lesson, the fruits of which are now becoming apparent, and the ground has been prepared and made ready for the sowing.

Turning now to present times, we shall not fail to perceive that public opinion is almost entirely a matter of speculation. Religion, politics, social reform, the well being of the masses are forever questions of debate, generally from the wrong standpoint.

Let us take any daily newspaper and see how any town we may choose at random becomes weekly the victim of this or that apostle of some new idea. Probably there is hardly a man living, if he be a thoughtful man at all, who has not been driven hither and thither on these tides of opinion. That which appeals to one is objectionable to another. What we all want to know is: What is right, what is true, in regard to these questions. We see everywhere the man with the axe to grind, the man with the fixed idea, the man who is self-

important. But will *no one show us? and if not, how shall we know* the man who draws his inspiration from the living Truth?

We have been accustomed from our childhood to debate, debate, debate, to a flow of words everywhere. We have read most of the current literature. We have studied every system of reform. We have heard of societies for and against almost every possible human object. We are tired of the wars of creeds, the false enthusiasms, the problem plays, the mad rush for amusement, the lost ideals which have turned to dust and ashes. Is there no touchstone to which all can be brought, or must we forever like Pilate ask the question, "What is Truth?"

Perhaps we have become so wearied in the search that we have given up all hope, and have settled down carelessly to finish what remains of life as best we may, satisfied that "what was good enough for all who have gone before is good enough for me."

And yet there are times with all of us, when we would give all we possess for good honest enthusiasm, could we only be quite sure it were founded upon the eternal verities.

Sometimes one is led to doubt whether enthusiasm is possible any more. Every now and then the public is awakened by some heroic deed which brings a spontaneous flush to the dull, disturbed surface of public thought. But where are now the ideals which so take possession of the public mind, that all unite to carry out the desired end, tireless, selfless till it be accomplished? Where are the burning fires of heroism which freed the nations of old from the yoke of bondage, or martyred the truth-seeker? Must we always live this shiftless, drifting life of ill-regulated impulse, with no rock of anchorage?

* * * *

It has often been remarked that the condition of affairs above outlined is typical of the age. It is an age of change. A crisis in the world's history is upon us. No doubt all the public unrest is a symptom of a desire for better things. By nature man is a discerning being. He becomes uneasy long before he knows the cause of his unrest. Then he sets out to find the cause, and he generally does it sooner or later. Surely as soon as men do see the cause of the present unrest they will strive to alter it. Such a situation is equivalent to a world reform—a New Order of Ages.

* * * *

Returning now to the statement of H. P. Blavatsky, let us see what it involves. She says there are some who have *knowledge of a scientific system of religion and philosophy*. Surely at no time in the world's history has this been so much needed as at present. For what is implied by this? Does it not mean that once more, as often before in the dim past, the fountain of Light has been unveiled, that men might see and recognize it for themselves?

What course shall we pursue that we may partake of this benefit? Clearly it must be some new course, not generally recognized, some new departure

from the ordinary. Men must look to some other source for guidance than those to which they have been accustomed.

It is obvious that there must be some court of final appeal, some fount of inspiration, open to all, by which doubtful questions of private and public equity shall be decided by common consent. Where can it be? Shall we continue to seek the opinion of others?

How does it affect either you or me what any preacher, philosopher, professor or politician says or thinks if his teachings do not reach our convictions and his own life does not conform thereto? If we are forever to depend upon such outside opinion, the all important questions involved can *never* be removed from the field of wordy speculation. For in addition to the primary questions of truth involved, others continually arise. Differences of opinion occur as to what such men really meant by their written or spoken expressions. They are compared, collated and annotated world without end. This again takes the form of discussion as to the usual and common acceptance of word meanings, and so the weary round goes on. All of which proves that the participants in the strife have never grasped the real idea at all.

Meanwhile in our ponderings we occasionally get a glimpse of something lying behind all this, which appeals to our inmost soul, and lifts us above the range of discussion. Fragments of realized truth come to us, as the fire which burns out the old and reveals the new. Still we do not see the source of it, and before we can grasp it, lo! the moment is past.

* * * *

Let us see whether we can find the key to this riddle. If there be a key, surely it is worth the finding, for within it lies the solution of all the problems which can present themselves to the human mind. Many a wise teacher of men has presented the key for our acceptance, and we have perchance laid it on one side, time and time again, persuaded that it was useless because we had not tried it! The great ones of the earth, those unknown to men, have always known it. The founders of all religions have all taught it.

* * * *

If we will withdraw our attention resolutely from outside opinion and then turn within, we shall find it, for the key lies within ourselves and nowhere else.

It will be increasingly obvious to us the more we consider it, that all men are built upon the same model. However great the apparent differences resulting from our varied progress in the scale of evolution, yet, as the poet Burns said,

A man's a man for a' that.

What then is man? Can any one doubt that man is a self-conscious, thinking soul inhabiting a human body? Each one of us stands as a unit atom of one great assembly, born in the same way from the eternal, passing through a period of earth life, disappearing again into its parent source, once more to reappear in the future to take another step on the long journey.

All live in bodies which are alike in their loves and hates, nourished by the same food—breathing the same air.

All have minds which are capable of the same ideals, which measure and record the same truths of present fact or eternal wisdom.

All are taught and informed within by the same divine essence which lies at the root of existence, *i. e.*, each man is a temple of the living God.

In presenting statements such as these, no authority is requisite to have them understood, and no quotations are made to reinforce them. They are put forward to be recognized as truths by that power of discernment with which every man is endowed *as man*. These innate powers are his heritage which no one can take away. They are derived from that divinity which is latent within him, and which awaits the recognition and obeisance of his soul. Their truth lies outside argument or the meaning of imperfect words. They may be reiterated a hundred times and pass by those who will not see. Their recognition is not a matter of university training or of so-called education. The power to know and realize them is born of the stress of pain and sorrow, and wrought out in the disappearance of selfishness and evil. They contain the solution of all earthly problems, and, once fully recognized, “the wayfar- ing man though a fool, cannot err therein.”

If, then, any man be a seeker for the Truth which lies behind the riddle of life he will surely find it within himself by this revelation of his own being. Of what value can the opinion of others be to him who knows that the wisdom of another is nothing until he realizes it for himself. He has this power of realization and recognition within him, although it may not be at once self-evident.

From within man himself, then, comes the power to discern the Truth. Until this is known he is likely to pursue the will-o'-the-wisp of outer search. Once convinced of his own possibilities in the true direction, the process is reversed. There is a science of soul-knowledge which transcends all the passing knowledge of the schools, inasmuch as it is that upon which the eternal character of the man is builded. It confers discernment of the causes of human ills and suffering, and of the means by which they can be remedied. It is founded upon the realization that every man is only one of a multitude, and that to work for the welfare of the whole is the only means to fulfil the purposes of life.

Knowing these things to be so we shall see that no man can claim to impose his views on another. He will recognize that in the journey of the human soul towards the perfection which it is seeking, every step must be taken by each man himself. Every man is to himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life in his efforts to realize the God which lies within him, his ever present teacher, through the voice of conscience.

Let us all, therefore, stand up as men and think for ourselves, unfettered by any outer influence. Such as do this with a sincere desire to know the Truth, will surely find it.

The Gospel of the hour is involved in a breaking away from the falseness of the surrounding ideals. He that is fearful of tearing down old land-marks will receive comfort and reassurance from the confidence which arises from the exercise of his own independence of right action. Each man will begin to recognize that he himself possesses the divine power of discrimination which enables him to separate the false from the true. This power is born within him and is a part of his inner God-like nature, for man is divine in reality. All that is not God-like in his nature must perish.

It is becoming more and more generally understood how closely we are interdependent in our common life. Physically we are mutually subject to the tides of disease and good health which are brought about by our own actions or by surrounding conditions. Mentally we are affected by the opinions of our family and nation. We are lifted on the waves of public rejoicing, or depressed by the thought atmosphere of strife and discord. Units in a sea of human kind, we are affected by every day of prosperous sunshine and every wind or storm that ruffles the ocean of our common life. When will men recognize the tie that binds them forever in one family of brothers?

Over all shines the one Great Spirit—the Root Essence of all things—the Eternal Father. From it all things have sprung that through the Great Law the purpose of the universe, which is Love, might be wrought out. In that purpose every one of us has an equal and controlling part, because the destinies of the world lie with *men*, and men are God incarnate.

Thus, as each human soul seeks to recognize its own divinity, its unity with the rest, will the truth become apparent.

Let us cease, then, at once and forever, to seek for a God outside our own nature. If It be not within, we shall never find It elsewhere. Within ourselves, by the brooding power of thought and aspiration, we shall find the Truth. It is born within us. It is part of our own natures, and no man can rob us of this “pearl of great price.”

Thus the problems of life can only be solved by true self-recognition. Such illumination will lead us to strive unceasingly for the welfare of our fellow “fragments of the divine.” Then will be born within us the divine compassion which is the essence of Divinity.

The scientific, philosophic and religious system referred to by H. P. Blavatsky is that which is founded on the above Truths. It has descended from the hoary past, through channels unknown to the outer world. Every World-Savior has come from the Great Ones who have gone before and handed down from one to another this great revelation. It stands openly revealed once more at this great crisis of the world's history that men may see and know the Truth.

Mirror of the Movement



News from Loma-Land

The most important event here during the past month has been the dedication of the Children's Aryan Temple of Music, which was celebrated on New Year's day. It was a beautiful ceremony and demonstrated in itself the power of music to elevate the soul; for here were over a hundred children assembled in perfect order, singing in absolute tune, and in tones which, in richness and quality, showed to the observant ear that they were inspired by a true heart-feeling of joy and good comradeship. The large body of new Cuban children, whose voices were quite untrained when they arrived a few months ago, now are able to add a great volume of sweet tone to all the singing, and many of them are busily studying instrumental music. It requires no remarkable prophetic power to foresee the great orchestra of highly-trained musicians which will be at the service of the great Cause in a few years. Already several of the young people are developing considerable artistic power in playing the violin, 'cello, piano and mandolin, etc.

At the dedication of the Lotus Children's Aryan Temple of Music a very pretty incident took place. One of the bigger lads stepped forth and read a paper expressing the gratitude of the children for the pains taken by Mr. Neresheimer in conducting the singing classes and a crown of honor of leaves was then placed upon his head and he was hailed as Father of Harmony.

Then one of the little Lotus buds handed him a basket of beautiful flowers and conducted him up the steps into the Temple. In his reply Mr. Neresheimer said it was a most striking and important thing that the Leaders of humanity had decided to help the world through the power of good music. We all know that the world is on the wrong track, but only these benefactors of mankind know what is the remedy for the present selfishness and materialism. Through the work of the young, of the rising generations, shall pain cease and be no more. The children present have an extraordinary privilege in being here and having the direct teaching of Katherine Tingley who, like H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, is the one who knows the needs of the world among the millions who are ignorant. Soon these children will be men and women and the world will be looking to them for examples. The world is waiting and willing to listen and learn, and we must all be ready to give the highest examples in our lives and words.

The children and a large number of the students then entered the little music Temple where some more beautiful and stirring songs were sung, including "Life is Joy," "Truth, Light and Liberation," etc. The Leader then said:



Katherine Tingley's Speech

"The dedication of a Sacred Building or work usually begins, in modern times, with prayer, but this time we will keep a few minutes' silence." Following the silence the Leader then said a few words: "Years ago the ocean spoke to me and I found a new song in my heart. A great love for little children, the flowers, the birds, entered my heart, and that day I built the Lotus Home in my imagination. I saw the children, the teachers coming over the hill, and then, moving away, I saw the sorrow of the world, the children pleading for help and hope. I saw that workers would come like those who so devotedly second my efforts here now. It was not so hard to build this beautiful homelife for it was already built in the heart! Our pleading with the Higher Self will enlarge it and give the world more workers for Brotherhood, compassionate lovers of the race. I am building again a beautiful picture in my mind. We shall have thousands of acres more, and more teachers and children because *we are here*, because the children and the

elders are united in Brotherly Love. If next year you can do as well as you have done in the past year you will be real builders of the City Beautiful. You children are the craftsmen of the Raja Yoga School; as you think and act so will the school be built. This little music Temple is dedicated to H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge and is named The Lotus Children's Aryan Temple. Here each day little children will sing a service of song for Humanity and prepare themselves to help on the perfect work of Brotherhood in their different walks in life. We are each of us rearing a Spiritual Temple, dedicated to Humanity, built in the heart, which cannot be torn down nor even criticized by the enemies of progress."



Public Meetings at San Diego

The interest in the public free meetings held on Sunday nights at the Fisher Opera House, San Diego, continues unabated. Though of course the audiences are much larger on the occasions when Katherine Tingley is expected to make one of her great speeches, yet at every meeting the lower part of the great theater is filled with an attendance of four to five hundred. At every meeting for many weeks past the stage and proscenium have been beautifully decorated with smilax, native palms, ferns and flowers by a body of skillful helpers, under the superintendence of Mrs. Walter T. Hanson, who is one of our most artistic workers. The aim of our work being to get nearer to nature, nearer to the heart of things, and away from the false ideals of personal pride and ostentation, we cannot too frequently or too closely bring natural, simple beauty in the form of flowers and foliage into our midst. The meetings at the Opera House are under the auspices of the Aryan Theosophical Society. During the last two months, with the exception of the evenings when the Leader has spoken, the speakers have been some of the young lady students from Point Loma and some of the boys of the Raja Yoga School, whose fresh faces and well written papers always delight the audience. The lady students in their beautiful students' dress of white, wearing garlands of smilax and roses, and the boys in their white Raja Yoga costume, with the background of nature, give an effect that is dignified, beautiful and classical, and in perfect harmony with the pure and elevated lives of the students upon the hills of Loma-land. How fitly the scene symbolizes the spirit of the work of the Universal Brotherhood. The proceedings at the public meetings have recently been commenced by an overture for violin, viola, organ and piano four-hands, rendered by some of the staff of the Isis Conservatory of Music, followed by two new songs, "Life is Joy," and "Truth, Light and Liberation," in which the audience unites. Then the speeches are delivered, with musical numbers introduced at suitable intervals, and the proceedings terminate with the intonation in musical chords from behind the scenes, of "O, My Divinity."

Katherine Tingley's new method of awakening a new interest in music by means of the united singing on the part of the audience with the students, has proved a most inspiring and attractive feature of the meetings, and some of the most enthusiastic among the audience have asked for an opportunity to practice the songs before or after the meetings.

Several unique subjects of the students' addresses have been introduced by the Leader to the delight of the audience. Among those recently given have been, "The Old Fashioned Girl," "The Raja Yoga Training of Children," "Theosophy for Children," "Have We Lived Before?" etc. In addition, portions of the most interesting articles by W. Q. Judge, from *The Path*, have been read on several occasions. These selections have been found particularly appropriate just now and have been highly enjoyed by all.

It would be a grave oversight not to mention the beauty of the music performed by our talented musical comrades, who take such pleasure in devoting their high artistic skill to the uplifting of the people through the magic power of sound. Besides the splendid execution and intelligent rendering of the masterpieces of art given at these meet-

ings, there is something else that appeals to the deeper feelings of the audiences, and that is the touch or spirit of Brotherhood, which has in this work the opportunity of freeing itself absolutely from the sordid commercialism so rampant in modern times. Our musical comrades play for the love of it, and they play to the public to help them to become nobler, stronger and more humane.



**Spring Flowers
Coming**

The first winter showers have now come, and everything is looking fresh and bright. Rainbows are seen again, and one night a lunar rainbow was watched with great interest. The curious phenomenon of a mock sun a few degrees away from the rising sun was very clearly seen early one morning lately. The birds are chirruping sweetly, and the young green shoots are peeping out of the ground everywhere. One of the first flowers to appear was the beautiful blue-violet blossom of the Yerba Santa, the characteristic and most interesting shrub of all this region.



**Visitors
and Friends**

We have had many visitors lately and at last have had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Spalding back to Lomaland. Mr. Kellogg, the distinguished attorney-at-law who made such a splendidly successful fight for the Universal Brotherhood in the New York courts, when this humanitarian movement was threatened by the enemies of progress and freedom, in 1898, has been staying here a week or so. Needless to say all the students were delighted to see him. His genial, unaffected manner and the evident interest he took in the numerous activities of the Universal Brotherhood soon made him a great favorite, and all were sorry when his hour of departure arrived. We have also had a visit from Bro. C. Wolfe of Cape Colony, South Africa, who has left his eldest boy to receive his education at the Raja Yoga School. The accommodation of the Homestead is strained to its utmost capacity and at present it is impossible to find room for the constant applicants who wish for residential privileges. The work on new buildings has already begun.



**San Diego
Lotus Work
and B. B. Club**

Excellent progress is being made in the work at San Diego among the young people. A report of some of the interesting debates held by the Boys' Brotherhood Club will be published shortly. Considering the short time this work has been established, and the many difficulties, the progress made has been remarkable. The quality of the singing since Mr. Neresheimer has been giving his assistance at the Lotus Group has improved wonderfully.

OBSERVER

The Ultimate Triumph of the Best

There is a serene Providence which rules the fate of nations, which makes little account of time, little of one generation or race, makes no account of disasters, conquers alike by what is called defeat or by what is called victory, thrusts aside enemy and obstruction, crushes everything immoral as inhuman and obtains the ultimate triumph of the best race by the sacrifice of everything which resists the moral laws of the world. It makes its own instruments, creates the man for the time, trains him in poverty, inspires his genius and arms him for his task. It has given every race its own talent and ordains that only that race which combines perfectly with the virtues of all shall endure.

—EMERSON'S *Estimate of Lincoln*

Reports of Lodges



U. B. Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England

On December 14th a Social Entertainment was held in the Lodge rooms, at which the Symposium, "A Promise," was read and greatly enjoyed by all. At the monthly public meeting December 29, F. Rossiter spoke on "The World Saviors and their Philosophy." H. Crooke, local representative of the International Brotherhood League, spoke on the Sixth object of the League. K. V. Morris read "A Present Day Allegory," from the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH. The closing address was given by the President of the Lodge.

A midnight meeting was held on December 31 in unison with all the Lodges and members throughout the World, when the members again accentuated the key-note of "Eternal Vigilance—Onward!" "Children of Light" and "Truth, Light and Liberation" were chanted, and a thousand greetings sent to our Leader, who has filled our hearts with love and hope and joy.

At the Girls' Club the Swedish Drill has given place to a kind of Japanese painting in which all take great pleasure. We always begin with singing, followed by a short business meeting at which the Secretary of the Club reads the minutes, etc., and any special bits of interest about Loma-land are read or told them, then painting or drill, ending with music.

We have named the Lotus Group, "Sunshine Lotus Group." The children had entertainments December 7th and 21st, with games, magic lantern, etc. The group is increasing in size, and the average attendance is good. EDITH CLAYTON, *President*



B. B. C. No. 37, Bristol, England

This club has been in existence now for eighteen months, and has made good progress. Interesting discussions are held and military drill systematically practiced at the meetings. Recently a small gymnastic apparatus was provided for the use of the club. The study of a Shakespearian play has been taken up, much to the interest of the members. There have been frequent Social Gatherings of the Club when many boy visitors have attended, and thus the good influence of the club has been extended.

HERBERT CROOKE, *Superintendent*



U. B. L. No. 119 Louisville, Ky.

We are doing extremely well here in all branches of the work which we have taken up, and have fine audiences at our public meetings. At the meeting of January 5th, the subject was "The Evils of the Day," which was well handled. Good music formed an attractive feature of the evening. There was a good and appreciative audience and much interest manifested. After the lecture, questions were asked and answered. The Lotus work is growing and the children are being benefited greatly and take to the teaching rapidly. We held an entertainment for the children on the evening of January 3. It was a very enjoyable affair and the children acquitted themselves very creditably, entering into the spirit of the occasion with a great deal of zest and enthusiasm.

The Boys' Brotherhood Club is doing fine work under Mr. Gearheart as Superintendent. The member's meetings of the Lodge are well attended, and all seem to be trying to make Theosophy a living power in their lives. GEORGE H. WILSON, *President*

Lotus Group, Stockholm, Sweden---Report of Work at Majorgartan, 9 B

During the month meetings have been held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. The following are two of our regular programs:

Sunday, November 3rd—1, Song, "Warriors of the Golden Cord;" 2, Roll-call; 3, Rehearsal on Lotus Leaflet 1, Section 2, with those children who are going to take part in it. The other children were assembled in the next room to listen to a fairy tale. 4, Song, "The Sun Temple;" 5, Silent Moments.

Sunday, November 10th—1, Song, "Warriors of the Golden Cord;" 2, Roll-call; 3, A Fairy-tale by H. C. Andersen, told by Mrs. Nystrom; 4, Lessons in five classes: "The Pilgrimage Through all the Kingdoms;" 5, Declamation and singing exercises; 6, Song, "The Sun Temple;" 7, Silent Moments; 8, Song, "Brothers We."

November 3rd all the parents of the children were invited to a social meeting. Speeches were given by several of the teachers about the principles on which the Lotus work is based, and in what manner the work is going on among the children. Coffee was served; music and song filled the program. Teachers' meetings have been held every week.

ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*

GERDA NYSTROM, *Secretary*

November, 1901

**Report of the Work in Lotus Group No. 2, Stockholm, Sweden, for November**

During this month we have followed almost the same program as during the month of October. A good attendance of children has been present at every Group meeting. The last Sunday in November Lotus Group No. 2 had a little entertainment for its "older sister," Lotus Group, No. 1. For this one of our Lotus girls was selected as Lotus Queen, and dressed in white with a wreath of white water lilies round her head and another at the top of her golden staff. She was the leader of the whole band and before every song or tableau, she told the audience what was going to be heard or seen, and announced the beginning of it by knocking with her staff three times on the floor.

The entertainment was opened by the torch-bearer, slowly marching round the hall and placing herself at the side of the curtain. A boy carrying the Lotus flag did the same and placed himself at the other side of the curtain. Then the Lotus Queen advanced, and after having in a verse greeted those present, she begged all to join in some "silent moments" and to send their thoughts to the Lotus Mother. The "Swan Song," from Lohengren, softly played on violin, accompanied the thoughts.

Then the curtain rose, and a chorus of children sang the "Hope Song," which is published in *The International Theosophist*. Holding aloft her wand with the Star of Hope at the top of it, Hope advanced and recited a verse of "Hope and Love," the "Evening Star," from Tannhauser, was in the meantime softly played on the violin. Then came the "Messengers of Joy," seven of our smallest tots, only about six years old, dressed in the rainbow colors and strewing flowers. Then they formed a semi-circle with Hope in the center. From the Golden Sun she brought the message that the light must shine brightly within us, and therefore she begged all to join in "The Sun Temple Song." Then Hope with her Messengers of Joy retired, and the curtain fell.

After a story having been told by our story relater, Miss Gerda Stenmark, the curtain rose again and "Pitter Patter" was sung and acted by a great number of children, the smallest ones being rain-drops, pattering with their fingers on the window in the background. The "school-boy" advances to the window and opens it as he sings, the wise rain-drops answering him through the open window. When singing the last "Pitter Patter" all the children danced forth in the hall, and joining with their small guests, they all danced and played and sang during almost an hour. The happy faces of the children showed us that they enjoyed their evening.

OLGA MYHEMAN

GERDA STENMARK

November, 1901



Adalina's Pearl*



ONCE upon a time there was a king and a queen, and they had a little girl, who, because she was the king's daughter, was called the princess. Her name was Adalina, and she was her parents' only child. Therefore they loved her almost too much.

When the princess was christened, two good fairies were invited as witnesses, one red and one blue. As the custom is in Fairyland, the two good fairies did not forget to give the little princess the usual presents.

The Red Fairy gave her a large pearl, so beautiful that no one had ever seen anything like it before. With this followed three excellent gifts. "Hear what I say," said the fairy, "as long as Adalina wears this pearl she will become more beautiful every day, as well as richer and wiser. But if she loses her pearl she will at once lose the three gifts, her beauty, wealth and wisdom. She will not get them back again before she finds her pearl."

The Blue Fairy then said: "Adalina has now received three such fine gifts that no one should wish for anything else in the world. But there is still another gift which is the best of all, and I will give this to Adalina, but only on one condition. As long as the princess keeps her pearl and the three presents, my gift will have no power. But if she loses her pearl, her wisdom, beauty and wealth, she will then receive from me a fourth gift, and that is a humble heart."

The two good fairies then said good-bye, and vanished as two white clouds in the blue sky.

* From the Swedish, by Z. Topelius. Translated by S. O. and H. A.

The king and queen were very much pleased. They thought, "If only our little princess will be beautiful, wealthy and wise, it does not much matter what kind of a heart she has. We will take care of her pearl, and then she will never need the Blue Fairy's poor present. No," they said, "the Red Fairy knows best what a princess requires. Her gifts were royal ones, indeed; but the Blue Fairy was rather mean, and gave the poor child an endowment just as one would throw a penny to a beggar girl at the wayside."

The king procured a golden crown for Adalina which just fitted her head, but it was too large or too small for everyone else who tried it on. On the top of the crown was the pearl, fastened so tight that it was impossible for it to fall off.

The crown was placed on Adalina's head, and she had to wear it constantly—when she was asleep in her little golden cradle, and when she was awake and running about in the castle. The king and queen were so afraid that she would lose her pearl that they never allowed her to go outside the gate; she was always followed by four pages and four ladies of honor, all of whom were instructed never to lose sight of the princess and her pearl. They dared not disobey this order, or the headsman with his great axe would cut their heads off.

So the princess grew up, and everything happened just as the Red Fairy had said. Adalina was the most beautiful princess the world had ever seen. Yes, she was so pretty, so handsome; her eyes were like two silver stars, and wherever she came there was sunshine, and all the flowers in the garden bowed their heads and said to her, "You are more beautiful than we are." She became very wealthy as treasures were showered upon her. The floor in her room was of silver and of mother-of-pearl, whilst the walls were covered with mirrors and the ceiling was of gold with diamonds. Oh! how it shone when the lamps were lighted. Adalina had her food on golden dishes, and slept on gold, dressed in gold, and if it had been possible to eat gold she would have done so, but it was too hard to bite. She was so wise that she could guess the most difficult riddles and remember very long lessons when she had only looked through them once. All the wise men in the country came to ask her questions, and said that such a wise princess had never lived before. All this was right enough; it is no sin to be beautiful, rich and wise, if we make good use of such things. But this is very difficult. The king and queen thought that Adalina was the best girl in the world, but it was a pity that she also began to think so herself.

When everyone told her that she was a thousand times more beautiful than anyone else in the world, as well as richer and wiser, she believed it all; and her heart grew hard, so that she thought that everyone else, even her parents, were much lower than herself.

Poor Adalina! This was an ugly spot on her beauty, wealth and wisdom. As she grew older she had more and more pride, and with this fault followed many others. Adalina became very wicked, covetous, and jealous. When

she saw a pretty flower in the garden she stamped upon it, she could not bear that anything should be prettier than herself; when another princess in her golden carriage passed her on the road she became wild with envy; if she heard anyone say that another girl was good and wise, she shed bitter tears. Adalina was vexed with everyone who did not praise and obey her. Still she had no love for those who did obey her; she was a perfect tyrant, whom everyone feared and no one loved. The king and queen were the only people in the country who were not offended by her pride.

One day, when the princess was fifteen years old, she went out for a walk in the garden. When she came to the gate and wanted to go further she found that the gate was locked, and no one dared to open it because it was against the king's order. The four ladies of honor and the four pages were with her, and for the first time they did not obey her orders. Adalina was so angry that all the sunshine of her beauty faded at once. She struck her attendants and ran away from them, climbed over the gate, and when they followed her, she ran right into the park and was lost amongst the trees.

Adalina for the first time in her life then felt tired and thirsty, and had to sit down by the side of a brook to rest. Yes, she had to drink the water from her own hands, just as poor people have to do when no one is standing beside them to offer a glass of water on a golden tray. "Ah! how beautiful I am," she said to herself when she saw her face in the water. She stooped over the brook to get a better view of her pretty self. Then the crown and pearl fell off her head into the water and were lost; but she was so busy admiring herself that she did not see it fall. The ripples on the water had hardly ceased when Adalina saw a picture quite different from that of her own former self. She no longer saw a beautiful princess in her golden dress with the diamonds in her hair. She only saw a poor untidy little beggar girl, with bare head and feet, and dressed in rags. In a moment, also, all her wisdom had disappeared and she was as stupid as the most ignorant girl in the land. At the same time she lost her memory, and could not remember who she had been or where she came from. She only felt that a great change had taken place, and this frightened her so much that she ran away from the brook and far off into a deep forest without knowing where she was going.

Night soon came on, and she could hear the howling of the wolves in the woods. At this she was still more frightened and kept on running until at last she saw a light in the distance. When she came closer to it she saw that it came from a small cottage. In it lived a poor old woman.

"Poor child," said the old woman, "where do you come from this time of the night?"

But Adalina could not answer this question. She could not tell who she was or where her parents lived. The old woman thought that this was very strange, but said to her: "As you are so poor and alone in the world, I will let you live with me. I am just in want of some one to take care of my goats in the forest. I will let you do this, my child, if you are good, and willing to live

upon bread and water and a little goat's milk sometimes, but not often." Adalina was very pleased at this, and kissed the old woman's hand with much gratitude.

The Blue Fairy had kept her word without Adalina knowing it, for she had now received that which was better than wisdom, beauty and wealth, because she had a good and humble heart. She was much happier now whilst looking after the goats, eating her dry bread and sleeping on her hard bed of straw, than in her former state.

For with a humble heart follows many good things. Wherever she went there was again sunshine around her, but this time it could not fade, for it was the sunshine of the heart.

At the same time in the king's castle there was a terrible uproar because the princess was lost, and the poor attendants were all put in a black prison in the big tower. There they could not see the sun or stars, and the headsman in the red dress was standing by the door with his great axe in his hand. The king and queen were in great grief, and they told all the people in the country to dress in black. The public crier was ordered to say that if anyone could find the missing princess he should have her and half of the kingdom. It was a great reward, and many young princes and noblemen tried to get it. For three long years, winter and summer, they searched the whole world, but never found a trace of the lost princess, not even her golden shoes. At last the young Prince Sigismund, from France, whilst he was searching, came to the old woman's cottage. There she was sitting, dressed in black.

"Why are you dressed in black?" asked the prince.

"Our king has ordered everyone to dress in black on account of the loss of the princess," answered the old woman. "But it was really no loss whatever. It is true that she was wise, beautiful and rich; but everyone said that she had a proud heart, and that was the worst of it, because no one could love her."

In the meantime Adalina came back with her goats from the forest. As soon as the prince saw her he felt a love for her spring up in his heart, and wondered how a girl so poor and ugly could excite such a feeling. He asked her if she had seen the princess.

"No," replied Adalina.

"For three long years I have been thinking of no one else but the little princess," said the prince. "But now I shall not search any more for her. I will build a castle in the forest and stay here as long as I live."

Then the prince built a castle near the brook where the princess had lost her pearl some time before. One hot day the prince was very thirsty, and went to get a drink at the brook.

He then saw something shining deep down in the water. "What can it be?" he said to himself. "I must see what it is."

The prince bent down and put his arm into the water and brought up a golden crown with a wonderful pearl on the top of it. He then thought, "can

this be Adalina's lost pearl?" He went straight to the castle with the crown, and as soon as the king and queen saw the treasure they both cried out at once: "Adalina's crown! Adalina's pearl! Ah! where is our dear, beautiful princess?" Then the king said if the princess was still alive she would be eighteen years old. He began to think of the Red Fairy's gifts, and he understood at once what had happened. The king then ordered that every girl in the kingdom who was eighteen years old should come up to the castle and try on the crown. The one that the crown perfectly fitted should be recognized as the missing princess, and Prince Sigismund, from France, would take her as his bride.

It was not surprising that all the girls hurried to the king's castle, and did not happen to remember that they were a little over or under eighteen when that was the case. It was a fine summer's day, and no fewer than a thousand girls were standing in long lines in front of the castle, to try their fortune. From early morning until late in the afternoon the crown passed from head to head. All of them tried it on, but it did not fit a single one.

At last all the girls became very dissatisfied, and cried, "The king is only making fun of us. Let us play a game, and the one who wins shall have both the crown and the prince."

The prince thought this was very wrong and asked them to wait until after sunset. To this they all agreed.

Just before sunset one of the king's attendants was placed on guard to see if any more girls were coming up the road. After a time the prince cried out: "The evening is passing away. Do you see anyone coming up the road?"

The watchman answered: "I see the flowers bowing their heads to sleep; night is nigh. But no one is in sight."

After a little while the prince again said: "The evening is near its end. Do you see anyone coming up the road?"

The watchman replied: "A cloud is passing over the setting sun, and the forest birds have hidden their heads under their tired wings. The night is very near, and no one can I see."

Once more the prince called out: "The evening is passed. Do you not see anyone coming?"

The watchman said: "Far away I see a little cloud of dust. Now it is coming nearer. I see a poor girl driving her goats along the road."

"Let us try the crown on this poor girl," proposed the prince.

"No! no!" cried out all the other girls, who thought themselves much better.

But the king ordered the poor girl to try the crown on and see if it fitted her. She did so, and it fitted her perfectly.

Just then the sun set and it became so dark that no one could see what the poor girl was like.

But Prince Sigismund thought in his heart: "See, God wishes me to take this poor girl for my bride, and I will do so, because I have seen her before in

the forest with the old woman, and I know wherever she goes there is sunshine around her.”

All the people cried out: “Long live Prince Sigismund and the Princess Adalina!”

But many of them thought, “She is only a poor girl.”

When the poor girl entered the king’s palace with the golden crown on her head, the whole place was shining with light, all the lamps were dimmed by the beauty of the princess as she stood in her golden robes. When she had received the pearl she had also obtained the Red Fairy’s gifts again.

But, best of all, she was allowed to keep the Blue Fairy’s gift of a humble heart. Her memory came back, and she saw how wicked she had been before, and what a change had taken place in her, and how the poor, ugly girl was much happier in her forest hut than the rich and beautiful princess in all her pride. She begged her father and mother to forgive her for her past misdeeds, and as a proof of her changed heart she brought the poor old woman from the forest to her parents, kissed her and said: “The humble are rich in all their poverty; but the hard-hearted rich will be in want and misery in spite of all their treasures.”

“Geography for a Child”

from *the book of that name* by Peter Parley

THE world is round and, like a ball
 Seems swinging in the air;
 A sky extends around it all,
 And stars are shining there.

Water and land upon the face
 Of this round world we see;
 The land is man’s safe dwelling-place,
 But ships sail on the sea.

Two mighty continents there are,
 And many islands, too,
 And mountains, hills and valleys there,
 With level plains we view.

The oceans, like the broad blue sky,
 Extend around the sphere;

While seas, and lakes, and rivers lie
 Unfolded bright and clear.

Around the earth on every side,
 Where hills and plains are spread,
 The various tribes of men abide—
 White, black and copper red.

And animals and plants there be,
 Of various name and form;
 And in the bosom of the sea
 All sorts of fishes swarm.

And now, geography doth tell
 Of these full many a story;
 And if you learn your lessons well,
 I’ll set them all before you.
