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TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

"Much of the mystery that hangs over the world, as a world of evil, grows out of a misconception of the highest life."

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The Trees

By A. R. G.



SWAY, you old trees
And wave you in the wind;
There are trees in my heart too
And trees in my mind.

The oak trees have rich gold,
Never sought by thieves,
And golden stars for acorns,
And green fire for leaves.

Acorns and beech-nuts
Worth all the diamonds found,
And beech leaves and oak leaves
Are strewn along the ground.

Gentle old beech trees
Are whispering down the night,
And silver flames are in them
And buds of starry light.

Sway, you old trees,
And wave your branches long;
The Earth made your fire-sap,
The Sun made your song.

Theosophy and the Artist

By W. T. HANSON



IT is generally accepted as quite legitimate for the man of business to work for himself, to make money, to further his own interests by howsoever he may, provided of course that he do so honestly.

In view of this, it is somewhat strange, but a wonderful and splendid thing that a different and higher basis of action is expected of the artist. It is recognized as right and in accord with the fitness of things that a painter, for instance, receive a great price for a great picture. But an unwritten law, perceived by the finer feelings of all people, demands that he do the work for the sake of the art and not for the money return. To find him guilty of the latter occasions a disagreeable shock. We may appreciate his business instincts but as an artist he stands degraded and condemned. As a matter of fact such a man is not really an artist at all but a manufacturer who makes use of artistic powers in the production of his wares.

But admitting all this to be at least somewhat true, what difference does it make to those who have to deal with existence in a commonplace prosaic way?

Does any fact underlie the tradition of the "Lost Canon of Proportion"? Its existence is maintained by all the sages of antiquity. It is held to solve any problem, unlock any mystery, furnish the key to every situation whatsoever, disclosing the wisest, most correct, most effective plan of action in any case. The profounder students of life, sooner or later, all come to the recognition of the possibility of such. What can be its nature and how can its use be recovered?

As we all know there are many arts but, as conceived by Theosophy, these, each and every one, are branches, departments, integral powers of one Great Art—the Art of living, the Art of so acting at every time and place that the forthcoming results will be more desirable, more satisfactory, all things considered, than if any other way had been chosen. Any one who catches this idea and endeavors to put it into operation forthwith begins the development of his artistic nature by the most effective procedure that can be adopted. In this sense all people should be artists and in every circumstance of their lives they have the opportunity of becoming such.

There is a great difference between an artist and a mere creator. All men are creators by every motion they make, by their every thought, feeling, and act. But all are not artists. It is one thing to do or create, if you please, any old thing that may enter the mind or stir the impulse; it is quite another to produce that thing or perform that act which will give the best possible result

practicable. The first requires only the power to move, think, feel and act. The other calls for the exercise of a power which can control and so order the motion, thought, feeling and act that the true relation of things is advanced and fostered. This is where the Lost Canon of Proportion would come into such useful play.

That which makes an artist an artist is a sense of proportion, whether he be an actor, a musician, a sculptor, a painter, a writer—and for the statesman, or lawyer, or doctor, or merchant, or day laborer, for any worker whatsoever to properly perform his function, the exercise of this sense is necessary. What else is the sense of right action? Could such ever have been so powerful, so delicate, so comprehensive, so pointed that it would operate not only in reference to morals and ethics, but every circumstance, every undertaking, every idea and object that could occupy the attention of the human mind? So all the Great Teachers have taught. All men have it in greater or less degree in some form or another. Only a touch now perhaps, but still enough to be the sign of its fuller existence and function.

How could it have become so weakened that intelligent, conscious recognition of it is all but lost? How, except by the way in which all things are lost, by neglect, misuse, abuse, outrage and the like?

Can it be recovered and regenerated to the fullness of its rightful powers? If so, how? How otherwise, than by use, exercise, careful and nurturing regard of the germ that remains?

That we all still have a touch of it is shown in many ways, in the fine sensitive feeling that an artist shall work for the sake of the art, and not find the mainspring of his effort in what he himself shall receive therefrom. The explanation is simple enough. It is the function of the artist to express the beautiful, the strengthening, the instructive, the inspiring, the virtues and nobilities and harmonies of life. To do this to his fullest capacity he must first of all be true to his nature and mission as an artist, and in his own living show due regard for true proportions and relations.

To be able to express an ideal thing and then make that ability subservient to a selfish personal interest is contrary to the sense of proportion, offends it, injures it, weakens it in him who so uses it, thereby unavoidably deteriorating the character of the work that is being done. It is a shameful thing and is rightly adjudged so in the general estimation of the world whose sense of proportion has been shocked by the fact.

Being an artist, coming more in contact with ideals and the loftier energies of life than men commonly, he should and does more fully and clearly understand the true relations of things, and for him to place an inferior thing—his personal aggrandizement—above a more worthy something, his mission in life, is worse than for a business man who has not as keen perceptions and sensibilities to work for the money to be obtained.

However, there is no hope for humanity except as it becomes more alive to that side of its nature which we are at present naming the artist. Only as

this is done, call it as we like, will it be possible to eradicate the thousand and one ills that now affect existence—all of which have arisen through the disregard or abuse of man's inherent sense of proportion. Such is the key to the overcoming of drudgery—of ennobling and dignifying labor, and bringing joy into existence.

The discontent current in the world is the logical and inevitable sequence of the motive of action on which most men base their effort. Discontent with one's condition and one's work arises from the simple fact that the condition or employment is something of which any right thinking, right feeling man is ashamed. This may require amplification, and to avoid misunderstanding and misconception and confusion in the mind it is necessary to perceive the case as it really is and not as it may superficially appear. The following is the fundamental gist of the matter plainly stated.

The condition of a discontented man is the condition of one who directly or indirectly is working primarily for himself. When he is discontented with his employment it is because in the last analysis he is employed in furthering his own interests above all other things and frequently without much consideration for any thing else. Naturally he is ashamed. It is to his credit. But the shame makes him uncomfortable and discontented. Offense is given to his sense of true proportion, which continually reminds him that he is engaged in a mean, small, petty, unworthy, business, when, by right, he could and should be doing something important, noble, dignified and grand.

There is an adage current in the legal profession, that "the man who acts as his own lawyer has a fool for a client." The same form applies here, in that a man who works for himself, has a grasping, insatiable task-master and a very unwise and unreliable employer—grasping, because he wants all the returns for himself; unwise, because in working selfishly he goes contrary to the highest intelligence in him; unreliable, because he who violates principle—the highest principle in his nature—cannot be depended upon.

It is much better to be an artist, to exercise that sense of proportion which operates toward having every act performed—the right thing to do—and being right it is important, worthy, noble, and possessing an inherent dignity, unassailable by ridicule or disrespect, and forming an armor impenetrable to the darts of discontent.

By so becoming an artist, in whatsoever line one may be, is to begin the cultivation and development of the intelligence and all the faculties by the most powerful and rapid and substantial of all processes—the exercise of the sense of proportion; which will apply instantly and, as it were, automatically to every conceivable situation and circumstance.

So, in this sense, to become an artist will pay better than any other thing, in the avenues and opportunities that will be opened up and developed. Yet when it is done *because it will pay*, the returns are much slower and much less and it defeats its own ends.

There is perhaps but one thing more unprofitable than working for one's self, that is not working at all. Sometimes it does seem that the selfish man

is the subject of a great joke. Being too lazy or indifferent or inconsiderate to play voluntarily the true part of a man in the great drama of life, his soul so works upon his nature as to stir the feelings of self-interest, which drive him to a task with the certainty before him of never being able to satisfy himself on that line and of learning in time that he is engaged in a small business. Then comes upon him discontent bringing to him, however, the opportunity to perceive the larger life into which he may enter if he will but evoke and cherish the artist in him, by beginning to do what he has to do, and is able to do, in accord with his reawakening sense of proportion,—which, once he unalterably establishes it, will quickly guide him out of all pain, discontent, difficulties, ugliness and gloom, into the real sunshine and joy of living.

Some New Diseases

By Gertrude W. Van Pelt



IT is natural to infer that new conditions bring new diseases, but those referred to here are certain mental states heretofore denominated moods, and are therefore new only in our recognition of them as such.

This marvelously complex organism known as man, is, according to the ancient teaching, made up of an infinite number of lesser organisms, all intimately connected through a perfectly graded system with the brain and heart, the whole intended to form a temple for the use of its lord, the soul. And each stone of this temple, even to the last atom of which it is composed, as it has the potentialities of the whole, must have also a correspondence in it to every power and faculty of the whole organism. All have therefore the capability of being impressed by the various powers resident in and ruling the organism.

This seems so self-evident, when once it has been pointed out, that the strangeness lies in the fact that it was necessary to point it out. For unless this were the case, there could be no possibility of ever expressing through that organism the powers of the soul. There must be the basis upon which to work. The strings must be at hand upon which the musician is to play, before he can be expected to awaken the latent sound. And it is because there is this relation, this similarity and correspondence, that the possibilities of training, of evolution, are infinite. Thus the doctrine of correspondences, which sounds fanciful to some in these days, when carefully considered, is found to be only common sense. It is likewise evident that although different parts of the organism are evolved more especially in different directions, and

so are differently receptive, yet all must to some extent have in common all the possibilities of all the others and of the whole. Were it not so, certain cells would cut off certain currents as surely as the insertion of a piece of glass between two ends of a wire carrying an electric current would cut it off.

When the body is considered from this stand-point, it seems almost like a sensitized plate, affected for better or for worse by all the forces which are streaming through it. Those which will most naturally play through a body, are those to which it can most easily respond, with the least effort, and unless the soul who should guard that temple is a vigilant sentinel, closing the gate to all but the purest, we can readily imagine what will be its fate. Knowing the currents that are rushing over the world in its present condition, filled with beings, ignorant of their own natures, is it strange that the earth is covered with disease; that not only there is no harmony between different individuals, but that no nature is harmonious with itself?

We are in the habit of considering a person healthy in whom the ordinary bodily functions are carried on without pain and who possesses the average amount of strength with what is known as a rational state of mind. Idiosyncrasies, peculiarities, disagreeable characteristics, unfortunate tempers, bad traits, are looked upon as belonging to that individual, as being a part of him, as being the kind of a man he is. Though side by side with this opinion is often a contradiction of it, in the effort that is made to change him, or in the hope that he may possibly overcome these traits. They are recognized as mental bents, beyond which there is something in the make-up of the man, which can control or modify them, if they are not too deep. May it not be that they are something even more than this, when we consider the intimate relation between the mind and body, and that not a thought, which is a force, fails to exert its influence, and make its imprint on the cells which constitute the body?

Men create their own bodies, and are creating them moment by moment. They throw the tendencies of the forces they have allowed to play through their brains, on every cell, and these tendencies become a part of their bodies. What is a dark, ugly mood, but a permission from the master of the body, for dark ugly forces to play through it? And is it likely the cells of the body will remain uninjured? If this is repeated many times, is it not natural to suppose, they will be permanently altered, in other words, diseased—after a manner, to be sure, which the microscope can never reveal, but which is nevertheless profound, affecting, so to speak, the soul of the cells? According to the law of affinities, what forces can we imagine these cells will attract? Now the whole world is alive with intelligence of different degrees. Blind forces, as commonly thought of, do not exist according to the teachings of the Wisdom-Religion. These forces then must be considered as manipulated by congenial intelligences, and it is such which are invited to inhabit and use our bodies—invited, not consciously at the time, but by the conditions which have been allowed to come about, by the master who does not fill his own dwelling.

It is recorded of Jesus that he said "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with himself, seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there! And the last state of that man is worse than the first."

A consideration of all this may throw some light on cases which are given over to gluttony of one sort or another, seeming to show only animal tendencies, and this to such a degree, that they sooner or later find their way into the insane asylums. Also it may throw light on sly traits, vices of different sorts, attacks of despondency and gloom, which take possession of a person, and which are often considered as being connected with the mind alone. The cells of the body may be perfectly healthy as far as concerns the superficial bodily functions, digestion and the like, but back of that is the subtle essence, which responds to the mental impulse, and which, if it has been played upon by the forces which are out of tune with the eternal harmonies, becomes discordant notes in the music descending from the region of the soul, causing disharmony or disease, which is reflected upon that mind which first allowed the condition. These may become so strong as to master and completely color the mind.

To perceive this clearly, is enough to arouse mankind to the folly of regarding lightly a simple mood, a simple permission from the master of the body to allow dark thoughts to course through its sensitive structure—thoughts so powerful that they can hold over their impress from life to life and generate a condition finally which forces that master to abandon the dwelling to the fiends of hell.

But with a recognition of the danger, and a use of the power which each man possesses, the harmony can be restored, and the body transmit the music which enters it, and the light which fills its heart, and so radiate, not gloom but health to all.

Our Lives Are Songs

(*Selected*)

Our lives are songs;
God writes the words,
And we set them to music at leisure;
And the song is sad, or the song is glad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the song,
Whatever the words,
Whatever its rhyme or metre;
And if it is sad, we must make it glad,
And if sweet we must make it sweeter

—GIBBON

Views of Criticism

By X



THE genuine critic occupies a high place in the world of letters and has important functions to discharge in matters that involve ethics, form and taste. It is impossible to divorce ethics from beauty.

The perfect idea of beauty is one with the real and true. As men advance in true civilization and enlightenment they drop the coarse and selfish manners that once prevailed among them; civility ceases to be a mere form; a man becomes truly gentle, actually moral; he means what he says; the heart has become the regent in his life; there is a vitality obvious in his mode of living.

The civility, form and etiquette that prevail today are a false growth and a departure from the true principles of Brotherhood. The form is preserved and adhered to, while the essence of the principle is regarded as impossible of practical application. If the Spaniard says to his guest, "my house and all therein are yours," he feels that in order to show true friendship and genuine hospitality he should appeal to the highest sentiment of altruism. The doctrine of the heart is appealed to, while the eye doctrine prevails.

Burke was misunderstood when he said that "Crime loses half its enormity in losing all of its grossness." At a time when the rulers of the world, resting on their assumed divine right and privilege, were unwilling to make any concessions to the mass of their subjects, his excessive conservatism caused a narrow and strict construction to be given to this statement by those who were convinced that the only relief to be obtained in the conditions that preceded and existed at the time of the French Revolution was to arise by breaking up and destroying the forms and methods prevailing on the Continent of Europe. The failure to interpret it truly and in the better sense lay in the fact that the expression seemed, to those who condemned it, to throw a veil over the crimes of the rich and powerful as belonging to the refined and educated class, and to condemn in the severest sense the crimes of the ignorant and oppressed. It is common to all men at this time to measure their expression of condemnation of crime in proportion to the coarseness and barbarity displayed. That which wounds the soul and shocks the sensibilities is most condemned. The old methods of punishment for crime are not approved of, not solely because of greater pain inflicted than by more approved modern methods, but also for the reason that they are regarded as injurious to those that are free from the imputation of criminality, and hence tend to retard the spiritual growth and development of the race.

Every critic has his limitations. He may serve a very useful purpose in his day and generation. His successor, the outgrowth of his time, when fit

for the office he assumes to fill, stands on the higher ground of the present and estimates the work of his predecessors, surveying the lowlands of the past, praising or blaming the ideas and work of the men of their own time. In the light of the present he measures the work of the past with a measure of the past, not with the measure of the present. And the nearer the subject of criticism comes to his own time the greater the aid he receives from the critics of that time. If M. Brunetiere is what he is represented to be—a critic of a high order, he places a high value on the labors of his predecessor in this field. He doubtless learned much from Sainte Beuve, and from the vantage line of the two centuries weighs with just balance the work of his predecessor and his method of criticism.

Chiefly there are two features of the productions of the intellect that engage the attention of the critic—the purpose of the work and the art displayed. If a production reveals that the author had a definite conception of life, the work is worthy of criticism though the artist may have done his work in a clumsy manner. And if the critic fails to grasp the author's view of life and of the world of mankind, it indicates that he is unequal to the task, that he is not able to penetrate the veil of the author's meaning. There is ever a true intent in every work worthy of notice. It is always a question where different interpretations are made of the productions of genius, which is the true one. Was Hamlet sane or insane? If sane, but deluded, was he honest or was he mischievous and devilish? Was Macbeth most to blame for the murder of Duncan, or did he repent of his formed design and become the instrument in the hands of Lady Macbeth? The Weird Sisters that confronted Macbeth on the heath should be regarded as real as Macbeth himself. Their prophecy that he would be "thane of Cawdor," when verified to him by the fact, convinced him that they were possessed of more than human vision. Although displeased at their address to Banquo:

Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

Yet, the "All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter" more than balanced in his mind the mysterious prophecy as to Banquo. And when the defection and treason of the thane of Cawdor was made known to him shortly after, and that he was honored by the King with the title of thane of Cawdor, his faith in the prophecy as to himself became fixed and the thought of murder took possession of him.

There is such a thing as living in the life of another; of being wrapped in the folds of the mantle of another's life to such an extent that direction and energy are received perfectly and amply, and yet the response is so completely given that it seems to be the result of independent thought and action. May not Macbeth be regarded as the source of energy and direction and as a mirror in which Lady Macbeth perceived the premeditated malice and destructive energy of the thane of Cawdor mingled with and colored by her ambition and

love of power as a fit partner in the conspiracy to murder? May we not fairly assume that, inasmuch as Lady Macbeth is represented as a woman of commanding talents, she was able to read between the lines and beneath the words of the communication sent to her by Macbeth? Nay, more, did she not sense in Macbeth's very atmosphere, impressed upon the communication to her, his formed intent to kill the one that stood in his way to regal power? And if we accept the hypothesis relative to thought transference, which I have no doubt is tenable, that the luminiferous ether, being universal and penetrating and permeating all forms of matter, bears the thoughts of every one on its waves, which are impressed on the brains of those who are receptive, a Theosophist can readily understand how, on sight of her husband, Lady Macbeth was ready and eager to enter into the plot that he had formed. In his presence she seemed to be strong, the very incarnation of evil; and he in her presence seemed infirm, his energy and determination divided with her, she possessing the larger share. In his absence, and free from his influence, she was unequal to the bloody work that many imagine she was responsible for and consummated.

The mind seeks support and approval for all its designs and creations. Whether the conceived purpose be good or evil, because of the anxiety as to the consequences—the fruit of the action—men desire the approval of others. If a scheme be certain of success, the originator is not so anxious for the favorable opinions of others. If a dubious, or criminal purpose be conceived of, a strong reason exists for seeking assistance and dividing responsibility, and making all who share in the transaction equally censurable if it results in failure.

“To reason is to doubt.” Macbeth was ambitious to rule, a strong reasoner, possessed of a subtle intellect—ready to destroy by fair or foul means anything in his way to supreme power. He had a fit coadjutor in Lady Macbeth. As he reasoned and debated *for her*, she became more and more determined, and committed herself without reserve to the purpose he had fixed in his mind—the very thing he desired her to do.

The apparent mysteries in the character of Hamlet may be solved by careful study of his soliloquies. His indecision, resulting from a faulty mental balance in which he placed cause against effects and, doubting from the process whether the cause was equal to the effects, allowed the dread of consequences to unfit him for success in the chief project presented to his mind.

Hamlet is an example of a man trained according to the trend of his mind for speculation and meditation and not for action. His education was one-sided and as inadequate to the active duties of life among men of his time as his character and inherent faculties were unequal to the burdens of a crown. While his dialectics were subtle and penetrating, his scruples veiled them with “the pale case of thought” forbidding deliberate action. His every act would seem to be the result of fortuitous circumstances, rather than of deliberate purpose. The more he debated in his mind and deliberated on the act he had

sworn to perform, the more indecisive he became and the less qualified to do anything which he deemed worthy of success. His coward conscience caused him to question whether the ghost that appeared to him was that of his father, or an illusion of the devil. In his great soliloquy, to justify his inaction, he postulates the impossibility of the return of any traveler from the "undiscovered country," although, at another time, he acted as one that believed that the ghost representing his father was as real as himself. His metaphysics puzzled his will and made his life incapable of any action worthy of the name. He would have done acts far-reaching in their effects if he could have escaped responsibility. But the depth of his reasoning discloses that he regarded such a thing as out of the question because illogical and contrary to his view of the law of the "divinity that shapes our ends rough-hew them how we will." He would keep within the letter of the law and in self-delusion might have said:

Thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen forth of Holy Writ.

A soul cowardly by nature can not be made bold by education and culture. Complete education accentuates rather its infirmity, and craft and cunning become its dependence. It will play any role to veil its intent. Such a character may, at times, betray a medley of contradictions to the confusion of witnesses and present a problem as to the intent most difficult of solution. The way is clear when

Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.

Homicide by misadventure gave Hamlet no uneasiness. Intention in the act, making him responsible, was what he felt would rise up like an "honest ghost" to confront him and say: "Thou didst it." He shows a clear comprehension of the essence of crime when he says: "There is nothing either good or bad, but *thinking* makes it so." And while he was not without vanity he knew his infirmities and inability to do any great action from deliberate purpose. The obligation to execute the enterprise enjoined by the ghost of his father was taken under circumstances of the greatest excitement and emotion. At such a time in such circumstances he would have agreed to do anything. He felt that he was able to perform any feat, to execute vengeance on the murderer of his father whom he fondly loved. When, however, his passions had subsided and his emotions had vanished like the ghost whose awful revelations gave them existence, he dropped down into the condition of Hamlet, the student and metaphysical reasoner. If Hamlet had been gifted with courage and determination equal to the extravagance of his protestations he could have surpassed Macbeth or Richard III in the execution of his designs. He was able to analyze his own nature and powers and therefore knew, even when

under the influence of more than human forces, the ordeal he was to be subjected to in attempting to fulfill the obligations he had assumed. He felt that he was in need of aid. At the ghost's adieu he makes an appeal :

O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up.

He enjoins secrecy on Horatio and Marcellus, and does not seek for human aid to further the enterprise of vengeance. He avoids an open breach with the King and takes delight in causing mental anguish, and "taints" his mind and lets his "soul contrive" against his mother country to the admonitions of the ghost. He revelled in observing the verification of the truth of the principles of his philosophy from the acts and the conduct of human beings. Though this was a melancholy comfort to him he deemed it of more value than a crown rescued to gratify revenge by seeking a bloody vengeance on the unlawful possessor of it. There is too much method, too much subtle, accurate reasoning in the character of Hamlet to indulge the notion that he was insane; though some of the greatest critics and the most superb actors left their task of interpretation in some doubt.

While meditating on the character of Hamlet I am reminded of the dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna. The contrast between Arjuna and Hamlet in most respects is wide, yet the despondency and uncertainty of the former, while meditating upon his duty when he sees war, bloodshed, the slaughter of relatives and venerable teachers between him and the crown he had been unjustly deprived of, and which he desired to wear, put one in mind of the irresolution and indecision of the latter. The one has the elements of growth in his soul, a stainless life and responsive conscience to the touch of the master. Desiring to know his duty and questioning every step to the "Path," his convictions make him strong and valiant and invincible as the sequel shows. While the other grew less in his own esteem and forfeited the respect and consideration of others. The one courted success by laudable methods through unshaken convictions of duty, the other courted failure by resort to crafty schemes that betray the man without convictions.

Life is purposeful—not a jest. Life responsive to the law means a quickening of all the faculties to the highest end. The neglect of any one for want of proper pruning and direction leaves the individual weak or paralyzed on that side; or an abnormal growth is developed that pesters the life or diverts it from its true course. The rules of action and transmutation must be steadily observed. The knife should be applied to the superfluous branches. Every chord in our harp must be attuned to the general harmony. Only so can we be true to life's purpose and work out our destiny to the highest good. Be more than a mere man of action; not less than one of true meditation. There is no need of stripping your wings of their plumage while you strengthen them for your flight.

The Awakening of a Soul

By a Student



IN the Western World, for nearly two thousand years, the immortality of the soul has been preached and set before the people as a theory only. Modern religious teachers have failed to present it as a reasoned truth, and make it so obvious and reasonable as to become ingrained in the mental life of humanity. It has been the theme of many a romance and poets have filled their sweetest songs with the lofty idea. Yet the truth of the matter is that man fails to realize his Divinity and therefore his immortality to him is not a fact. Yet he *feels* it vaguely deep down in his heart. For if the majority of mankind truly believed there was no such thing as the immortality of the soul, do you not suppose that everyone would rebel against such a mockery as life would then become?

The short life we live here on earth is but a link in the chain of evolution. The comings and goings of mortals for their brief span on this earth seem purposeless and unaccountable, unless we believe that the soul has an immortal destiny to fulfill. Each earth-life is a fragment of the soul's experience, during which it clothes itself in the form and circumstances most suited to the particular stage it has reached in its evolution.

Further testimony as to the immortality of the soul, is that among all the people of this one planet alone, there are no two with the same character, showing that each one expresses a different degree of evolution, each one his own phase of the unfolding of nature. The full blown rose was first a bud with tightly folded petals, but the power to expand came from the life within. So each of us is at a different stage in an endless unfoldment, and the expanding life-force behind is that of the immortal soul. If we would study Nature, we should find that she is always ready to give us lessons from which we may learn our own divinity and immortality.

The perverseness of the human mind is such, that it is inclined to argue all meaning out of truths that should be self-evident. This may not be so strange after all, for if a great truth is given forth as mere head knowledge, being conceived only as a supposition, its acceptance as a truth depending upon the reasoning faculty, what influence can it have upon the world other than as a mere theory? That which proceeds only from the mind reaches no further than the mind, but for it to affect the life there is need to reach the heart.

Only those people who, through bitter experience perhaps, have come to realize that the soul is immortal, that it is unchanged by the dissolution of the physical body, and who *live* so that every act performed is an expression

of their higher nature, untouched by any thoughts of self, only they are able through loving deeds to touch the hearts of men.

Such are better able to teach than the most learned theorists, for they have gained wisdom from experience—the truths which they would impart to others are a part of life itself. Such will reach the hearts of men, even though their minds know it not. Why is it that at times we feel such a burst of pure joy or sadness which springs spontaneously from within, and seemingly has no connection with passing events? It may be that the heart caught the joyousness of the heart of Nature, or the sorrow of the world may have moved us to pity.

Are we all content to be so dense and unfeeling that the real heart-touch affects us not? Surely herein lies the difference of the effect between theory and practice. One appeals to the intellect alone and is felt to be cold and heartless. The other energized by the life of man is a living example, and the majority of people are not so blind, but that they can distinguish between the false and the true.

The mere theory may appear attractive to those minds who have not as yet transcended the beguiling and deceiving side of their nature which would make illusions appear a reality. But is there not in all men a deep seated voice of conscience which *knows* the real from the false, and does not our ability to choose between the two depend upon our heeding this inner voice?

As soon as the night of illusion is passed, as soon as humanity is strong enough to overcome the lust of passion, greed, jealousy, and the vices of the lower nature which eat away the true and noble qualities in man, just so soon will the sunlight of the soul break over the mountains of discouragement and perplexity which we have built up from mole-hills. The sun rising high in the heavens will disclose and purify the tainted lives, until all the world will be a harmonious expression of Joy, and the melodies which flow from the heart will unite in one universal symphony of love and good-will towards all men.

In our eagerness to hasten the coming dawn let us not forget that each individual must *live* the life which he would have the world live. High ideals require that man shall ever ceaselessly strive after the good and pure.

To sum up all, the immortality of man can never be realized so long as men lead narrow sordid lives or are satisfied with mere mental speculations. For such men live as if the soul were not immortal, and then immortality becomes a dead theory. But if men will but begin to live for Brotherhood, they will find that the unselfish life is Joy; if they will live as if they *were* souls, then they will feel immortality in their hearts, and will not doubt or theorize any more.

Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou dost unto me.

—LONGFELLOW

The Woman Question

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

By PHAETON



V

ONE of the first things to be considered by the Pilgrim Fathers, after they landed on this wild eastern coast, was the education of their children. As soon as possible schools were established. In 1638 Harvard College was founded. A little later a grammar school was opened in Boston and here the youth of Boston was instructed, particularly the children of the poor and of the Indians. But "youth" meant boys. Girls were rigidly excluded, if indeed they were considered at all, and for one hundred and fifty years they were invited to exist with practically no schooling whatsoever.

But these insatiable girls wished to go to school with their brothers and at last, to appease them, what were called "Dame Schools" were established, taught by women, themselves often uneducated. It is reported that in some cases old women who were paupers or town charges were employed as teachers by the economical City Fathers.

Strange to say, these girls—for were they not *souls*?—were still not satisfied and the town committee found an unpleasant problem on their hands. At last, in despair, in Newburyport, Mass., in 1804, less than a century ago, the school committees established four schools for girls, to be kept open only from six to eight o'clock in the morning, and on Thursday afternoons!* Such women as Abigail Adams, confidant and political adviser of her husband, President Adams, as Mercy Warren, as Mary, the mother of Washington, were among these girls. By all the standards of today these women were practically uneducated. By the truer standard of the Heart Doctrine, how wise were they.

The difficulty was that these women of crescent America were not fashioned after the same model as the women of the Orient or Mediæval Europe. They were pioneers. They had come to this new land on equal terms with their husbands and brothers, for the only terms, be it remembered, were hardship, privation and work. They helped clear the forest, they helped build the little home, they tilled the ground and kept at bay the terror of an untamed forest. They bore children with such brave, glad hearts that privation and pain became only avenues to opportunity. For were they not the mothers of a new race?

Because these women had dared much and suffered much, their hearts became alive and compassionate. They understood the limitations and the pain

* Smith's History

of others as the women of an Oriental home or a feudal castle could never have understood it. As a logical result, when the critical period of American history was passed, when the states were at last united, and great ethical problems arose, the women of this land were the first to fly to their solution.

At the time of the anti-slavery struggle, when Garrison threw down the gauntlet to the slave-holder by establishing *The Liberator*, who came to help him? Women:—Susan B. Anthony, Mary A. Livermore, the gifted Anna Dickinson, Lucretia Mott, the Grimke sisters and others. It is difficult to estimate the extent of their influence in arousing people to the evils of slavery, and it was a woman's book that finally turned the tide of popular feeling, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

When the liquor problem began to loom up and the homes of the land were menaced, it was women and women alone who organized the first Crusade against it. Mistaken, futile, possibly, it was, but from the seeds planted then has grown a strong temperance sentiment all over the land which augurs well for the physical and moral body of the great Sixth Race.

It was a woman, Frances Willard, who organized the Social Purity Movement with its watchword, "A White Life for Two." She faced severe criticism because a woman, particularly an unmarried woman, was not expected to discuss such subjects. Yet the movement grew, and did its own work.

When the question of under-paid labor, of child-labor in sweat-shop and factory, began to affect the middle-class homes, the hearts of thinking women went out to these problems, too. Yet they were discouraged because they believed themselves powerless to make conditions better.

They were not powerless, and were mistaken in believing themselves to be so. But let us remember they had no philosophy which could explain these problems to them, no knowledge of the growth and processes of the human soul, no insight or trust in the Higher Law, for the spirit of the Master had vanished from the life of men and the World Teacher of the present cycle had not come. It was not strange, therefore, that these women should have measured their influence by tangible, outer results, realizing nothing of the vaster, real work that may be done by every compassionate soul, in silence and all unrecognized, on the inner planes.

As a preventive of outer results, there stood the laws of the land. These women, yearning to help the race, believed they could do nothing until the laws were changed. So they petitioned legislatures, and legislatures concerned themselves not in the least with these petitions. And at last, the women who were determined, if possible, to solve these questions of rights and wrongs, concluded that if laws were ever changed women must be relied upon to change them. *Ergo*, they reasoned, women must have the ballot.

So, thirty years ago, the National Woman's Suffrage Association was formed. Its founders asked for political equality for women. They did not get it (except in one or two of our Western States) but they did get certain *desiderata* more to be desired than the ballot, *i. e.*, higher education for girls

and women, co-education, equal pay for equal work, and a better public sentiment on the question of social purity. The real value of this Association lay in the fact that it assisted in that waking up process which men and women, the world over, have been needing for centuries.

It is easy at this time to point out the weakness of that movement, the futility of many of its ideals and methods. It is easy today to criticise, because, thanks to the present World Teachers, Helena P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, we realize that reform must proceed from within outwards, that laws are but external things which never touch the heart or center. "Out of the heart come all the issues of life" and not from any outer things. Political measures are always external and therefore, as far as the realm of causes is concerned, futile. Let us not be critical. The suffrage movement has done a needed work. Let us remember that its ideals, even though they were inadequate, have cost the warriors much. Let us remember that the soul is not ignoble who has *the courage of its convictions*.

For every step that women have taken beyond the established,—and sometimes idiotic,—customs of church and society has cost fearfully. That woman is bound to suffer who becomes entangled in the customs of the age and then, when the chains cut into her flesh, attempts to extricate herself. She will discover that the days of the Inquisition have not passed away, that the rack and thumb-screw still exist, to be applied when the modern Torquemada chooses. He does not label these instruments of torture "rack" and "screw," but "established custom," the "authority of the church," the "opinion" of neighbors and "friends."

If you will read the lives of those women who have really lifted the general level of the race by their efforts and ideals you will find scarcely one who has not had to face, at some time, slander, suspicion, and even insult, because, forsooth, it has been the custom for centuries for women to stay, mentally, bodily and spiritually, exactly where they happened to be put.

The whole of recorded history, read in this light, is immensely tragic, full of heart-ache and the agony of being misunderstood. And the day has not yet come when the woman who has the courage of her convictions will not have to lay down the very thing that seemed to her most precious, most necessary, ere she can take the first step beyond tradition's beaten path. Many a woman, sick at the darkness and loneliness, turns back; but the strong soul goes on, trusting, knowing that the germinating soul, like the germinating seed, needs darkness; knowing that the cycle of experience must some day whirl from darkness into light; knowing, too, the refuge of the Higher Patience, when a thousand years in the sight of the Higher Self are but as a day.

It is not strange that Madame De Stael, that brilliant French woman of the eighteenth century, should have said, "Through the ages women have been able to exercise but one faculty, the faculty of suffering."

VI

What has the "woman question" to do with the Theosophical Movement and the establishing of a Universal Brotherhood? It has everything to do with it.

Fourteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, on the bleak coast of an unknown land, Anne Hutchinson arrived from England. She was admitted to the church and "believing that the power of the Holy Ghost dwells in each soul," and that the dictates of the inner are to be obeyed regardless of results, she soon began to hold religious meetings in which she addressed a little circle of men and women. But her religious notions were not always wholly orthodox and at last the Church Fathers began to be alarmed. In 1637, she was summoned before the General Court and after a two-days' trial for heresy, she was promptly banished from the territory of Massachusetts.

Barely twenty years later, the conscientious Pilgrims seized and burned the trunks and books of two Quaker women, Mary Fisher and Ann Austin, and marched the women to prison. They, too, were finally banished for heresy.

Today a woman, Katherine Tingley, is the Leader and Official Head of the greatest spiritual movement the world has known in five thousand years.

If this appears to be a sweeping statement, study the religious movements of the world, as far back as historic records will take you. Compare the extent to which the Esoteric doctrine has been unveiled today and the lesser extent to which it was revealed by Buddha, Jesus and lesser Teachers, even by Krishna. The ethics are, of course, eternally the same.

Compare the extent to which these doctrines have affected the thought of the world. In the case of former great spiritual movements, their influence for many years was local. A comparatively small band of students surrounded the Great Soul, in former days, and the fact that these Great Ones were nearly always crucified, proves that the wall of protection about them, built of the devotion of their disciples, had its weak places.

The Universal Brotherhood, or the Theosophical Movement, might once have been called local. Today, it has Lodges and students in every part of the world. Theosophical ideas have permeated our whole literature; the press, the pulpit, the ideals of education, all have been lighted in some measure from the fires of its vital truths. Besides this, there is a devotion and a solidarity in the ranks which, if we believe history, was not the case with former Teachers. That one fact made it possible for H. P. Blavatsky to do what no great Spiritual Teacher has ever been able to do before in all history, so far as we know, to appoint an occult Leader and successor. This devotion of her students has made it possible for the present Leader to do practical humanitarian work on an immense scale, how large, a record of International Brotherhood League activities, would indicate. Former Teachers have not been able to do

this except on a very, very much smaller scale. There were no means, there were no workers, though, alas! the need was great.

The conditions and intellectual interests of the present day have made it possible and necessary to put on a spiritual basis certain lines of culture not touched upon by former Teachers; witness the work and objects of the *Isis League of Music and Drama* and the *Isis Conservatory of Music at Point Loma*.

The modern printing-press, our railroads, telegraph and cable lines, have made possible an immense propaganda system, never before possible. Nor has there been a Temple of the Soul established since the cycle of Kali Yuga began, five thousand years ago. Today there stands at Point Loma the Aryan Temple, a purple-domed beacon. Today there is being builded on that sacred headland the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, "a temple of living light, lighting up the dark places of the earth."

These give one a hint of what is bound to result when Theosophy is made practical. And Theosophy, the Heart Doctrine, was brought back to the western world by a woman, Helena P. Blavatsky. It is not probable that this was accidental. It was, must have been, a part of the Higher Law that its Messenger and Teacher should incarnate in the woman body. For is not Theosophy the doctrine of the heart, of nurture, of mother-love, of compassion? Is it not the doctrine of fundamentals, and where are there deeper soundings than in the woman-heart? Let us play with analogies.

Ether or Akasha is spoken of in all ancient writings as the mother of every existing form, the Eternal Mother. And H. P. Blavatsky has shown us (*cf. Secret Doctrine*) that this Eternal Mother, this Great Deep or primordial matter, chaos—call it what we will—this Mother element which gave birth to the Universe, became anthropomorphized as the mother of the Incarnating Logos, as Devaki, mother of Krishna; Maia, mother of Buddha; and Mary, the mother of Jesus.

The intuitional faculties seem to be specialized in woman, the intellectual in man. Perhaps it was karmic, too, that the Great Soul, whose strong will carried the Theosophical Movement through its intellectual stage, should have incarnated in the man-body, that of William Q. Judge.

Although, as we know, the mother soul not always speaks through the woman body, it nevertheless seems to be true that the woman-body, with all the conditions which that involves, is a better vehicle, in general, for the true heart force.

Who but the Leader, the Mother, could have lifted the Theosophical Movement to the plane it is on today? Who but the Mother could have awakened such loyalty and trust among her students, those who are her children, verily, by all the laws of spiritual regeneration, the mystic second birth?

The "woman question" has a vital bearing upon the objects of the International Brotherhood League. These are the objects:

1 To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.

When Eve shared with Adam the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge and thus hastened his evolution, she gave him the key to the nobility of life. But Adam refused to use this key to open the door of his soul—the woman principle within him. He opened, instead, the doorway of his lower nature; he dragged down the mystery of life to the plane of sense-gratification; he dragged woman down with him, and the curse fell. It has been left to the modern Eve to transmute that curse into a blessing and, thanks to the suffrage and other movements which of themselves seem futile, she is today able to do it. Wiser than man, perchance, today she is leading her sons to the tree of good and evil, revealing to them the mystery of life, knowing that they are not safeguarded until she has done so.

2 *To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.*

Women have always cared for little children during their earliest, most important years. They have been the educators by tradition, although their work has in the past been done execrably. It is better today. The modern mother and teacher of little children is beginning to realize her power. She knows that in her hands lies the key to all evolution. She knows that her children are entitled to a universal view of life as soon as they demand it, which is very early, and they cannot have it excepting through her. She is brave therefore, for she cannot send her little ones out into the world to face battles that she has been too indifferent or too weak to enter. And the true woman loves not only her own children. Her heart is aflame with compassion for every neglected child in the world. And today the *Raja Yoga School* at Point Loma, and the *International Lotus Home*, epitomize all the past of one aspect of the “woman question;” and they have sounded in every responsive mother-heart in the world, the keynote of the future.

3 *To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women and assist them to a higher life.*

We have only to look over the modern world to observe that women, not all women, alas! have been the first to follow the example of Jesus in all his dealings with unfortunate women. Matrons in police stations, railway depots, and insane asylums are recent practical results of woman's effort in behalf of woman.

4 *To assist those who are, or have been, in prison, to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.*

The first person to knock at the door of a modern prison with a message of hope and comfort was Elizabeth Fry of England. In spite of opposition from “custom,” women entered upon this work and have been doing it ever since. Katherine Tingley has done much in this line and has large plans for future work in which she will be aided by her students.

5 *To endeavor to abolish capital punishment.*

The intuitive woman-heart has ever divined that the law of the Christ “to love one another” is greater than that earlier law “an eye for an eye and a

tooth for a tooth." The influence of women, in general, has never been in favor of capital punishment, but ever against it.

6 *To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them.*

It was the women of America who did most, in their attitude toward slavery, to bring about a better understanding between so-called civilized and so-called savage brothers. It was a woman, Prudence Crandall, who opened the first school in America for colored children; and she was arrested and marched to prison for doing so. It was a woman's book, "A Century of Dishonor" by Helen Hunt Jackson that first aroused the politicians and the public to the fearful wrongs which we, as a nation, were inflicting upon the Indians. And the scribes of the coming centuries will record the influence of Katherine Tingley in linking, as brothers, many so-called savage people with ourselves; work which today is known only to some of her students.

7 *To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war and other calamities; and generally to extend aid, help and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.*

It has ever been the share of women to relieve the suffering that has followed in the train of a nation's wars. They have gone to plague-visited cities, to those stricken with loathsome diseases, to the victims of fevers, of contagious diseases, of famine, of leprosy. They have worked without money and without price.

It was a woman, Fabiola (a nun) who founded one of the first hospitals of the Middle Ages, and women have been the first to turn to the "aid, help and comfort of suffering humanity throughout the world" ever since the world began.

(To be Continued)

Man, Son of Earth and Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work:—and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee! What is unmethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable, obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy: attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order out of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered. But, above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brutemindedness—attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite it in the name of God!

—CARLYLE

The Law of Cycles



By C. W.

IT is a matter of the deepest interest for every thinking man to obtain as clear an idea as possible of the way in which the progress of the world is wrought out in the kingdoms of Nature, and especially to realize how man—the king of Nature—advances toward that ultimate goal of perfection which is his destiny.

The ancient Wisdom Religion is the basis of all the real knowledge which man possesses, whether that knowledge be scientific or religious. This Wisdom Religion, or Theosophy, teaches that all progress is accomplished in revolving stages, or successive periods of time and experience; that these periods occur in exact harmony with each other, and that they bear definite relations to the effects accomplished in them severally. The law which governs these periods has been known for many ages as the Law of Cycles.

By the study of this Law of Cycles we learn that natural progress of all kinds does not occur in one steady stream, like the rush of a railway train on a straight track, but on the contrary, it proceeds by a spiral or screw-like course, in which the same points are successively and continually reached on higher circles of existence. It might, perhaps, be compared to the flight of an eagle, which soars upward in circles one above the other, until lost to sight in the vault of heaven. An onlooker would apparently see a periodic return to nearly the same place, but it is clear that the soaring bird occupies a more distant position on every turn of the circle in its spiral flight upward.

These cyclic periods are so well defined in our everyday experience, that we are apt to pass them by, without recognizing their importance. Every day is a cycle, in which we pursue almost the same round of duty, and every day is followed by a night or period of rest in which the circle of twenty-four hours is rounded off and completed. Month by month, in a larger cycle we find similar occurrences in our business and home circles. Year by year we follow the same round of occurrences in Nature, so that spring, summer, autumn and winter promote the well-being of each other, and minister to the perfect whole of which they form successive phases. All these are well known to us, but because by habit we have grown familiar with them, we fail to perceive that herein lies a great secret of the world's advancement.

By pursuing the subject we may discover that the Law of Cycles rules every phenomenal experience in the world around us, that it governs even our states of passing happiness or misery, and rules also what men call life and death. Thus the continuous growth of Nature and of all beings is divided and punctu-

ated by successive periods of rest and activity, or, to express it more completely, by rounds of birth, growth, subsidence and rest.

Of the forgotten cycles which men once knew all about, probably the most interesting to us is the cycle of life and death. Many centuries ago, the great philosophers and the wise ones of the earth taught this great Truth. The records of their teachings are found in many an ancient manuscript and rock inscription of old civilizations. Today more than two-thirds of the people of the earth make it a central point in their religious belief.

We are all familiar with the beginning and end of man's appearance here. He comes upon the scene as a little child, grows into activity, attains his full strength, becomes feeble, and finally departs. We look upon the body through which he has functioned and we say: "He is gone." Could we look further, we should know that he has but retired from the scene for a short period. He will soon return in a new body to carry on his continuous existence, and so on and on through successive lives, reaping each time what he has previously sown—until the final perfection.

Thus, as in other kingdoms of Nature each appearance of man on the scene of physical life is qualified and conditioned by the circumstances of those which preceded it, and the character of the man, which is the expression of his soul, his very self, progresses towards the goal of divinity, which is his potential inheritance.

Students of history have found that there is a periodic recurrence in the history of great empires. The fortunes of some great nation have been identified with each century of recorded history. Generally speaking the foundation of the power of the nation has taken place near the beginning of the century, and its waning or downfall has occurred near the close of the hundred year period. In Europe these periods of prosperity have succeeded each other, in Spain, Austria, Holland, France and England. There can be but little doubt that the twentieth century will be an era in which the American people will show an example to the rest of the civilized world,—an example founded upon the principles of humanitarian unselfishness and human Brotherhood.

Extending our view still further we cannot avoid perceiving that the very continents of the globe are successively the fields of an intense activity, and of a comparative desolation. Recent discoveries have shown conclusively that on the desert plains and hills of Arizona and New Mexico—once flourished cities, larger and more populous than the largest cities of the present day. Systems of irrigation existed ages ago in these Western States of America, constructed with the highest engineering skill. There is not the smallest doubt that where now is little but desert, once teemed a busy, educated and civilized people. And do we not see that period coming once again? Do not our daily papers continually announce new conquests of the forgotten desert which show a rapid return of the old cycle of past ages? Is it too much to expect that again the whole of Western America will—as in former ages—

become completely re-established in the service of man, and will once more be the residence of teeming millions!

Such are the cycles which are easily recognized and commonly accepted.

So with man, by breath divine
 Lifted like a transient wave
 On life's sea, in line on line
 Rolls to break upon the grave.
 Races, empires towering rise,
 Each in turn, collapsing dies,
 Schools and systems, proudly heave
 Soon like them no vestige leave,
 Far along the shore of time
 Swells and sinks the sounding chime,
 Ceaseless till,
 Gathered back in calm repose,
 To the depths from whence they rose,
 All are still.*

Yes, it is true that, for a time, all sink to rest and are still, but in the cycles of Nature all rise again into renewed activity.

The teachings of the Wisdom Religion show that at stated and regular intervals in the world's history have occurred great reforms in the political, social and moral ideals of the people. These great reforms have been introduced by those who ever stand behind the scenes of world-life, ready to help when circumstances permit. The teachings of these great ones have been identical. They have always been founded upon the enduring truths of Theosophy. Such a teacher was Krishna, who appeared in India five thousand years ago, laying the foundation of the greatest world reformations of which we have record. Such a one was Gautama Buddha, who lived exactly twenty-five hundred years ago, and whose teachings have survived to the present day, through all the misconceptions, and degradations which they have endured at the hands of his followers throughout the centuries. Six hundred years later came Jesus with the same message and the same purpose of the regeneration of mankind.

A reference to these periods, each of which was a time of stress and trial in the history of the race, and a comparison of them with the present period, leads to the conviction that a crucial time in the world's history is at hand when great reforms may be expected. Thoughtful consideration of the events of recent times amply confirms this. The last century was remarkable for great advances in man's conquest with the forces of nature, and in his means of intercommunication. Every part of the globe is now practically in instantaneous contact with every other point of its surface. Each nation can immediately feel the pulse of every other.

The facilities thus acquired have produced an increased desire for freedom from the bonds of mediævalism and selfishness of all kinds. Politically, soci-

* Mrs. Prideaux

ally and morally every nation of the world is in the throes of a struggle with those forces which prevent human advancement towards happiness and liberation of soul. As these struggles become more and more evident, the onlooker perceives that now is the time of harvest, for all potentialities which men have been gathering for ages. The forces of evolutionary upliftment have been acting wheel within wheel, cycle within cycle until man stands today *potentially* nobler, more intellectually gifted, more far-seeing than ever before. One thing alone is wanting to complete the unfoldment, *viz*: that he shall put into practice what he has been taught throughout the ages; that he shall establish the bond of Brotherhood as the central feature of all his dealings with his fellow men; that the welfare of the community and the race shall stand in the place of the welfare of the individual. Thus the era of greed and selfishness will end and a new era of love and sympathy will dawn.

Then will men recognize that Life is one, eternal and indivisible. Both as regard the individual and the age, there is an everlasting continuity. That which has been sown must be reaped. Death must be followed by resurrection.

A Habit *and* its Consequences

By Ethne



“**P**HYL,” said Joyce, “the dressing bell rang quite ten minutes ago, you will never be ready in time unless you hurry.”

“Oh bother!” replied Phyllis. “I want to finish this story,” and she did not move.

The dinner bell rang, and Phyllis was late. The teacher reprimanded her for her unpunctuality, and while she sulkily ate her dinner in silence, the other girls all felt uncomfortable.

Joyce and Phyllis were in their last term at a young ladies’ “finishing establishment” where girls receive their final polish, and are taught the arts and graces which are supposed to equip them for the battle of life. A few days later they were busy packing their trunks preparatory to bidding farewell to their school days. The three years of routine restraint had been very irksome to Phyllis’ undisciplined nature—she was the only and much spoilt child of a rich merchant while her companion was the daughter of a large Squatter.

“There” exclaimed Phyllis, slamming down the lid of her trunk, “I am glad to be done with that phase of existence—and begin life. If it hadn’t been for you Joyce I could never have endured it.”

Joyce looked at her reflectively before replying. There was no doubt that with all Phyllis' winning ways and pretty face, she was selfish and her own comfort the first consideration, and Joyce who loved her stifled a sigh as she finally said:

"I hope you will be happy but—Phyllis, I can't help feeling that that fatal habit of yours of only doing what is pleasant will bring you trouble some day; life is not full of only pleasant things, and unless we take the good with the bad and do the best we can under all circumstances we must eventually bring misery upon both ourselves and others. To my mind Life is a school, and some of the seemingly hardest lessons bring the happiest results.

"And to my mind," interrupted Phyllis, "it should be a playground. It may be what you say is true, but I prefer my way."

Joyce was silent. On the morrow good-byes were said, and with many promises to write to each other, and hopes of meeting again soon, the two friends went their several ways.

Some four years later Phyllis Cardyn, looked thoughtful as she stood before the glass untying her veil. She had just come home from town where she had accidentally met Joyce Edwards in one of the fashionable city Afternoon Tea Rooms. They had sat down at the same table and greeted each other with mutual delight. Phyllis told volubly of her trip to Europe, etc., and finally asked her companion why she had ceased writing.

"Just after you sailed for England, my Father died suddenly, the seasons were very bad and the banks foreclosed on the station and took everything. Fortunately my oldest brother had started his practice as a Doctor before the crash came and now he can provide a comfortable home for Mother. I live with them, but provide for myself by typewriting. So I am quite an independent woman," she added with a smile, "and I even have a latch-key."

Her busy purposeful life had left as marked a stamp upon Joyce as Phyllis' idle irresponsible one had left upon her. There was a quiet repose about Joyce's manner and a brightness in her eye that told of a heart at rest; while the listless air, the droop at the corners of her mouth and the sadness in the eyes in moments of quietude in Phyllis' case told equally of the minor discontent. All this the girl dimly felt as she stood before the glass—the prisoner was beginning to chafe in her gilded prison.

In the hall below, her cousin (who was staying in the house), met her with her baby in her arms.

"Oh! Phyllis! I hardly like to ask you," she said, but if you would take Baby for me just till nurse returns I should be so glad. My head is aching dreadfully, nurse should not be long now."

Phyllis took the Baby, he was a dear little mite, and for half an hour all went well. Then he began to get cross and looking round the room for something to amuse him with, Phyllis' eye fell upon a packet of newly arrived magazines. In a minute Baby became a dreadful nuisance, and finding a

glass paper-weight with a picture inside she put him down on the floor giving it to him to play with.

Some fifteen minutes later she laid the book down with a start to find Baby gone; the veranda door stood open and she hurriedly ran towards it. There had been a summer shower and Baby was sitting on the damp cold flags plucking the flowers off one of the pot-plants. Picking him up she handed him over to nurse who just then came for him and congratulating herself that she was well out of what might have been a nasty scrape, she returned to her story.

"Where did you take Baby to this afternoon?" said her cousin whom she found lying on the drawing-room couch, after dinner. "Yes, my head is better thank you, but I am anxious about Baby, he seems so feverish."

"I took him to the morning room" answered Phyllis and moved away to the piano to avoid further questions.

It was late before Phyllis slept and she awoke again suddenly with a feeling of impending dread to hear people moving to and fro and talking. Slipping into a wrapper, she opened her door, and called to nurse who was passing, "What is the matter?"

"Oh, Miss," said the girl crying, "it's Baby, he has got croup, and Mistress is fairly distracted, and oh, Miss, he do look awful bad. I must go, the Doctor has just come."

"Phyllis shut her door sharply and dropped into a chair. "How dreadful, she gasped," and all my fault."

That fatal habit of avoiding all unpleasant duties! Her meeting with Joyce that afternoon, flashed into her mind, and the last talk they had had together at school. Well, she had gone "her way" and this is what it had ended in. All her selfish thoughtless acts of the last four wasted, useless years seemed to crowd into her mind, and for the first time Phyllis saw her actions in a true light and knew herself to have been a thoroughly selfish girl.

When at last she stood up there was a new look upon her face, "After all," she said to herself, "Joyce was right, life is a school, and I have had a bitter lesson. If one's acts only concerned themselves, perhaps it would not matter so much what we do, but I see now one cannot act without affecting others, my criminal selfishness has ended in this terrible trouble for us all."

Baby did not die, but Phyllis never forgot that terrible night and it altered her whole life. Little by little she resolutely fought her selfish tendencies and today no brighter, sunnier nature exists than that same Phyllis Cardyn. You see, girls, in her extremity she hit upon a very old truth in Nature—"I made my own habits and therefore I can unmake them," and she acted upon it with the happiest results; for duties fulfilled bring happiness, but to live for one's own pleasure is a snare and a delusion.

Christian Science

By an English Surgeon



THOUGH the practice denoted by the above title has many other aliases, I have selected this one because it is, I believe, the oldest. Notwithstanding that there are small differences among them, they agree in being Hypnotism of a most pernicious kind, and in regarding physical diseases as the *summum malum* in the Universe. Sometimes the operator is his own patient; more usually the operator and patient are distinct. The virus inoculated during the hypnotic state is the idea that disease does not exist except as a mental entity or illusion, and that when this is gotten rid of there is no more disease.

As the practice covered by these aliases (Christian Science, Faith-healing, Metaphysical-healing, Mind-healing, etc.,) are on the increase, it is high time to dissect them and show their evil, and at the same time the worthlessness of the "philosophy" on which they rest.

Of what does disease consist? Of certain structural and functional alterations of the body, usually resulting in certain sensations of pain or discomfort.

If, then, disease is an illusion, does the illusion lie in the alterations of structure, or in the sensations?

(a) If the *sensations*, only, are the illusions, then the removal of this illusion does not help the matter; for the *alterations* will remain and cause their usual outcome in the shape of death, or the shortening or impairment of life.

And at what point does a sensation become an illusion? Is hunger an illusion? Presumably not, since it is not a disease, and these philosophies maintain that it is *diseases* which are the illusions par excellence. Is hunger an illusion when it is extreme and becomes gnawing? If not, at what point in its progress worseward towards neuralgia (a disease) *does* it become an illusion? For neuralgia, as a disease, is, by the hypothesis, an illusion. There is no line between normal and abnormal sensations; and if the latter are illusions, why not the former?

(b) But if the *alterations* are the illusion, then so must be the rest of the body; for the alterations, like the rest of the body, consist of cells and cell-products; but in unusual conditions, quantities, or proportions. For example, a cancer is a mass of cells of ordinary structure, like corresponding cells elsewhere in the body, but out of place, or in too large proportions. And these unusual conditions frequently represent conditions perfectly normal on other levels of the biological tree, or in other parts of the body. Thus fatty

degeneration of the heart-muscle is a grave feature of disease ; fatty degeneration of the cells lining the mammary glands constitutes the normal secretions of milk.

(c) If it be said that these unusual *locations* constitute the illusion (let the reader remember that by the hypothesis, disease is the illusion) then some very curious inferences have to be drawn. For in the early period, say of cancer, a few cells only, constitute the disease, and of these few the future sufferer is quite unconscious. Yet as they are the beginning of the disease—that is, of the illusion—we have the amazing phenomenon of an illusion standing by itself, no one illusionized ! This is more surprising than the celebrated grin which existed without the cat !

It would seem, therefore, that the healer is shut in to the conclusion that the body as a whole is an illusion. But that being so, why does he put concrete food into an illusionary receptacle ? It seems worse judgment than putting new wine into old bottles !

But if the food-taking is—like disease—an illusion, why, in getting rid of the latter does he invariably stop short there ? Why keep satisfying a misleading appetite by putting illusionary food into an illusionary receptacle ? It seems such waste of time !

We come to the same perplexity by following another line of research and questions.

Let us consider the subject of *fractures*. The “healer” may desire to exclude these from his theories and sphere of operations, because they are a little awkward to “deny” away, or to pronounce illusionary.

But his exclusion cannot be permitted. A fracture or a cancer may equally be due to a blow. Both present a long train of symptoms, one train setting in at once, the other seeming to wait a good while. The immediate injury to a bone, in the one case, is paralleled by the immediate injury to young cells, trophic (or nutritional) nerves, etc., in the other. Then follows, in the case of the bone, a long train of other very manifest symptoms ; in the case of the cancer follows a long train of symptoms which—once the bruise is gone—are not manifest, though they would doubtless be so to the microscope. After an interval these are in their turn followed by a very manifest set.

Why, then, if the disease whose many and varied symptoms are summed up under the name of cancer, is an illusion, is not fracture with *its* many and varied symptoms and sequelæ, also an illusion ? And if it be admitted that the *fever* and *pain* department of those symptoms *is* an illusion, why are not the exuded blood and serum and torn tissues to which that fever and pain are due, also illusionary ? And the broken bone ? And why, if these are illusions, are not equally so the same bone, nerves, blood and serum in their normal conditions ? And why not, therefore, the whole body ? And if the whole body is an illusion, why trouble about an extra illusion setting in with respect to a particular part of it ?

We will now take up the consideration of the theory on which these practices rest, thence passing to the application.

The leading theory will be best exposed by an extension of itself. This theory and syllogism is as follows:

- (1) Nothing exists but Spirit or God.
- (2) This cannot be diseased, or disease cannot be this.
- (3) Therefore, disease in general is not; and the particular disease you think you have is not. Or,

- (4) You are Spirit or God, and
- (5) Therefore you cannot be diseased.

Let us develop this along the same lines:

- (1) All is spirit or God.
- (2) Therefore you are spirit or God.
- (3) God cannot be subject to disease or *illusion*.
- (4) Therefore you cannot be subject to disease or illusion.
- (5) Therefore you were not under an illusion, after all, in respect of your disease; it must be real.

- (6) Therefore you have a disease, and at the same time cannot have one.

The fallacy is this. Spirit is here used in two senses: (*a*) as the undifferentiated unexperienced essence of being; (*b*) as the same essence in its most highly evolved and experienced condition. The immortal essence of all life and consciousness goes through the experiences of existence and thus surmounts disease and illusion; surmounting diseases by learning not to work against itself (for disease is life working against life); surmounting illusion by the garnered wisdom of time. The idea that disease and illusion are impossible to spirit is only true when spirit is considered as perfected through its world-experiences.

Another theory is that "All is Mind." Disease, therefore, cannot have any other existence than as mind, or in mind. Whatever is, is mind. Mind, having fallen into the delusion that a material something, called disease, exists, can get rid of that delusion.

Then why not also, at the same time, get rid of the more radical delusion that a material something, called body, exists; for that also must be mind, in reality. The "delusion" called disease answers to every test of reality just as fully as the body; the only possible tests, namely sensations (internal) and appearances. Internal sensation and external appearance are the only ways in which we can know of body and its condition; by those same ways, and with the same certainty, we know of those bodily conditions called disease. Why stultify and befog the intellect by pretending that the latter alone is an illusion? Either disease, as a material something, does or does not exist. If it does, then the mind is under no delusion in supposing that it does; if it does not exist, then neither does the body. But if it be said that disease is a special kind of illusion, apart from the more radical one that the body exists, what caused that illusion to arise? It did not arise without a cause, and without the removal of that cause it cannot be really gotten rid of. The cause is, of course, that set of sensations and appearances which make up the disease.

From whence it is clear that the disease is itself the cause of the *illusion* that it exists!

Does not the reader see that in dealing with these people we are dealing with gross materialists? Thus:

- (1) All is Mind.
- (2) Therefore disease is mental *only*.
- (3) *Therefore* it is illusion (because it is *only* Mind).
- (4) Therefore *matter* must be the reality.
- (5) And the chiefest reality is the body.
- (6) And the chiefest aim of man is to have it comfortable!

They may not like this deduction from their premises, but it is the proper one, and those latter propositions represent the real basis of their work.

To some of the above points we must return in dealing with the practice of the various operators, and to this part of the subject we now come.

If these practices rested on an avowedly materialistic basis, if the practitioners avowed their belief that the health and comfort of the body *is* the chiefest aim in life, the highest good, one could have more respect for them.

But when, as in the case of most of them (for the School called "Christian Science" is the mother of the rest), a veil of spirituality in theory and practice is kept up, whilst the *real* theory and practice are materialistic and degrading, it is time to point out to novices exactly the kind of noose in which they are about to place their heads.

Real spirituality is the elevation of the mind beyond the domain and reach of bodily passions, thus making it receptive to higher and higher influences. When it becomes no more the slave to bodily whims and passions; it rises beyond the limits of its own selfish personality and feels its unity with all other men and with all that has life. Finally it may reach actual touch of the divine root of life itself, whether that be called Spirit, or God, or Eternal Mind. This is the course of normal evolution, and it is achieved slowly or quickly according to the efforts and temperament of the individual. It is an elevation of the mind, achieved by attaching it to higher and higher things and ideas.

The relation of the mind, or sentient thinking being, to the bodily organs, is maintained by the sympathetic nerve and its plexuses. Through that nerve are conveyed the impressions of those bodily needs which, when received by the mind, become conscious appetites. And in nearly all men these appetites are excited in excess—often in great excess—of the actual requirements. A business of the mind is their regulation down to the proper point.

This power is attained, this function is exercised, *not* by pondering them and dwelling upon them, but by so keeping the mind upon other and higher matters that sensual appetites cannot intrude. When the mind is habitually occupied with matters proper to it, and intent upon duty, then these appetites fall into their proper place and subordination. To dwell upon a pleasant sensation or appetite is to encourage its encroachment upon the domain of mind; so also to dwell upon an unpleasant sensation makes the mind more

sensitive to it, and will encourage other and previously almost unnoticed unpleasant sensations to press themselves on the attention and demand relief.

An appetite is a sensation coming from an organ. Other sensations are pain and uneasiness; another is that vaguely pleasurable feeling called "*bien-être*"—well-being.

The mind possesses the power, not only of *receiving* sensations, but of *creating* them, via the sympathetic nerve. The thought of a lemon will so affect the salivary glands as to produce a flow of saliva. That is to say, through the mental creation of a sensation, the organ or system of organs to which that sensation belongs, is physically affected. Just as the sensation of sourness, created in the mind, will affect the salivary glands and increase their blood supply—and could doubtless, if continued daily, cause enlargement of them—so the created sensation of well-being, in some organ that is uneasy and out of gear, will affect that organ and cause a tendency to get well. And this can be done on a larger scale for the whole body.

This is the practice of the Christian Scientist, Faith-healer, etc. He starts with his mind upon this disease, its sensations and appearance so far as he knows it. Whether he "denies" it or "affirms" it, whether he says it is a delusion or a reality, his mind is fixed upon it in one or another way. That is obvious, since it is the existence of the disease (or the "illusion") that prompts him to undertake his proceeding. He thinks or repeats certain formulæ of a comforting nature, or their import, such as "there is no disease," "disease is an illusion," "all is spirit," "all is God," etc., etc. The mind becomes thus semi-hypnotized and concentrated upon the sensation of physical well-being corresponding to the words "there is no disease, etc., or upon the deductions of the words, "all is God," etc. In a favorable case, the organ, or the whole body will take comfort and get well.

But observe: a serious thing has now happened. The mind has become linked to the body with wires that did not exist before; it is hypnotized into perfect unity with the body; it is tuned to the bodily keynote with a thoroughness never before obtaining; it has made itself the slave of sensation; it is thereafter consciously and unconsciously on the watch for unpleasant sensation that it may repeat the hypnotic process and get rid of that sensation at once. The other aspect of this is the aim for pleasant sensation; for to be avoiding unpleasant is to be seeking pleasant sensation. Its one aim is to keep the sense of bodily wellness. And, worst of all, the "philosophy" of the cult has taught the patient *to identify the more subtle sensations of physical luxurious wellness with spiritual consciousness!* This philosophy and the practice now conspire together, the one to confuse the intellect's intuitions of truth, the other to cut the mind away from the soul by tying its attention henceforth to physical sensation, to which it becomes as sensitive as a galvanometer to an electric current. In proportion to the number of times with which the practice has been repeated is the mind in the close embrace of sentient matter, its gaze

turned away from spirit, and its work as an instrument of thought brought to a standstill.

And it should be further observed that this sensitivity of the mind is not confined to the organ or part for whose cure the work was undertaken; it is to the whole body or to any organ that sends forth the most pronounced radiations of its sensations and appetites into the mind. The mind is negative to appetite. Least of all is it henceforth able to resist the demands of the most insistent of all appetites; the impulses from the sexual part of nature are only too apt to take advantage of the new conditions, to over-ride the enfeebled moral sense, to dominate the mental consciousness more and more, and to lead on to moral wreck. At first they may take subtle mental forms, apparently other than the physical craving which lies beneath, and it is not till the mind is sufficiently poisoned thereby that they reveal their real nature. Whole systems of philosophy have arisen out of these subtler suggestions, often representing them as *spiritual promptings*.

When death comes, there is liberated into the succeeding world a mind vibrating to physical sensation, not one that has fitted itself by thought, meditation and noble struggles, for spiritual existence. It is a psychic morphine-eater, and death does not liberate from the effects of, and the craving for, *that* poison.

It is manifest that the use of medicines and proper hygienic treatment of diseases differs *toto coelo* from this practice; for such use need not enslave the mind, need hardly call its attention at all away from its legitimate sphere. But valetudinarianism and the constant study of their case to which some invalids are addicted is nearly as mischievous as Christian Science. It is the opposite of that wise study of his disease which a patient might undertake in order to see whether by its means nature was not trying to develop some noble trait of character, such as fortitude, or to cure some failing, some habit of self-indulgence.

And this leads us to the next point. Let us consider the diseases due to some form of sensual indulgence.

The example we will select is that of chronic gouty rheumatism, due to continued gluttony.

There are here two elements to be thought of: (1) The disease; this, we are told, is an illusion. (2) The cause—gluttony. This is, of course, a form of sensuality, a vice of character taking this particular form. Allowed to persist, it eventuates in disease, an illusion. Treatment is directed to getting this illusion out of the mind. This effected the body is supposed to become healthy. What appears to be success often follows these efforts, and the body *does* become apparently healthy. The reality of this success we will presently examine.

The philosophy of this process of healing comes therefore to this:—that a *real* vice of character eventuates in an illusion—the disease. The treatment

eliminates the illusion, the effect, and leaves the vice, the cause ! Is not this a very delirium of therapeutics ? For —

(a) In the first place, the disease is of value in bringing home to the patient his vice and in giving him a strong motive to surmount it and gain self-control. The treatment we are considering destroys this stimulus, eliminates the consequences of the vice as fast as they appear, and permits the growth of the vice unhindered by that check. It is the total abrogation of all the physiological laws, and in the proportion of its success makes directly for moral ruin.

Remember that the vice we have selected is not the worst form of sensuality, and then apply the same argument to the worse forms. And then begin to consider whether these methods of healing do not rank among the curses of our times.

(b) In the second place, the effort is precisely the opposite to that which would be employed by a wiser person trying to cure such a disease. He would begin by an attempt to acquire that self-control for the lack of which he had become diseased. If he could acquire that, his disease would begin to show a tendency to mend, and could be aided by legitimate medical measures. A healthy body tends gradually to follow up on a healthy mind.

But the body of the Faith-healer, when his work is successful, almost suddenly acquires a semblance of health. This suddenness shows that a good deal of force has been employed on it, coming from the mind. For it is not that slow and effortless copying of a healthy mind which is nature's way. Which, in its turn, shows that the mind has been fixedly turned on the body itself as a reality, and on the disease as a reality. And it is nothing against this that the word "illusion" has been used ; hard work has been done. The mind has been, as has been said, not liberated from bodily control, but tied close into subjection. Its gaze is henceforth down, not up.

Strictly speaking, an effect *already is*, in its cause. The disease already is, in every mental state of sensual desire. To try to stop it in this way is to throw a stone, and then try to not have it fall somewhere. You need not throw any more, but that one must fall. It can only be held for awhile on its career.

And this is the practice we are considering. The outcome in bodily disease is held back, and the mind loses that power of detachment from appetite by which the mental vice could alone be cured. The *incidence* of appetite may be shifted to another organ ; it often is so ; for example, to the worst forms of sensuality, not less (but more) harmful because they often at first take a subtle, psychic, and subjective tendency, leading to abominations of the worst type.

Granted, for argument's sake, that the bodily forces moving among the organs are forms of mind. Then perfect body and perfect mind are two aspects of one thing. And that mind which is in a state of potential production of sensual thought is not perfect and cannot have a perfect body. The only way

to absolutely perfect body is perfect mind, mind that has not the possibility of a sensual thought.

But this is not the method of the Mind-healer. At best it is only part of his method. The other part consists in trying to reach over and deal with the body direct, through some other method than that alone by which the body can be made perfect. You cannot build in your mind the picture of the perfect body for the body to copy, until the mind is perfect; and then no such building is necessary. In your efforts the body will copy the mental imperfection—the possibility, however latent, of sensuality. The mental picture you have made is of externals only, pain or alteration of form or function. Of these your mental picture may get rid; the deeper disease remains, tincturing the whole body, unable to localize and get out, fixed and secret, poisoning the very roots of mind. Therefore the real mind-healing is to make a perfect mind, free from the possibility of sin or sensuality.

A further point, and not the least, arises when we consider the fact that healer and patient, or teacher and pupil, are often of opposite sexes. And in this case, with the mind of the patient or pupil in a semi-hypnotic state, luxuriating in subtle physical *bien-etre*, morally dazed and with almost suspended will, the too frequent outcome is easily imagined. It is time to raise the veil on this point, and call attention to the appalling amount of psychic poison developed and bred by the teaching and practice of this thing.

There is, lastly, a point of objection which does not lie in the nature of the practice itself. With all its pretensions to elevation of motive, the element of money-making is largely present. Lessons in the art are given—for cash; diplomas certifying proficiency (in the “science” of *Christ!*) are issued—for cash; “healing” (by the power of Christ and the “Holy Spirit”) is effected—for cash. It is nothing against this that some do not take cash; the point is that it is recognized that money may be taken and wealth amassed by the use of a power and by teaching the use of a power claimed to be spiritual and divine.

With the inducement of money-getting on the one hand and the implied possibility (the logical conclusion of all their teachings) of self-indulgence without incurring Nature’s penalty on the other, is it any wonder that Christian Scientists and Mental Healers should attract many to their ranks?

This completes our brief survey. And in summing up our contentions, we can but repeat that the philosophy on which this practice rests is utterly fallacious and usually supremely silly and self-contradictory; that disease is not cured, but held over, and that the mind and morals of those who seek its aid are in the utmost peril. Intellect is enfeebled and prostituted; vices of character remain and new ones are added. The path of the Christian Scientist is backwards, away from the ideal of the perfect man full grown in soul, in will, in mind. He is picking apart the fabric of his age-long growth, woven in the loom of evolving nature; and when the surely coming hour arrives for him to recognize what he has done and to find that it is too late, upon him alone and not on nature shall the blame rest.

The Pyramid Builders

By William Scott



THERE are many pyramids in all parts of the earth. All belong to a remote past, and all are remarkable in some respects. But there is one in Egypt which far surpasses any of the others in the exquisite skill and transcendent knowledge displayed in its construction—a knowledge so vast that only a little of it can be fathomed by the brightest scientists of the present age, and a skill so exquisite that the finest mechanics in the world, devoting their utmost care, would fall short of reaching it. This is not because American mechanics are inherently incapable—possibly they were the pyramid builders—but because for many incarnations they have not striven for the marvelous degree of perfection attained by those old Egyptians.

Those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the facts will find them admirably collated in a work by Prof. Flinders Petrie, called “The Pyramids and Temples of Egypt.” Prof. Petrie stands in the front rank of scientists, and is one of the greatest authorities on Egyptology. Being an agnostic his curiosity was aroused by the manner in which certain religious views, held by the late Astronomer Royal of Scotland, Prof. Piazz Smythe, were buttressed by forms and measurements, which he found in the Great Pyramid. He therefore equipped himself with the finest instruments that science could supply him with, and went to investigate the Pyramid himself, thinking that possibly Prof. Smythe had unconsciously twisted the measurements to accommodate his theories, and hoping by greater exactitude to upset his conclusions.

Although he found that Prof. Smythe’s measurements were, in the main, fairly accurate, and did little to upset the theories of the astronomer in that way; yet he discovered something more marvelous, and vastly more important than had been found by Prof. Smythe. He found that, even with his exquisite instruments, certain things were so accurately constructed, that he could not tell whether they were absolutely exact or not; for the discrepancy with his measurements was less than his possible error. Its orientation and leveling are still more accurate than any other structure in the world, although American engineers have done their best to obtain perfect results, and although the pyramid is variously estimated to have stood from three thousand to several hundreds of thousands of years. The immense foundation stones, which enclose more than eleven acres, do not merely rest upon the solid rock below; they are dovetailed into it and accurately fitted, so that the most violent earthquake could not move the structure in the least. Nothing short of an actual rupture of the rock upon which it stands could injure it.

The jointing of the immense blocks which form the courses, is so exact, that for some time they were taken for a solid mass. According to Petrie’s

measurements, the widest joints are but 1-50 of an inch and they vary from that to 1-200 of an inch, with a continuous layer of cement between, which no one knows now how to make. The accuracy of the workmanship, says Petrie, is only equaled, at the present day, by opticians in grinding lenses. If the whole earth were searched no such mechanics could be found able to do such perfect work.

The tools were much superior to those at present in use; *e. g.*, when we want to make a hole in a rock we take a solid piece of steel and slowly pound the rock to powder, and lift the powder from the hole as we grind it down. The pyramid builders used a tubular saw, which cut a circular groove the required depth of the hole and then knocked out the core. Spiral grooves can still be seen on the walls of certain holes, indicating the depth that was cut at each revolution of the saw. Petrie estimates that diamonds, set in the toughest steel would be torn from their sockets, if they were made to cut so deep. The mathematical and astronomical knowledge embodied in the structure, surpasses that of the most advanced scientists of the present day. The entrance passage probably points to the normal north pole in the heavens, and its angle to the base is equal to the angle of the equator to the ecliptic.

If the latitude of the pyramid had been different these two things could not have coincided. If it had been nearer to the north the angle would have been greater, and less if it had been nearer to the south.

Again, the solar cycle of 25,868 years, which was but recently rediscovered by western astronomers, is plainly pointed out; and many other cycles are indicated which modern astronomers do not yet understand. The angle of the sides to the base, is probably an angle by means of which the circle can be readily "squared." The late Astronomer Royal of Scotland, said decidedly that it is, Prof. Petrie says he cannot tell. There are two reasons for this disagreement. (1) The angle cannot be measured absolutely. (2) Modern mathematicians do not know exactly what that angle should be. The joints between the courses of masonry are not straight lines but arcs, whose centers coincide with that of the earth; showing that the builders knew accurately the earth's diameter.

These are simply a very few of the thousands of marvelous facts which prove the wondrous powers of the builders of this mighty witness of departed greatness.

What was the secret of their power; and why has it departed from among men? The secret is this, Man is both God and brute; he can be either. Those old Egyptians knew, and lived, the life of the soul. We are largely the brute. All who have studied their own states of consciousness know that in their nature there are two opposite poles which differ as widely as midnight from noonday, and that the gradations of change are as various as the changes between the darkness of night and the light of day.

He also knows that there is something within him which has the power to command the activity of either of these states at will. But there are none

who know the finality of either of these poles; for none have sunk to the lowest depths of the brute personality; and no one has risen to the highest pinnacle of his soul's divinity. Who shall say what may be the possibilities of following either course?

Although these states appear to blend as if they had their origin in a common source, a closer analysis will show that they do not. Light mingles not with darkness. Its source is different. The variations are caused by the varying numbers of light rays. In like manner the personality is variously illuminated by the divine rays of the soul.

To live in that light is the true meaning of incarnation.

We have so long refused to incarnate that we have ceased to know its truth by experience, and many now deny that reincarnation is a fact.

In the nervous system there are ganglionic centers, or small brains, which are the instruments of specialized intelligences that direct the operation of the various organs and senses of the body in harmony with the central intelligence that resides in the brain. The brain is the chief ganglion of the system, and sends its light through the connections formed by the nervous tissue, to correlate and harmonize the smaller ganglia. The Oversoul, or Higher Self of humanity corresponds to the brain consciousness; and each individual soul is united with it as a ganglion is united to the brain. Each is co-eternal with the World-Soul, and each has its function in the divine economy, as every ganglion has its function in the body.

The mind, with its brain consciousness and ganglionic ramifications, is the personality; and, when healthy and natural, should be the instrument of the soul, for the expression of its melodies and powers in physical life, as the prism reveals the hidden beauties of light in the spectrum. Each personality by its difference in development from all the others, gives a particular expression to the symphonies of the soul, as each prism gives a peculiar character to the rays of light which pass through it to form the spectrum. But the personality of today is like a prism whose surface has become coated and dulled which almost prevents it from showing any spectrum at all, and instead of expressing the beauties of the sun's rays it only makes its presence felt by its imperfections and hideous blackness, the negation of light. The personality is incased in the foul smoke of its passions, desires and habits of innumerable incarnations of by-gone ages; and it is so engrossed with these that the divine rays of the soul can scarcely penetrate the density of its darkness. Chameleon-like it is constantly changing with every passing allurement. Its memory is but a checkered record of passing events which begins with birth and ends with death. It is therefore but a fleeting shadow, the very opposite of immortality and everlasting truth, as darkness is the opposite of light.

Humanity today lives almost wholly in this diseased personality. This is why the whole social fabric of all nations is a chaos of shams and frauds. The personality of itself is incapable of anything better; it knows not the law and ever disregards it. Ever seeking to gratify its own selfish desires with the

least effort, it looks upon work as a necessary evil to make itself comfortable. It ever defeats its own ultimate purpose, which is happiness, for it violates the law at every turn, and has the whole universe against it, which brings constant suffering and misery. Everything that is foul and false comes from that source.

There is a right and a wrong way of doing everything. Eating, sleeping, breathing, every step, every movement, may be in harmony with the eternal law or it may not. The individual soul, when united with the Universal Soul as the ganglion is united with the brain, knows the law and expresses itself through the purified mind, or personality, with the utmost exactitude and precision.

The old Pyramid builders lived in the higher life of the Soul, and worked, not to make the personality comfortable, but to express the powers of the soul; hence their power of exquisite exactitude and comprehensive knowledge.

Yet we have been told that they were slaves!

They must have been the freest of freemen. None but they whose lives are clean, whose hearts are pure, can do such perfect work. A man cannot be driven to exactitude any more than he can be driven to virtue; for accuracy is rectitude, and exactness is truth. Inaccurate construction is the embodiment of falsehood. He who is indifferent to exactness in anything has falsehood in his character. He is expressing himself through the false personality for its purposes, and his work, like the personality, will be but a fleeting shadow, for nothing done by the personality alone and for its own sake can last.

It is because the Great Pyramid is the work of men who knew they were souls that it still remains so perfect. The Master Workman was truly a divine instructor. He was one who had purified his character from the dross of personality, and nothing but the pure light of his soul shone through his life. He had become one with the Oversoul, or the Father in Heaven, as the Master Workman of Galilee expressed it. The will of such Masters has become identical with the Will of the Universe, in the same manner as the will of a healthy ganglion is identical with the will of the brain, for the tumor of personality has been completely removed. To reach such a state is to reach the goal of evolution so far as the necessity of rebirth is concerned. For those who have attained to that state have power to lay down the body, and power to take it up again; and they take it up only to help humanity and all creatures out of the shades of personality to the pure life of the soul which is so completely obscured in mankind that there is no other way to reach the soul-life than to follow the guidance of these true Helpers of the race. Such Helpers as H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and our present Leader and Teacher Katherine Tingley. We know them to be such, for we have seen that their life is the life of the Soul, for it is the same as the life of all the great Helpers of Humanity, such as Buddha and Christ. Their teachings are similar except that more of the Mysteries of the soul are disclosed in these later teachings of Theosophy. The workmen who follow the guidance of such Masters are not slaves, and there is a grim humor in thinking of them as striking for higher pay. They feel the justice of the Universe, and know that just wages are sure, for real pay is develop-

ment of character. The petty comforts of the personality are of small account when the life is true. To work with the law, and perform one's true function in the Universe, constitutes not merely the dignity but the divinity of labor. It is to help the divine purpose of the Universal Soul, which is evolution.

On Point Loma greater things will be done than were accomplished in Egypt. For they who guided the builders of the Pyramid again guide the Workers on Point Loma, and will continue to guide those who come after them, and for the first time, in thousands of years, little children are being taught to follow them. But they cannot compel recognition. They work and watch and wait till humanity perceives them.

A Bit of "God's-Out-of-Door's"

I N A U S T R A L I A

By E. G. W.



TO look daily on one of the most beautiful panoramas imaginable, and say no word of it—to keep forever closed up impressions and pictures of nature's wondrous loveliness, and let none other participate, think you that is one's duty? "He that hath eyes to see, let him see." But many eyes cannot

To reach my home I have to climb rather, track. Every step is seems to demand all riveted on the difficulties yond until, raising the light at so many bea-masses of rock, purple wattle, dells of fern, murmur of trickling glimpses of heavenly lacing green of tree-tops. walk along a level, made uncompromising fences on ventional gardens, and strictions of conventional deadletter of things. People such a place, toiling backwards and forwards in all weathers? What a life! But what repayment for a little difficulty. Imagine the scene that greets you at last as you throw yourself down for well-earned recuperation after the daily toil. Mother Nature receives you straight into her arms,



NATIVE JASMINE
Ricinocarpus Pinifolius

and will not see,—what then? a steep and rocky path, or watched, and the ascent one's attention. The gaze of the way, sees nothing be-eyes, one has to pause in de-ties crowded around. Such and gray; bushes of yellow whence comes the soft water; and overhead blue through inter- It might be easier to footpath with hard either side, railing in con-hedged in by the narrow re-thought, petty ideals, and the said, "How can you live in

and the garments of the work-a-day world are cast off. From this elevated spot only a few tree-tops and the immediate foreground of rocks and shrubs are between the eye and the waters of the harbor, sparkling and flashing where the sun strikes them, and blue and placid elsewhere. Less than a mile distant a narrow flat isthmus is all that separates harbor from ocean. This curves around to the right and cuts abruptly in one of the sharply defined, rugged, rocky Heads of Port Jackson, while to the left the land rises gradually into softly undulating hills of purplish blue, crimson-tinted at sun-

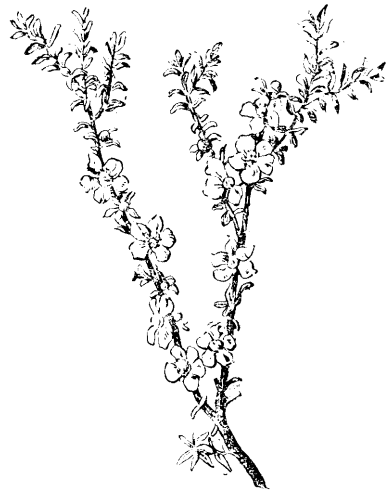
set. These encircle a portion of the harbor, which here forms a semi-circular basin, calm and limpid, reflecting the rocky, tree-clad edges, and broken here and there by strips of white beach.

In front of me beyond the isthmus lies the Pacific Ocean, stretching as far as eye can reach, until sky and water meet. How deserving of its name it is now, in its lake-like calm! Only the distant and never-ceasing roar of the surf breaking against the rocks, warns one of the mighty power of the sleeping giant.

All around my coign of vantage is untouched nature. The larger trees are mostly different varieties of the Eucalyptus. Some with trunks of the soft

Beronia Ledifolia

purplish shade often seen in trees in Italy, others burnished white, or again covered with bark; while the oaks, the cone-bearing banksias and grass trees break the monotony. In between the masses of rock, which lie about in an apparently inadvertent, hap-hazard sort of way, grow native shrubs and plants. Here is the ti-tree with its peculiar layer upon layer of papery bark, and its delicate white and pink blossoms. Native jasmine, the bushes of which are a mass of white star-like flowers with a strong almond fragrance. Then the beronias — *Beronia desipia*, with its deep pink flower, its bushes just one nosegay of pink blossoms. The *Spacris Longiflora* too, is a delight with its wild, yet sparse growth, yielding exquisite spikes of flowers, shading from crimson to white at the tips. We must not forget the most typical, and at the same time, most beautiful of all our native flowers, the flannel daisy. Out of an unpromising handful of sand, wedged in between two rocks, springs the dainty thing. It is purity itself and reminds one of the beautiful Edelweiss brought



TI-TREE — *Septospermum Scoparium*



home by Alpine climbers. The whole plant is velvety, rather than what its name would imply, while the flower has the appearance of the daisy, only that the petals are like white velvet, long and delicately painted, clipped with a faint touch of green. In the center is a cushion of pale sage green. These are really the flowers, and the encircling coronal of white velvet are the bracts, and not petals.

Between plants, rocks and trees, the bracken fills in the gaps with its strong green fronds, and here and there a yellow one, just for variety, for Mother Nature is an artist.

which I am sitting is a loving eye notes its To paint it the whole of called into requisition vegetable would both and wind and weather it, while the soul of all the sandstone, yellow soft greys with touches or. In places the iron—this again is woven in—shades. Then the lich—story all over it in soft faded into irregular white. All shades of while others more de—masses, capable of be—These lichens, as we take us back to the dim of silence and half



FLANNEL DAISY — *Actinotus Helianthi*

soul struggled for a visible expression of itself in the universe! What stories they tell, these rocks, not of stability as one might think, but really of the impermanence of form! Only the spirit endures forever. We see the restless movement of the ocean, its ever-ceaseless activity, and are told that the busy surging is accomplishing much. It is sifting and laying down the rocks of the future. We see the rugged boulders of rock being worn away into rounded masses, or ledged and fretted into lace-work by wind and wave, rain and storm, and we know that all points to a cycle of change,—a never-ending circle of breaking down and building up—some mighty purpose behind all—the struggle of a universe to accomplish its destiny. So we step aside from the streets and the busy hum of human warfare, to try to solve the meaning of life; and that we may find out if we are in harmony with this great relentless purpose.

Even the rock upon work of art, and the multitude of beauties. one's palette would be for the mineral and vie in its decoration, shaped and fashioned slumbers in it. Here is ochre but tanned into only of the original col—stone makes it red, and to lovely purplish ens! They tell their rings of darkish green, edges of pale green or gray some of them are, fined form flower-like in g removed bodily. look at them, how they beginning of things—lights, to the time when

We wonder as we lie there in outer silence, whether if we tried to understand the inner voice of Nature and adjust our lives more to *her* aims, it would

not be possible to rise above the sordidness of the commonplace, and the narrow prison walls of conventionalism—whether, if our ideas were larger, grander, and more consonant with Nature, less personal and individual, and more universal, our lives would not express themselves in nobler edifices and grander monuments. Would not the rows of hideous terraces and mean suburban villas grow into palaces, and life become more stately, dignified, and beautiful? For are we not gods, if we *will* to be so?

Let us look up then from the ruggedness of the path to the beauty around, that it may carry its message to our souls; and let it sink deep in our hearts, that it may find its expression again in a grander and nobler life—for nothing is wasted in Nature.

The picture is shared with all who care to look, for we need to give if we would receive, it is the law of the Universe.

The Rise and Fall of Civilizations

By a Student of Esotero



HOW strangely the pictures are thrown on the screen of time! Look and behold! Spain was mighty. Where is her strength now? France dominated Europe. Whence has her influence departed? Holland ruled the seas. Who can find her navies today? The glory of Venice is a thing of the past, the gods have left Olympus; the mighty halls of Luxor and Karnac tumble into dust; not one stone is left upon another in Babylon; Atlantis is a word; Lemuria as the memory of a dream.

Did ever the shadow of a conception of the passing away cross the minds of the dwellers in these mighty lands? Yet the passing away has occurred and its record is stored in the archives of the past.

Wherefore this rise and fall, and then the rise and fall again, to be followed by but another rise and fall, like the steady cadence of the sea?

Man lives on the surface of a globule floating in space. How can he understand the nature of the starry realms of which his little globule is so insignificant a part? If he cannot understand the nature of these realms how can he understand the nature of his own star? If he cannot understand his own star, then how can he understand the nature of its satellite—the earth on which he lives? If he cannot understand the nature of the earth on which he lives how can he understand his own nature?

That man cannot entirely understand the great creation of which he is a part is true. But he should not underestimate the value of that knowledge which he does possess, because it is limited, nor imagine those limits less

than they are. The organ of sight, though so small a thing, has a field of vision of enormous extent, in which field of vision may be mirrored countless worlds. If the eye can grasp so much on the physical plane, why may not the mind do likewise on the mental?

All existence is cyclic. In matter it is shown in the movements of its own component parts from the atoms (hypothetical) whirling in their vortices (hypothetical) to the heavenly bodies revolving in their orbits. This cyclic condition holds good in the divisions of time, in mathematics, music, art and every living organism. It is, likewise, true of mental moods and all intangible forms of activity. It also applies to everything historic, and to the various civilizations, concurrent and consequent, which have lapsed upon and followed one another over the face of the earth.

If, then, cyclism is unavoidable, why pursue the subject further? Why continue a bootless investigation? But is it bootless? May it not be that the cyclic periods are not fixed but variable quantities? And if variable may they not be varied somewhat at will?

Sleep is cyclic. But is the length or time of the cycle always the same? Does a man begin to sleep at nine o'clock one evening, and the same the next, and the next? Surely not! He may begin his sleep at nine, or ten, or eleven, or twelve, and may sleep many or few hours. The cycles must come, but they can be modified.

Now, this is exactly the case with civilizations. The length of any one is not a fixed quantity. It can be altered. It can be increased or it can be diminished. It will be increased or diminished by those who have part in it, and it can be increased or diminished by them at will. That it is often so diminished is shown by history and the query arises what caused such diminution? An extended answer to this is impossible here, so only a phase will be taken up.

Back of all action lies the picture of the action. The action is the objectivization of this picture in matter. Thus, in the simple act of stepping, the picture first arises in the mind. Unless it did the stepping could not occur. There is nothing to which this does not apply, as literally and almost as perceptibly as the artist's production on the canvass. And it is just as true that all subjective pictures tend in time to become objectivized, though they may be modified before objectivization takes place.

Amongst any mass of people the recognition or non-recognition of man as a soul is a pre-eminently determining factor in the nature of these pictures. If man is recognized as a soul, then the terrestrial consciousness is placed near its correct center. *Per contra*, if man is looked upon as merely a highly intelligent animal, then terrestrial consciousness tends to function away from its normal center. When consciousness functions at its normal center harmony results; when away, discord and lack of balance. From lack of balance come disturbed relations; from disturbed relations, destruction.

To trace these workings in their many ramifications would involve endless detail; the basic principle, however, is correct. It is this, that the nearer

man's consciousness functions to its normal center—soul life—at any period, the longer will be the civilization of that period; the more man's consciousness functions away from that center, the shorter will be that period.

Sign-Posts Along *the* Path*



NOT only in the Theosophical Society, but out of it, are tyros in Occultism. They are dabblers in a fine art, a mighty science, an almost impenetrable mystery. The motives that bring them to the study are as various as the number of individuals engaged in it, and as hidden from even themselves as is the center of the earth from the eye of science. Yet the *motive* is more important than any other factor.

These dilletanti in this science have always been abroad. No age or country has been without them, and they have left after them many books—of no particular value. Those of today are making them now, for the irresistible impulse of vanity drives them to collate the more or less unsound hypotheses of their predecessors, which, seasoned with a proper dash of mystery, are put forth to the crowd of those who would fain acquire wisdom at the cost-price of a book. Meanwhile the world of real occultists smiles silently, and goes on with the laborious process of sifting out the living germs from the masses of men. For occultists must be found and fostered and prepared for coming ages when power will be needed and pretension will go for nothing.

But the persons now writing about occultism and competent to do any more than repeat unproved formulæ and assertions left over from mediæval days, are few in number. It is very easy to construct a book full of so-called occultism taken from French or German books, and then to every now and then stop the reader short by telling him that it is not wise to reveal any more. The writings of Christian in France give much detail about initiations into occultism, but he honestly goes no further than to tell what he has gained from Greek and Latin fragments. Others, however, have followed him, repeated his words without credit, and as usual halted at the explanation.

There are, again, others who, while asserting that there is a magic science called occultism, merely advise the student to cultivate purity and spiritual aspirations, leaving it to be assumed that powers and knowledge will follow. Between these two, Theosophists of the self-seeking or the unselfish type are completely puzzled. Those who are selfish may learn by bitter disappointment and sad experience; but the unselfish and the earnest need encourage-

* Extracts from THE PATH, Vol. V

ment on the one hand and warning on the other. As an Adept wrote years ago to London Theosophists: "He who does not feel equal to the work need not undertake a task too heavy for him." This is applicable to all, for every one should be informed of the nature and heaviness of the task. Speaking of this tremendous thing—Occultism—Krishna in the Bhagavad-Gita says: "During a considerable period of time this doctrine has been lost in the world.

. This mystery is very important." We do not think that the doctrine has yet been restored to the world, albeit that it is in the keeping of living men—the Adepts. And in warning those who strive after occultism with a selfish motive he declares: "Confused by many worldly thoughts, surrounded by the meshes of bewilderment, devoted to the enjoyment of their desires, they descend to foul Naraka. . . and hence they proceed to the lowest plane of being."

In what, then, does the heaviness of the Occultist's task consist? In the immensity of its sweep as well as the infinitude of its detail. Mere sweet and delightful longing after God will not of itself accomplish it, nor is progress found in *aspiring* to self-knowledge, even when as a result of that is found partial illumination. These are excellent; but we are talking of a problem whose implacable front yields to nothing but *force*, and that force must be directed by *knowledge*.

The field is not emotional, for the play of the emotions destroys the equilibrium essential to the art. Work done calling for reward avails not unless it has produced knowledge.

A few examples will show that in Occult Science there is a vastness and also a multiplicity of division not suspected by Theosophical Occultists in embryo.

The element of which fire is a visible effect is full of centres of force. Each one is ruled by its own law. The aggregate of centres and the laws governing them which produce certain physical results are classed by science as laws in physics, and are absolutely ignored by the book-making Occultist because he has no knowledge of them. No dreamer or even a philanthropist will ever as such know those laws. And so on with all the other elements.

The Masters of Occultism state that a law of "transmutation among forces" prevails forever. It will baffle any one who has not the power to calculate the value of even the smallest tremble of a vibration, not only in itself but instantly upon its collision with another, whether that other be similar to it or different. Modern science admits the existence of this law as the correlation of forces. It is felt in the moral sphere of our being as well as in the physical world, and causes remarkable changes in a man's character and circumstances quite beyond us at present and altogether unknown to science and metaphysics.

It is said that each person has a distinct mathematical value expressed by one number. This is a compound or resultant of numberless smaller values. When it is known, extraordinary effects may be produced not only in the

mind of the person but also in his feelings, and this number may be discovered by certain calculations more recondite than those of our higher mathematics. By its use the person may be made angry without cause, and even insane or full of happiness, just as the operator desires.

There is a world of beings known to the Indians as that of the Devas, whose inhabitants can produce illusions of a character the description of which would throw our wildest romances into the shade. They may last five minutes and seem as a thousand years, or they may extend over ten thousand actual years. Into this world the purest Theosophist, the most spiritual man or woman, may go without consent, unless the knowledge and power are possessed which prevent it.

On the threshold of all these laws and states of being linger forces and beings of an awful and determined character. No one can avoid them, as they are on the road that leads to knowledge, and they are every now and then awakened or perceived by those who, while completely ignorant on these subjects, still persist in dabbling with charms and necromantic practices.

It is wiser for Theosophists to study the doctrine of brotherhood and its application, to purify their motives and actions, so that after patient work for many lives, if necessary, in the great cause of humanity, they may at last reach that point where all knowledge and all power will be theirs by right.

—*Occultism; What is it?* EUSEBIO URBAN, page 55

The people of all nations now turn their eyes to America, and that name for them stands for the United States. Its energy, activity, and freedom hold the imagination of the foreigner, and here he thinks aspirations may be realized, unfettered by the chains of caste, kingly prerogative, or religious restraint. With all that, Europeans often laugh at the newness and crudity of America, yet admiration cannot be withheld for the tremendous nerve power, the facile adaptability, the swift onward rush of the civilization beginning to bloom in the United States. It is the occult forces working in this land and really affecting all men, whether they know it or not, that is the reason.

Men who are not counted seers often see centuries into the future; and Tom Paine, the last who could be called a seer, had one such sight about America, although he called it a thought or "that which he saw with his mind's eye." When he was yet in England he wrote that he seemed to see a *great vista opening for the world in the affairs in America*. This was before he wrote *Common Sense*, which, as George Washington said, did more for our independence than any other thing. Paine was destined to be a great factor in American affairs, and naturally—in the occultists' eyes at least—he would see in advance some slight vision of the "great experiment" in which he was so soon to take an influential share. This experiment was conceived alone by mortal minds, but is a part of the evolutionary plan, for here the next great movement has already begun and will reach a high development.

Its greatest importance for us is Theosophically. We think, quite naturally, that the Theosophic ideas and culture are supreme, but if we needed confirmation from the outer barbarians we have it in the lately-written words of the great Frenchman, Emil Bournouf, who said that one of the three great factors in religious development of today is the Theosophical Society. If we assume this to be true, a glance at statistics will point to one of the signs of the cycle.

—*One of the Signs of the Times*, WILLIAM BREHON, page 58

To many it seems puzzling that we do not remember the experiences of the Higher Self in sleep. But as long as we ask "Why does not the lower self remember these experiences," we shall never have an answer. There is a contradiction in the question, because the lower self, never having had the experiences it is required to remember, could not at any time recollect them.

When sleep comes on, the engine and instrument of the lower personality is stopped, and can do nothing but what may be called automatic acts. The brain is not in use, and hence no consciousness exists for it until the waking moment returns. The Ego, when thus released from the physical chains, free from its hard daily task of living with and working through the bodily organs, proceeds to enjoy the experiences of the plane of existence which is peculiarly its own.

On that plane it uses a method and processes of thought, and perceives the ideas appropriate to it through organs different from those of the body. All that it sees and hears (if we may use those terms) appears reversed from our plane. The language, so to say, is a foreign one even to the inner language used when awake. So, upon reassuming life in the body, all that it has to tell its lower companion must be spoken in a strange tongue, and for the body that is an obstruction to comprehension. We hear the words, but only now and then obtain flashes of their meaning. It is something like the English-speaking person who knows a few foreign words entering a foreign town and there being only able to grasp those few terms as he hears them among the multitude of other words and sentences which he does not understand.

What we have to do, then, is to learn the language of the Ego, so that we shall not fail to make a proper translation to ourselves. For at all times the language of the plane through which the Ego nightly floats is a foreign one to the brain we use, and has to be always translated for use by the brain. If the interpretation is incorrect, the experience of the Ego will never be made complete to the lower man.

But it may be asked if there is an actual language for the Ego, having its sound and corresponding signs. Evidently not; for, if there were, there would have been made a record of it during all those countless years that sincere students have been studying themselves. It is not a language in the ordinary sense. It is more nearly described as a communication of ideas and experience by means of pictures. So with it a sound may be pictured as a color or

a figure, and an odor as a vibrating line; an historical event may be not only shown as a picture, but also as a light or a shadow, or as a sickening smell or delightful incense; the vast mineral world may not only exhibit its planes and angles and colors, but also its vibrations and lights. Or, again, the Ego may have reduced its perceptions of size and distance for its own purposes, and, having the mental capacity for the time of the ant, it may report to the bodily organs a small hole as an abyss, or the grass of the field as a gigantic forest. These are adduced by way of example, and are not to be taken as hard and fast lines of description.

Upon awakening, a great hindrance is found in our own daily life and terms of speech and thought to the right translation of these experiences, and the only way in which we can use them with full benefit is by making ourselves porous, so to speak, to the influences from the Higher Self, and by living and thinking in such a manner as will be most likely to bring about the aim of the soul.

This leads us unerringly to virtue and knowledge, for the vices and the passions eternally becloud our perception of the meaning of what the Ego tries to tell us. It is for this reason that the sages inculcate virtue. Is it not plain that, if the vicious could accomplish the translation of the Ego's language, they would have done it long ago, and is it not known to us all that only among the virtuous can the Sages be found?

—*Remembering the Experiences of the Ego*, EUSEBIO URBAN, page 91

STUDENT—But you do not mean that we should remain ignorant of science and devote ourselves only to ethics?

SAGE—Not at all. Know all that you can. Become conversant with and sift all that the schools have declared, and as much more on your own account as is possible, but at the same time teach, preach, and practise a life based on a true understanding of brotherhood. This is the true way.

* * *

SAGE—There is a very important thing you should not overlook. Every time you harshly and unmercifully criticise the faults of another, you produce an attraction to yourself of certain quantities of elementals from that person. They fasten themselves upon you and endeavor to find in you a similar state or spot or fault that they have left in the other person. It is as if they left him to serve you at higher wages, so to say.

Then there is that which I referred to in a preceding conversation, about the effect of our acts and thoughts upon, not only the portion of the astral light belonging to each of us with its elementals, but upon the whole astral world. If men saw the dreadful pictures imprinted there and constantly throwing down upon us their suggestions to repeat the same acts or thoughts, a millenium might soon draw near. The astral light is, in this sense, the same as a photographer's negative plate, and we are the sensitive paper under-

neath, on which is being printed the picture. We can see two sorts of pictures for each act. One is the act itself, and the other is the picture of the thoughts and feelings animating those engaged in it. You can therefore see that you may be responsible for many more dreadful pictures than you had supposed. For actions of a simple outward appearance have behind them, very often, the worst of thoughts or desires.

STUDENT—Have these pictures in the astral light anything to do with us upon being reincarnated in subsequent earth-lives?

SAGE—They have very much indeed. We are influenced by them for vast periods of time, and in this you can perhaps find clues to many operations of active Karmic law for which you seek.

—*Conversations on Occultism*, Vol. III, page 138

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



Does Karma account for the first incarnation? I have seen the statement that it does not. Will the Students' Column please answer this? F. E. B.

WAS there ever a first incarnation? I do not think we can answer such a question. Infinity is a concept beyond our powers of reason, we but faintly touch it by a higher part of our being, yet we dimly know that the soul ever was and ever will be. To answer this question might be compared to finding a beginning to eternity.

We have been taught that life is cyclic, that just as we incarnate again and again on earth, so do the worlds and universes appear and disappear, one succeeding another as the successive embodiments of the World-Soul or the Cosmic Universal-Soul. On any one of these new worlds or universes there would then be a first incarnation for each individual soul, but such would be strictly according to Karma, *i. e.* to causes set up in previous existences on a previously existing world.

In the question, however, it is very possible that a limited meaning has been given to the term, Karma, considering it merely as the result of, or the law governing the result and connecting it with, the cause, in the sense of a definite act. But Karma in its full meaning also includes the operation of the law in regard to inherent or previous conditions or states which, just as much as acts, are causes leading inevitably to results. Were it not for this there could be no growth, no evolution, but merely repetition of past acts.

It has been said that it is the inherent nature of the soul to seek to express itself and that it does this through and in matter. Thus if this be its nature

it provides the karmic cause for incarnation even apart from any previous or a first incarnation. For the soul by incarnating does but follow the law of its own being and this following out its own nature is the primary aspect of Karma from whence later proceeds that aspect under which Karma is more generally spoken of, viz., as the law relating effects to causes which are in the form of definite action.

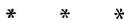
J. H. FUSSELL

Mirror of the Movement



News from Loma-Land

The chief event of the past month has been the much desired return of the Leader from her visit to New York, full of plans for the coming new developments of the work. The students received her with great joy and a hearty welcome was given to her in song and speeches; the children did their part by performing a most inspiring series of rhythmic movements, in which they showed the greatest poetry of motion. Mr. Tingley, who accompanied the Leader, was warmly received by all the comrades.



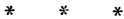
Increase of Activities

Judging from what the Leader has said, and by appearances, the remaining six months of this year will see unexampled activity here, in anticipation of the unexpectedly rapid culmination of some of the chief lines of work, and next year, the Leader announces, the GREAT TEMPLE on the grounds of the SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY will be commenced! This great event is to come much sooner than any of us anticipated in our most sanguine moments.



Crusade Anniversary

On June 13th the Leader and Comrades and the children celebrated, in the Aryan Temple, the fifth anniversary of the starting of the Great Crusade of Theosophists Around the World. It was a wonderful day and will never be forgotten by those who took part. There have been many anniversary celebrations but few possess such a deep feeling of unity and power as this one. The comrades assembled at 1 p.m. and after introductory remarks by E. A. Neresheimer, H. T. Patterson, one of the surviving Crusaders who accompanied the Leader upon the journey, spoke of the great privilege it had been to take part in such a momentous work.



Katherine Tingley Speaks of the Crusade and the Future Outcome

The Leader then spoke, giving a warm tribute to the brave and loyal members of the crusade who, in spite of the colossal and apparently unsurmountable difficulties, mental and physical, domestic and general, had boldly entered upon it and had endured to the end, returning triumphant. Many of the terrible obstacles may never be published, but enough are generally known to make the marvelous character of the work clear. In spite of all, the Crusade returned safely, the Corner-stone was laid upon which at no distant date the great structure will be raised, from which the Light—Spiritual, Intellectual and Material—will flow in a never-ending radiance. Some day the shadows will disappear, and as we hold to our Duty, and, each in his own work as well as all together, send out on all planes higher and fuller Crusades, will the Light shine so that all men must feel it. The fact that “we are here”

collected in such a large number under the purple Dome tells the great story of the Crusade without words. But for the loyalty to the great cause of Truth, Light and Liberation and absolute Trust in the guidance shown by the faithful workers throughout the world this could not have been. The Crusade had made a firm link with the hearts of men everywhere, and on an occasion like this we can evoke a great power in our hearts—a stronger determination to work unselfishly, so that men will feel this spirit and surrender their baser desires, moved by the stirring in their own hearts. Today we begin a New Crusade upon a higher plane and, as the deep love, the infinite, holy Compassion, looms up in our souls in its might, so will the distressing condition of the world at large begin to mend.

* * *

**Planting a Tree
at First Student's
Home**

attention and, after a

**At the S. R. L.
M. A. Grounds**

formed and a start was

**At the I. B. L.
Colony**

cluding F. M. Pierce one of the surviving Crusaders, the key-note being strongly emphasized by all. The Leader said it was by well-placed Trust that the great Crusade was such an enormous success, a success that was more far-reaching than was generally known. So many crusades had been conducted that it was difficult to remember them all, but this one, starting here today on a higher plane, would be the greatest of all. The New Century Guard brigade then marched around the tree in quick time singing, and all returned to the Homestead happy and serene with a deep resolve to continue the New Crusade with ever increasing power and love.

* * *

**Enrolling as
Crusaders**

signed their names on the roll which will be preserved in the archives. Brother Neresheimer presided and spoke about the greatness of the occasion. All were glad to hear him for many reasons. The fact that he is leaving us for four weeks to keep important business engagements makes all anxious to see as much of him as possible before leaving, though he will soon be again among us permanently. It is delightful to see him and others of the Aryan Society such as H. T. Patterson, working here with such energy, for their trust and devotion seem to grow daily.

* * *

**Students' Home
No. 1**

this, the latest creation of that marvelous Master-BUILDER, our Leader. The position of the house, high above the road as it stands out white against the blue sky is very conspic-

All then formed in double line and marched to the beautiful new "Students' Home No. 1," which has been leased to Mr. and Mrs. Spalding for a number of years, where an Agave was planted by the craftsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding are expected to return here about July 5. The "New Century Guard" brigade stood at a little ceremonial, all, Leader, Cabinet, children and students marched to the first gate of the S. R. L. M. A. grounds, when single file was taken till the Corner-stone was reached. Another Agave was planted with a beautiful ceremony of deep significance to the accompaniment of earnest song. The procession reformed and a start was made for the International Brotherhood League Colony, the Leader and a detachment of the ladies following in carriages. After the beautiful two-mile walk to the Colony, and a warm reception by those in charge, all gathered around the newly planted tree and inspiring speeches were made by many comrades, in-

Afterwards a beautiful ceremony took place in the Rotunda of the Loma Homestead. The students were given the privilege of being enrolled as members of the New Crusade—"To keep the link unbroken." The ceremony was simple and beautiful, all

This beautiful house, which is opposite the Aryan Temple, and close to the gate of the Esotero grounds, is now practically complete, externally. Again, as with the design of the Homestead and the Temple, nothing but unstinted praise can be given to

nous, and its beauty strikes every one with admiration. Its design, with pillared veranda around the octagonal rooms, the nearly flat promenade roof and ornate central lantern tower surmounted by a globe, is absolutely original and a model of fitness and beauty. By a "happy accident" the position of the house is such that the eye is led in a graceful line from the highest globe on the summit of the Homestead, to the smaller one on the Temple and so to the miniature sphere on the Students' Home No. 1! The internal arrangements are beautifully designed to combine the maximum of comfort and elegance with great simplicity.

* * *

Preparations for The Future

Hay cutting and the building of great stacks is proceeding merrily, and a most extensive clearing is being made over a portion of the site of Esotero. The shrubs and cacti are being uprooted and burnt. Many of the bushes are of such an aromatic nature that the smoke given off comes in puffs of delicious odor across the hills and canyons.

* * *

Aryan Lodge work

The great work of the "Aryan Theosophical Lodge of the Universal Brotherhood" now carried on from here is increasing, for, in addition to the regular and splendid public meetings held in the great Opera House in San Diego on Sundays, a large study class has been formed and will commence operations immediately. A special feature is made of presenting the very finest music, (piano and strings) at these public meetings, and the delight of the audience is always marked by enthusiastic encores. Music has rapidly become a very important feature in all our work. The choir meets for practice daily and several excellent songs have been written by our "bards" which embody our aspirations and teachings in effective form. We hope our well-beloved choir mistress, Miss Bergman who is not with us just now, will not think we have wasted our time when she returns to us. We all look forward to her return with pleasure.

* * *

Aryan Temple

The visitors continue to attend the daily lectures in the Temple in fair numbers, though this is the dead season. Occasionally there have been great crowds, but we expect many more as the season advances. The U. S. Congressional Committee for inspecting Harbors and Rivers, who were visiting San Diego, paid us a visit early in June and were deeply interested in all our extensive activities, expressing great regret that time would not permit them to fully examine into our work and philosophy on this occasion. What they saw of the crowd of happy youngsters at the International Lotus Home delighted the ladies of the party; yes, and the grave, practical Congressmen too, for they perceived that here was a new system of training in actual operation, which as could be felt by the air of delight pervading the whole place, was bringing out the real divine nature of the children and enabling them to know that "Life is Joy" in such an intimate way that the "shades of the prison house" will not "close around the growing boy."

OBSERVER

* * * *

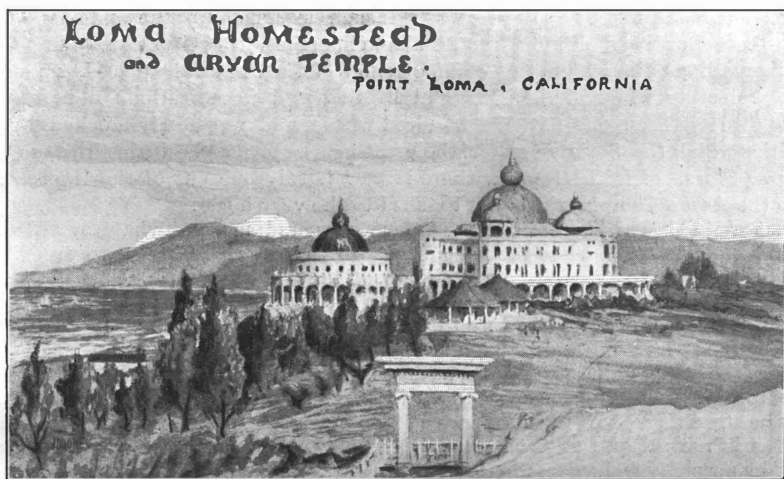
The Aryan Theosophical Society

In 1875 the Theosophical Society was founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky and others, chief among whom was William Q. Judge. Among the first members of the Society were found to be a number who had joined under the impression that it was a new kind of spiritualism, but finding it was not so, soon withdrew. In 1883 the Aryan Theosophical Society was founded also in New York by William Q. Judge with the object of cementing together the New York members of the parent Society, and ever since its foundation the Aryan Theosophical Society has steadily grown to a position of great importance. From the very beginning it has been and is now the most powerful and important Lodge in the Organization. William Q. Judge was its President from the day of its for-



THE OLD HOME OF THE ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, 144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED MAY, 1892

mation until his death. Under his administration the Aryan became the center and home for all the other Lodges in America and also for the individual members who were unattached to Lodges. Being situated at New York this was natural as personal affairs of business brought many members to the Metropolis and also the government of the Society necessitated that important location. Consequently there was a constant stream of visitors from all parts of the country who, calling at Headquarters of the Aryan, expected to find some congenial place to have their ideals confirmed or to exchange views on the tenets of Theosophy and perchance learn some new application of the philosophy of life. There were always a large number of sincere students at the Aryan Lodge and of these some had had the advantage of education and training. The guidance and the constant presence of the Teacher, W. Q. Judge, ensured at all times a dignified and correct presentation of the doctrines of Theosophy. The establishment of the Aryan Press by W.



THE NEW AND PERMANENT HOME OF THE ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, NOVEMBER 11, 1900

Q. Judge from which, ever since its establishment in 1889, Theosophical literature has been distributed all over the world, also added largely to the growth of the Movement.

In 1892 the Headquarters of the Theosophical Movement was established in its building at 144 Madison Avenue with a large staff of workers and it at once became a veritable beehive of activity. It was also the battleground where many attacks were made by the traducers of the Leaders and of the Movement; always the Aryan Theosophical Society upheld its Leader and President W. Q. Judge and has always strongly defended his successor, Katherine Tingley.

The Chief, William Q. Judge, who during his life was a living inspiration to the Aryan Society died in 1896 after having advanced the work in the highest degree. His successor, Katherine Tingley, the present Leader, took the helm of the Movement at Headquarters with unparalleled vigor. At that time the enemies pressed forward with still greater and greater vehemence in the endeavor to destroy the Movement, but without avail. Besides the intrigues, slanders and wordy war there were legal battles also; almost every department was fiercely attacked in the courts intending to wrest the power from the Leader and to get possession of the property, archives and documents. All these attacks were defeated and those who took part in them passed out of sight, for ambitious and selfseeking persons in the ranks of our organization are never permitted to advance on those lines.

The work and influence of the Aryan Theosophical Society have grown and grown with unbreakable continuity; its Headquarters have been removed to Point Loma, California, the International Center of the Universal Brotherhood, though some of the most faithful members are still active in New York and in Brooklyn continuing the work there.

The members of the Aryan Society have always supported the plans and measures of the Leaders and on the occasion of the removal of Headquarters of the entire Movement from New York to Point Loma, they came forward with incomparable loyalty and decided by spontaneous action to build the Aryan Memorial Temple, in honor and to perpetuate the memory of W. Q. Judge and H. P. Blavatsky, as a mark of love and reverence for them. The Temple has been built according to designs of Katherine Tingley, the Leader, and it is truly a mark of honor to the founder of the Aryan Society. As a result of this act of devotion the Aryan Society has grown in usefulness a thousandfold, enlarging its scope in many new ways. Instead of the laborious work of trying to interest the indifferent and overworked such as make up the audiences of large cities, there has been a most remarkable change in the situation owing to these new surroundings, in which the chief portion of the Aryan is placed, namely, under the protecting wings of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. Where formerly there might have been one out of a hundred whose soul was really touched by the opportunities which the Society gave to the great masses of people during the many years of its long course of faithful work, there is now hardly one out of the thousands who come to the Aryan Temple who is not touched to the very heart.

What a blessing now are these auspicious surroundings and what a world of argument and words is saved when the people flock to the Aryan Temple eager and intent to receive the benefits of the Wisdom Religion. These blessings are certainly peculiarly real and satisfactory when we compare them to the labored efforts of the past which had to be made to interest or as it were thrust these truths upon the people. Here at the Aryan Temple there are lectures daily, accompanied by the most delightful music. When one enters the Temple there is a hush, a sacred touch of something that reaches the soul; visitors to this sacred place spontaneously seek an opportunity to express the effect which the teachings and the influence of the Aryan Temple have made upon them. Even this is not all of the Aryan activities today. On every Sunday there are given lectures by specially trained students and Temple workers at the spacious Opera House at San Diego before large and eager audiences, including visitors who come from all parts of the world. This is the work carried over from the old century to the new. The foundations are so firmly built that no force of the passionate elements of human failings can overthrow them, thanks to the wisdom and indomitable energy of the successor of W. Q. Judge, and the continued and rare devotion of its members. Katherine Tingley has not only bridged the chasm of difficulties forever but has established impregnable fortresses, whence all the energies that formerly had to be spent in defense can now be utilized to build, to build, to give humanity a higher moral and spiritual code.

E. A. NERESHEIMER

Reports of Lodges



White Lotus Day

U. B. Lodge No. 7, San Francisco, California

U. B. Lodge No. 7 held a special meeting May 8th in Commemoration of White Lotus Day. The following is a copy of the minutes of said meeting:

White Lotus Day, May 8, 1901. Year 4, U. B. Dr. Jerome A. Anderson in the chair. The meeting was opened by reading from Gita. Dr. Griffiths, Dr. Anderson and Mrs. Somers each spoke a few moments on H. P. Blavatsky and her work, showing that the same spiritual purpose underlying it was the basis of William Q. Judge's labors, though the manifestation was of an apparently different nature, but only apparently so, because

it was the adoption of the same energy and plan for a different time and in a different environment. This is also true of our present Leader, Katherine Tingley. She is not working for a different end than were H. P. B. and W. Q. J. She is but fulfilling the law at a time of greater opportunity.

The shell that holds the kernel is growing thinner and thinner and as we approach the Spiritual the greater seems the contrast between the new and the old. As a strong light casts a sharp, well defined shadow, so in this work for humanity, are the dark forces brought out more prominently, because of the immense force liberated for the elevation of the Race. In early days the work was largely a breaking down of the old and crystalized forms preparatory to the present more spiritual work which is operative on interior planes.

The personal nature, viewed in the light of the "Higher Teachings," may be lifted up, not killed out nor crushed, but utilized and wielded for good by the force of the awakened "Spiritual Will."—HARRY B. MONGES, JR., *Secretary, U. B. Lodge No. 7*

Paeroa, New Zealand

White Lotus Day was celebrated by the Paeroa Lotus Group, by the Lotus Buds and Blossoms entertaining their friends.

Portraits of the Leaders were hanging on the wall against a background of white, with wreaths of flowers grouped around and surmounted by "Welcome," in Everlasting flowers of white and yellow. Our Purple Banner was hung on the left and the mottoes, "Life is Joy," "Live to Benefit Mankind," "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood Means," etc., were hung in different parts of the room, the whole looking very pretty and effective. The program opened with the song "Tiny Buds," followed by a Flower March, each child placing a flower under the Leaders' portraits; then silent moments in which the audience joined us in sending kind thoughts and wishes to all the children in the world. This was followed by dialogues, recitations and songs, making up a program of sixteen items, which were heartily enjoyed by a large audience. These entertainments are to be continued through the winter, and we trust will help the children to keep in mind their motto, "Life is Joy," and by sharing their joy with others help on the work of Brotherhood.—SECRETARY, *Paeroa Lotus Group*

May 10, 1901

U. B. Lodge No. 1, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia

We had the best White Lotus Day celebration last evening I think we ever had. It was stronger, more joyous, and the feeling of devotion to the work and the great cause and of unity and harmony among ourselves and with the Great Heart Center at Point Loma, reached a higher and deeper realization than ever before. We were all greatly impressed with the Leader's letter to presidents and members, and in response to a notification for all members to attend to hear it read all with but one exception, responded, although it was a very wet night. We are very grateful for the perfect assistance given us, which completely safeguards the whole question of admitting new members. What a blessing it is to have a Master Builder and Leader. As we get more in touch with the real work we see more of the difficulties and the necessity of working on the real natural lines of "Keeping the link unbroken."—T. W. WILLANS, *President*

May 9, 1901

Helsingborg, Sweden

White Lotus Day, the anniversary of H. P. Blavatsky's passing from this physical life, was celebrated by a very good Lotus Meeting and afterwards by a Members' Meeting. Both were very good and harmonious. Last Sunday we had our monthly entertainment and this time I asked the Grand Master of our Masonic Lodge to let us have the great dining hall, with which request he willingly complied. We gave good announcement with a copy of the program, twice in each paper, and were pleased to have the great hall almost filled with a fine and interested audience. The time is blessed, we can feel it and we will work on forever together with you and the comrades that we may bring forward the conditions we all long for.—ERIK BOGREN, *President*

May 14, 1901



A Shepherd of King Lex

By L.



SOME years ago I began to serve King Lex by looking after his sheep upon the Island of Mundus. I started in with a pretty good suit of clothes but what with fighting the wolves, rough climbing, and the thorns and briars of the mountain sides, my garments began to show signs of wear.

I never saw the king nor his officers, and I sometimes used to wonder how I should get new clothes when those I wore would no longer hold together.

One day I met a fellow servant. He was also a shepherd and had visited my region in search of a stray lamb, which he had just recovered when I ran across him. After saluting him I was struck by his splendid apparel. He was dressed in a light rosy pink cloth, rough, elastic and very strong, and on his head he wore a most becoming head-dress of gold thread. A pang of envy shot through my heart, and I thought to myself, "He is certainly a great favorite with the king to have such splendid clothes."

Although I had not spoken aloud, he smiled and answered my thought.

"King Lex," said he, "is Justice itself and always rewards according to our deserts. My last suit was much worse than this, but because I served him faithfully and did my best, he gave me these when my others were worn out."

His words put new heart into me and thereafter I never hesitated to plunge through the thorns or scramble over the flintiest rocks, or do battle with the fiercest of the black wolves who were always harassing my flock.

One season I had a very hard time of it. Never had the wolves been so persistent, never had my ewes required so much nursing with their lambs, and never was pasture more scarce. But at last the summer came and the pack of wolves retired to the distant table-land. The lambs and their mothers grew healthy and strong and the growth of the new grass made feed very plentiful. So one night I took off my tattered, ragged clothes and full of trust in King Lex, I dropped off into a most refreshing, balmy slumber.

The sunbeams peeped in next morning and woke me to a new day. My threadbare clothes had vanished, and by my bed I found a splendid costume awaiting me. It was elastic, rough and strong and of a reddish brown color. The head-dress was of a rich and glossy black, and as I stretched myself and ran and walked to try its fit, I felt a wonderful lightness and strength in all my limbs.

Knowing what I know about new suits has made me more daring and careless about spoiling the ones I now wear. No matter how torn and frayed they become *in the doing of duty*, there will always be a better suit awaiting me next morning, for King Lex is Justice itself. The other shepherd was quite right and no one knows how much comfort there is in that thought: "King Lex is Justice itself."

The Country of the Flying Arrows

By TALL SUN-FLOWER



THERE were many pilgrims passing through the country of the Flying Arrows on their way to the Golden City, and I was one of the journeying throng.

Every traveler had a bow, and on his back he bore a quiver full of arrows, and the air above us was thick with arrows and sometimes one of them would fall heavily and strike a pilgrim wounding him sorely. Some of the wounded ones would tumble down, and as they lay struggling with their pain, they would shake their fists at the blue sky because they thought that a powerful archer lived up there who hit them for his sport.

But later on I came to understand that no one was struck except by his own arrow, for when I helped to pull the barbs out of the wounds of my friends, I always found their own names written plainly on the shafts. Sometimes indeed another's arrow would brush pass one's cheek or even knock off your hat, but the arrows never buried their heads save in the quivering flesh of those who had shot them thoughtlessly into the air.

Many in mere wanton folly aimed their arrows up into the air and thought they had thus got rid of them forever, but though they flew and floated

overhead for a long time, they always fell at last and buried their heads in the backs of the foolish bowmen who had shot them.

I made friends with one of my fellow-travelers named Sheelah who seemed to be very near the Golden Gates, and I noticed that he never spent an arrow except to shoot at one of the fierce animals that lurked by the wayside. He was always very happy even when he was struck by one of the fast diminishing cloud of arrows that sailed over his head. He used to say that he was glad when an arrow descended upon him with its quick rush and heavy final thud, because there was then one less overhead to fall. And one day when the last remaining arrow struck him he became radiant with exultant joy, and I saw him no more.

Here and there among the bushes that bordered the path, and always more or less concealed from view, were Mighty Bowmen pacing to and fro. They had reached the Golden City, had learned the final secrets of their craft and had returned to help their younger brothers on the way. Watchful, alert, serene, and confident, they never spent an arrow without a purpose, but with unerring marksmanship they hit without fail the dragons, and ravenous beasts that prowled among the bushes by the way.

They would often help a stricken pilgrim to his feet again and show him his own name upon the arrow, but for the most part those they helped seemed not to hear their voices, but stormed with impotent rage against the blue sky above them.

There were a few who heeded their advice and soon these wise pilgrims saw that the cloud of arrows overhead began to lessen day by day as they fell, and they took great care never again to aim their shafts thoughtlessly into the air.

Much did I learn in the country of the Flying Arrows, but the greatest lesson was this:

Every arrow that strikes us is shot from our own bow.

The Town of Castries

(*Frontispiece*)

The town of Castries, St. Lucia, West Indies, is now being prepared as the British Naval and Military headquarters of the West Indies in the Leeward and Windward Islands. It is considered almost impregnable, but at present in a very backward condition excepting only as a coaling depot and a garrison. The population consists mainly of French patois-speaking people under Roman Catholic religious government. When in a few years the garrison and mail headquarters are transferred to St. Lucia, it is expected that the island will develop into a highly prosperous colony.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—To comply with recent postal regulations, all post-office money-order remittances should be made payable at San Diego, California. The remittances, as well as other mail, should be addressed to Point Loma, as usual.