

H U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

Find full reward

Of doing right in right! Let right deeds be

Thy motive, not the fruit which comes from them.

—Song Celestial, ARSOLD

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Center, Motionless, Hath Every Wheel

by H. T. P.

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WE dwell amidst illusions. What are we?
 And what are they—these diverse things we see,
 Hear, smell and taste and touch?

* * * * *

The overtones

Of each prime tone are manifold. In zones
 They rise above the sense of sound. Each tint
 Hath, likewise, overtints which, with a glint
 No human eye can see, in circles soar
 To realms above the nether rush and roar.
 And there are too, unsensed, the under-tone
 And under-tint which, could we hear, would moan,
 And, could we see, would in their turn reveal
 An under-world we now but dimly feel,
 As over-tint and tone the upper world.
 Betwixt this upper and this under hurled,
 From out some unknown center, whence are we?
 Where is this center which we cannot see
 Or sense? Are we the under-tones which fall
 From some supernal realm? Or, is the call
 From lower realms—an echo of our past?

Or, have we for some unknown reason cast
 Ourselves into this rushing whirl? Whate'er
 The cause, the reason and the why, we ne'er
 Belong unto sensation's realm. Such realm,
 Through which we steer a course with hard-set helm,
 Is but a sea of passion and of hate,
 Of joy, of fear, of unexpected fate,
 Of shrieks, of laughter, and of sobs and tears,
 Of rushing winds which through the storm one hears,
 With maddened fury and with twisting swirl,
 Waves, mists and foam in wild confusion hurl.

* * * * *

A center, motionless, hath every wheel
 Which, though the top and bottom whirl and reel,
 Yet moveth not. It hath nor form, nor size,
 But, simply, place. And yet we cannot prize
 This center as of no import. No part
 Has more. We are the center, and the art
 To understand ourselves as such is all
 There is to learn. It is the entrance hall
 Of wisdom and those higher worlds of life
 Not dark with sorrow and not drear with strife;
 So still, serene, so peaceful and so blest
 To us they seem as nothingness—and rest.

The New

by a Student



IT has been a saying of those who do not wish to progress, and who wish to hinder the growth of thought and liberal ideas, that "*What is new is not true, and what is true is not new.*" It is the very nature of the universe that there should be never-ending newness. Our garments grow old and we have no means of making new ones grow in their place; but with nature it is not so. As the husk of the grain falls off, the germ sprouts and the blade shoots up. As the bark of the tree falls off, new bark takes its place. Nature knows no old age; she is renewing her youth perpetually.

It is one of the promises of the Old Testament that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their youth." Perhaps this is one of the Lost Mysteries which will be restored—this power of working in harmony with nature and

renewing our youth. And what gives greater charm to life than continual freshness? It is not the length of years that makes us old. It is the inability to keep harmony between the soul and its fleshly garment. From the very heart of nature a fountain of fresh life springs perpetually. This wonderful power and magic quality of nature calls for our loftiest thought. Have we ever sufficiently studied this idea which is contained in the term "*New*"? A "New Day," with all its clearness and promise, with all its hopes and fears! A new sky with an assemblage of clouds and colors never quite the same as on any previous day. A new landscape that we have visited, in which the earth spreads out before us her serene loveliness of hill and plain and sea, the green trees, the ever-changing light and shade and color!

Regard a new, human life born into the world! Think of the mystery of it! There is no other like it in the world, though the general characteristics are the same as in other children. What marvelous power is this which gives the sense of newness, and the reality of newness. The child might have been born with some quite other expression, and, alas! some children do seem to be born with an old expression. It is the curse of our so-called civilization that it mars nature's work; it tends to rob children of their childhood, of their youth, of this celestial expression of fresh, beautiful, wonderful young life—this new life. Every time we see a fresh, buoyant, young child we behold the mystic symbol that tells us the heart of nature is a fountain of youth, a spring of new life.

In this wonderful, beautiful, never-ending newness we stand face to face with the Infinite. If it be true, as Richter said, "He who touches a human hand touches heaven," with equal force it may be said that heaven is opened to us in this continual fact of the eternal newness and freshness of nature. Seeing that this is the teaching of nature as her mystic scroll opens out before us continually, what hint does it give us as to human thought? Is there to be nothing new and fresh in human thought? Is man to be out of harmony with the living heart of nature? Amid a world of new, fresh life is man to be the only mummified thing? Is he to be like a tree whose bark does not expand, so that the tree dies? While the fresh air of spring is touching all the flowers and all the trees, is man to remain in his tomb amid a world—a universe—of fresh, palpitating, beautiful life?

It is, of course, a fact that many things in the realm of thought which we think new are not new. They may be new *to us*, but as we read we find that others have had the same thoughts in long past ages. In a good book of quotations it is interesting to find how many thoughts, in English or French, in German or Spanish authors, have their parallels in Latin, Greek, or even in ancient Sanskrit literature. And so, also, with our systems of thought—they are but the new settings of ancient teachings. It is very difficult to think a new thought; it is still more difficult to formulate a new system of philosophy. But while that is so, we can do like nature. Nature is always giving us the new clothing of the old type. We can give new clothing to the ideas of Plato

or Pythagoras or Krishna. Their world was not quite like ours, and we must have new bottles for the new wine.

There are two qualities in human nature. One of these loves the stationary, the fixed, the established; the other loves to go forth and create new homes, new surroundings, new laws. We call these by the name Conservative and Liberal, or progressive. We find them in every man and in every country and in every church. It is the conservative who loves to proclaim that "*what is new is not true, and what is true is not new.*" The liberal thinker says: "If we never change we can never improve, we can never grow wiser, all our old errors will then be with us still."

Let us examine these two phases of mind. It is natural that when men have struggled and fought for a thing that seemed to them the highest and best, they should wish to rest in that ideal. Any change from it may seem like yielding ground won by the efforts of themselves or their forefathers. Besides, there is a natural timidity to adopt a new thing lest it might not stand the test of time and experience. This is expressed in the words of Pope, where he says:

Be not the first by whom the new is try'd
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

And certainly it is never the part of real progress to lose any good thing we have ever gained. The apostle gives good advice when he says: "Prove," or test, "all things—hold fast that which is good."

The great and important point is to *test all things*. The fault that so many commit is to accept things without testing, and to keep things, often for no other reason than because they are old.

Vested interests are great hindrances to progress. The political party in power uses all the means at its disposal to keep the "sweets of office." In religion it is even worse, for there the endowments are fetters which make any newness of thought almost impossible. A man with the best intentions gives money to a sect. The money or property is held by Trustees for those believing in a certain creed. If the creed is changed the endowment may be lost. No wonder the churches have become the grave-clothes of human souls. There is urgent need for a mighty voice to say: "Lazarus, come forth."

It is the tendency of all divine teaching to become fettered by the *minds* of men. The teaching is interpreted by fallible men, and then that interpretation is fixed—crystallized—into a creed. It is no longer spirit and life; it now becomes a clog to progress; a barrier to new life and thought.

The work of breaking up the old forms is not a pleasant one, but it has to be done, unless the man within be allowed to die—as the tree dies whose bark cannot expand.

Hence, the work of great teachers is twofold—to break up the fallow ground, and also to sow the seed in it. So Jesus said: "I came not to destroy the law or the prophets; I came not to destroy, but to fulfill," or fill full. But again, he says: "Ye have made the law of none effect by your traditions."

And in connection with that, he declares: "Ye have heard it said by them of old time, . . . but I say unto you," etc., or, in other words, he came to give new scope to the ever-living spirit, and in doing so he had to break up the effete external forms that had come to be held in more reverence than the living heart within. "I kill to make alive." "Thou turnest man to destruction, and again thou sayest, return ye children of men." That is nature's eternal process. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth by itself alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." The living spirit within comes forth with new life. And nature, in her great and wonderful economy, silently uses the decaying husk to nourish the new life-germ.

We have in the Ancient Wisdom Religion, now known as Theosophy, a type of nature. Like nature, it is very ancient, for it antedates all known history. It is the great fountain from which a spring of new life has gushed forth age after age. As the waters were made muddy and impure by men, and unfit for use, a fresh stream has issued forth century after century. The greater the need the more copious the flow. And that is the reason why such a full revelation, such a new spring from the ancient source has gushed forth for the healing of the nations. The world needed it. The former streams had been dry or muddy, and men were in terrible need. The new spring is from the ancient fountain. All the Great Teachers gave to men of this living water.

Every Great Teacher is a Renewer. The heart of revelation is ever the same, but each revealer gives an added touch to what existed before. It is by reason of this that we read so much in the New Testament and in the prophets of the Old Testament of the New Light, of a New Creation, of New Heavens and a New Earth. And one of the last words of the Revelation is: "Behold, I make all things new." And yet says St. John, in one of his epistles, the "new commandment is the old, even that which has been from the beginning, that ye love one another."

The Eternal Source of Truth, being infinite, is ever the same. In that universal sense there is no new truth, but as regards manifestation in time, the revelation of truth is ever new, like the fresh revelation of nature around us.

It is our duty, it is the divine law of our being that we should seek new truths continually. But let us ever distinguish between the temporary forms or moulds into which the truth may flow, and the truth itself, which is eternal. And surely it is this ageless, everlasting nature of truth which makes it ever new, ever fresh and fair. Creeds perish, religions pass away, but behind all is eternal truth.

So writes one of the greatest of poets:

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Theosophy a Song of Joy

by J. H. G.



THEOSOLOGY'S foremost hold upon the heart of mankind has ever been, and is now even more than ever, its preponderant note of joyousness. Joy is the keynote of the Wisdom Religion. Into a world full of real and fancied misery (real only when it leaves the soul scarred or hurt—fancied when it is only the surroundings that are miserable); full of preachers with long faces and dolorous sermons; beset with dogmas and creeds that make of life a dirge of mournfulness, comes the sunlight of Theosophy with its glad, clear, certain song of Joy—joy in giving, feeling, doing!

To be content with the misery of today that we may inherit the peace of heaven in some distant tomorrow—a tomorrow that is looked upon with more dread and apprehension than anything else in the world!—this is the keynote of that which the churches call Christianity.

Theosophy strikes the note of present joy—of joy now and here. Theosophy says with the poet,

The present, the present
Is all that thou hast for thy sure possession.
Like the patriarch's angel,
Hold it fast till it leaves a blessing.

Never a true poet shed his soul-light upon the world but sang, in one measure of verse or another, this message of Present Joy, of Now, to humanity. And Theosophy—both the oldest and newest of all religions and philosophies—is in truth the Gospel of Now, while all true poets and sages are its messengers, whether consciously or unconsciously.

The very best that the churches have to offer their votaries today is a promise of future happiness.

Theosophy offers an absolute certainty of present joy.

And no one believes the church's promise. In his soul of soul the Christian doubts his dogmas of both hell and heaven, for have we not the spectacle of the Christian fleeing from death, praying to be spared from death, weeping, trembling even at the approach of death—that death which gives release from life's woe and translates at once into an eternity of bliss?

Modern creeds indeed are a mass of contradictions, and the only danger of any of them outliving the Twentieth Century lies in their ever increasing flexibility, so that year by year they grow less dogmatic, less rigorous in their demands upon credulity, more yielding to the growing enlightenment of the ever decreasing number of those who cling to them. Not even creeds can

withstand the grinding of the mills of time. Mankind is slowly again raising its face toward the sun—its source—and there is a loosening of shackles even in the churches.

The song of Joy is ringing out and some have heard its full, glad notes of freedom; others have felt their heart's blood tingle a little with its distant harmonies, while all at least have heard that there is a new song—or that the old true Song of the Joy of living is being sung again.

In this new old Song of Joy there are no contradictions, no uncertainties—no reason why one should court death to gain happiness, or dread death because of uncertainty. It places no premium on credulity, offers no reward for a blind and unreasoning faith. It has no dogmas, no tenets which must be *believed* in order to attain salvation. It merely explains that which is already in existence, points the finger of wisdom to the law of things temporal and permanent and tries to tell us how to act in conformity with the law. And it tells us much or little as we open or close to its Messengers the gateways of our understanding.

There are many stanzas to the Song of Joy, and though some will learn faster than others and retain more of the divine melodies, yet in one life mankind will not learn them all. But the refrain to each stanza is the same and quickly learned by those who have ear for it. "Brotherhood," it sings, the unity of men and of the souls of men—souls springing from a common source, destined for the same goal, separate only when viewed through the illusions of sense. And the Joy of the Song is quickly caught when this refrain is learned and known with that knowledge which acts and lives what it knows. Knowledge by rote is of no avail if the Joy of the Song is to be felt. Theosophy ever insists upon this. Its altruism is the practical helping and sharing sort and all the wondrous secrets of nature its philosophy is capable of revealing are but sign-posts on the pathway of unselfish living. Who seeks to tread this path of human service has heard the Song, and hearing knows there can be no deviation from either the letter or the spirit of the law of brotherhood, which is to act and feel and think with the cardinal truth of the non-separateness of man ever uppermost in the mind and heart. And living thus (or trying to do so) fills life with the Song of Joy, breathes upon the eternal Present (in that measure proportionate to the success of the effort) a peace and radiance that the churches would have us believe is only attainable in a far distant heaven upon a dreaded and uncertain tomorrow.

Theosophy is life's Song of Joy, or it is nothing, for it postulates as the basis for human thought and action this undeviating law of unity, this natural fact of brotherhood,—which is the unrelenting foe of all dark forces and morbid tendencies. The force of woe is contractive; that of joy is expansive. We suffer alone and in silence, but joy opens the heart and drives its possessor to spread its radiance and share its blessings. Woe becomes intensified as we hide it; joy thrills keener and keener the more successful we are in diffusing it—and brotherhood is essentially the most expansive of all qualities.

So it is that where the Song is heard, there misery ceases, there vice and sin vanish— not because conditions change, but because the viewpoint alters, veering from the selfishness of the purely personal I, with its tremendous appreciation of its own inharmony with externals, to the selflessness of the great human I, where the inner hearing and vision begin and where the discord of environment reaches not. To suffer keenly the tortures of unsatisfied wants and passions, the viewpoint of life must be focused from and upon the personal, material self, and this, it is scarcely necessary to point out, is entirely incompatible with the practice of brotherhood as a law of nature. For the law itself is not apparent upon the surface of things material. The gallows and the stock market are but poorly adapted for reflecting it. Nevertheless, to one whose eyes have been opened upon the inner plane, whose heart is attuned to the Universe's Song of Joy, all things manifest it, and even these most glaring monuments of our uncivilization bespeak its force, if not its presence.

But the inner vision must come first—the vision that shall reveal the soul of things. There is a forceful modern parable* of the man who could not forgive his brother until God had bared the flesh from the inner man and revealed the soul. Very clearly and beautifully does this point the moral of the inner vision, only it is well to note that there is no external god to tear aside the mask for us. This task is our own and the only god whose help we may invoke is the God within—the Soul, which is the real man. We may call this real self into action, if we will, and only in so far as we do, shall our eyes be enabled to pierce the outer garb of things and behold the Real, which is indivisible and omnipresent—only then shall we catch the true note of the Song of Joy. Some have sought for the joy in life and have not found it—alas, there may be some who will not find it in this life. But these err in the first step, seeking rather the transient joys of environment than those which are real and therefore lasting.

Indeed, the world is crowded with men and women looking for the soft spots in life, fretting and fuming for the lack of things the possession of which could at best continue for a few brief years—the span of one short incarnation in an existence that is eternal! We storm and worry because this or that condition or circumstance of material life is not to our choice—we, this lower personal *we*, who has not wit enough to choose the clothes for its nakedness or the food for its hunger with sufficient wisdom to disarm the retributive hand of disease and untimely decay!

When this *we* goes abroad to search for happiness—which it continuously and most assiduously does—it has in mind velvet cushions, rich wines, many servants—the comforts of the flesh and the distractions of the senses. And mostly it happens that it finds what it covets, in some degree or other. For this is a rule of life—that whatsoever a man seeketh, and in exact proportion to the amount of energy expended, that shall he find. It is only the ideal that is unattainable.

*See Olive Schreiner's "Dreams."

And having found these things, the joy they were expected to bring turns to Dead Sea fruit almost with the first clasp of possession and ere long their inevitable counterpart of sorrow and strife and worry appear. For these are joys only by contrast and only so long as the contrast is apparent.

But those who have vision to behold the soul of things, whose ears are attuned to the strains of the Song of Joy, are thereby freed from the griefs of personality and for them life holds a joy that is boundless and unending.

Consider the possibilities of this philosophy whose keynote is Joy. Who shall attempt to measure its influence upon the heart of man? Where shall be fixed the limits of its ever-expanding radiance? Is it not the power which shall bring again to man that Golden Age of Brotherhood of which the poets and sages have been singing for centuries and of which the Teacher now in our midst has foretold the dawning?

And the great heart of humanity is almost attuned for its message of liberation. Whatever may be the attitude of individuals here and there, conscious or unconscious agents of those dark forces which ever oppose the light, there are not lacking on every hand striking evidences that the human heart is being touched and profoundly stirred by the refrain of the glad Song. The idea and the ideal of the true Brotherhood of the Souls of men is in the air, for the disciples of the Teacher go up and down all lands now, singing the Song of Joy—pointing the way for humanity to gain its salvation—and from the temples of Loma-land there is pouring forth a great radiance of light that is indiscernible, of sound that is inaudible, but of force that is, at last, irresistible and all penetrating. It is the Song of Life's Joy, a song of joy for the Present, a pean of peace on earth and good will between man and man. It *will* be heard! Thousands hear it now!

Synthetic Hygiene

by L. R.



THE work for Universal Brotherhood is characterized by the universality of its interests. In these days of specialties and of analysis, it is unique, for its synthetic method of dealing with individual and social problems. Recognizing ignorance and selfishness as the common origin of sorrow and suffering, and rejecting the "heresy of separateness," this comprehensive philosophy of life educates man in the harmonious development of his three-fold nature, and teaches that the symmetrical evolution of the unit must result in ideal social conditions. Not in the conventional sense is it devoted to the physical, mental or spiritual problems, of the athletic, intellectual and religious worlds; but recognizing man as an

epitomized universe, it comprehends all detailed teaching in a method of perfecting the possibilities of body, mind and soul.

While the Wisdom-Religion advocates the subordination of the physical nature, it regards the body more considerately than either the ascetics or epicureans, emphasizing the duty of due care for this "Temple of the living God." As the instrument through which the soul gains earthly experience, the body should be handled intelligently as the valued instrument of so worthy a service. And so the students are encouraged to repair, upbuild and purify these sacred temples of time; and Theosophists, who have been accused of being idle dreamers, are studying practical dietetics, exercise and general hygiene, that the body may become physiologically wholesome, strong and flexible enough for the many demands upon it. The natural brotherhood, which unites all things, makes the improved physical conditions a means of helpfulness for the higher nature also. Exercises which increase the poise and power of the body, react, through the necessary will force aroused, to benefit the mind. As the lungs gain in capacity and the muscles grow in power, and the quickened nerves co-ordinate muscular action into increased strength and finer adjustment, the mind takes on new courage and faith, and the physical liberation operates to broaden the lines of mental limitations.

The sedentary individual is not the only one who needs systematic exercise, for in special lines of work even the most active citizens are constantly over-using certain sets of muscles, while others are semi-paralyzed with inaction. This is especially true of the limb muscles, the legs in rushing about, climbing or prolonged standing, the arms ceaselessly busy on the many kinds of skilled and manual labor, while usually the great trunk muscles are contracted in the unconscious tension typical of the hurried, busy day, this tension becoming so habitual as to mark the sleeping attitude also.

Note the stoop-shouldered business man whose contracted chest seems to shut down on any waste or unnecessary motion lest it subtract activity from limbs which have *so much* to do, rushing back and forth, or from fingers ever busy on the electric button or timing the pulse beats of the great artery of business life. The depressed, contracted chest gives the man the appearance of holding his breath while he hurries through the commercial day; and the attitude not only typifies his self-imposed physical limitations, but marks too often a narrow, sordid frame of mind which results from breathing only the stale air of the business world. When his vitality flags for want of deep, wholesome breathing, with some muscles weak from inactivity and others exhausted from prolonged tension, he seeks stimulation in food or drink. And though his life is such a constant strain as to leave his nervous system in a state of chronic bankruptcy, he attempts to meet physical obligations by an excess of foods which furnish heat or flesh, instead of nerve force, and he aims to liquidate his nerve indebtedness by various stimulants, which are about as nutritious as the lash is for a tired horse. The instinctive response of the stomach to the presence of food gives a temporary stimulation which encourages a repetition

of this apparent relief to the faintness which comes from exhausted nerves. From the habit of over-eating and drinking, the materialistic victim develops a digestive prominence which expands outward and upward toward the sunken and discouraged chest, until the whole picture of respiratory limitation and alimentary prominence symbolizes the lowering of the mental and moral standard to the material plane. Human anatomy today is identical with the classical models of the cultured Greeks. The difference does not lie in the number of bones and muscles, but in the spirit in which we wear our flesh. Today man is stamped with the imprint of a materialistic age; and the classic poise of flexible head and the free carriage of a positive chest are lost in the droop which indicates how the fire and air in our nature has descended to the level of the overwhelming earthy elements. The disciple, however devout, whose heart is carried at about the proper level for his stomach, may increase his devotions by a more dignified and normal physical attitude, "keeping his body, head and neck erect, with mind determined."

Even when the diet is not excessive, moderate amounts of the wrong kind of supplies may copy the perversions of overwrought and under-used groups of muscles in the irregular action of over-sensitive and parietic nerve force. To replace proper foods with coffee or alcoholic stimulation, which conserves strength only by lessening processes of waste, may avoid the heaviness of obesity; but provides for use only tissue that is stale and weak. Where the delayed processes of waste prevent the influx of vitality which comes from changing tissues, the body is made up of cells not quite fit for active service and yet unfit to be discarded. And so the delicate balance of health, adjusted by harmonious processes of nutrition and waste, is disturbed, and the available force is lessened by the needless internal friction and limitation.

Different systems of philosophy have taught diverse ways of getting the most out of life, some by glorifying the physical senses, and others by demeaning the body to exalt the higher nature. The mistake of modern living is not that of the ascetics or epicureans, but is a combination of excess and starvation which is expressed in perversion. Knowledge of physiological laws, which is a part of the practical occultism of Theosophy, shows that the good law comes not to destroy but to fulfill. The experience of indulgence and austerity of past ages belongs to many souls who find the present perverted living equally unsatisfactory, and to such as have ears to hear, the philosophy offers the avoidance of further suffering by working in harmony with the laws of life.

"The meditation which destroyeth pain is produced in him who is moderate in eating and recreation, of moderate exertion in his actions, and regulated in sleeping and waking."

The Wisdom-Religion teaches a more comprehensive physiology than the physiologists, who merely mention the beneficial reaction of a serene, cheerful mind upon physical functions, and casually note the relation between the sound mind in a sound body. But this philosophy teaches the unity of things in essence, and it points out the similitude of faults in the modern mental and

material life. The mind is no less overfed and starved than the stomach. Cheap and abundant literature encourages excessive reading, without regard to the time or ability to digest what is read. The mind responds to the constant demands of a restless civilization, and when it flags from over-stimulation, is goaded on with more activity and excitement. There is no time or attempt to digest or co-ordinate the multiplicity of facts and details into the harmonious knowledge of the general principles involved, and the result is the discomfort and disability of mental dyspepsia.

We cannot go back to the serene simplicity of the oft-quoted "good old times," protected from criticism by their distance. Those times suited the prevailing mind and its development; but the modern race-mind, with its subtlety and complexity and activity must be fed upon a mixed and nourishing diet to evolve the potential force required by today's progress. The need is for less time spent in mental cramming and more in meditation; less reading and talking and listening and more concentrated thinking; less devotion to a single line of business or study, and a better understanding of the relation of these details to the general scheme of life, of which any specialty is at best but a fractional part. Were the mind turned, one-pointed, upon the subject considered, an unfoldment of truth would result; but the mental process revolves in a narrow circle, constantly seeking to adjust a specialty with some artificial, conventional standard instead of with the central, impartial truth.

The specialists grow abnormally sensitive in the lines of their development and equally dull to other interests. For instance, the intellectual aims of ambitious public school systems unjustly drain the vital forces of developing children at the expense of the physical nature, with the common result of graduating a brilliant class of semi-invalids.

The mercantile specialist regards the ledger accounts as the criterion of success, and is so alert to the pleasures of profits and so pained by the figures in the loss column, as to be paralyzed regarding the moral value of his methods.

Medicine, upon one hand, and metaphysics, upon the other, are so keenly conscious of the importance of the body and higher nature, respectively, as to be insensible to each other's claims.

Many of the literati have so gorged themselves upon the refinements of rhetoric, and so starved their sense of relative values, as to make their criticisms seem inconsequent to the average reader. These word specialists subordinate the real meaning of a reviewed article to the method of expressing it, as they writhe over a split infinitive and ignore the message presented. They are another illustration of incoordinate mental activity, dulled to the truth that humanity's urgent need is not for better literature but for more light.

The industrial world shows the incoordination of supplies in the increase of wealth and poverty. In the competitive scramble, the market is glutted by over-production, and the ensuing stagnation and suffering are symptoms of the industrial dyspepsia. The employe is exhausted by the excessive stimu-

lation of long hours, and his higher nature is dulled for want of opportunity to develop. The capitalist is equally victimized by the selfish system which provides an excess of material things, but offers no water of life to his starving Higher Self.

Only the synthetic touch of the Theosophical philosophy can unite these seemingly conflicting interests; all other solutions provide for but parts of the problem. It does not merely medicate the symptoms of physical, mental and moral dyspepsia, but would change the whole constitution of society by the law of brotherhood, which is a physiological fact in Nature.

Not selfish gain but the common good
Is the law we oppose with cruel skill;
Nature's life is ours,—when understood
Her wisdom of love will all lives fulfill.

The law of correspondence holds good in tracing the modern type of material and mental indigestion on the spiritual plane. The quickened souls of humanity, which mark the incoming cycle of increased spiritual force, can no longer be fed upon the old creeds and dogmas which so long formed the conventional theological diet. The soul has been surfeited with this kind of food, and famished for the living Truth. The soul's function is to digest the experiences of earth into the force of increased consciousness; but the excessive activities of mind and body overwhelm the imprisoned spirit, and the weariness from reiterated materialistic experiences, and the stupor of unused higher senses, are expressed in the prevailing restlessness, discontent, agnosticism and doubt.

There is not less but more spiritual force seeking expression today; but it is denied proper outlet by a busy, selfish age which translates all energy upon a lower plane. As a result the awakening souls are hypersensitive to the jar and friction of the sordid scramble, and yet dulled by ages of spiritual starvation. The paralytic pains of the spiritual nature speak, not of lessened, but of increased and disordered soul energy.

To realize how most of our physical, mental and moral force is dissipated in needless jar and friction and inharmony with immutable laws, would discourage all effort but for the paradoxical hopefulness of the conditions. For, if with such faulty methods, some progress is gained, what might not be attained when knowledge of man's divinity teaches him to develop his divine powers? It is with this knowledge of the Higher Self that Theosophy comes to heal the hurt of a sick world. We have but to consider the present immeasurable waste of force to realize that man has the potential power to make all things possible when he learns to work with the law. It is by knowledge and faith that miracles are wrought; and humanity has no need of external aid in working out ideal conditions, but simply to know and believe in its own possibilities.

The practical occultism of the philosophy regards no part of septenary man as unworthy of study and development, but offers "truth, light and liberation"

for the whole nature through the sacred simplicity of obeying the law. The Lost Mysteries of Antiquity are the forgotten knowledge of a golden age, when the world was young and remembered its divinity. The modern mysticism is an unfoldment of this knowledge by which man may know himself, and Theosophy offers to restore the lost inheritance to those who courageously claim the kingdom of heaven which is "within." As the members of the Universal Brotherhood Movement throughout the world slowly but sincerely follow the teachings of the Beloved Leader, and the hopes of the ages crystalize into living reality at Point Loma, the prophecy in Browning's words will be fulfilled:

And soon this leader, teacher, will stand plain,
 And build the golden pipes and synthesize
 This people-organ for a holy strain.

A Present Day Allegory

by Gertrude W. Van Pelt



IN the ancient times the gods, messengers of the Most High, descended upon earth and sprinkled over its fair surface seeds of living fire. The waiting earth responded with a note of joy. Everywhere her soil was rich and pure and her mother-love quickened it with a glowing warmth. Her virgin bosom laid bare its treasures to the precious seeds entrusted to her care, for her heart was filled with yearning to impart.

A holy hush pervaded this hour of promise. The seeds descended in silence, like stars falling out of the infinite, for only silence could carry those sounds sent forth into the infinite. As the gods tenderly laid their treasures upon their mother's breast, the atmosphere became luminous with love and a radiant beauty covered the earth.

Under their careful nurture the seeds grew rapidly, revealing their wondrous mystery, and the Children of Earth came into being, endowed with gifts of rich thought and feeling, and they poured forth over the glad earth music and color and knowledge and love. Joy was in every note, in every shade of color, in every expression of wisdom, and love was untouched with the taint of fear.

The gods looked on with the calmness of perfect content as they saw the beings awaken, ready to claim their inheritance.

But alas! gazing also upon this scene of lovely beauty were others, perfected through ages past in selfishness, powerful and wise in their wickedness.

"This must not be," they said. "If those offsprings of the gods continue to grow with freedom, our power is lost. Those Children of Light must be destroyed. But how shall beings of strength and beauty, with their powerful

allies, the gods, be overpowered?' cried some less old in cunning. "They will resist us and overcome."

"That might be," answered the wily ones, "should they recognize us, or were they but puppets of the gods. But they are not. These children are endowed with free-will, and are yet innocent. *We* must wear the garb of gods, must imitate their smiles and voice, and like wolves in sheep's clothing, we may enter the fold with ease. Then, as we mingle there unchallenged, we must ape the methods of the gods, must praise their gifts as if they were our own, while we direct their use. The gods will not eject us, for they aspire to make of men—earth's children—beings like unto themselves with knowledge of good and evil. And while they leave them free to choose, we will distract their senses ere they know it, and render them our willing slaves."

The gods saw the impending danger, but seeing also that it was under the Law, lifted no hand to avert it.

A heavy shadow fell over the fair earth, and the hosts of darkness ushered themselves into the land. Clouds gathered, and in the dim light following the new order of things, the Children of Earth were confused and knew not their foes from friends.

"If," said the enemies of Light, "if we can but draw a veil, that the memory of their divine origin may be effaced, if we can but make men lose faith in themselves, they will rely on us, and our success will be assured. We must be gentle and tender, for so have been the gods. We must admonish men to virtue, else they will mistrust us, but we must keep them constantly distracted, constantly draw attention to objects of sense, that men may learn to think their pleasures, their hopes, yea, even their God, lie without themselves. We must enslave them with beauty, and charm them with sounds until they are *ours*—and then—then, as the consequence of all this comes to them in pain and sorrow, we must teach them that these are the results of sin, original with them, and we must offer them a helping hand."

The plan worked well. Dazzling lights of lurid flame were spread over the earth, and the enemies flattered and petted its bewildered inhabitants. They strengthened their weaknesses and weakened them in their strong places. They kept up a constant succession of disconnected sounds, until the habit of connected thought was lost, and the door thus being opened, they could inject thoughts into the human mind almost at will.

The atmosphere which had been light and fresh became heavy and dense with impurities. Had not the seeds which the gods planted been of living fire, they must have been smothered, and though at times they seemed extinguished, yet they could not be quenched, but smoldered here and there amidst the debris of corruption, occasionally bursting into flame in spite of all. Similar seeds were always descending to be planted in the tainted soil. For a moment they looked bright and glowing, but soon they likewise sank into the mire, and were covered by the murky air. In this laden atmosphere the men and women walked, lived and died, having utterly forgotten brighter days. They labored

under the belief that pain and sorrow belonged to earth, and the song that "Life is Joy," occasionally heard on a clear day, seemed a mockery to all but the very young. The black haters of mankind gloated over their triumph. They grew bold, and ceased to trouble themselves to dazzle at all times. They began to rule by fear, and they spread this poison throughout the atmosphere, so that men absorbed it at every breath they drew.

The compassionate lovers of the Children of Earth looked on with sorrow. Though less and less visible through the fogs which never lifted, by their ceaseless efforts they prevented destruction.

From age to age there were periods when their messengers were known by many, and when the living fires shone brightly, and the early days of glory returned, enriched;—when the foes were driven to their dens of selfishness and feared the light of day. But even then they were not vanquished. It was only that under the great Law of Life their powers were stayed. By man alone could they be driven from the earth, and men had not yet learned their strength, and had not yet, of themselves and in unison, lifted their hands against their destroyers.

In these golden moments of opportunity, the gods taught men all they knew. They showed them how to till the soil, that it might yield them what was needed. They taught them what to eat, and how to guard their bodies. They gave them wholesome pleasures and sought in all ways possible to help them to self-knowledge. They never said "Rely on us," but always "Awaken, trust yourselves. Great as are our deeds, greater things than these shall you do also, when you have overcome." Not only did they teach with words and through example, but they fashioned forms out of the products of the earth, such as marvelous instruments to suggest more subtly what lay within themselves. With these they taught them to produce wonderful harmonies, as if to say, "This suggests what thou art, O man, an instrument to transmit the music in thy soul. What thou hearest is but the echo of that within thyself." And some were helped to hear the real music and imitate it well for others.

To help express the journey of the soul through earth-life, they taught the drama, and illuminated the minds that they might read the meaning of their inner experiences.

They taught men civil law, that they might conduct their outer lives in order. They taught the art of war even, that men need not remain defenceless against the enemies of mankind, and in order that to suggest through this, how they must guard their minds, if they would drive the foe forever from the field.

And greatest of all the lessons, they built a Temple within which was the Holy of Holies—the spot where man at last should find himself. "This," they taught, "is but a symbol, for you yourselves are the Temple of the Holy Ghost." The messengers who came at such times taught unceasingly, for they said, "We must work the works of him that sent us while it is day; the night

cometh when no man can work." And, indeed, after the days the nights followed, and those who love darkness rather than light, crept forth from their hiding places to see what new treasures had been poured upon the earth for them to despoil.

Their methods were always the same—to admire and encourage men to use the gifts, but always to destroy the symbolism; to turn attention from the spirit and attract it to the letter. The holy arts of music, painting, drama, were used to charm, to entertain, to stir up envy, jealousy; to cause men to attract admiration to themselves.

As their power waxed strong, the devils entered the temples, vieing with the saints in piety, but secretly stirring up dissensions, and persuading men to build other temples, all differing with each other on some unimportant point. This was their boldest stroke, for as they entered these symbols they also entered the Temple not made with hands, and the stronghold was taken. They then took charge of human affairs and even held in custody the Soul itself. Of what use now was the art of war? Those who *really* conducted the affairs of men used it to array them against each other, and the warfare was terrible.

The devils were now secure, who could remove them from power? Temples were built all over the land, and men, good, bad and indifferent, were used as agents, unknown to themselves, to enter and teach the people. The Holy Book of the people in one quarter of the globe—that given by the messengers of the gods, was so gently modified, so colored as to suffer an interpretation which served well the purposes of the foes. They so clouded the minds of men that they taught the people they were naturally depraved, although their Holy Book said, "Ye are Gods"—and in another place, "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Ye are of God, little children. . . . Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world." They also taught that if in spite of this natural depravity they could be unnatural enough to long for something pure, some one else would save them from their sins and carry them off to a heaven in the distance, if they would believe on him. Although the Holy Book said the kingdom of heaven was within themselves, and that whatsoever they sowed, that should they also reap, they taught that if men did not turn to this outside help they would be damned, and burned forever in a lake of fire. And such was the hypnotic power of the evil doers, that the people actually believed this teaching literally, though the Holy Book said that not every one who said Lord, Lord, should enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but only those who did the will of the Father who is in heaven.

Such was the length to which these blind leaders of the blind carried their folly. And the temples continued to multiply and their differences continued to multiply, for well these false guides knew that only a united effort could ever destroy their power. Under all this the people became so dwarfed

in selfishness that they began to believe each in his own little heaven, from which the rest were to be excluded. It seemed sad, they drew a sigh, but many believed it, and comforted themselves in their own security. During all this time the gods looked on, and they also found agents even in the blackest ages, for the living fire could not be quenched, and through all the days of darkness the gods fed the flames and tenderly guarded their misguided children. And they, too, sent their agents into the temples, to modify these lies as much as men could bear, or perhaps to build new temples of a purer type. But their work seemed often lost, and Satan walked abroad in the daylight with head erect and confident.

The gods bided their time with the patience of gods. And the great wheel of time turned again in space. The sun of righteousness, which had set before the night of ages, began to purple the mental horizon. The eternal fire of truth kindled anew the living fire in the hearts of men. They began to question, to doubt, to despair. Their credulity had been tested too far. The deceivers had overstepped themselves in deceit. The utter foolishness of their folly exposed them. The scales began to fall. Stirring through the aching hearts of men was a dim consciousness that they had been duped, that they were in bondage. But where was the relief? What was the truth? Who were the helpers? Though weakened by narcotics, poisoned by lies, crippled with burdens, discouraged by failures, yet with the dawning of a new day, a new life brought a strange unrest into their veins.

The time was ripe. And the messengers of the gods descended once again and with a plough of living fire entered the solid atmosphere of sin which had well-nigh extinguished the light. With titanic strength, and with a mighty courage, they broke the crust of artificial soil which had gathered over the human mind. Immediately there arose a stench which nothing but a will of iron could have endured. And poisonous weeds sprang up, and venomous reptiles, disturbed in their lairs, lifted their cruel heads to strike. As they ploughed, the furrows of sin rose high on every side of this mighty plough, wielded with a mighty power, and the soil rolled over the heads of the ploughman, who entered fearlessly, deeper and deeper into the mire.

Had the children of earth, who had grown used to this impure atmosphere, and for whose relief the work was begun, had they quickly removed the falling stones, the earth could have been rapidly purified, but alas! so low had they sunk, so utterly had they lost the power to discriminate good from evil, so hardened had they become in selfishness, that impossible as it may be to believe, the devils used their hands to lift more stones and hurl them upon the devoted heads of their saviors. One after another of these was killed, and one after another took up the thankless task of purifying mankind. They ploughed the soil in every quarter. They entered the homes, the public institutions, the courts of vice. But most important of all, they entered the stronghold of the enemy. *They went into the temples* and overthrew the tables of the money changers and drove out those who had made it a den of thieves.

They exposed vice and crime until it could no longer be hid, while foes rose up on every side. They threw the light of truth over the earth until at last, in a sacred spot of shining golden soil, guarded through the ages of darkness, the lights began again to shine, and a new golden age was promised.

The voices of the gods again were heard. "Awaken, Children of Earth!" they called. "The sun is already in the sky, and in the strength to be born within you in this new and glorious day, banish your foe forever from your Temples and fulfill your destiny."

Some Remarks upon *the Constitution of the United States*

by Madeline



IT is a self-evident fact that the captain who has chart and compass is the one who gets his ship safely into port. It is the man who has a definite system or principle in the conduct of his business who succeeds.

And such a man will succeed under the very conditions wherein the man who drifts and wavers, the "rolling stone," will fail. It is the man who early adopts a central, absolute, guiding principle that is pure and high, who succeeds in living a useful, rounded, clean life on higher lines. Yet, such men are comparatively few. The wonder is that there are so few, when we see about us so many examples of non-success, of men who have no settled principle, who drift, waver, and are blown hither and thither by every wind of outer circumstance or personal caprice. People in general do not observe closely the life about them or more would learn this simple lesson, that a true life can no more be lived without a single, central guiding purpose, than a body can exist without a heart.

Such a guiding principle—it may be a simple belief in God, or the equally simple belief that man is an immortal soul—exists as a central authority to which to refer all difficulties, all experiences. It insures an outflow of vital power from the life's heart-center to even the most trivial event on the circumference of this wheel of our daily duty. It insures an inflow toward that heart-center of all our anxieties and our mistakes; of all in life that needs purifying. For this ebb and flow, action and reaction, this cyclic process, is a condition of life. Destroy it and disintegration begins at once.

Man is a microcosm, and what is true, in principle, of the individual life is equally true of the national and universal life. And it is to this principle we have to look for a reason for the hope that is within us that the United States is passing on to a glorious future, and not to the decline and disinte-

gration that has been the fate of all other nations. We have this hope, in spite of the record of all history. On what do we base it?

We base it on the fact (among others) that the United States established at the very beginning of its national life, a heart center, a guiding principle, in its Constitution. In this respect it differs from many of the important nations of the world. "There is in England no such thing as a Constitution apart from the law. There is merely a mass of law, consisting partly of statutes and partly of decided cases and accepted usages, in conformity with which the government of the country is carried on from day to day, but which is being constantly modified by fresh statutes and cases. The same thing existed in ancient Rome and everywhere in Europe a century ago" (Bryce).

Our Constitution is therefore the heart, the authority of our national life. To it all difficulties may be referred; upon its statement of principles all our laws rest; to "preserve, protect and defend" it all our Presidents are solemnly pledged. If it be kept inviolate, the national life will become in time pure and strong. Destroy our Constitution and a mass of statutes as large as England's and Rome's together could not save the country from certain disintegration.

Yet there are in this country forces which, openly and in secret, are working to destroy our Constitution by undermining our faith in it. That the average patriot cannot be persuaded out of his patriotism by their methods is to be expected. That even a few should listen indicates a grave danger. And one method, used by a certain organization pre-eminent in its attempts in this direction, is to play upon the perverted religious ideals of those who will listen to its agents by condemning the Constitution as being irreligious. And, as might be expected, most of this disgraceful and unpatriotic work is done through the medium of the church.

Only recently a certain James Jackson (see the *San Diego Union* of Oct. 21) was suspended from membership in the Second Reformed Presbyterian Church of Boston, Mass., because on taking out naturalization papers he took oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States. And the pastor of the church, Rev. J. M. Foster, naively commits himself to the following statement, as reported:

"We look upon the Constitution of the United States as an immoral document, and as an insult to the Almighty, in that it makes no mention whatever of God, and claims for the people that sovereign power which belongs to God alone."

Presumably the following clauses from the Constitution are the rocks upon which clerical patriotism is in danger of going to pieces: From Article VI, "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States;" and the following from Article I of the amendments: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

Satisfactory as this constitution is to those who do not want creeds and dogmas saddled upon them by law—and we must not forget that we owe our

nation today to those who had the sense and the courage to rebel against the "Established Church" of England and other countries—still this does not satisfy that organization which desires to unite church and state.

Those who are looking for religion in our Constitution would do well to analyze the following:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Here is a statement of the essential principles, the fundamental verities, upon which every religion in the world is based. These are at the very root of true religion, though not conciliatory to creeds and dogmas, it must be admitted. It is pure Theosophy, and those who gave us our Constitution established it "in order to form a more perfect union." They proposed to actually establish on a practical working basis, the principle of unity, which is the garment of God; of justice, the great law of cause and effect; of peace; of the warrior spirit consecrated to defense; of a welfare that was to be general, not individual, the basis of a Universal Brotherhood; of liberty, that native condition of the awakened soul.

Those who are looking for religion in our Constitution will do well to study the lives of the men who formed it,—chief among them George Washington—and of the men who have since that day occupied the President's chair. All these were God-fearing men, religious men, though I believe one of the greatest and most deeply religious of them all was not a member of any church. The last words of President McKinley, "God's will, not ours, be done," indicated his reliance upon that Higher Divine Ideal in whose guidance he had absolute faith. Is it likely that such men would either form or support a Constitution that was irreligious? Its founders builded more wisely than they knew in so wording the Constitution that no loophole is left through which those who desire to unite church and state can crawl in and destroy it.

Those who are trying to awaken us, who are talking to us of patriotism, do so because they are aware of dangers that we are too apathetic to recognize. The union of state and religion plunged Europe into the Dark Ages. It has degraded and ruined every country in which it has gained control, Cuba, Spain, the Philippines, Ireland, Bulgaria, and so on. It gave to Europe all the martyrdom of the Middle Ages. It planted in Spain the Inquisition. *Is that what we want in America today?*

Walt Whitman---A Sketch

by W.



TO give a summary of the characteristics of a man, and so place him on paper that we shall, as it were, know him as he is, would be an impossibility. So very, very little do we know even of the men and women around us. In ourselves, there is little to fix upon as settled and final, and over the character of the next man to us is drawn a veil through which we shall never see perfectly. Thus all our opinions must be, more or less, the result of guess work.

And if this be the case with personal friends, how much more difficult will be the summing up of the character of a public man, whom we know personally not in the least, but only from his words, writings and actions? What can we know of the inner life and thought of the man?

In the present case we have a few outlines from the life of the Poet and a volume of poems which may or may not show us the real and interior character of the man. On the other hand, it seems that a man must write more or less from his own personal thought and experience, and a book may be taken as expressing fairly correctly the author's own personality and identity.

This, at any rate, was avowedly the case with Walt Whitman. In one of those wonderful passages of his which seem to express exactly and to a nicety his meaning, he says:

I found myself remaining possessed at the age of thirty-one to thirty-three, with a special desire and conviction. Or rather, to be quite exact, a desire that had been flitting through my previous life, or hovering on the flanks, most indefinitely hitherto, had steadily advanced to the front, defined itself and finally dominated everything else.

This was a feeling or ambition to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual and æsthetic personality, in the midst of, and tallying the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days, and of current America—and to exploit that personality, identified with place and date, in a far more candid and comprehensive sense than any hitherto poem or book.

A bold object, indeed! and one which, if total originality, both of form and material, true poetic rhythm and feeling, power of expression and diversity of thought go for anything, he has indeed attained!

I have said that a man's wishings are usually the expression of his own personality. Whitman himself is a splendid example. Those who knew him say that he experienced practically every phase of life possible to a man; and certainly he touches upon every conceivable question and view of life in his poems. Let him who doubts this statement carefully read through the "Leaves of Grass" and then say what part of life is not touched on therein.

Universalist that he was, Whitman perceived the inherent Spirit of Nature, running like a thread through the whole manifested Universe. He has evolved no philosophy, no science; has not even a set system of laws for living. But he has realized that there is nothing small, nothing trivial, nothing unimportant. If he thinks a thing he says it, plainly, powerfully, boldly. If the idea is comprised in three lines he takes no trouble to make six of it, but prints it just as it stands. He is not always grammatical; often uses very bad English; does not think it in the least necessary to conform to the usual laws of poetry. He uses the exact expression which he requires, no matter if the terms be usually considered indecorous or unpoetic. He is as unconcerned to praise of his poems as to condemnation of them. In fact, setting out to express himself and his own personal identity, he has shown us a bold, powerful, independent, egotistical fellow. One who knows his own value and his limitations and who does not scruple to tell them exactly as he sees them. A man as compassionate as Nature; unselfish, self-sacrificing, untiring, sympathetic; lusty, loving, companionable. One who would value the society of "a powerful uneducated person" above that of any immaculately dressed, clean-shaven fop, whatever his worldly position. And above all things, one whose acts and whose life bear eloquent testimony to the beauty of the soul within. No judgment need he fear on the results of his life. Were all else stripped away from him, the remembrance of his self-sacrifice and devotion to America's wounded soldiers would still stamp him as a hero on the minds of all men. It is not only what he has written, nor what he has said, nor even what he has thought. He stands out before us in all the grandeur of one who has "done the deeds" which shall indeed make of him a "knower of the doctrine!"

There has been much criticism, both of his life and writings. Some have gone so far as to deny that he was a poet at all. Many have objected to what Stevenson calls "an inventory of trades and implements, with no more color or coherence than so many index works out of a dictionary." He has been called obscene, blasphemous, conceited. But then, what great writer has not? And Whitman, most of all, can let all such criticism pass unheeded. Says he of himself:

I exist as I am, that is enough,
 If no other in the World be aware I sit content,
 And if each and all be aware I sit content.
 One world is aware, and by far the largest to me and that is myself,
 And whether I come to my own today, or in ten thousand or ten million years,
 I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

As to whether his writing can be called poetry or not, there are many points to be considered. And first, in what does true poetry consist? Whitman himself refuses to give any definition of the word. "Like Religion, Love, Nature," he thinks, "while those terms are indispensable, and we all give a sufficiently accurate meaning to them, no definition that has ever been made sufficiently encloses the name Poetry." But there are certain qualifications

necessary, if a thing is to be called poetry. Rhythm: music, balance, strength, beauty of expression and so on. But as to whether either metre or rhyme is a *sine qua non* there may be more opinions than one. It appears to me that rhyme, at any rate, is more often than not made use of to lend to the verse in beauty of sound what it lacks in strength and beauty of form. And in how many cases do we not find the meaning originally intended by the poet deliberately altered to suit the exigencies of rhyme?

Whitman was before all things original. What he had to say allowed of no such impediment as rhyme, metre or scansion. He had to strike out an entirely new line for himself to express such utterly new ideas—new, of course, to this age only. For he himself says: “These are really the thoughts of all men, in all ages and lands, they are not original with me.” And again, “Tact as the tongue of you, tied in your mouth, in mine it begins to be loosed.” He fixed on a style which was full of the music of nature. As we read we feel insensibly the rush of cool waters and the wind on our cheek, and hear the rustling of the grass. Indeed, his poetry is full of the poetry of the ocean. Could we say of the waves that they are of a certain length or that they are in any way regular and even? Do they not rather swell in upon the beach in great broken rollers, some with a mighty roar, some with lazily tossing spray? Whitman embodies all these characteristics. His lines flow in upon one, now long and irresistible, now calm and peaceful. Through it all is the feeling of Nature. “Easily written, loose ill-fingered chords” he calls his lines, and perhaps after all, his own expression is more suitable than any other.

Though he makes not the slightest attempt at scansion, there is, after all, a kind of metre in his lines. It is noticeable in a measured cadence and evenness of the syllables. Unlike so much of our present day poetry, there is never a line that falls weak or incomplete from his lips. I do not know of a single line in the “Leaves” that can be condemned as weak! Strength is the great characteristic of the lines. Listen to the powerful tones in his “Memories of President Lincoln”:

O powerful western fallen star!
 O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
 O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides the star!
 O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
 O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

Not a syllable here that is too weak for its position in the line—not an expression that does not forcibly convey the writer's meaning. And who could deny the poetry in that last verse of the “Song of the Universal?”

Is it a dream?
 Nay but the lack of it the dream,
 And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
 And all the world a dream.

In short, though it is impossible to compare Whitman's poetry with the forms usually recognized as such, I think we may take it that it is of a kind

which contains perhaps the truest attributes of poetry—music and life! Of his themes, nothing short of the whole volume of “Leaves of Grass” can give an adequate idea of their vastness and diversity. Easier would it be to say what he does *not* sing. For the one faculty that is wanting in Whitman, as far as one can judge, is a sense of humor. I can find no trace of it, and, as if in proof of this, it is said that he was never seen to smile. A curious inconsistency, it seems, in a man who so thoroughly appreciated the intense Joy of Life. With this exception, however, one might spend hours in seeking for any phase of life which he does not touch upon. And he is able to tell us so much more of the merest object on the roadside than we had ever dreamed possible. What, for example, could one say of a blade of grass? And yet Whitman, after mentioning that he knows no more of it than a child, proceeds to fill a whole page with his ideas on the subject—beautifully conceived, faithfully expressed; and later on he breaks out in his finest and most powerful voice—

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of a wren.

But it is not only in dealing with the common objects of life that Whitman shows his power. At describing he is graphic in the extreme. His sea-fight and the murder of the four hundred young men appear before one’s eyes as one reads; and it is said that his picture of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln might have been the work of an eye-witness. Perhaps the secret of his power is to be found in his own words: “I do not ask the wounded person how he feels, I become the wounded person.”

But there is one theme, used almost *ad nauseam* by all and sundry poets. I mean that of sentimental and emotional love. Only once, to my knowledge, does Whitman allow himself full swing on this subject. In the “Mystic Trumpeter” is a passage which tells its own tale passionately enough. But I think the true attitude of the poet is seen in the following lines:

What do you seek so pensive and silent?

What do you need Camerado?

Dear son do you think it is love?

Listen, dear son—listen America, daughter or son,

It is a painful thing to love a man or woman to excess, and yet it satisfies, it is great,

But there is something else very great

And he goes on:

Know you, solely to drop in the earth the germs of a greater religion,

The following chants each for its kind I sing.

Imagine the present day poet without his love-songs! And yet Whitman boldly discards them. He has set out to sing the average man and woman of today, “a single separate person,” and he finds life from the highest to the lowest worthy of note. No one theme is sufficient. Poetry to him is the means of placing before men’s eyes the common truths of life, and poetry but expresses the beauties and finer sides of men and women and things. Love is

not excluded, but it is the broader less personal side that he sings, rather than the pretty sentimental passages of lovers.

For motherhood he keeps perhaps his strongest utterances. Nothing on earth is greater to him than to conceive children and bring them up well. "Have I not said that Womanhood involves all?" says he; "Have I not told how the Universe was nothing better than the best womanhood?" He sees clearly the links between a man's actions and the effects of them upon the doer and on all around him. But he holds that man is unspeakably great. Not that he is blind to the sordid and mean side of human life, but he sees that these all pass and the greater remains; he knows that each and every man has an irrepressible power within him and that inexorable Justice is the law of the Universe. In the strongest and most powerful passage of all he sums up the matter clearly and concisely:

Little or big, learned or unlearned, white or black, legal or illegal, sick or well, from the first inspiration down the wind-pipe to the last expiration out of it, all that a male or female does that is vigorous and benevolent and clean is so much profit to him or her in the unshakable order of the universe and through the whole scope of it forever. If the savage or felon is wise, it is well—if the greatest poet or savant is wise, it is simply the same—if the President or Chief Justice is wise, it is the same—if the young mechanic or farmer is wise, it is no more or less. The interest will come round—all will come round. All the brave actions of war and peace—all help given to relations or strangers, and the poor and old and sorrowful, and young children and widows and the sick, and to all shunned persons—all furtherance of fugitives and of the escape of slaves—all the self-denial that stood steady and aloof on wrecks and saw others take the seats of the boats—all offerings of substance or life for the good old cause or for a friend's sake or opinion's sake—all pains of enthusiasts scoffed at by their neighbors—all the vast sweet love and precious suffering of mothers—all honest men baffled in strifes, recorded or unrecorded—all the grandeur and good of the few ancient nations whose fragments of annals we inherit, and all the good of the hundreds of far mightier and more ancient nations unknown to us by name or date or location—all that was ever manfully begun, whether it succeeded or no—all that has at any time been well suggested out of the divine heart of man, or by the divinity of his mouth, or by the shaping of his great hands—and all that is well thought or done this day on any part of the surface of the globe, or on any of the wandering stars or fixed stars by those there as we are here—or that is henceforth to be well thought or done by you, whoever you are or by anyone—these singly and wholly inured at their time and inure now and will inure always to the identities from which they sprung or shall spring. Did you guess any of them lived only its moment? The world does not so exist—no parts, palpable or impalpable, so exist—no results exist now without being from its long antecedent result, and that from its antecedent, and so backward without the farthest mentionable spot coming a bit nearer the beginning than any other spot.

The best passes criticism. One cannot comment on such a passage as this. I will only quote the next sentence in the same paragraph—"Whatever satisfies the soul is truth."

Whitman believes that the greatest poet knows and expresses in his poems all these things—that he is the mouth-piece of the people and that any nation or race is incomplete without its great poet. But he does not think that poetry hemmed in and circumscribed by man-made rules is adequate to ex-

press a fraction of what might be expressed, and his very last words to us are that he believes the best poems are yet to be written. Perhaps he himself has suggested and delineated the form of the new poetry he so strongly believes in. Perhaps on the model of "Leaves of Grass" will the poems of the Twentieth Century be written.

He has the most unshakable faith in the evolution of the world, and as race succeeds race and nations are formed from the best of the old ones, poets will arise who shall express the life and the attributes of the people of their times. The American race has been formed from the best of the European races, and is passing on to become the dominant race of the century. Whitman himself would be its poet. Will the American people accept him as such? Or will a greater arise? Time alone will show, but Whitman at any rate has come before us with the first suggestions of such a literature. And his ideas were and are still far in advance of the average thought of the day. Men were shocked and disgusted at what they thought blasphemy. But already things are changing and Whitman is recognized as one of the writers of the day. And perhaps the best and most unequivocal praise that could have been given him was that exclamation of Lincoln—"Well, *he* looks like a man!" Shakespeare has no higher praise for any of his characters. "Nature might stand up and say to all the world—This is a man!" And what did Whitman say of Lincoln? Perhaps much the same thing, only that he expresses it in one of those exquisite songs of mourning, into which he has put the true spirit of grief for one who has gone.

Thoreau saw in him Democracy and thought that he suggested something more than human. Emerson was one of his staunchest admirers, and Swinburne has written one of his bold musical "Songs Before Sunrise" to Whitman. If such men as these have loved him, the rest of the world will follow in its own slow time.

It is a pity that R. L. Stevenson should have just failed to appreciate the true worth of the man. He is unable to get away from what he terms the "bull in a china shop" side of Whitman. His literary taste and exclusiveness of style cannot permit the use of terms which to him are unpoetical. And yet perhaps his true feelings were in that other essay on Whitman, in which he had written, he says, "his gratitude for the help that had been given him in his life, full of enthusiasm for the intrinsic merit of the poems and conceived in the noisiest extreme of youthful eloquence." Instead of that, he has given us a criticism that Whitman's lovers and appreciators will enjoy and understand, but which will only confirm those who are themselves too small to see the grandeur of the man, in their adverse opinion. The pity of it is that Stevenson's own style is so inimitable that one is almost compelled to believe him correct, and one can only wish that he had published that other essay, even though full of noisy eloquence. The enthusiasm of youth needs no excuse!

However, whether Whitman be criticised adversely or praised, his writing is bound to live, which is perhaps the best test of its merit. There is so much

in it, as Stevenson owns, "that is unsurpassed in force and fitness." And if he is only understood by one here and there, it will be enough. For he himself asks no recognition. It is for us, his lovers, to do that for him. And those who learn to see things in a measure as he does, will inevitably find themselves better in every way for reading his "Leaves." The effect on character is broadening in the extreme. He shows us the true nobility of man and that whatever has at any time been possible to men, is possible to ourselves. He teaches us that one is better for looking on a man of fine physique, health, cleanliness of mind and body, and that he who walks with an erect carriage, in the possession of his own soul, fearing nothing, but calmly ready to accept whatever may come as being the best, has learnt a part of the art of living. Of necessity poems will be found by every one, which will not be liked, but is not this so throughout all literature? And there is so much in these "Leaves of Grass" that is inspiring, emboldening and strengthening, that we may well pass over what does not appeal to us.

A few words are necessary in regard to his life. He was born at West Hills, in New York State, on May 31st, 1819, of Quaker parents. At the age of 13 he commenced the business of life as a printer, became a teacher and later a press writer. He was made editor of a newspaper and then once more became a printer. Next he tried his hand at carpentering and building.

When the Civil war broke out he began his work of unselfishness and compassion, nursing the sick and wounded of both sides, without other remuneration than the drawing of ordinary army rations. It is said that he personally ministered to upwards of 100,000 sick and wounded. During his labors he was disabled for six months as the result of absorbing into his system some poison from cases of gangrene.

After the war he seems to have lived on the proceeds of his writings, which were sufficiently scanty. He continued writing almost to the day of his death. He calls his last work "Garrulous Talk, Thoughts, Reminiscences." All his life he preferred to write in the open air, and his two favorite spots for writing were the top of a 'bus or the sand of a small and uninhabited island away in the ocean, with the long dry grass and the sky for companions. He confessed that his forte was "loafing and writing poems." "One more irreproachable in his relations with the other sex lives not upon this earth." So says one of his enthusiastic admirers.

Altogether he seems to me a splendid specimen of a man; tall, finely built, healthy, full and independent; with the power of loving, sympathizing and appreciating; one whose life, thought and poems will each bear the searching light of day. His poems fill me with a sense of soft music falling on my ear, and help me to see the exquisite beauty of all nature. To know his books is better than to know many men. As he says:

This is no book; who touches this touches a man. I spring from the pages into your arms.

Before leaving the man I love, I cannot refrain from calling attention to two speaking prophecies of Whitman's which, to my mind, have already been fulfilled:

A California song,
 A prophecy and indirection , . . .
 Not wan from Asia's fetiches,
 Not from Europe's old dynastic slaughter house,
 (Area of murder plots of thrones, with scent left yet of wars and scaffolds everywhere,)
 But come from Nature's long and harmless throes, peacefully builded thence,
 These virgin lands, lands of the Western shore,
 To the new culminating man, to you, the empire new.
 You promised long, we pledge, we dedicate. lands of the Western shore,
 I see in you, certain to come, the promise of thousands of years, till now deferr'd,
 Promised to be fulfilled, our common kind, the race,
 The new Society at last, proportionate to Nature,
 In man of you, more than your mountain peaks, or stalwart trees imperial,
 In woman more, far more than all your gold or vines or even vital air.
 Fresh come to a new world indeed, yet long prepared,
 I see the genius of the modern, child of the real and the ideal,
 Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true America, heir of the past so grand,
 To build a grander future.

And again—

We do not blame thee, elder World, nor really separate ourselves from thee,
 (Would the son separate himself from the father?)
 Looking back on thee, seeing thee to thy duties, grandeurs through past ages bending,
 building,
 We build ours today.

Mightier than Egypt's tombs,
 Fairer than Grecia's, Roma's temples,
 Prouder than Milan's statued, spired cathedral,
 More picturesque than Rhenish castle-keeps,
 We plan even now to raise beyond them all,
 Thy great cathedral sacred industry, no tomb,
 A keep for life for practical invention.

As in a waking vision,
 E'en while I chant I see it rise, I scan and prophecy outside and in,
 Its manifold ensemble.

Around a palace, loftier, fairer than any yet,
 Earth's modern wonder, history's seven outstripping,
 High rising, tier on tier, with glass and iron facades
 Gladdening the sun and sky, enhued in cheerfullest hues,
 Bronze, lilac, robin's egg, marine and crimson;
 Over whose golden roof shall flaunt, beneath thy banner Freedom,
 The banners of the States and flags of every land,
 A brood of lofty, fair, but lesser palaces shall cluster.

Somewhere within their walls shall all that forwards perfect life be started,
 Tried, taught, advanced, visibly exhibited.

Not only all the World of works, trades, products,
 In every state of practical busy movement, the rills of civilization,
 Materials here under your eye shall change their shape as if by magic,
 The cotton shall be pick'd almost in the very fields,
 Shall be dried, clean'd, ginn'd, baled, spun into thread and cloth before you,
 You shall see hands at work at all the old processes and all the new ones.
 You shall see the various grains and how flour is made, and then bread baked by the bakers,
 You shall see the crude ores of California and Nevada passing on and on till they become
 bullion,
 You shall watch how the printer sets type and learn what a composing stick is,
 You shall mark in amazement the Hoe press, whirling its cylinders, shedding the printed
 leaves steady and fast,
 The photograph, model, watch, pin, nail, shall be created before you.
 In large calm halls, and stately museum shall teach you the infinite lessons of minerals,
 In another, woods, plants, vegetation shall be illustrated—in another, animals, animal
 life and development.

One stately house shall be the music house,
 Others for other arts—learning, the sciences, shall all be here,
 None shall be slighted, none but shall here be honor'd, help'd, exempl'd.

A wonderfully clear prophecy is this. On the Western shore of America, the outcome and child of the Elder World, is now springing up the home of the new Society. The lofty Palace with the glass and iron facades, the brood of lofty fair but lesser palaces, the flags of every nation, the trades and industries of every kind being commenced, the museum, the music house, the halls of science, art and learning,—all are rising today, in answer to the cry of the prophet. At Point Loma you may see them all as he has depicted them.

It is curious that these passages have not been noticed before in paper or magazine. They stand out in no indefinite manner. Clear and well defined are they in their description; exactly as he said, so has it been. The new Society at last, proportionate to Nature; and their aim—truly, as he says, “to build a grander future.”

Oh Walt, did you foresee also how soon your words would be fulfilled?

Whitman holds out so much hope to us all. With his great opinion of himself—for is not the greater part of the preface to “Leaves of Grass” a protestation of himself, the Poet?—he tells us that we ourselves are no greater and no less. Each of us may be the Poet. “This is what you shall do: love the earth and the sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to every one that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence towards people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown, or to any man or number of men, go freely with powerful uneducated persons and with the young and with the mothers of families, read these “Leaves” in the open air every season and every year of your life, re-examine all you have been told at school or church or in any book, dismiss whatever insults your own soul; and

your very flesh shall be a great poem and have the richest fluency not only in its words, but in the silent lines of its lips and face, and between the lashes of your eyes, and in every motion and joint of your body.”

There seems to me little enough to cavil at here, though truly I can hardly see any reason why one should bare one's head to no person. But is it not the pith of all Christianity, and indeed of all religion? Dismiss whatever insults your own soul. You shall do full well. Dismiss it from your beliefs, from your thoughts, from your acts—nay from your very life. There is no need of more.

It may be said that there is too much and needless quotation in this criticism; that one could as easily read Whitman from his own volume. But it is to that end that I have written the few ideas herein expressed. I myself have been so inestimably helped by reading him, that I would like to show others what a world of beauty and truth lies between his Leaves. If any be moved to a study of Whitman, let him not be disappointed at first. The mind is not always ready for such a study. The true force will not be apparent at first. But no one who loves Nature, human or otherwise, will fail to see what wonderful thoughts are here. Read! You shall find the man!

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you.

Woman's Duty to Posterity*

by a Student



WOMAN'S first duty is to maintain for herself a true position in the life of humanity. Let us first locate her position by considering her a factor in the manifestation of the universe, playing a part in the development of the world.

In the first story in the Bible we read of the woman Eve, starting with Adam on the great pilgrimage of life. In the beginning their relative positions were evidently equal, but coming down through the ages woman lost her original place. We have only to glance in retrospect over the past to see how for centuries she was kept in bondage. Consequently, not only was her progress in development hindered but erroneous ideas as to her mission on earth

* A paper read at Fisher Opera House, San Diego, Cal., Aug. 24, 1901

were established. These ideas arose from a literal and wrong interpretation of the story of the "Fall."

It may not be amiss to consider for a moment just what her position was.

During many ages of the world and among many races of mankind, woman was bought and sold and generally treated like goods and chattel; and even today, the same conditions exist among certain tribes and peoples. But we also find in the world's history, women of different races and nations rising above their conditions and playing very important parts in the lives of men and nations. Deborah, the prophetess, was one of the Judges of Israel and in conjunction with Barak delivered Israel. Esther, by her tact, saved the Jews from slaughter in Persia. And we find that women labored with Paul, the Apostle.

Martia of old England formulated laws that, centuries afterward, Alfred the Great revived and adopted and which, still later, became the basis of the common law of England.

Aspasia, the adviser of Pericles, was an important factor in the greatness of the Periclean age in Greece. Diotima was the friend and teacher of Socrates.

We read of Joan of Arc, the inspired Savior of France; of Elizabeth of Austria, and at the opposite pole of social life, Elizabeth Fry of England, the "prison-angel." And it goes without saying that the nineteenth century, which Victor Hugo has called "the woman's century" has given to the world many great women whose pure lives and intensity of purpose have opened to posterity doorways that would otherwise have remained closed.

Hastening through the pages of time, we find today that woman again stands side by side with man in opportunities; but with him she has yet to find and re-establish her true position in life. And may this not be her first duty to posterity?

We have been taught for centuries that woman's duty is in the home and with her children. It is not the purpose of this paper however to dispute that question; in fact, it is quite possible that every woman knows and believes that her highest and noblest calling is her duty to the home and race.

But we have another question to consider in relation to this. Is it absolutely necessary for woman to give her entire life to the consideration of just one subject:—the house and material needs of her progeny? The great problem of her duty to posterity may engage her a life-time; but to give it just consideration she will find it necessary to occupy herself and her mind to the fullest extent of her ability, on many other things in the world about her of which she is a part.

To find the solution of this problem let us glance at the lives of the women of today as they stand immersed in the flood of social conventionalities. We will discuss the married woman because Society has caused matrimony to be the aim and end of nearly every girl. To be fair, we will consider the two classes, the rich and the poor, for although they are sisters, the code of social laws has so parted them that their lives and duties are very different.

The sister of wealth has been heard from, many times, giving a detailed account of how her time is spent between luncheons, teas and dinners, tailors, dressmakers, milliners and masseuses. We will grant she finds all that sufficient occupation aside from her maternal and domestic duties, taxing her ability, without doubt, in many directions; but, are her achievements worthy of a divine being, equipped with great powers and having a duty to perform in the evolution of the race, which as a birthright she should hold sacred?

But the sister who has not been endowed with worldly riches, who still has her share of domestic and maternal duties, is seldom heard from. Our society newspapers have not yet received a detailed account of how her time is spent. It may be that her environment so crowds her with occupations of many kinds, that she has no time left in which to give utterance to complaints about her life. But we will ask her also if her achievements are worthy of a divine being, equipped with great powers and having a duty in the evolution of the race which as her birthright she should hold sacred?

The rich woman and the poor woman stand together as regards their duty to posterity, and each can sympathize with the other, for as sisters they are both slaves, one to wealth, the other to poverty. For these conditions, woman is, in part, undeniably, responsible. And, while making the best of them, she should seek to find herself in this great maze of disorder and confusion of purpose, and discover her course of duty, and then confine her operations to it. By a right conception of duty and by living the life according to her higher conceptions, she causes her candle to burn brightly, thus lighting the path for the next groping companion.

Let us try to find a suggestion that we may offer to woman, whereby she may use her time to better advantage, and also take an active part in her own development.

It may seem at first an impossibility to move out of the old ruts, but each one can make an attempt. And an attempt is made here to give a suggestion, the fruits of which may help each woman to arrange for herself a plan by which she can start the wheels moving. Discrimination is a desirable and an indispensable quality of nature. Through it, each one should determine how she can best use her time and mind, and in that capacity she should act in serving her race.

One could readily argue, in this age of social institutions, that there is no time for study and self-development. This may be true in so far as time is considered as something which comes to one; but *time must* be made.

Our lives are largely spent in attending to the unnecessary. Society's demands upon the woman of today are overwhelming and are far from being conducive to happiness. Large homes, abundant furnishings, endless entertainments, a wearying devotion to style, and a continual desperation to keep up appearances. And for what? An exchange of demands. There is no question that society is suffering from ennui. As an institution it has had its day. Its constitution and laws must be changed. Men and women must es-

establish a common purpose among themselves, and not live for personalities.

For the inauguration of a new movement there must be a leader. Let woman take this office. Her duties may be simple if she will commence "at home." Let her shake off all conventionalities that bind her, and silence the demands for things which are unnecessary by not employing them.

Reform would be an easy proposition if each individual began with himself or herself. We speak of a common purpose for all, co-operation is necessary in the life work of the world. If woman strikes the key-note of her duty, man, in his appreciation, will join in the same tone; and the tone of her life and work must be of the highest quality mentally, morally and spiritually. Let her life be spent in self-development, mental, moral and spiritual, for example is better than precept, and each woman, each mother, can best perform her duty to posterity by perfecting herself and living as an example to the younger generations.

Without a doubt, the world would appreciate a higher code of ethics, better methods, through which it would find enjoyment in life. And, as humanity is discouraged for the want of these things, an example is being set before it, from which it can observe the practical method of life and attain moral and spiritual culture.

A city is being built on the Pacific Coast, in which its people are living in accordance with nature's Divine Laws. Their souls work together in one common cause and woman employs her time and her talents for the benefit of all. The great social problem is solved. There exists no distinction of race, creed, or class. The ideals of truth are lived and that which is unnecessary is banished. All the problems of life are demonstrated on a practical basis.

The question of duty to children and their education or cultivation is being answered by a unique and wonderful system of training. And there the mother not only takes part in the child-training; but each department of work claims a part of her time and talents.

In the perpetual change and variety of occupation and the determination to do her duty in the Great Cause of helping humanity woman finds freedom and joy. For Theosophy teaches her to work according to the law of least resistance. So *there* is life and joy.

Happiness and harmony pervade the plan
Peace and determination to serve the law.

AROUSE! let thy soul break in music-thunder,
Let loose the ocean that is in thee pent,
Pour forth thy hope, thy fear, thy love, thy wonder,
And tell the age what all its signs have meant.
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.—LOWELL

A Vedic Hymn*



TO THE UNKNOWN GOD

IN the beginning there arose the Golden Child, (Hiranyagarbha) as soon as born, he alone was the Lord of all that is.

He establishes the earth and this heaven.

Who is this God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

He who gives breath, he who gives strength, whose command all the bright gods revere, whose shadow is immortality, whose Ka is death.

Who is this God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

He who thro' his might, became the sole King of the breathing and twinkling world, who governs all this, man and beast.

Who is this God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

He thro' whose might these snowy mountains are and the sea, they say, with the distant river, the Rasa,†

He of whom these regions are indeed the two arms.

Who is this God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

He thro' whom the awful heaven and the earth were made fast; he thro' whom the ether was established and the firmament; he who measured the air in the sky.

Who is this God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

When the great waters went everywhere, holding the germ, (Hiranyagarbha) and generating light, then arose from them, the sole breath of the Gods.

Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

He who by his might, looked even over the waters which held power (the germ) and generated the sacrifice "light," he who alone is God above all gods.

Who *is* the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

*From the VEDIC HYMNS, in Volume 32, of Sacred Book of the East, translated by Max Muller.

†Like Oceans in some respects.

When I Think

by H. J. Clements



WHEN I think of what I know,
 Earth is hard my feet below,
 And around me is a wall
 Leaning in, about to fall;
 'Neath a roof that hides the sky,
 And within that space am I.

When I think of what I dream,
 Then around me flows a stream
 Sometimes near and sometimes far,
 Sometimes glassing sun and star.
 And within my little land
 Sometimes Lords of Beauty stand;
 And the mountains are afire
 With their purple old desire,
 And along dim shores, the sea
 Sometimes whispers tales to me.
 Yet my mountains and my sea
 Will not let my dreams go free.

But there is no roof above,
 When I think of what I love,
 And there is no earth beneath,
 I am one with life and death;
 And my world is larger far
 Than the realm of any star;
 And within me, deep and deep,
 Universes wake and sleep.

THERE dwelleth in the heart of every creature, O Arjuna, the Master—*Ishwara*—who by his magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve mounted upon the universal wheel of time. Take sanctuary with him alone, O son of Bharata, with all thy soul; by his grace thou shalt obtain supreme happiness, the eternal place.—BHAGAVAD-GITA

Notes

by T. W. W.



I

IT is magnificent to see the advent and progress of the Truth! If we could see all the obstacles that are being overcome, their nature, ramifications and subtleties, we should be astounded at the mystic power of the soul.

We are at a time when great changes have occurred and may individually occur at any moment—the work of years shows its completion in hours.

Rail not at the Law, the natural course of events will some day whirl you along at a pace fast enough for the swiftest. Wherever we are in the *Body* we can learn mighty lessons just now at every moment. Recollect that the *Heart* cannot be severed from the *center*.

II

If men allow themselves to be influenced by moods, they will never get their body out of the control of the false self. It is quite true there is a right time to act, an inspired moment, but true inspiration never will come by waiting till the mood is felt or for the moment to arrive.

Men ought to be able to achieve their highest when they want to, and not depend on the lower influences permitting them to do so. A true man should be able to command the forces of his own being and of Nature, and he will never be truly inspired until he has learned to do so. By intense effort his spiritual nature may become manifested and dominant for a moment. Once this has been achieved the true time and place can be learned for right action: but first of all he has to be *himself* in the highest sense before he *can learn* Divine Wisdom in its own language. For how is it possible to teach or to learn until one is *alive* in the regions where wisdom is found. Once even for a moment, the superior position as a spiritual being is known, then it is possible to learn to live up to that, and to be taught to do so at all times.

So for a man the first thing to gain is strength and this will never be done by passively allowing himself to be governed by moods; but by exercise and purity it can be obtained.

III

There is no locked door to any state of consciousness.

It is as easy to walk out of gloomy thoughts, and the bondage to personal opinions, into the spiritual light of pure ideals, noble principles, and realities, as it is to walk out of a dark, narrow, badly ventilated room, through an unlocked door into the sunshine of Nature. What is required is to mentally *get up and do it* with a similar *confidence and conviction*. It should be con-

stantly impressed upon the mind that principles are not opinions. That there may be a vast difference between Right itself and what may be personally thought right at any time. We should go on trying to think and act perfectly and not stop by the way to discuss, or come to conclusions with anyone, asking whether we acted rightly or wrongly on any particular occasion. Let us leave all judgments and results to the Law, and go on about our business, doing ever more and more right thinking and acting. It is this *continuous accumulation of energy in doing and trying to do fresh acts of Right, that eventually bursts the bonds* and a glint of the real sunshine warms the heart and enlightens the mind, so that it will be in the end quite unnecessary to get the personal agreement of another to convince us of the existence of Right and our possibility of attaining thereto. Anxiety to be agreed with and thought right in our actions—the cause of all personal explanation, excuse, discussion and desire for acknowledgment—arises because we are not on a *sure foundation* and so have not sufficient confidence *in ourselves or in others*.

This being true, the right thing to do is to get this confidence and sure foundation, which can be obtained, by resolutely going on doing right or trying to do so, without excuse or expectation of any acknowledgment or reward therefor. Every act of necessity has its reaction, but by going on and continually entering into the sunshine of a new right action, seeking to follow the line of positive good, then comes no hindering reaction, it becomes instructive only.

When we go through this *silent time of self effort*, we shall feel grateful to every person or circumstance that has forced us to travel this royal road to wisdom. On this path everything helps, our enemies aid us at their own expense, and opposing circumstances, or difficult positions are stepping stones to our good fortune and spiritual progress.

Forgiveness in *the Bible*

by P. L.



Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably unto Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, that she hath received of the Lord's hand *double for all her sins*.—*Isaiah xl, 1-2*

IT is commonly supposed that the Bible represents forgiveness as the remission of the consequences of our sins, by the interposition of some external Power, who steps in to mitigate or prevent entirely the natural results of our disharmony with Universal Law.

The passage quoted above, however, clearly teaches that "forgiveness" (whatever that may mean) follows only after adequate retribution for the of-

fence. Indeed, on the surface meaning of our text, it would appear that twice as much punishment had been inflicted as was required by strict Justice; but this is only oriental hyperbole; an exaggerated expression to indicate the completeness of the balancing action of the Law.

There is then, a discriminating faculty in man, an inward light that we may use to illumine the darkness of our daily path, and in these words the Christ affirms the divinity of man, and strikes a blow at priestcraft which seeks to be the interpreter between God and man.

What constant pain he must have suffered to behold his disciples blundering in the dark, confused, puzzled and constantly wondering "What is this that he saith, we cannot tell what he saith,"—possessing all the powers of wisdom in embryo, yet kept back from their exercise by their strong animal development and the grossness of their minds and bodies.

It is probable that the cause of sorrow awakened in the hearts of the Great Ones by the contemplation of mankind is not so much their actual sufferings, but rather the fact that having such wonderful possibilities of joyous spiritual life, most men are content to grovel on the lower levels of sensation. The man with the muck-rake scratches the ground for sticks and straws, and absorbed in his pursuit does not see the white-robed angel who holds a golden crown just over his head.

The Book of Nature

by a Student



Help Nature and work on with her, and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance.

And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden in the very depths of her pure virgin bosom.

THE object of life is to fulfill our duty and to gather experience. The soul in its endless pilgrimage incarnates into body after body, coming into contact with different experiences, which continually mould and remould the character of the Ego, shaping it into higher and higher forms. This evolution is helped on by outward and inward influences, or it may be considerably retarded at times. Yet even apparent retrogression is often in reality a step forward, through the knowledge which may have been gained thereby.

In these times we are very apt to look upon this evolution through a pair of very highly colored glasses. We have set up an arbitrary standard of what we think desirable, of what progress is, and learning, and useful knowledge,

and education. We look upon culture and civilization as something confined entirely to these latter days, and we are apt to consider even our forefathers of not so very far back as belonging to an after all very crude race of men. At this day we recognize only that civilization most akin to our own as at all worthy of the name, and, like the Romans of old, we dub as "barbarians" all those outside its pale.

In like manner do we attempt to prescribe in what way knowledge is to be obtained, and who are to be the teachers. We require the seal of authority put upon everything, we look for finality in an infinite world. To be educated today means that we have passed through a high school or college, or a university, and the renown of the institution of learning in a large degree forms the measure by which our attainments are judged.

Much of all this knowledge is simply ornamental. Much of it forms an outward polish, perhaps pleasing to the eye, but, as usual with polishes, lying only skin deep and without being founded on truth and real worth within. It is in this respect hypocrisy and a lie, and no less so because perhaps it is unconscious. For man's nature has indeed become so perverted that he often is quite incapable of seeing the truth, that he like all around him mistakes the glitter that forms his outward shell for the real man within, not perceiving that the latter, through his long sojourn in the cramped abode, has become dwarfed and narrow himself, weakening the ties that bind him to his own higher nature—the God which each one, at times at least, finds appealing for recognition in his breast.

Another part of the knowledge imparted is that which is generally called useful. All *real* knowledge is useful, but the knowledge mostly so regarded is that by whose aid man is enabled in some way to forward his own personal interests. This he is systematically taught to do in every possible way, regardless of the consequences to others. It comes from the general acceptance of that most pernicious doctrine of "the survival of the fittest." The same doctrine may just as well be expressed in that other well-known phrase, "To the victor belong the spoils," for in reality this means the same thing, or in still other words, "might is right."

It is just as well to put it bluntly, so that he who runs may read. Our intellectual and spiritual doctors of today mostly serve us sugar-coated pills, in which, while they may be pleasant to the taste, the sugar entirely counteracts and nullifies the action of the useful, health-restoring drug.

And while much of the knowledge gained may be of real assistance in the upbuilding of our character, yet it is so covered up with all kinds of dross that only the most careful and patient search will reveal the important truths contained therein. It is the dross due to making knowledge subservient to selfish ends.

Some of the wisest men that have lived have left behind them a storehouse of knowledge in the shape of books, treating of the subject they had laboriously studied and which they had mastered in greater or less degree. In these books

we find a rich fund to draw upon, and, wisely used, they become of incalculable value to us, lessening our toil and making it possible for us to cover the ground traversed by these writers in immeasurably shorter time than they required. And yet, in a way, we have to learn just as they did, we have to make their knowledge our own before it becomes of any use to us whatever, and through us to others. We must make it our own very much in the same way as they did it, by experiencing, by living out the truths we have learned from them.

No knowledge comes to us ready-made. No matter how simple a teaching, no matter how plain the words, different persons will always read a book differently. Each will read it as it looks to him through his individual pair of spectacles, and they all differ as much as their owners do. The clearer they are, without tint of envy or hate or covetousness, the clearer is also the view they give us, and the more nearly do we perceive what the teachers and writers meant to convey.

Yet progress is the law of the universe. If we felt satisfied to only make that knowledge our own, which others possessed before, then we might just as well not have lived at all, for we would then have added nothing, would not have paid our debt to nature, we would then have lived only for the purpose of ourselves, advancing to a very limited state of perfection without having helped the rest of mankind on its journey.

Those who have gone before us have gathered that which they have left to us from the limitless storehouse of Nature, that great book which lies open to all who will but approach it in the right spirit. It is a living book, which speaks to us through all that we perceive with the outer senses, if we but use them so that we do not destroy the higher, inner senses, which reveal to us the real inner meaning of the things perceived.

Nature is a kind mother, but as just as she is compassionate. She knows no preference, but works on for all her children, treating all alike, and requiring the same impartial justice from them. She requires of them that they, too, shall love one another, shall help her as she helps them, that they shall look upon and work for the welfare of all creation as if that welfare were their own. She requires of them that they shall strive to understand her work and harmonize their lives with it.

As they do so, so does she begin to reveal and unfold herself to them. As they do so, so does their inner vision become clearer, do the clouds disappear, the scales that had blinded their vision one by one fall away. Where sight and sound were meaningless before, there appear now in their place the most wondrous truths, seen and heard by the now partly awakened soul, which thereby day by day comes into yet closer contact with Nature.

The book of Nature lies open to all men, but they themselves must do the reading. Its alphabet must be learned, its language understood, ere the knowledge it imparts becomes intelligible. That language is the language of the heart, and only he can read it who approaches it with a simple, open mind,

free from prejudices as from selfish desires. For selfishness is the dark veil which hides the light that radiates from the thousand pages of Nature's book, while love and compassion bring us nearer to the Universal Mind which has printed its wisdom thereon.

A Dream

by M. P.

MY first conscious realization was that I stood in a chariot drawn by a pair of horses—in my right hand a whip, in my left the reins. Horses, chariot, harness, whip, my dress, all were white—a shining white. I stood quite confidently and fearlessly, and though I held the reins firmly in my hand I did not guide or try to guide the horses but let them take their own way. I was not afraid even when they would break from a quiet walk into a mad gallop straight ahead, or plunge from side to side and then suddenly settle to a trot or a slow walk, or as quickly starting again into a mad run leave the road and tear across the country disregarding all obstacles.

I looked at them curiously for a while wondering why they did this, for I could see no cause. I felt no fear of them however for there was with me a sure conviction that I *could* guide them where and how I would; but I did not seem to wish to guide them, my interest was in the place about me in looking at the distant view and wondering what was beyond, though I passed along so swiftly I could only see indistinctly and no impression was left on my mind.

After a time I quite forgot I was standing in a swaying chariot drawn by untamed steeds, coming from where I did not know, going whither I could not tell, when suddenly my confidence and assurance were shaken by an unusual plunge of the horses which threw them against some obstacle in the road and nearly pulled the reins from my hand, almost flinging me from the chariot.

I regained my feet trembling with fear, feeling I was being carried into some horrible peril. The horses still rushed madly along but after a little the trembling ceased and I could see objects about me. Now instead of looking at the far off view I looked near at hand and found that I was sometimes going through still and barren places, then through woods, through grassy fields, and again through cities crowded with people, through houses, halls and streets, but no obstacle barred my way.

I seemed to be the only one in a chariot yet no one seemed to notice me, all were intent on their own affairs. As I grew more accustomed to my sur-

roundings I seemed to feel that many of the crowd were in distress and trouble and grief. At first it had only been the crowd I saw; now I began to distinguish separate groups and individuals, and, as I passed, I could feel from some a sense of peace and love, from others anger and hatred, but no words, no sound.

Still my horses rushed madly along; and presently I noticed that from their wild rush people were thrown down or swept along by them, but on I went. Now a new fear came; I was fearful my horses would trample the people on the way, I strove to call to them but could make no sound; a wild impulse came to me to jump from the chariot and pull the people away, but the thought came, "then no one will hold the reins," for through it all I held the reins in my left hand, the whip in my right. Yet I dared not use the whip and my fearsome nervous pulling at the reins made no impression on the pace of my running steeds. I looked in front along the road and to my horror saw a little child directly in my path,—I must act, so, with a courage born of horror, anguish and despair rolling in upon me in an awful mass, I stood more firmly erect, took a stronger grasp of the reins and pulled with a steady gentle pressure, at the same time starting to use my whip. At the mere motion of my whip, to my great joy my horses dropped into a calm trot and as I passed, the child looked at me with a smile that seemed to carry a blessing to me.

Now, for the first time, I saw that my horses were not as white as at first, on them here and there were black spots. I looked at my chariot,—that too was spotted, the shining white that had been over both of the horses was dimmed. I was troubled, I could find no reason for it; I looked to find some one to tell me about it, but I saw no one to ask, for the people all about me did not see me or, seeing, did not heed—only the little child had greeted me. I strove to call but was powerless.

Then to my troubles was added the conviction that my passing among the people affected them though they saw me not. I saw reflected in them my despair, fear, horror, sorrow or joy according to my mood. As I approached one group who I felt were quarreling, I saw their quarrel grew more fierce. As I drew nearer I wanted to call to them to do something for them but I could make no sound. Just then my attention was attracted to my horses, and I saw that the shining of the white appeared less dim and the spots did not look so dark. I continued watching them and saw the spots grow larger, then smaller, then fade. Some would disappear entirely, others come on another part of the horses, sometimes the shining would grow quite bright and then again grow dim. I watched the changes until I found that I could make the spots appear and disappear, could brighten the shining or darken it by the way I held the reins and used the whip, and I saw too that the people were affected differently according as the spots were dark or white, or the shining dimmed or brightened, and I grew happier and more confident.

But, as I looked, a dark shadow fell over me, my horses were lost and transformed in it, new fears possessed me, my horses were again carrying me

where they would. Fearfully I looked about to see the cause, yet almost afraid to see it. Still I looked and saw a shape in the semblance of a man, but not a man. It seemed real yet unreal, it seemed to change before my eyes, it grew large then small, then it melted away and again reassembled itself together. I saw it was of a greyish lead-like color and that it kept even pace with the horses between them and the chariot. It urged the horses this way and that against my guiding—how I could not tell. It took a more compact form and came nearer as if it would enter the chariot beside me or push me out. I pulled the horses about but in my fear nearly upset the chariot, and I saw to my dismay that though I had escaped the shape for that time yet it seemed more compact, more powerful than ever; it menaced the people and affected them for evil as it came nearer to me, and I saw too that the shape was more bold as we approached some of the groups or individuals while from a few it receded.

When I saw the people made the shape stronger it only added to my terrors and as I grew afraid the shape redoubled its efforts to come nearer. I strove to get away from the people and from the shape; I tried to turn back and rush away, back over the road I had come, but the more I sought to get away the more I became entangled in the crowd, the bolder the shape became—it reached out to grasp me and hurl me from the chariot, it seemed too as if the people would help it. I strove to call out to them, to appeal to them for help but I could make no sound.

My one desire was to get away, away from the people, away from the shape. To do so I would even spring from the chariot, leave the shape and the horses to do their worst, but I saw no opening, the people hemmed me in on every side. To spring out would place me in a worse plight, the fear that I might be the first victim of horses and shape held me to the chariot, for the chariot gave me some measure of protection.

All this time the horses were carrying me, fast or slowly at their will, into new places, among different people but among none whom I knew and the shape always near. I was becoming numb with terror, I felt myself going into new and strange horrors, I was becoming indifferent to my surroundings and to the harm I might do to the people; my fear of the shape was my strongest thought, but I saw no way of escape—I felt helpless.

Presently the horses turned into what looked like a park, I saw many shrubs, trees and flowers on every side, but no people. Then my horses turned into a road that seemed to stretch in front as far as I could see, but nothing moving on it, nothing but I and the horses and the shape,—when suddenly I saw sitting in the road a figure, whether man or woman I could not tell, the attitude was one of despair, of hopeless misery; the form made no effort to get out of the way of my horses; I was half indifferent. As we came nearer I felt that the shape had seen the form as well as I, and I realized that the shape had some dreadful purpose and that if this was accomplished some dire calamity would come to the form. This served to rouse me from my

lethargy of fear, I felt I must subdue the shape, I must avert the peril that overshadowed the waiting form. I stood erect and with a new courage born of my pity for the helpless one, I gathered the reins in a steady hand, held the whip firmly, and strove to find voice to bid the shape begone. For the first time speech came to me and with a word of command I turned my whip upon the shape. At my word and gesture it seemed to melt and fade away, and as it did so I saw the form lift its head as if a burden had been taken away, I saw it rising, and then I had passed on. But I went on in a new way, I felt courage and strength had come, I could control the horses and dispel the shape which still returned and hovered near, I need but use the reins with firmness of purpose, with a steady, constant pressure, use the whip not to punish but to emphasize and carry my will.

Now the horses answered to my slightest pressure ; the shape came like a cloud in a shadowy form, but I knew it was the shape and turned my whip against it and said some word—what I do not know—I only spoke when I saw the shape and then it was gone. Once more I could look about me, but in a new way, and as I looked I saw ahead an archway. I could not see through the arch, there seemed to be a barrier of some sort, yet not a gate or door. It looked as though I could not pass through, but I felt that I must go through the archway in spite of the barrier and I guided my horses toward it. I saw nothing to right or left of the archway, it seemed to stand out from a veil of silvery mist. As I drew nearer I looked for some way to open the barrier but I saw only a smooth surface, still I went on confidently and as my horses' heads touched the barrier it melted away and I found myself in the midst of a great company all in white—a shining white. I heard no word, yet their faces shone with a light that filled me with joy, and a great peace came upon me

Sign-Posts Along *the Path**

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THE word “evolution” is the best word from a Theosophical standpoint to use in treating of the genesis of men and things, as the process which it designates is that which has been always stated in the ancient books from whose perusal the tenets of the Wisdom Religion can be gathered. In the *Bhagavad Gita* we hear Krishna saying that “at the beginning of the day of Brahma all things come forth from the non-developed principle, and at the coming on of Brahma’s night they are resolved into it again”, and that this process goes on from age to age. This exactly states evolution as it is defined in dictionaries, where it is said to be a coming forth or a development. The “days and nights of Brahma” are

* Extracts from *THE PATH*, Vol. V

immense periods of time during which evolution proceeds, the manifestation of things being the "day" and their periodical resolution into the Absolute, the "night."

If, then, everything is evolved, the word creation can only be properly applied to any combination of things already in existence, since the primordial matter or basis cannot be created.

The basis of the Theosophical system is evolution, for in Theosophy it is held that all things are already in *esse*, being brought forth or evolved from time to time in conformity to the inherent law of the Absolute. The very next question to be asked is, What is this inherent law of the Absolute? as nearly as can be stated. Although we do not and cannot know the Absolute, we have enough data from which to draw the conclusion that its inherent law is to periodically come forth from subjectivity into objectivity and to return again to the former, and so on without cessation. In the objective world we have a figure or illustration of this in the rising and setting of the sun, which of all natural objects best shows the influence of the law. It rises, as H. P. Blavatsky says, from the (to us) subjective, and at night returns to the subjective again, remaining in the objective world during the day. If we substitute, as we must when attempting to draw correspondences between the worlds, the word "state" for locality or place, and instead of the sun we call that object "the Absolute", we have a perfect figure, for then we will have the Absolute rising above the horizon of consciousness from the subjective state, and its setting again for that consciousness when the time of night arrives,— that is, the night of Brahma. This law of periodicity is the same as that of the cycles, which can be seen governing in every department of Nature.

But let us assume a point of departure so as to get a rapid survey of evolution Theosophically considered. And let it be at the time when this period of manifestation began. What was projected into the objective world at that time must have been life itself, which under the action of the law of differentiation split itself up into a vast number of lives, which we may call individual, the quantity of which it is not possible for us of finite mind to count. In the Hindu system these are called Jivas and Jivatman. Within these lives there is contained the entire plan to be pursued during the whole period of manifestation, since each life is a copy of the great All from which it came. Here a difficulty arises for studious minds, calling for some attention, for they may ask, "What then do you do with that which we call 'matter', and by and through which the lives manifest themselves?"

The reply is that the so-called matter is an illusion and is not real matter but that the latter— sometime known in Europe as primordial matter— cannot be seen by us. The real matter is itself only another form of the life first thrown out, but in a less perfect state of differentiation, and it is on a screen of this real matter that its inner energies project pictures which we call matter, mistaking them for the real. It may then be further asked, "Have we not been led to suppose that that which we supposed was matter

but which you now say is an illusion is something absolutely necessary to the soul for acquiring experiences of nature?" To this I reply that such is not the case, but that the matter needed for the soul to acquire experience through is the real unseen matter. It is that matter of which psychic bodies are composed, and those other material "things" all the way up to spirit. It is to this that the *Bhagavad Gita* refers where it says that spirit (purusha) and matter (prakriti) are co-eternal and not divisible from each other. That which we and science are accustomed to designate matter is nothing more than our limited and partial cognition of the phenomena of the real or primordial matter. This position is not overturned by pointing to the fact that all men in general have the same cognitions of the same objects, that square objects are always square and that shadows fall in the same line for all normal people, for even in our own experience we see that there is such a thing as a collective change of cognition, and that thus it is quite possible that all normal people are merely on the single plane of consciousness where they are not yet able to cognize anything else. In the case of hypnotizing, everything appears to the subject to be different at the will of the operator, which would not be possible if objects had any inherent actuality of their own apart from our consciousness.

In order to justify a discussion of the Theosophical system of evolution, it is necessary to see if there be any radical difference between it and that which is accepted in the world, either in scientific circles or among theologians. That there is such a distinction can be seen at once, and we will take first that between it and theology. Here, of course, this is in respect to the genesis of the inner man more especially, although theology makes some claim to know about race descent. The Church either says that the soul of each man is a special creation in each case or remains silent on the subject, leaving us, as it was once so much the fashion to say, "In the hands of a merciful Providence," who after all says nothing on the matter. But when the question of the race is raised, then the priest points to the Bible, saying that we all come from one pair, Adam and Eve. On this point theology is more sure than science, as the latter has no data yet and does not really know whether we owe our origin to one pair, male and female, or to many. Theosophy, on the other hand, differs from the Church, asserting that *Paramatma* alone is self-existing, single, eternal, immutable, and common to all creatures, high and low alike; hence it never was and never will be created; that the soul of man evolves, is consciousness itself, and is not specially created for each man born on the earth, but assumes through countless incarnations different bodies at different times. Underlying this must be the proposition that, for each Manvantara or period of manifestation, there is a definite number of souls or egos who project themselves into the current of evolution, which is to prevail for that period or manvantara. Of course this subject is limitless, and the consideration of the vast number of systems and worlds where the same process is going on with a definite number of egos in each, staggers the minds of most of those who take

the subject up. And of course I do not mean to be understood as saying that there is a definite number of egos in the whole collection of systems in which we imagine evolution is proceeding, for there could be no such definiteness considered in the mass, as that would be the same as taking the measure of the Absolute. But in viewing any part of the manifestation of the Absolute, it is allowable for us to say that there are to be found such a definite number of egos in that particular system under consideration; this is one of the necessities of our finite consciousness. Following out the line of our argument we reach the conclusion that, included within the great wave of evolution which relates to the system of which this earth is a part, there are just so many egos either fully developed or in a latent state. These have gone round and round the wheel of rebirth, and will continue to do so until the wave shall meet and be transformed into another. Therefore there could be no such thing as a special creation of souls for the different human beings born on this earth, and for the additional reason that, if there were, then spirit would be made subservient to illusion, to mere human bodies. So that in respect to theology we deny the propositions, *first*, that there is any special creation of souls; *second*, that there is, or was, or could be by any possibility any creation of this world or of any other; *third*, that the human race descended from one pair.

In taking up the difference existing between our theory and that of science we find the task easy. Upon the question of progress, and how progress or civilization may be attained by man, and whether any progress could be possible if the theories of science be true, our position is that there could be no progress if the law of evolution as taught in the schools is true, even in a material sense. In this particular we are diametrically opposed to science. Its assumption is that the present race on the earth may be supposed to belong to a common stock which in its infancy was rude and barbarous, knowing little more than the animal, living like the animal, and learning all it knows simply by experience gained in its contest with nature through its development. Hence they give us the paleolithic age, and so on. In this scheme we find no explanation of how man comes to have innate ideas. Some, however, seeing the necessity for an explanation of this phenomenon, attempt it in various ways; and it is a phenomenon of the greatest importance. It is explained by Theosophy in a way peculiar to itself, and of which more will be said as we go on.—*Evolution*, W. Q. J., p. 145.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power,
 Yet not for power (power of itself
 Would come unasked for) but to live by law,
 Acting the law we live by without fear;
 And, because right is right, to follow right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

— TENNYSON

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



FRAGMENT

IN the *Bhagavad-Gita* great stress is laid by Krishna on the description of his own nature; and naturally so, as all our understanding can only come through him and depends on our recognizing him within us.

This can only be brought about by the awakening of our intuition; and as words and sentences are only clothings of thoughts, a language pointing to the development of something beyond thought, may and does contain apparent contradictions, when read and submitted to reasoning. These apparent contradictions cannot be solved except by the development of intuition, and all commentaries on such subjects can only tend to induce a student to do this.

There is in the ninth chapter of the *Gita* such an apparent contradiction in Slokas four and five, which read:

Fourth Sloka. By me is spread out this whole Universe in my invisible form; all creatures exist in me, I exist not in them.

Fifth Sloka. Creatures exist not in me. Behold my divine Yoga: My Self, the upholder, not in creatures existing, is the substance of creatures.

Thus Sloka fourth says: "All creatures exist in me"—and Sloka fifth flatly contradicts this and says: "Creatures exist not in me."

Now in Sloka sixth we may find a clue—if we seize it. It says: "As the eternal, everywhere-going, great air exists in ether, so all creatures exist in me—thus understand!"

This comparison seems to be the only one which may be taken from the physical plane and explain something. Let us take another and see if it holds good. A brick soaked through with water and then put into a tub containing water, would be such an example; the water is within the brick and the brick is within the water, but there is really no communication between the water and the brick, and only the interstices or empty channels of the brick are filled up with water. The water cannot be said to be the substance of the brick, and the comparison fails.

But if we compare, as Krishna says, ether and air, we find:

First. Air comes next to ether in evolution, it is the *vahan* or clothing of ether; ether is the noumenon of air, the phenomenon, and the word substance must be taken in the sense Spinoza uses it. Then it explains the words: *My Self is the Substance of creatures.*

Second. Air being a limited mass, whirling along with our globe in ether-filled space, is therefore in ether, and this explains the words: *All creatures exist in me.*

Third. Now ether being the noumenon and air the phenomenon, and the phenomenon being unable to exist within the noumenon, thus are explained the words: *Creatures exist not in me.*

Fourth. What we call air bears this name on account of certain qualities which we detect in it with our senses. These qualities cannot apply to those ether possesses, about which we know nothing, and which must be different from those of ether which is of a different prakritic plane. Therefore the words: *I exist not in them* (the creatures). Moreover we may pull all of the air out of a closed vessel, while all the ether remains in it, still carrying lightwaves; thus ether does not depend on air and cannot be said to have its existence depending on that of air, or as Krishna says, exist in it.

I think that all the apparent contradictions in the *Gita* may become cleared up, if we go right at them, when they present themselves to us. First, our intuition must tell us: It is all true. We must not believe it to be true, because someone told us so; but the feeling within our heart must have given us this absolute conviction: It is true. Then only can we try to solve apparent difficulties, and will solve them, although we may not be able to just explain our solutions, as we have them, to others.

M. A. OPPERMANN

Mirror of the Movement



News from Loma-land

Our Leader, Katherine Tingley, is continuing her series of lectures at San Diego, and since I last wrote has spoken to great audiences on "The Evils of Psychology," "The Lost Mysteries of Music," and "The New Order of Ages," great, eloquent, and highly instructive addresses, full of the most valuable teaching. Truly the world has an opportunity now such as has not occurred for ages to put its affairs in order, for here is a Teacher who is showing the way out of the maze of contradictions and entanglements that humanity has heedlessly wandered into! The lecture of November 17, an anniversary of note in the Movement, was especially striking, as it dealt almost exclusively with the subject of the two opposing aspects of psychology, and the development of the higher side of human nature, and distinguished this desirable end from the dangerous and delusive hypnotic follies so prevalent. In her address she spoke in plainest language of the development of the positive element in each one; that even the smallest action—drinking a cup of water for instance—should be done with full purpose,—from the standpoint of the Soul. Thus would responsibility for every act and thought grow, and the positive element of soul-life become so strong that no external, weakening, evil influence, would have any power to affect one.

Thinking of these great meetings, crowded with listeners, hungry, eager for light on the problems of life, one's mind naturally goes back to the early days. Those who were with the Chief, William Q. Judge, in the old days, know how much time and energy was needed to keep the fires alight and to arouse the attention of the public—but today how different. Look at the membership all over the world. Twenty years ago, W. Q. Judge held his meetings in an empty hall and talked to empty seats. Today, look at the great audiences who come to hear Katherine Tingley. Thousands come today to our meetings and in turn speed the message to thousands more until the whole world is touched. The seed planted in the early days by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge is become a great tree laden with fruit. Truly the Theosophical Movement has had a hard battle to fight, but thanks to the magnificent devotion and astonishing skill of the Leader, it is now safe and in a far better position than ever before, or than could have been dreamed of a few years ago.

Activities

The manifold activities at the Point are rapidly consolidating, each one having its sphere of action more clearly defined and permanent homes for many of the Departments are being established. The Silk Culture is growing steadily in extent and importance, and has passed out of the experimental stage. It has been found necessary to enlist the services of still more of the students to help in this increasing work, for in this wonderful climate there is no period of harsh weather to prevent the hatching and feeding of the silk worms and under the skillful management they get, their death-rate is almost nil.

The Amphitheater is now complete and is a thing of great beauty. Probably before these lines are in print a representation on a large scale will have been given within its spacious arena.

* * *

**Arrival of Visitor
and Welcome
Return of
Miss Bergman**

Amongst the new arrivals we have welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Smith of Chicago. Mr. Smith is the devoted President of the Chicago Lodge of The Universal Brotherhood, whose genial hospitality and unaffected kindness are so well-known to traveling members. On November 13, we had the long-wished-for satisfaction of greeting our dear comrade and music-teacher, Miss Bergman. The following extract from the Los Angeles *Herald*, speaks for itself:

POINT LOMA WELCOMES MISS ELLEN BERGMAN

SAN DIEGO, Nov. 13—The students of the Isis Conservatory at Loma Homestead were delighted today to welcome once more Miss Ellen Bergman on her return from a six months' absence in Sweden. Miss Bergman was formerly teacher and gold medalist of the Royal Academy of Music, Stockholm, Sweden. She has been specially successful as a teacher of singing at the Isis Conservatory, both among the children and the more advanced pupils, and she has endeared herself to all by her warm heart and charming manners. Great were the rejoicings therefore on her arrival at Loma Homestead. The grand entrance was decorated with the flags of all nations, while the New Century guard and the children of the Lotus Home turned out in full force to celebrate the occasion.

* * *

Many greetings were brought by Miss Bergman to the Leader and comrades from the many devoted hearts in Sweden. While there Miss Bergman did considerable lecturing last summer. Before she left the fall and winter Activities had already commenced and signs are everywhere apparent of an increased interest on the part of the public.

Last week Brother H. H. Somers of San Francisco spent a few days at the Homestead, having been invited down to attend to some special matters connected with the work on the Pacific Coast. He reports continued steady work on the part of the San Francisco Lodge, and one always remembers its record of work in the past and its energy and fire in the early days. Thus one always looks for much from San Francisco, and so to hear of the Symposium recently given with great success and the Lodge work and monthly public meetings was only another evidence of the possibilities that lie before all the Lodges which, throughout the country, are being so well utilized in the furtherance of the Movement.

* * *

**Work in
the Lodges**

Today all the Lodges can work much better than at any time previously, for the public mind knows what the Universal Brotherhood stands for, and although there are still certain factions which use the name Theosophy, yet their methods of work are so different, the solid practical work of the Universal Brotherhood is not in any way affected thereby. The public mind refuses to be blinded by the mere name Theosophical and demands practice as well as theory. Many who have heretofore been prejudiced because of the misuse of the name of Theosophy, as though we endorsed all that

went under that name, have entered heartily into the spirit of the Movement now that the veils have been withdrawn and the clear lines drawn between the true and the false. In fact quite a new class of people is becoming interested. On the one hand are those who, in their eager search for some soul-satisfying philosophy and a knowledge of right living, have run the whole gamut of inquiry into all systems, and on the other those who are wearied with the strife and unrest in the world—these both find their hearts' longings answered in Theosophy and their ideals made actual in the Brotherhood work. Especially is there an increase in the ranks of the children reported throughout the whole Organization. In San Diego the Lotus Group receives new additions at almost everyone of its meetings.

It must be a great satisfaction to all acquainted with the early history of the Society to know that one part of the work which is peculiarly associated with the name of William Q. Judge and which has weathered all the storms and assaults of enemies is permanently established at Point Loma. The name of the Aryan Theosophical Society will ever remain as a landmark in the history of the Movement, and an additional interest is added to the fact of its establishment at Loma-land by the presence here of those two veteran workers, E. A. Neresheimer and H. T. Patterson, whose devotion to duty on their various lines of work serves as an example and inspiration to the younger members.

* * *

Music, Etc

The Leader says, "Everyone at heart is a musician," and the teaching power of music is continually being exemplified here. The Leader has lately given great attention to this subject and is introducing methods of teachings which are marvels on new lines, yet simple, natural and delightful to the learner. Taking advantage of the lines of least resistance, combining the inner harmonies of nature and sound, the new method draws out the music in the soul and interests the child's mind in raising it up to the plane of sound. To watch a lesson in singing to the tiny children in the Isis Conservatory of Music is a revelation hitherto unsuspected by musicians.

Lotus Groups and B. B. C.

At San Diego music forms an important part of the work of the Lotus Group and Boys' Brotherhood Club. Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, who is so well known for his musical abilities and splendid voice, is training the Lotus children there in voice production and chorus singing, with great success. Though the instruction has been commenced but a few weeks the progress of the children in quality and tone is marked.

* * *

More Group Houses

Students' Group House No. 2 is being rapidly proceeded with. It is to be leased and occupied by Mr. Neresheimer, and another of these beautiful houses will be erected shortly for Mr. Hanson. Each home is of different design.

* * *

Outsider's Opinion of Loma-land and the Work

It is well to see ourselves as others see us, and the following quotations from a report published in the *Los Angeles Herald* of November 10, 1901, one of the most important papers in California, a leading journal of wide circulation, will prove of interest and value, for it is written by a perfectly dispassionate journalist, previously unacquainted with the aims or extent of the Universal Brotherhood and its active center of force and work at the Point:

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD'S HOME AT LOMA-LAND MAN'S BETTERMENT IS HERE SOUGHT FOR

by RALPH STRONG

* * * Within the last fortnight I spent two days on the Point. I went with a mind free from bias or prejudice, and came away impressed by the mental and moral

character of the persons I met, and by the results I saw of the practical everyday working of the brotherhood idea. Of the philosophy of Theosophy I learned very little. William Q. Judge, the successor of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, was pre-eminently a philosopher. Katherine Tingley, his successor, is pre-eminently an accomplisher. He might have tried to explain to me the theory of Karma; she showed me the results.

* * * * *

To the south of these main buildings are the children's group houses, where the visitor who is fortunate enough to be admitted will see marvelous results of the Brotherhood system of child training and education.

It was my privilege to accompany Katherine Tingley and three members of her advisory cabinet, Messrs. F. M. Pierce, Secretary-General; E. August Neresheimer, Treasurer-General, and Walter T. Hanson, on a tour of inspection of the children's group houses.

We came first to an open pavilion, where a dozen or more little girls, from six to twelve, were at play. They were of all sizes, three or four nationalities, and came from both rich and poor parents. A number were children of Cuban refugees, brought to Point Loma by Mrs. Tingley. One little girl, brighter than the rest, served as caretaker for the group. They are under her control at play, and accepted her leadership with the brotherhood spirit, remarkable for such elementary Theosophists. These little girls, in common with the rest of the one hundred children at Point Loma, showed great affection for Mrs. Tingley.

In another place a company of twenty-five lads, from nine to fifteen, were drilling up and down a driveway under command of an exceptionally bright boy. Like the little girls, these lads came from all sorts and conditions of life. There varied in residence at Point Loma from two years to a few weeks. There were Cuban and Spanish boys brought from the islands. Those who had been at the Point longest showed invariably the best health, intelligence and manliness. As their names were called they stepped out, saluted and acquitted themselves like little men.

Off to one side a handsome, hatless young woman of an English type, was drilling ten Cuban and Spanish boys brought very recently from Cuba.

"My great secret in education lies in the fact that there is here no separation between teaching and home life," said Mrs. Tingley.

Then we went into the head group house, an octagonal building containing a large central room, in which were a piano and all the refinements of a tasteful home. Presently some seventy-five children came in, the boys in blue sweaters and the girls largely in white. These were the children in the Raja Yoga School, one of the principal institutions in Loma-land. They sang and performed a slow and graceful dance, united with a calisthenic movement. Their enjoyment of all this was evidently keen. There was no sign of self-consciousness, no disposition to "show off" before visitors.

"They are never allowed to fail," said Mrs. Tingley. "They learn here the religion of self-reliance. Then at last, when they go out alone into the world, they do not fall at the first disaster or temptation. This, we think, is the course most calculated to help and strengthen the child."

I cannot better close than with these words from Katherine Tingley, spoken for *The Herald*:

"The touchstone of our work is altruism. No one who is self-seeking, anxious for position or fame, is likely to join our ranks, for he is sure to be disappointed in his search. Among our workers are many men and women of wide experience and great business, professional or literary capability, who not only give their services, but also contribute financially to the support of the work.

"The purpose of the work is to bring back to man a true knowledge of himself and of the meaning and purpose of existence, to show him that joy and happiness are his heritage, and that these are attainable now; that it is not necessary to wait for some far-off

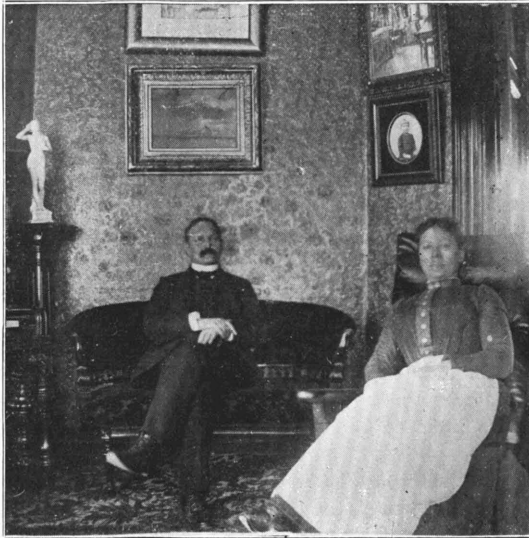
hypothetical heaven after death, but that Christ's words are absolutely and literally true, that the kingdom of heaven is within you.

“But our purpose is far more than merely to preach goodness; it includes also the exposure and eradication of evil, and an active, constant warfare until humanity shall awake and shake off the incubus which the dogmas of original sin and vicarious atonement have become, eating out its manhood and its very life. It is because of this searchlight which Theosophy and the Universal Brotherhood throws on the lives of men that it has aroused the opposition and the enmity of all those whose interest it is to keep man enslaved, who live upon his fear-given adherence to these dogmas, who teach, for a price, the fear of God and the authority of the church.

“As for the scope of this work, it stops at nothing short of the regeneration of the whole of humanity—it is universal, as its name implies. It is absolutely unsectarian and non-political; it enters into every department of life and human endeavor; there is no human need that it does not satisfy, no suffering that it does not alleviate.

“I declare that Theosophy has a new message for the world, a message of hope even to the most hopeless, the most despairing. And I declare, too, that if men and women will turn away from the fear that the professed teachers of religion have engendered in their hearts and will go back to the practical teachings and the very words of Christ, they will find Theosophy there, for the teachings of Christ are the teachings of Theosophy.”

OBSERVER



DR. AND MRS. BOGREN OF HELSINGBORG, SWEDEN

Reports of Lodges



U. B. Lodge No. 1, Sydney, Australia

Our last monthly public meeting was held on the first Sunday in August in our Lodge rooms, commencing at 7:30 p. m. These meetings generally last about an hour and a half. There was a grand rally of comrades on this occasion. The meeting opened by

a selection of Beethoven played on the piano. The president, Bro. T. W. Willans, then read a preliminary paper explaining the work and various departments of the Universal Brotherhood organization, and read articles from the U. B. Constitution showing the humanitarian character of the work, as well as its non-political and unsectarian nature. We then had one of Schubert's "Musical Moments" played prior to the reading of the papers on living questions from the Theosophical standpoint.

After this a collection was taken up, while a melody of Mozart's was played. Questions were then invited by the president, after which he announced the forthcoming public entertainment and next public meeting, and members' meetings. The meeting was brought to a close by another musical selection from Beethoven. Our visitors were much pleased with the meeting and our literature brought to their notice, and they were also handed programs and I. B. L. slips. Our meetings are invariably of a cheerful, quiet and dignified character, and the daily newspapers always give us a good notice.

On the other Sunday evenings of the month we meet together and carry out as nearly as possible the "Suggestions" of the Leader. We have the ceremony of the smokers' offering on one Sunday, and it always causes joyful applause on the part of the non-smokers. On the other evenings we select the subjects for the public addresses and also the music for both the public meeting and the entertainments. At the latter we generally have an interesting program.

We advertise both the public meeting and the entertainment well in the daily papers.

The entertainment of which the program is given above was carried out very successfully. The strength and feeling of the meeting was most marked. The president voiced the success of the gathering when he said that we had reached high water mark in our program tonight.

SECRETARY

Sydney, 13th August, 1901.

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U. B. Lodge No. 1, Sydney, Australia

[Delayed Report]

President's address to members of Lodge No. 1, Australia, April 21, 1901, as entered in minute book:

COMRADES: In opening our assembly tonight I feel that you should hear the truth of the Law, "That whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." That those of our faithful comrades that have given up their time and energy during the last two years in particular to help to sustain our great Cause of Brotherhood in this country, and have thereby subordinated to that extent their personal worldly interests, have not done so in vain. Nor should such sacrifice of their worldly advancement be looked upon as foolish in the eye of the greater interests of our true life. For in this devotion to our Cause they have sown the seed which will enable them to reap the priceless treasures of the Soul. Whenever unselfish service is rendered especially in association with the Great Helpers of the Race of which our Teacher and Leader, Katherine Tingley, is the representative. *be sure*, good hearts! you have sown seed that will reap a rich harvest and the purer the service, the truer it was done, for the good of all, or the Lodge, without regard to the benefits that will be personally received, the larger, the richer, and the more fruitful will be the glorious harvest that must in the eye of the Law be your portion.—T. W. WILLANS

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Correspondence Between Chicago Members and Swedish Comrades

To the Presidents and Members of Lodges 70 and 45, Chicago, U. S. A.:

DEAR COMRADES: By Miss Ellen Bergman we have received your kind and brotherly letter, as well as your beautiful American flag, which we always shall treasure as a symbol of the land where the U. B. has its Headquarters.

In order to unite our Lodges still more closely and make the link between our countries stronger and more powerful, we beg you to accept our Swedish flag, belonging like yours, to a country where liberty of speech and conscience exists. Please accept, dear Comrades, our heartfelt thanks for your kind thoughts. We hope forever to work with you for the realization of our lofty program and our principal aim: The Liberation of Humanity. Ever sincerely and fraternally yours,
H. CEDERSCHIOLD,
President, and Members of Lodge No. 1, Stockholm, Sweden

511 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO, JULY 21, 1901

To H. CEDERSCHIOLD, President, and Members of Lodge No. 1, U. B., Stockholm, Sweden

DEAR COMRADES: I should have acknowledged before this the beautiful Swedish flag, which you sent us and which we value so much, not only because of the richness and beauty of its texture and colors, colors which stand for so much as National emblem and as principles those colors represent, but also for the true comradeship and fellowship which accompanied your gift, in fact long preceded it, flying swiftly as the lightning, with deific power of love and thought, while your letter by mail was not so very long delayed. The flag, however, was somewhat delayed, by duty requirements and arrangements, all of which, however, were well repaid on receiving it and viewing its bright hued colors. We shall so much enjoy, standing for you and your presence in our Lodge room and representing also when put beside our National emblem, the alliance between the Swedish and American Lodges of the U. B. in the great cause we serve.

Having thus raised your standard alongside of ours in our Lodge, it will be our great pleasure to uphold them there, in the enjoyment of the double strength of both, tied together with that cable tow, which we are now beginning to learn how rightly to use. With earnest, sincere greetings. Ever fraternally yours,

THE CHICAGO LODGES U. B.

By Alpheus M. Smith, President of Lodge No. 70



Report of Cambridge Lotus Group No. 31, for August

The line of work instituted last month, viz.: Short talks by the Superintendent about "The Houses We Live In," has been continued, the subjects being "The Keepers of the Houses," "Our Hands," "Our Feet," and their mutual co-operation. In taking care of these houses the children have been asked to entertain three guests, "Truth, Purity and Love" during the week, and also to think of a little verse beginning, "I will make my life a little light within the world to shine," etc. In connection with these talks appropriate selections are read or learned.

On Wednesday, August 14, fifty children of the Group in charge of Lodge members, together with fifty children gathered from other sources enjoyed a trip to Clifton, a summer resort by the sea. Through the kindness of the ladies of Clifton, of whom our Lodge President is one, special cars, barges, lunch, entertainment, etc., were provided, and the spirit of "Helping and Sharing," shown by those ladies was appreciated. SECRETARY



U. B. Lodge, Sioux City, Iowa

On Sunday evening of the 13th of October, the regular public monthly meeting was held in our Lodge room. Two addresses were given, and a paper read by Miss Wakefield on the Objects of the International Brotherhood League. These with appropriate music made a very interesting program. The attendance was good.

On the evening of the 14th of October, an entertainment was given at Miss Wakefield's home. It was a journey in flower-land. One hundred and sixty-six oil paintings of wild flowers were on exhibition. These paintings were a part of a series numbering

two hundred painted by Miss Wakefield, commencing in the year 1884. It was a delight and an education to see them and listen to her talk in connection with the display.

October 24, 1901

MRS. H. D. PEIRCE, *Secretary*



LOTUS GROUP, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

Lotus Group Report for August — Advanced Class, Thursdays 7 to 8 p. m. The lessons during the month have been on the "Sound Pilgrims." Stories have been told from *The New Century*, "The Light in the Window," and the "Unrewardables," and singing and learning new songs have filled up the rest of the time.

Young Buds Class, Saturdays 2 to 4 p. m. The lessons during the month were on the "Pilgrims" and stories, "Princess Purity" and "Water Babies," and learning new songs and marching. On the 17th of the month their annual outing. Progress is slow but sure, and both individually and collectively good improvement is shown.

At the children's outing it rained almost all the time, yet they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, games under cover, romping and innocent fun filling in happy hours, then the walk through the fields and lanes plucking wild flowers. Lotus songs brought a very happy and joyous afternoon to a close. We are busy preparing for an Entertainment.

ALICE SANDHAM, *Superintendent*

LOUISA CROPPER, *Secretary*



From Small Beginnings

A STORY FOR THE BOYS

by Ethne



A SMALL boy sat on the curbstone in the sunshine in a little side street, with children playing all around him, their shrill little voices waking the echoes as they called to each other in play.

There he sat placid and absorbed, his whole attention fixed on making some little wooden figures stand upright in a row. They were ill-balanced, and again and again his efforts were doomed to failure, and over and over again he patiently set them up.

A young man smoking and lounging at the door of one of the houses finally had his attention arrested by the little fellow's earnestness. Owing to the shaking of the ground by a passing cart there was a sudden collapse of half the gallant wooden warriors, and touched by the distress visible on the child's face, he made a half move to go to his aid. But the child's distress was only momentary; his eyes fell upon some bits of broken brick and the brightening of his face showed that he had at last solved the problem and knowing, by bitter experience, the shakiest of his soldiers he propped them up with the small stones and at last his row was completed!

Gayly he clapped his hands and, looking up, saw the young man who came across to him.

"How did you do it, Tommy?" he said, patting the curly head.

"I put them up over and over again," said the child. "They's my little soldiers and they must do what I want them to, 'cause I'se captain; some was naughty but they all stand now," he replied triumphantly.

"But weren't you very tired of putting them up so many times?"

"Yes," replied the child, consideringly—"but if I didn't they wouldn't stand, and I *wanted* them to stand," and he looked up at his big friend as if that argument was conclusive.

The man nodded. "That's so my boy, go on as you have begun and perhaps when you are my age you will have something more to show for your years," and feeling in his pocket he gave the child a penny, being sufficiently a child of his generation to instinctively offer a material reward for merit.

Tommy packed his soldiers into their box with a certain sense of gratitude to them for his luck, which he felt was in some way connected with them, though he did not quite grasp the connection, and disappeared into the house.

"Why did you give the child money, Mr. Norton," said a pleasant faced woman presently coming to the door.

"As a reward for his perseverance," he replied with a laugh, "I suppose you have no objection?"

"Well, I have," she returned, "though I thank you, that you meant it kindly."

The young man stared in surprise, "Why, Mrs. Jones?" he said at last.

Mrs. Jones finished counting the stitches of her knitting and rolled the stocking up into a ball, sticking the pins through it before replying.

Then she turned to him and said gravely, "He is my only child and I wish him to grow up a good man like his father was. I haven't very much book-learning myself, but his father could talk lovely and he always said—'Bring the boy up to do good for the sake of good, and not for a reward, Jenny. If I go first, don't teach him to worship the golden calf, it is character and not wealth that will make a man face his troubles bravely and help him on his death-bed. Teach him that what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well'"

She wiped the tears from her eyes and continued, "I have had many a hard struggle since he died, but I have always remembered and kept the child free from looking upon *money* as a reward for his good actions, and I have never given him pennies to be good, or bribed him to be quiet, but told him how his father always said a good man will do his duty well for his own satisfaction and not for the gain it will bring him."

"But," said the man, "I suppose you are paid for the socks you make, and expect Tommy to earn his living in good time, you can't live on sentiment alone."

"I told you I wasn't much good at expressing myself," she returned with a smile, "but I think you *do* know what I mean for all that. Tommy will, I hope, be as good a workman as his father was and he will be that all the more that he thinks of his work first and his pay last."

"Well, I'm afraid he won't make his fortune," rejoined the man.

"He will make the best kind of fortune, I hope," she returned quickly, "the fortune of a happy contented mind, and a loving heart, those are riches nothing can take away, and it is a mistake to think a thoroughly capable honest

man will even lose money because he believes that giving of his best to others is better than taking all he can get and giving as little as he can. Good work always tells in the end, and besides it makes you happy all the time."

The return of Tommy was a welcome relief to Jack Norton, who found the present conversation rather disquieting, since he wished to preserve an air of injured disgust toward a world which so ill requited his superior abilities.

"Hullo," he said. "did you get a good lump of candy for your penny?"

"You didn't?" in response to a shake of the head, "Well, what did you do with it?" "I bought some violets," said the child slowly.

"And what did you do with the flowers, I guess you are a queer one," said the man, but his tone was kindly and, encouraged by it and his mother's smile, the child stood by his knee and told his little tale.

"I took them to Jessie 'cause she is sick and can't go out and play now, not for ever so long and she did love the flowers, mother, and we cut the string and put them in all loose, like as if they were growing, and"—all in a breath—"a lady asked me if I liked flowers when I was getting them from the man, and then she asked me where I lived and I told her they were for Jessie and she's sick."

Then, "Jessie is his little playmate," said his mother in explanation to the listener, "and has been ailing these few months."

"Well, I must be off to work now," said Jack Norton, and he knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the heel of his boot, straightened himself up and went his way

A few weeks later Mrs. Jones met him with a jubilant air, "Jessie is going into the country," she said, "the lady who met Tommy buying the violets, brought a doctor to see the child and he says all that she wants is fresh air and good food, and she has found a place as needle-woman for me in the country so that Tommy and I will be going too."

"I shall miss Tommy, for he is a cheery little chap, but you deserve your luck," he replied, "I've been thinking, too, over what you said"—facing her squarely—"and I guess I have put some more energy into my work since then, and today the Boss gave me a rise, because he said he had been noticing that I took a real interest in my work, and that was the sort of man he believed in."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Jones warmly.

"Yes," he added reflectively, "little things make a deal of difference sometimes, if it hadn't been for Tommy and his perseverance, and that talk we had I might have gone on grumbling and lazing all my life."

"My husband often used to say," she responded with an appreciative little nod, "that a little match may start a big fire, and that is why we should be careful what we do and say."