

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

"No one is free who has not obtained the empire of himself"

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Easter^{*}

by H. C.



ON Easter morning they found that a great stone had been rolled away from the mouth of the tomb, and the buried Christ was once more among men.

In its older forms, before Christianity, Easter was the celebration of spring, at the Vernal Equinox, March 21st. The ceremonies held then included the giving of eggs—the egg serving as the universal symbol of the coming forth of new life, a new living thing, from the dark. In Christianity, Easter and the egg are connected with the emergence from the tomb of the crucified man Christ, though perhaps few Christians have considered why they give each other eggs at that time.

There are other occasions that large bodies of people unite in celebrating together. On Christmas morning men send each other messages of good will. They are agreed to feel glad, and they do feel glad. And this gladness is independent of the fact that it is the day counted as the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ. They are glad because by universal custom they have agreed to be so. Hearts are lighter, clouds are thinner, steps are firmer, brotherhood reigns. A state is abroad which it would not be possible for any individual man to create, even in himself alone. What man could get up on any casual day in the year and develop in himself, all by himself, the Christmas feeling? He could no more do it than one man could stand in a row. The universal good will of Christmas is a state of the universal atmosphere of mind, out of which and into

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which we all think and feel. We have agreed that out of its darkness, for one day in the year, the luminous Christ-spirit shall be born.

In the Easter symbolism, this atmosphere is the tomb in which the soul of humanity is buried. It is a tomb closed in by the passionate selfishness of human thought and feeling. Yet Christmas morning is an annual witness that it can be opened and the almost extinguished light let out among men, the common light then glowing for a few hours in all hearts.

One day, not far off, it will not wait to be let out, but of its own force will come and make an age-long Christmas and Easter morning. For it is no passive radiation, but a living presence working constantly in men's hearts for its own liberation, which is *their* liberation.

An "atmosphere of feeling!" Unless this were an actual fact there could be no such state as that of Christmas or Easter, no such thing as general movements of mankind, wide currents of general thought. Men make it and let themselves be made by it. Their minds breathe it, are bathed in it; their thoughts wing through it, their feelings color it more and more deeply as the centuries go by. It is this that must thrill and shine with the light of the coming of the Christ. And just as men's bodies begin to tingle and awake through the hour that precedes sunrise, and still more through the weeks of spring, so their minds and centers of feeling will respond—are responding—as the year and the hour approach for the coming forth of the Christ from the darkness of the atmosphere of human thought.

We can spiritualize the symbolism of Easter. Easter and Christmas would never have lasted had they merely been historical commemorations of however significant a pair of events. It is because they are significant and prophetic of grander birth and resurrection than any heretofore, that humanity has not let them die, however it has debased their celebration. That little ray of spiritual light, gladness, brotherhood, that shines in human hearts on Christmas Day, is an anticipation of a mightier light now near at hand. The joy, if a more solemn joy, of Easter is an anticipation of the emergence from the tomb into the reality of man's sublimest, almost undreamed-of ideal of life, an ideal which the wisest and noblest could not have framed had it not been a possibility, had they not seen in it the mirror of their souls. And though this spiritual life of the future lies asleep in every heart, and will make itself known in every heart, it is only in all hearts together that it will find its complete embodiment. Easter and Christmas *presage* the coming of the spiritual Christ, the spirit with the wings of light as wide as the world, wings that will touch every heart.

It seems well that Easter and Christmas have been preserved as occasions and ceremonies. They have kept alive in men the power of expecting something together, of hoping together, of feeling together. They have been bonds and times of unity. How great will be that Easter celebration at which men shall know, in

their own hearts, and by the light in each other's eyes, that the sacred spirit of life has actually come forth, to be entombed no more! It was in practice for that day that our Easters and Christmases have been kept alive. Even as they are, on Christmas mornings we get a measure of gladness *together*, and at the solemn Easters the solemnity, the sacredness and the joy *together*; each contributing, each giving to and taking from the common stock. The very ancient Christmases and Easters—both far antedating our Christian era—were *training*; and also much more. The ancient ceremonies of Easter, at the advent of spring, were to men's personal souls what the spring itself is to their flesh and blood—the promise of new life, life spiritual as the other was life physical, both having a joy of their own nature. But while spring is promise of a limited reality, the spiritual spring is promise of the *unlimited* glories of the spiritual life in store, no vaporous distillate in an incredible heaven, but our common earth-life glorified, raimented in white and gold. Easter and Christmas—though truly there is then *some* liberation of spiritual life—are yet more essentially periods of *training*, training for us all how and what to anticipate, foretouches of the great light, training in spiritual expectancy, training in that kind of prayer and meditation which enables that which is prayed for *to come and dwell*. No one man can invoke the world-Christ; no one man's will can roll back the stone from across the tomb's doorway. The world must pray and yearn and expect. And out of its vast sorrow will presently rise up the strong cry of its appeal. It is *together* that men have wandered, sorrowed, and together they will rejoice; together they have buried Christ, and together they will find that an angel hath rolled away the stone and freed this soul of humanity. So it was ordained that they should have Easters and Christmases *together*, that their strength might be yearly put forth together in *will*.

In this thought, let us keep and accentuate each Christmas and each Easter; for the Christ we shall free is of all nations equally, *of all religions equally*, and through all religions may be sought and found. The real vast Easter that is coming will be a ceremony of universal forgiveness, that is, of the universal reestablishment of the sacred relation between mankind and its true life.

There are many signs of the coming of the Christ, signs such as the world has never before exhibited. It is at once hard and easy to read these signs; easy because they are so marked; hard because we live so closely mixed with them. There is hurry in the air, and a waiting. The pace is constantly swifter. Those who feel it have but one difficulty—to translate what they feel so that those who also feel it but do not know what they feel may know also. We are in the Easter-time not of the year but of the ages. The thrill of an eternal spring is in our souls. We can count the minutes before the dawn.

Here and there little bodies of people get a touch of the electric thrill in the air of thought. It is but a touch; but they mistake the advance thrill for the

whole transcendent Light that is at hand. So from each of these advance thrills in unbalanced minds, diseased with egotism and ambition, is born a fad, a cult, a craze, a sect; or there arises a dreamer, an enthusiast. Each hedges about the single spark that has fallen into his thought, and proclaims that *with him alone* is the new and the whole truth, the new Light, the one key, *all* the truth.

They would be nothing in themselves were it not for the people they delude and blind to the grander outlook. But as a whole they are a symptom of the coming on of the New Age, the coming forth from the tomb of the long-buried Christ of humanity.

Science is touched with the fore-gleams of the New Illumination. Every decade is like a hundred years of the old research; every year like a decade of the old pace.

Presentations of religion change; there is a broadening everywhere. In every walk of life, political, social, literary, the movement quickens; everywhere is stir of unconscious preparation. Old forms and institutions totter; we are on the eve of a new art, literature, music, poetry, drama.

Here in America all this is more strongly marked than in the older countries. The seeds of the blood of this nation came from England. They were electrified into growth and formation by a spark from France in the electric hour of France's short illumination, though that illumination will come again. From Germany and elsewhere the new nation drew the materials of its exterior growth. Her mind is alive with the new life entering every field.

Civilization presses onward through the ages, halting at empire after empire, epoch after epoch, to make a new type, a type of which everything worthy is, when the empire passes, preserved in nature's eternal memory for future use.

Here is her last and greatest, awaiting the soul. Here will be the first moment of celebration of the Easter of the ages.

* * *

Let us sum up with a final thought. In every age, to every people, has been taught some such story as that of the buried Christ. To every people has been taught some ceremony symbolizing the release of that Christ-spirit. And this annual ceremony has been connected with the season of the oncome of spring, thus carrying a part of its meaning to the poorest mind.

And now the need of that coming forth is most urgent; the conditions are ready—men's minds are in touch as never before, and no illumination can now come to *one* that does not spread over the whole field; and the signs of the coming are on every hand.

"In a moment of time," not far away, men will suddenly become aware that the promise of the ages has been fulfilled.

Brotherhood in Industry

by H. T. Edge



INSTITUTIONS are created by man, or grow gradually among men, in accordance with the requirements and capacities of the people in any particular age. These institutions are those best suited to current needs. And, as man changes and develops in powers and in needs, so the institutions must, if they are to be appropriate, also change. But, since human codes and customs are usually somewhat iron-bound and inflexible in their character, the changes they undergo are apt to be rather periodical and sudden than continuous and gradual. In short, they are revolutions.

It is no doubt due to the imperfection of human nature that these changes cannot be effected quietly and peacefully, but must be accompanied by much strife and friction. It is equally due to human common-sense that eventually the rationale of the situation is grasped and the needful reforms executed.

These considerations are illustrated by the labor problem, now being unraveled in our midst. A failure to perceive its true significance has led people to make it a party question, as between employer and employed. More well informed and enlightened opinion, however, recognizes it for a question that affects the whole organization of industry, from top to bottom. The changes in industrial conditions have rendered the old status between owner and worker inadequate, and a new one is necessary. The stress of outgrown codes bears alike upon employer and employed.

The Social Unrest, by John Edward Brooks, is a book on this question, founded on much careful observation on the spot, as well as book-study. The result of the very careful consideration given by the author is the conclusion that:

The great lesson that employers have to learn is that organization has done but half its work when their own end alone is systematized. Organization has to pass straight through from top to bottom, including labor as well.

He thinks the old indiscriminate competitive system, in which all struggled against each other, is no longer possible. The wonderful advance in means of intercommunication has welded society and industry into a whole, and separate enterprises can no longer be protected by their isolation from mutual friction. Therefore method and system are absolutely necessary.

We need no longer call in the Socialist to testify against the uncurbed struggle in industry. The last twenty years have taught the lesson so thoroughly to our foremost business men that they are becoming our instructors. Not alone with transportation, but with iron, with textiles, with insurance, with banking, and with many of the commonest products, the

unrestrained scramble of private interests is now seen to be intolerable. Good business now sets the limit to competition by organizing cooperation. To check and control the excesses of competition has become the mark of first-class ability. The term "industrial organization" carries no offense, but is seen to be the next great step, even in further material progress.

Thus, when each side has seen the futility of trying to use organization as a means of dominating and dictating terms to the other, both sides will realize that conference and agreement are necessary between management and staff.

To this exposition of the principle of brotherhood as applied to industry, we may add some remarks from our own point of view.

Humanity does not live by industries alone; and, if any attempt be made to deal with industrial questions as a separate class, it will be futile, because man's various interests are not so separated but interlace and qualify each other.

Much of the trouble has been caused by treating men as if they were mere wage-earners, money-makers, and food-consumers. The feelings, the emotional and mental life, thus being left out of count, have rebelled.

Capitalists and workers are men; is there to be no personal sympathy between them? Are they to be to each other mere abstractions?

Again, is there to be no common interest among management and staff, in their trade, except that of earning money? Can no pride of craft and of production be reborn, as among the craftsmen and builders of other and less grasping times?

In points like these the Universal Brotherhood spirit touches the question. It emphasizes the common humanity of men and appeals to that higher and better human nature which is the link between all. And it evokes a new pride and a new joy in work by the dignity that it gives to conscientious and artistic production.

Lines from "De Profundis"

by TENNYSON

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
 Where all that was to be, in all that was,
 Whirled for a million æons thro' the vast
 Waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light—
 Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
 Thro' all this changing world of changeless law,
 And every phase of ever heightening life,
 And nine long months of antenatal gloom,
 Thou comest.

Musings on *the* Miseries of Self-Regard

by T. B. T.



PROBABLY there is not a single person living who would not gladly know the cause of evil and unhappiness, and, if possible, unveil it to himself, so that he might recognize it forever afterward. Human nature is so constituted that however much we may occasionally (like Job) be tempted to deny, yet we are all at heart convinced, that there is some hidden clue to happiness, some unrevealed cause of misery, both of which are built into our natures. Whether we know it or not, we are daily in search of both of these for all we are worth.

It would be well for us if we could realize that there have always been, and still are, men whose knowledge of these truths is greater than our own. The evidence of this is that although at first obscure, they have taught the laws of nature and of divinity, and men have discovered *within themselves* the truth of these teachings and have handed the names of the teachers down to posterity, and spread abroad their fame upon the earth, and called them great. If our hearts are hungry for Light and Truth and we search into these teachings we can also know the truth. The giddy throng may scoff, or those of shallow minds or insincere motive may deride, the dark powers may oppose, but it matters not. Once that a man has realized these things, not hell itself will move him.

One of the first of these truths which we may find out for ourselves is that all sin and unhappiness in the world comes from selfishness and self-regard. It is surprising how hard it is to realize this at all in the beginning. Afterward it is easy enough to see the truth of the statement with regard to *others*. It is like the dividing of bone and sinew to find it in its last stronghold within oneself. And yet the more the search is prolonged the more one becomes convinced that man has only himself to blame if he is unhappy.

* * *

As each of us came into birth we found a surrounding of disposition of mind and heart which we call character. It is the result of the past. A moment comes when we awake from sleep and realize this horizon of our inner world, of our consciousness. Then before this outlook, more vividly than ever before, begins to pass a panorama of daily experience.

As time goes on, we become more and more acquainted with the laws of cause and effect, and with the subtle forces which rule the outward seeming.

If we are wise we extend our outlook and know that others are going through the same experiences—we realize that they are not very different from ourselves

—that they are feeling the same influences and dealing with them, so that each is both a help and a hindrance to his fellows. Then comes the knowledge, which it is so difficult to make a motive of every passing moment, that misery and sorrow are caused by self-regard. For in the restriction and hardness which comes of self-seeking we forget the welfare of our other selves. The spirit which should be expansive and joyous in its mingled harmony with others is painfully caged within the walls of a temporary and futile boundary which must soon be destroyed with pain and sorrow.

* * *

This habit of self-regard brought over from an existence of countless centuries is the *root of evil*. In moments of reflection we may take the sins of humanity which have been tabulated for us, the well-known causes of crime and misery, and we may perceive how each one results from a passion directed *toward* a concreting focal center of selfhood. It is an impulse caused by ignorance or forgetfulness of the rights and welfare of others. There is nothing expansive or joyous or buoyant about wrong doing. It is concentrative and opposed to happiness and freedom.

* * *

Our teacher, Katherine Tingley, has said: “Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age.” But unbrotherliness and self-regard are the same. The age has arrived at a point when a change in the ideals of men has become necessary. We are at a pivotal epoch. The ideals which have animated and ensouled the communities of men for centuries have passed away into the limbo of the past, having served the purpose which gave them life. Old enthusiasms which held men together in mutual bonds of common work and service are dead. In their places have come to the front the forces of destruction and unrest which are characteristic of a change before the rebuilding. The insincerities, the pretenses, the futilities of old regimes are daily becoming more apparent. Men look for more honesty, more unity of purpose, more common sense in the pillars of the social, political and religious worlds. In great measure they look in vain. The ties which bound men a century ago are loosened. And in the meantime, as never before in the world’s history, self-regard and self-seeking have come to the front and walk boldly in the face of all men, with but little disguise, claiming to be the be-all and end-all—the only means of living and salvation.

And so when H. P. Blavatsky came she avowed her mission to be “to break the molds of mind.”

“Change the existing order,” said W. Q. Judge.

* * *

To effect any great change in existing popular ideals, it is clear that a new beginning must be made. Such a beginning is already written large upon the face

of the nations in unmistakable letters. The Universal Brotherhood Organization was founded to give this new departure an impulse in the right direction.

The primary clause in the constitution of this Organization "declares that Brotherhood is a fact in nature."

By this declaration an assault upon the sin and misery of the world is at once indicated. For the *fact* of Brotherhood is that which causes the *feeling* of brotherliness, and brotherliness or altruism is that which shall redeem the world. It is the very opposite of that self-regard which is the cause of unhappiness and destruction. It is the building force in Nature, the harmony and joy which lie at the foundation of true being.

What then is altruism? And how may we attain it and make it our own as a *positive good*, so that we may take our places as builders with Nature and fulfil our true and lawful destiny?

The word altruism is derived from the Latin word *alter*, another. As far as insufficient words can convey an idea to a human soul, altruism is devotion to the welfare of others through the efforts of thought, word and deed. It is a *positive* force which brings joy and peace.

The pursuit of altruism as a science of life has been almost entirely neglected by the advance guard of the human race for many centuries. The energies of men have been directed elsewhere. The wave of humanity has been flowing westward, carrying on its crest and in its trail many rediscoveries of nature forces. Harnessed to the chariot of human progress, these forces are both cosmic and individual. In either case, unless handled by those who will use them in the light of altruism and with regard to the laws of nature, they are dangerous and lead to swift destruction.

Among English-speaking peoples there are few who know what altruism means. There are fewer still who have made any conscious effort to reach out to it and make it a part of their being. By the action of the Higher Law the *idea* which the word represents has been diffused among the masses of the people in the course of ages and is probably much better understood among those whose life is one of stress and strain to provide for daily needs than it is among the more highly instructed or wealthier classes of the people. Yet altruism or brotherliness is a power which is greater than all others in the march of human progress, and without it no real advancement can be made. It is the key to man's salvation.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the idea of altruism has been mixed up with such ideas as self-denial and self-sacrifice. But altruism is neither of these, though it may be the cause which brought them into existence. By a kind of hypnotic suggestion the notion has been spread abroad that self-sacrifice is unpleasant. So no doubt it is if pursued as an *end*, but viewed from the right standpoint it is not so. It is at best but a negative force, and progress is not made through negative

precept. The law said thou shalt not do certain sins, but the dispensation of Christ gave *blessings* upon him who practiced altruism. We need not keep in mind the sufferings produced by a change of heart if we have a single eye to the glory of the duty before us and have known the thrill of loving work for others, and the peace that seeks not selfishness.

The practice of altruism is the observance of the golden rule, of doing to others as we would they should do to us. It is only by this knowledge of our own nature that we can tell what others would have and thus act rightly to them, for all are built in the same mold, in the image of the divine.

By common consent all the sages of ancient days, the prophets and teachers and great ones of the earth, tell us that altruism is the key to man's uplifting and to the progress of the world toward a future heaven upon earth.

Where is the man who has not experienced the peace which results from help held out to those who needed it more than himself, or from the heartfelt recognition of the merits of another who sought no such recognition? It is a peace which comes less from the open word or deed than from the disposition of heart which causes them. There is nothing else in the world like it, and it may be practiced and sought after by every one.

Reflection will convince us that there is no real happiness to be gained by a seeking for personal preferment, wealth and glory, the results of which are *always* evanescent, uncertain, and turn to dust and ashes; but we may each wield a mighty power for good if, neglecting the fictitious sorrows of self-sacrifice, we press forward on the road of service to poor humanity.

Reflections---On *the Study of Spanish*

by Echo



THOSE who are studying Spanish these days are learning many things that our college professors have forgotten. Those among us who are studying in the right spirit—for the motive is the real test, after all—are discovering many truths that up to date appear to have remained undiscovered. Some of us are beginning to realize that a language is not a mere bundle of formulas, declensions, conjugations and other indigestible things, a sort of “Ways and Means Committee” between soul and soul. Ah, no! A language is more than mere words, just as man is more than mere body. It is a liv-

ing, growing thing, palpitating with a life of its own. It is a soul—the language is. The words in which this finer something, the soul, the meaning, if you choose, clothes itself, are merely the outward vesture.

And we who are struggling over Spanish these days have discovered something else; which is that the Raja Yoga School for children will strike a new note in language-teaching, will plant an entirely new standard in an almost entirely new territory, and will teach even our professed linguists some things they have never yet had a chance to learn.

Quite unlike the majority of educational institutions, the Raja Yoga School teaches the languages to the child at the right time. That is just as important as teaching them in the proper way. The college student who knows his *Æneid* or his *Anabasis* by heart, who has “finished” Goethe and Schiller and Racine and mayhap, Cervantes, who can tell a gerund from an infinitive a mile away, yet who cannot carry on a ten-minutes conversation in any of these languages, is an accepted fact among us. Yet this is an anomaly, as much of an anomaly as a bird that cannot fly. And it is an educational disgrace, as well.

At the opposite pole we see the few who appear to be born linguists, the few who will learn a language when once in the atmosphere of it quite regardless of technical study. They are at home in the field which is, to the average college graduate, unexplored. They seem to have reached deep beneath the mere words. Yet, lacking definite grammatical knowledge, they are at a tremendous disadvantage. We see this most often in the cases of children whom the Fates have placed, at just the right age, in a foreign land. The ease and facility with which they learn to speak, write, and understand another language is marvelous.

Now, the Raja Yoga system of language teaching combines all of the advantages and eliminates all of the disadvantages of these two methods of language study. In the first place, the child, under the Raja Yoga system, begins the study of a foreign language—French, Spanish, German, as the case may be—at the right time. Obviously, that is vastly better than beginning it at the wrong time, as our educators at last are beginning to admit. And the right time, though differing somewhat in different children, is during childhood, before adolescence. To wait until one is fifteen or eighteen or twenty years of age before taking up the study of a modern language is to wait until September before planting the seeds for the year’s crop. It is against nature that such a method should produce a harvest in October. And it does not. Yet that is exactly the method pursued by the majority of schools and colleges the world over, in language teaching.

Coupled with the advantage of beginning his language study at the right time, the Raja Yoga child has another, which is, that he studies in the right atmosphere. As the world goes, foreign travel and study are an absolute necessity, if one aspires to something more than the average college student’s meager facility. In

Loma-land, although that is an advantage, it is no longer an absolute necessity, for here the right atmosphere is made; yes, actually created. And by that means the child gets an insight into the language he studies which can never be obtained from books alone. The child knows that a language is something more than mere words, mere phrases. And perhaps that is why the real thing strives not to hide itself—the soul, as it were, of this language—but comes forth to meet the child's real self with its own.

Then the Raja Yoga child is spared all the wearisome details of syntax and grammar? By no means. The Raja Yoga child can challenge any child the world over in knowledge of just these "wearisome details," save that to the Raja Yoga child these are never wearisome. He well understands that it is not enough merely to do right. One must do right consciously, well aware of where he stands and why he is standing there. He cannot be content merely to be able to speak a language with tolerable correctness. He demands the knowledge that shows him *why* he speaks so and so and so, and which will enable him to defend his position, if need be. Under the Raja Yoga system the conjugations are certain to be well studied, but only as a means to an end.

Just here is where too many adult students make a tremendous mistake. They fail to perceive that a language is a thing of "the inner" as well as "the outer," a personality, as it were, with a higher and lower consciousness, with a body which merely clothes the soul. They do not *love it enough*, to begin with. They ask too much of the head and too little of the heart. Naturally they fall into the error of thinking that the grammar and dictionary contain all. And so they pore over these books until they graduate as—linguists! Hardly technicians, literalists, transcribers at best; never translators in any real sense. They know all the "rules," depend upon it. They can place a verb or parse an adjective with un-failing accuracy.

But when it comes to finding the heart of that language and really adequately translating it, they write, in their conscientious and strictly literal transcriptions, but one word, *failure*.

It is quite one thing merely to transcribe the words, or the phrases, of one language into another. It is quite another thing to translate the meaning; a fact which needs no illustration and no argument. It is a fact which is obstinate and which the literalist tries to cloak with the phrase "idiomatic expressions." But we cannot say of any language "This part is idiomatic and this is not."

And to thus analyze and dissect is to kill the living thing which a language, rightly interpreted, plainly is. To attempt to understand it from books alone is as if one would attempt to understand human nature by the study of books on anthropology, or phrenology or physiology.

One might study all the books in the world and then not be able to handle a

woman in a temper or stop a baby's crying. To learn the vital truth one *must* contact the real thing. This, in their language study, Raja Yoga students do.

Here is another heresy. In the Raja Yoga School, unlike many schools as the world goes, the living languages are first in importance and the dead ones second. Now there are people left who still hug the mediæval fallacy that dead languages are away ahead of modern ones because, being dead, they are no longer liable to change—as if being “dead” were an advantage these days, or as if being stationary were a virtue. And those who fight for this fallacy point to the Dark Ages, during which time the living languages became degenerate and broken up into no end of dialects, while the dead ones did not so degenerate, being carefully taken charge of by the “scholars” and, as far as possible it appears, kept away from the common people. Whether these “scholars” were really, as they claim, the preservers of learning during that dark time, or whether they were, through their arrant selfishness, its virtual destroyers, is a question that cannot be touched upon here. That is another story and will be told later. (This takes up the monastic schools, etc., etc.)

To be sure the living languages *did* degenerate. But didn't humanity degenerate? And how about the standards of morality, and virtue, and brotherliness? How low did they not sink? Are there any depths to which the demon of sensuality did not drag the whole race during that time? These facts must be considered when we meet this notion about the dead languages being superior to the living ones. It would probably not be possible to find in all Europe at that time a dialect so irregular as the moral life of the people who spoke it. The conclusion is plain.

But paint the reverse picture. Imagine a people progressing on moral lines building, collectively and individually, a moral fiber that is eternal and divine. What will be the effect of this upon their language? It will not remain as it is—for living things can no more remain stationary than the plant can remain in the seed. What will happen to this living, throbbing *spoken* language, this thing so subtle in its finer being that it is permitted to reflect even the divine? It will expand, it will grow. It will push outwards, upwards into the sunlight, like some rare blossoming thing, like some vast symphony which is ever and ever a-building. Why, how can books contain it? How can the lexicon hold more than the bare records and photographs of it? And what “dead” language shall brave comparison then, with that divine witness that each living language *shall become*, fashioned and spoken by the diviner race *that is to be*?

Do not the Raja Yoga children, then, study the dead languages? Yes, they do. But they do not make fetishes of them. The Raja Yoga system provides for all that the world calls educational—and very much more. That fact the world is on the eve of finding out.

But what shall we students of Spanish do—we grown-ups the world over—who have no Raja Yoga training, no “atmosphere,” nothing but books, books? Shall we give up in despair, and wait for some favoring tide to wash us high and dry, upon the shores of the Promised Land? By no means. Let us study our books *more diligently than ever*. Shall we give up learning our declensions and conjugations just because they are not, after all, the real thing? Never. *Let us study them as we never studied them before*. But if we study a language in the true spirit we must bear in mind that it is a living, expanding—shall I say conscious—thing. As we have been told is the case in the study of true wisdom, it is forever impossible to say, “This have I learned today, and it is exactly so and so and so.”

As certainly as the sun shines, all that we learn today will have to be, not unlearned tomorrow, but learned in a new sense, given a new application, viewed in a new relation, just as the stream in the valley is not lost sight of nor forgotten when we reach the summit, but sinks into a new relationship to the whole. It is because we do not realize this that we get “lost” and discouraged in our language study.

But there is no logic in getting discouraged. Neither is there any logic in building up false hopes because some books print on the title page “Spanish in Twelve Lessons,” or “Spanish in Three Months.” Spanish—that knowledge which would satisfy the true student—could not be learned in three months, even in Madrid and by a genius. Let us hope that our ideals out-reach the fascinating standard set up by some “easy methods,” that of being able to buy a railway ticket of a Spanish ticket agent, or of being able to order a mutton chop at a restaurant. “Spanish in One Month” will achieve all that. It is quite one thing to have such a smattering of Spanish as will enable one to travel through Mexico, or Cuba, or Spain without getting lost or going hungry. It is quite another thing to *know the Spanish language*.

So let us study and study and study, never admitting that we are at a standstill, “knowing,” as William Q. Judge used to say, “that if we keep our eyes where the light shines we shall presently know what to do.” Let us reflect upon the world-wide work that is to be done—in the near future—work of which all real students know though it may not be detailed here, and which must be done, if done at all, by students who know the Spanish language. Our opportunities may be meager, we may be isolated without teachers, almost without books, entirely deprived of the atmosphere of study that is such a help. What of it? Let us persevere the more, knowing that perseverance has an actual creative power, that the force it awakens and feeds “flyeth like light and cutteth obstacles like a sharp sword.” And let us aim high. Let us aspire—no matter how hopeless things may appear on the surface—to nothing less than a *complete knowledge of the lan-*

guage, the ability to think in it, speak in it, write in it as though it were our mother-tongue, for only then can we really touch the heart life of the people themselves. In good time, depend upon it, *we shall arrive*.

My work is mine,
And heresy or not, if my hand slacked,
I should rob God.

The Conventional and the Real

by Rev. S. J. Neill



A MAN is known by the company he keeps—by the God, or gods, he serves. In the *Gita* we read: “Those who devote themselves to the gods go to the gods; the worshipers of the pitris go to the pitris; those who worship the evil spirits go to them, and my worshipers come to me.” Likewise we read in our Scriptures: “Know ye not that to whom ye present yourselves as servants unto obedience, his servants ye are whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness.” And while it is true that our highest ideal, or the divinity we worship, is an index of what we are, it is no less true that the object of our worship has a reflex action on ourselves, and either degrades us or exalts us.

If we are devoted to the outward we become outward; if we are devoted to the conventional we become conventional; and as we are devoted to the real we become real. This thought is at the basis of all religions. Religion is a *cultus*, or system and practice of cultivating or developing certain qualities.

The national life of a people is the outcome of what that people really worships, what it thinks highest, noblest, and most desirable. We read in the Old Testament of how the Jews often turned from the worship of the true God and fell into idolatry. To be idolaters it is not necessary for us to make for ourselves images of wood or stone. Is there not in this and in other lands today, a very wide-spread and deep-seated idolatry? How often are men and women bond-slaves of custom! How often do they bow down to the outward or to the conventional, and give to that the homage they should give only to the True and the Real!

In ancient times the images used were supposed to represent or symbolize some phase, aspect, or quality of the divine. But can we give those in our day who worship fame, money, power, or pleasure any credit for regarding these things as aiding in any way to the contemplation or practice of the divine life?

Of the various forms of false worship, of idolatry, which are so common, we speak now only of that which is known as the "conventional." It may be difficult to define clearly what we mean by the term conventional, but we are daily coming into contact with it, and we know what it means. The dictionaries define it as, "Something growing out of tacit agreement, or custom." From this it is plain that a thing may be conventional and real at the same time. Yet it is not truly real to him who acts or judges from no higher ground than that of custom. Our form of faith may be quite true in itself, and yet very untrue, very conventional to us if we have no higher ground for holding it than that of custom, or the conventional. We here use the word conventional not so much in its dictionary sense, in which it is equivalent to custom, as in the ordinary acceptance, which regards what is conventional as opposed to what is real or natural.

Although it is not directly a question of distinguishing between what is right and what is wrong, or between what is natural and what is unnatural, yet all questions relating to the real and the conventional have to do with truth as opposed to mere appearance. Therefore we shall find that all our judgments, as to whether or not certain things are conventional, if carefully followed to their source, will bring us into the domain of ethics. It may seem to have little to do with ethics, what used to be conventional in the matter of dress, such as the wearing of tight, high-heeled boots, or wasp-waisted dresses, but if we ask ourselves the ultimate ground for condemning such things we shall see that it is because of their producing results known to be evil. They injure health, they mar beauty, and we rightly judge that to be wrong which injures the body in which we dwell. Consequently, we can see that the severity of our condemnation of anything conventional, and also the nature of the things we thus judge, will depend on our own relation to Truth; just as our discernment of and dislike to a foul smell will very much depend on the kind of atmosphere we have been accustomed to breathe.

But does this diversity of judgment in regard to the conventional imply a corresponding diversity in the law of right by which we judge? Or is the principle of right the same in all men, the difference in the exercise of that principle being caused by surrounding obstacles which hinder its free operation? This is a fundamental question relating to the whole of life. What sort of a building would be the result if the mason's square differed in the hands of each workman who used it, instead of being a sure and certain thing, neither more nor less than an angle of ninety degrees? What the square is to the builder that the law of right and truth is to us as builders of our own character, and of the life of the world, the temple of humanity.

Or, to put the matter in another form. Can we depend upon the conscience, the voice of moral law within us? Is conscience the same in all men? Can the conscience be educated? Is there a real and distinct line of demarcation be-

tween the conventional and the real? In popular speech it is often said, such a person "has no conscience," a much worse thing, surely, than a poorly educated conscience! I think it is Kant who says: "Two things appear to me as palpably infinite, the expanse of the heavens, and the sense of right and wrong in man." But, as is well known, philosophers as well as ordinary thinkers have differed on this most important question—the absoluteness of the law of right, and the authority of conscience. Even self-assertive Theosophists have held that right and wrong are not essentially different things, but varying degrees of the same thing.

To this all-important question at least three different answers have been given. Those philosophers who deny that there are any innate ideas, who deny the intuitional, resolve conscience into the conventional. They say that we classify certain things as right or wrong from custom and experience. They point to such questions as that of marriage with a deceased wife's sister and say: "Here we find opposing views held by people of the same religion; does this not show the unreliability of conscience?"

The other great school of philosophers, known as the intuitional, holds that there are certain ideas which are *necessary*, and not a matter of experience, such as that two and two make four, and the sense of right and wrong in man. All Theosophists really belong to this school, from their distinction between the real and the transitory nature of certain principles in men and in the universe. And Theosophy brings a light to philosophers of this school which is much needed, and which should be very welcome. This may be seen from the fact that intuitional philosophers are split up into two parties on this question of the conscience. One party holds that *conscience can be educated*, and the other party denies it. Dr. Whewell says, "we must labor to *enlighten* and *instruct* the conscience." Reid, in his *Active Powers*, says: "The conscience is an original power of the mind, yet it is only when we come to years of understanding and reflection that it judges correctly." Professor Birks of Cambridge is of the same opinion. While Kant, on the other hand, maintains that there is no such thing as an erring conscience; he says, "An erring conscience is a chimera." Professor Calderwood of Edinburgh holds with Kant, and maintains that to speak of educating conscience is an absurdity. He says we should never fall into this mistake if we were careful in discriminating between these three things: Conscience, properly so called, the moral judgments, and the moral sentiments, all of which are usually classed under one name. If we say that conscience must be educated we confess that it is deficient as a moral standard. What then is the moral standard, the supreme authority? If we say that a yardstick is long or short we suppose some standard of measure, but that supreme authority which tests all others must itself be absolutely correct. If the conscience be wrong we

suppose a higher something which can judge it, but if the conscience be the absolute law of right manifesting in man, it judges all things else, and cannot itself be judged by any.

How is it then that people differ, honestly differ, in what they call the exercise of their conscience? One man says: "To do so and so would be against my conscience." While another man, equally honest, affirms that his conscience directs him differently. Their moral judgments differ, but the moral judgments are not the conscience.

It is remarkable that the Bible, while it speaks of the conscience as sometimes being seared as with a hot iron, and a conscience purged from dead works, etc., never says that the conscience fails in its moral power—never calls right wrong, and wrong right. And those who have read Bunyan will remember how he makes Mr. Recorder (the conscience) to suffer many things. Diabolus builds a wall and darkens his light, but never can do more than silence his voice for a time. Mr. Recorder now and then speaks in a voice of thunder which makes all Mansoul shake.

The moral judgments depend on many circumstances, just as the light from the sun that shines in a room depends on the color of the glass in the window, its freedom from dust, and many other things. Men may so darken the window of the soul that the moral judgments will be like the pure light after going through an atmosphere of fog or smoke. Hence the Scripture says: *If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!* For then the conventional, to that man, has become as the real. He calls sweet bitter, and bitter sweet. He has descended into a pit, the sides of which, even hope itself, can hardly climb.

Owing to the distinction just pointed out not being clearly kept in view we find some writers suggesting that there may be a twofold moral character in the same action, since "all the schools teach that a person may mistake his duty, and do what is wrong sincerely believing it to be right." Therefore it is held that "an action may be right in one sense, and wrong in another."

It is here that the teaching of Theosophy as to the nature of man proves of such great value. For Theosophy, by clearly pointing out the different elements or principles in man, and showing us how the higher mind seeks to lift up and redeem the lower nature—by this Theosophy resolves the perplexities and difficulties of the schools. Conscience is the voice, or the radiance of the higher self, or the God in us. The moral judgments are the combined result of this higher voice and the promptings of the partially enlightened lower nature. The needle points to the north but there may be bars of iron, or other substances near it, on the right hand or the left, and these will sensibly deflect the needle. Even so, many things deflect our moral judgments, but the pole-star is unmoved.

There is, therefore, much need for education that will enable us to subordi-

nate the various other powers of our nature to the Voice of Truth. Only then can we hear the Voice of Truth—"The Voice of the Silence"—with anything like distinctness. Then we may hope to escape from the enthrallment of the conventional, when the real speaks to us in tones that cannot be mistaken.

As the conscience has its origin in Supreme Truth, or is that thread of light interiorly connecting us with the Infinite Sun, so the conventional has its origin in influences which operate through the will, making the moral judgments faulty or impure, and finally discarding even these, and setting up the image of the outward, or conventional that the mind may bow down to that. This is in the deepest sense idolatry, the very essence of all idolatry, for it is putting the "man of sin" in the place of the Most High.

As a rule the conventional has grown with what we call, "the advance of civilization." It is among the "civilized" peoples of the world, chiefly, that we usually find men bowed down under the heavy weight of the conventional. So much has the light in some people become darkness that their notion of civilization is narrowed down to the conventional itself! But, can that be called a true civilization or refinement which tends to sever us from the real, and to reduce us to mere shadows of men?

Rather, should we say, that civilization can never become truly civilized—can never truly advance to the real and lasting improvement of the race, until a spirit of burning and of purifying casts out or consumes all shams, hypocrisies, and all that is merely conventional.

The story of the conventional, rather than the real, is decidedly fostered by that "want of backbone," that lack of individuality which Tennyson speaks of—"The individual withers, and the world is more and more." The worship of fashion, of authority, of the conventional, is largely owing to lack of individuality, and its tendency is to kill out whatever little there may be in us.

One of the great leaders of thought, Stopford Brooke, speaking of the world spirit, says:

The spirit of the world when it is Conventional—and when is it not?—tends to reduce all men and women to one pattern, to level the landscape of humanity to a dead plain, to clip all the trees that are growing freely, of their divine vitality, into pollards, to wear all individuality down into uniformity. There must be nothing original—in the world's language—eccentric, erratic; men must desire nothing strongly, think nothing which the generality do not think, have no strongly outlined character. The influence of society must be collective, it must reject as a portion of its influence any marked individuality. We must all dress the same way, read the same books, talk the same things, and when we change, change altogether, like Wordsworth's cloud, "which moveth altogether if it move at all." Society must not be affronted by originality. Level everybody, and then let us collectively advance, but no one must leave the ranks, or step to the front."

A close study of the power of the conventional in the time of Socrates, in the days of Christ, and in the present will reveal some of the startling points of similarity.

It would be an endless, and perhaps not very profitable, task to point out the different forms which the conventional assumes in the manners or customs of society, leading people—not like asses, for that animal will sometimes stoutly maintain its own way—but leading them as the magnet leads the iron, to all kinds of things with the most unreasoning readiness. Besides, it is surely the best way to condemn, and correct all such, for us to set forth great life-principles, as did Christ, when he declared his mission to be not that of a divider or judge, but a declarer of Truth and an expounder of vital laws by which men should judge themselves.

Nowhere in life does the conventional work more injuriously than in the domain of theology, or our creedal religion. There we find that self-interest, established usage, fashion, mental inertia—all severally or unitedly agree to crush out the real, to overmaster the supremacy of conscience—to make man a mere atom, a particle of vapor in that cloud that “moveth altogether if it move at all.”

To overcome the sway of the conventional we should look to what is highest and live as closely to that as possible. The more we are devoted to the real the less influence will the outward and the conventional exercise over us. Emerson says:

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages.

When for years or generations we have made it our aim, our very religion, to live in the real and according to it, and to shun all forms of hollow-hearted conventionality, then, indeed, will the aspect of the world assume a new character. Then will many a valley be exalted, and many a crooked thing made straight. Then may we “ring in the love of truth and right, the common love of good.”

THE children! the children! what mighty powers do they evoke in the hearts of men! Truly they are the torchbearers, the sunbeams, the blessings! Our duty to them is plain. We must give them the light of our countenance in helpful, loving deeds, we must take them in our hearts as tender, budding souls, to be nurtured with the sweet breath of truth, with the protection of our discrimination for their soul's unfoldment. We must stand firmly in our mental and moral attitude toward the right and the true, and thus command their love and trust.

—KATHERINE TINGLEY

Desire and Will

by M. J. B.



Those who worship the gods go to the gods, and those who worship me come unto me.

DESIRE conjoined with that spiritual colorless force called will, brings to us either the gifts of gods or of demons. It brings good or evil in strict accordance with the quality of the desire. In truth, desire and will are to a certain extent one and the same, for there can be no desire that does not even unconsciously enlist in its service a certain amount of will. But the faintest spark of desire may, by an intentional and conscious application of will, be fanned into a flaming fire.

It is in strict harmony with ever merciful divine law that we should to a certain extent be able to gain that which we ardently desire, whether it be good or evil. If we have a desire for what is low, false and degrading, we shall in the main be gratified, and the pain and destruction that result from the working out of these desires contain the lessons we need. If we desire only what is true and pure, we shall surely gain truth and purity, and just in proportion to the amount of will we conjoin with our desire, is the amount of force with which we endow it.

Now the great question for us to ask ourselves today is: what desires shall we endeavor to kill out and what shall we cultivate by applying to them that divine potency, will!

There are those who, consciously or unconsciously, are in the ranks of certain powers that are always opposing good, and who, standing in high places, know something of the working of law and would take advantage of their knowledge for their own selfish purposes. They desire, perhaps, to destroy the good work of others. This may be done, but only to a certain extent, only within the circle of law. But whether the missiles of the enemy only make havoc among evil doers, or, true to their aim, retard in a measure the work of the righteous, they are sure to rebound upon those who send them forth.

It is passing strange that those who know so much of law should yet know so little. They know just enough to work their own destruction and never the destruction of the righteous. They are blinded by their own selfishness. They are maddened by their own passions. "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad." The delusions of the iniquitous are more than childish, they are imbecile. Yet there was a time when they took the first step on this downward path. It may have been in an unknown race of the distant past, or it may have been amid the luxury and temptation of a recent civilization, but this first false step rendered each succeeding one easier until now, with discrimination gone,

it would seemingly require the trumpet blast of all the heavenly hosts to awaken them from their delusions and warn them of their danger.

All this seems very dreadful, and we are inclined to think that we bear no relation to it. But just where do we stand? Where does the humanity of today stand? Have we taken no fatal step downward? Have we not traveled on the road of delusion until we need a rude awakening? Surely at some time we must have done so, and the great law is now warning us of our danger in the throes of the very earth on which we stand, in the raging of the destructive elements of nature, in the recoiling upon ourselves of the subtle forces with which we toy in our vain-glorious self-conceit, and in the wails of human misery that rise up from every land. All these danger signals are but the natural result of wrong desire and wrongly directed will in the past. They are the natural and inevitable bursting forth on the physical plane of accumulated forces generated by avarice and selfishness on the mental plane, for the physical is the final outlet for all force from higher planes. As long as our desires and our will are centered on the physical plane just so long shall we reap all the ills of that plane. As long as we worship the gods of Gold, Power and Self-glory, just so long shall we dwell with those gods and share their deadly wages. We not only must have been worshipping such gods in the past to bring about present horrors, but it must be plain we are now continuing in the same course that so little mitigation of evil results are yet apparent.

Does not this terrible general condition of things implicate us individually? It certainly does. We share in the destiny of the race because it is also our individual destiny. We are, each one of us, here and now just where we belong in the environment of our own creation, and each ego of the present civilization should feel responsible for the errors of brothers throughout the world in addition to its own.

While we would be very sorry to class ourselves with the dark powers, yet we, the best of us, are only, as yet, in the early dawn of that new day which is coming, for the New Day surely is coming. It is heralded by the victories that already have been won in the cause of Brotherhood against the evil and selfishness in the world. This brighter day will be hastened by us if we are true helpers, and it will come *in spite of us* if we are traitors, for the law that makes for righteousness is greater than we.

If we desire to become agents for good to others and thus incidentally insure our own salvation, we have much work to do and it is only intelligent work that counts. In our ignorance and blundering we can work harm, even with best intentions. It is our own desires and will that we should control, not those of our neighbor. Vicarious work is opposed to evolution. The great harm that is effected by such work is so mixed with the little good, it is so subtle, so imper-

ceptible to those who have no knowledge of man's complex nature, that knowledge of a true science of being is the only remedy. The votaries of the various schools that appeal to man's selfishness or play upon his ignorance would seemingly require a greater shock than has as yet been given us to awaken them from their self-complacent lethargy. But among them those who are pure in heart and with an open mind towards truth, will at length awaken. Knowledge will rend the fetters that bind them, while the impure, the selfish will, with equal justice from the law, gain their emancipation slowly and painfully. The watchword, "Eternal Vigilance," should be emblazoned on every page of our lives, that no unworthy desire may grow upon us unawares, that no misapplication of will may lead us astray.

Knowledge of law and application of that knowledge to our everyday life, right thought and right action, not mere negative goodness or even active but ignorant goodness, will serve us. Intelligent practice of Brotherhood alone will change the downward trend of our present humanity.

Education and Character

by J. L. G.



“**E** DUCATION! Yes! That is the thing most needed in the world today,” say the intellectualists. “It is the driving and transforming power of the earth. People must first become educated before they can become truly religious, for where we see religious worship without education there we see blind faith, bigotry and fanaticism. Education makes people think. It forces the logic of morals upon a man. It is the avenue through which culture, refinement and art are brought to the masses, while on the other hand ignorance is responsible for all the hypocrisy and crime in the world.”

All this sounds very fine because it is just *partly* true. I will do more than admit the intellectual strides we have made in this age—the age is intellectually mad, if you please. The endowments for our great college institutions come so thick and fast now that our millionaires have reversed the custom of making their endowments effective and operative after death, by pleasurably distributing and donating as a pastime, possibly as a conscience salve, some of their surplus wealth before they die.

The educational process, we are led to believe, works smoothly enough; it is evolving students of law, of theology, of medicine, men of science, of art and of

music. They are evolved to be sure, but that is the least part. Now comes the battle of competition. If a man cannot win position and wealth he is regarded as a failure, and is it not a fact that the standard of education is gauged by results in dollars and cents? Has not education become simply an incidental factor in the present complicated and diverse interests of the human family, and do we not call everything *brains* that can point to a respectable bank account? Yes! To such we pay our tribute and honor. It is the common failing of all of us in *spite* of our education and our "enlightenment." The educational process of today is nothing more nor less than a course of subtle psychology, and men really think more of their bank accounts than of their souls.

Education that has no place for a philosophy of life and the higher nature of man is false; education that divorces itself from the ethical nature and the soul of man is a delusion. How often are the modern ideals of education only to breed a greater superiority of cunning and subtle trickery? The little vanities of human nature are humored and encouraged, and the pandering to a false species of estheticism goes on hand in hand with a selfish love of ease and comfort. This is the reason why a man may be educated and polished and yet be dishonest, selfish and even heartless. We have all met many such. The world is full of them. It is for this same reason that a man may be educated and believe himself soulless and the universe Godless. It is the reason, again, why a man may be educated and perchance go to jail.

There are two kinds of sinners in this world, the ignorant, and those who are educated; and if education cannot make men realize their higher natures, can we honestly say it is as it should be, or is there not something lacking? On every hand is the search for happiness, yet how much have we found since we were children? We are men and women now, and all our ideals of happiness have changed, alas! Who of us can say just what it is that insures happiness? With such a diversity of interests in the present scheme of life the conflict is so sharp and at times the pressure becomes so intense as to be almost unbearable. Is it not because the true nature of man is unknown or that we have forgotten it? The failure of ethical systems in attaining practical results is matter of little concern to the world at large, and the majority of the people do not even look for an excuse for their vanities, selfishness and ambitions. It has become so much a matter of contagion that men and women have accepted the world of glamour and delusion as the real world. They are happy today, and filled with grief and heartache tomorrow. How much happiness is there in the world? Look at the army of lawyers, physicians, surgeons, ministers of the gospel and a host of others whose profession it is to relieve trouble and pain and sickness. But are we any nearer happiness? Have we found the joy of life? Has the world yet found a *real, permanent* standard of happiness?

In one of Henry Drummond's books he calls love "the greatest thing in the world." But whence comes love? What is that in the nature of man that gives rise to the deep feeling of true love, that feeling that also brings peace, contentment and happiness, that awakens in man a new discrimination, a new sense of the fitness of things, a realization of the divinity in life. Is it not that true love has its origin in the soul and ever seeks to find expression in the life and character? And what is character but the balanced expression of the soul? It is the human reservoir out of which flows the moral force of the universe. Nobility of character needs no creed to adorn it with righteousness and reverence, and it is from this reservoir, out of this storehouse of the soul, in which are garnered all its past experiences, that comes the power of *love*. The soul alone knows true happiness and possesses it. Character is what a man is. It cannot be thwarted or covered up by any false educational or religious system. When the soul asserts itself, when the lower nature has become transformed, when man begins to learn that his true nature is a part of divinity itself, then all things shall become possible to him, and the soul's strength, its light and power, shall find full expression in human character.

Public Baths

by L. R.



PUBLIC gymnasiums and baths ought to keep pace with public libraries. The mutual interaction of mental and physical conditions promises much for the intellectual and moral value of a well-poised body. The keen, elastic, buoyant sense of health-giving strength and flexibility, leaves no craving for the consciousness of stimulation. The unconscious slouch of the discouraged and dissolute tells its own tale of limitation and degeneration. It is pitiful to watch the passing individuals—corseted and otherwise—with depressed chests and aggressive abdomens, which bespeak a lowering and limitation of the whole make-up.

Bathing is an effective agent of preventive medicine and is of signal service in treating disease. Were physicians limited to a single remedy with which to practice, doubtless water would prove the one of widest application. The use of cool sponging to reduce fever, so generally adopted, not only influences the

temperature and other symptoms, but modifies the disease and forestalls various *sequelæ* which may prove the last straw to the weakened constitution.

In every way the masses of the people should be taught the pleasure and benefits of bathing. Public baths in metropolitan centers are wise investments. Especially should the poorer quarters be well supplied, and the people encouraged to use them freely. The reaction following the proper kind of bath, brings the blood to the surface—an indication present in most chronic cases. This relief to the congested and internal organs and vessels, adds to the delicious sense of freshness which belongs to a clean skin. Washing away the old epidermis and its excretions give a mental reaction from the physical sense of renewal. The clean body makes the unclean clothing more noticeable. Greater care will be taken to keep the garments fresh, and the influence will widen out to reach the habitation of the bather.

No pains should be spared to teach the "great unwashed" to work out a soap and water salvation. The habit of cleanliness would grow, and would extend to the handling of food and lessen contagion from that source. The Salvation Army soldiers have practically proven their sincerity by living in the poorer quarters of cities, and showing the residents how even poor places may be kept clean. While it is not claimed that contagions originate in the slums, it is the undiluted dirt which forms a favorable media for germs. A study of the habits of the metropolitan foreign populations would be a good kindergarten course in the evolution of contagions. Many of these people have an abnormal fear of water which, for them, possesses various unknown quantities not to be trifled with. However social barriers may isolate them, they are a link in the sanitary chain. They handle the common currency, ride in the public conveyances, intimately contact the public through manufactured clothing, sometimes through food stuffs, or the articles of household use. Living in an atmosphere of smells and dirt that would nauseate a novice, they become immune to contagions which they may carry.

It would be a reasonable rendering of the health board's legal right to use measures conserving the public health, if they made bathing compulsory. The chronically unclean are certainly as dangerous to society as the unvaccinated. The aquatic element in most children would respond to the public bath house invitation, and much could be done by the rising generation for themselves and friends. A pint of water for a quick, cool sponging upon rising can always be obtained, and is sufficient to give a freshened flavor to the whole day.

It was not mere blind religious sentiment which included bathing in the code of morals. To wash away the old magnetism with the effete matter makes it easier for aspiration to assert itself.

The Dawn of Hope

By STARLIGHT

THERE'S a mist upon the waters,
 And the moaning of the breeze---
 Like a deep grim wail
 Out of the night,
 Of those who fight,
 And of those who fail---

Echoes sadly through the trees.

And the hearts of men are full of dark despair,
 With the burden of Earth's sorrow and its care.

For our brightest hopes are flown,

And our hearts have weary grown.

As we've waited for the dawning

Of the Day-star bright,

And have prayed in vain for morning,

Thro' the night!

But a Light breaks o'er the waters,

And a note swells on the breeze---

Like a glim'ring star,

Shedding its light

Out in the night,

Shining from afar,

To the music of the seas.

And the hearts of men shake off their dark despair,

As they look beyond Earth's sorrow and its care :

For the beacon star of Love

Shines again from realms above,

And it ushers in the dawning

Of the Day-star bright,

And the joys of rosy morning

Banish night!

There is hope across the waters;
 And a song upon the breeze
 Wakes the soul anew,
 With stirring lays
 To brighter days,
 By its message true,
 As it echoes through the trees,
 And the mem'ry of the past revives once more,
 And stirs again the deeper hopes of yore;
 And the Golden Age of Light
 Wakes again with promise bright,
 For our hearts have caught the dawning
 Of the Day-star bright!
 And we've found the joy of morning,
 After night!

—*The International Theosophist*

Woodland Theosophy*

by A. D. Robinson



“THIS our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

Thus in *As You Like It* speaks the Duke, who had been forced by a usurping brother to exchange his ducal pomp and palace for a simple life in the forest of Arden, and so let us awhile listen to these tongues, read from such books and profit from like sermons.

Within an hour's ride of this city of San Francisco is a veritable forest primeval where the weary dweller in the modern flat can consort with the chipmunk and the squirrel and breathe in some of the mighty life that the giant redwoods are throwing from one to the other. Straight and grand they tower above the other trees of the forest, like pyramid monuments of other men and times, a rebuke to the theory of one short life on earth for man, having written in their fire-scarred trunks and bleached branches a record of innumerable spans of seventy years—

* Read at a public meeting of Universal Brotherhood Lodge, San Francisco, Cal.

and is not man of more account than many redwoods? From these wooded temples come the thoughts here given, evidence that Theosophy can enter into every phase of life, that it is much more than an abstruse philosophy—and though it may be hard for you to see how at times the wisdom religion influenced the thinker, still you can rest assured that even the meager understanding of its teachings that he had, multiplied a thousand-fold the enjoyment of the grandeur of the tall trees, the delicacy of the drooping fern, the odor of the woods, the sighing of the breeze overhead, and the springy foothold on the dead leaves beneath.

Associated, and very closely, with the religious rites of all times and climes, are groves of trees. The chosen sites for temples have been in forest depths. In the East it is so now, and would be in the West if it were not that ground is too valuable and time too precious to allow any frills on religion even. As it is, however, this prevailing tendency will not down, and we find a tree or trees cherished in the yards of the churches even in the largest cities. St. Paul's in London has several on ground worth thousands a foot, and so it is everywhere. The priests of all the ancient religions sought the shade of the woods when they specially besought the aid of their highest conception of Deity. This general tendency must have some explanation—not that which would say the further from man the nearer to God, but no doubt because from time immemorial the tree has been accepted as a symbol for sacred knowledge. There is the tree of knowledge of good and evil in the Garden of Eden. “The tree of life” is continually referred to in the Bible, and man collectively and individually is frequently compared to a tree by whose fruit he shall be known. As with all symbols, so this symbol of the tree was lost sight of, and the tree itself became an object of worship. Even at this day and in this country there are many devotees of the tree whose worship is made by each to his own deity, though any outsider may, nay, is insistently invited to join in the adoration of the family tree.

Events of importance are commemorated by the planting of a tree, of which a recent most conspicuous instance was the planting of the Cuban liberty tree at Santiago de Cuba on the occasion of the visit of the Leader of The Universal Brotherhood with her band of International Brotherhood League workers to that city, when they brought so much of material and spiritual comfort to the sorely destitute inhabitants.

Let us sit upon this fallen log, and forgetting office and store, pen and hammer, yes, dollars and cents even, a hard but a necessary thing if we are to get the full good of the woods, let us become a thing of the forest as much as the chipmunk who whisks his tail as he wonders what we are, and his cousin the squirrel, who noisily resents our intrusion from a neighboring hazel. It is no good pretending to become natural denizens of the forest when the first remark the visitor to our woods is expected to make to exhibit the proper spirit is: “Oh, it

makes me seem so small and God so large and mighty.” Is it supposable that the squirrel scaling the hundreds of feet of rough perpendicular bark, as easily as we could accomplish the same distance of level pavement, is it supposable that he compares himself with the tree he climbs till in his estimation he is a fine point of miserable sin, or that the lizard should stop basking in that little ray of sunshine because the sun was such a brilliant body? No, these despised forest-dwellers have not reached the stage when they look at everything in their range in the light of its effect on themselves. They are part of the great whole, as necessary each to the completed picture as any tree or group of trees around them, and when the forest’s beauty and grandeur make a man feel small and insignificant, that man has become an unnatural thing, blind to his soul’s great destiny. Should not this sight help him to realize this destiny? Should not the promise, “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”—should not this promise rise in his heart till the soul, his true self, should shine forth under its influence and disclose itself as divine, a very part of God, a creator?

Does not man daily mold and modify the vegetable kingdom, has he not grafted the peach on the wild plum and from the modest wild rose developed the gorgeous American Beauty? And may it not be then that man had a part in the creation of this great woodland ages ago in some stage of his evolutionary journey? Had we but faith as a grain of mustard seed nothing should be impossible, said the Christ, and the spiritual will of man is the instrument that shall do the miracles when we have developed it. That we are so far from being miracle-workers now is no argument that we may not become such in the future, *i. e.*, miracle-workers only in the sense that understanding her finer forces we help Nature and work on with her.

In the mouths of the many is that catchy but misleading phrase, “Man made the town, but God made the country.” Yet, has not man made them both, one in his material aspect, the other in his Godlike mode? The one is his office and the other his temple. A minister when asked by one of his flock for guidance, in the case of its being a choice between attending church or getting a day in the woods, said: “Go to the woods; and if it is necessary to relieve you and others like you, I’ll close my church and go too.” The severest stickler for the strict observance of the Sabbath permits the walk in the woods, recognizing its magic charm to draw the thorn of selfishness and sting of lust.

When we say this subtle something that eases the tired feeling of the town-folk as they tread the forest paths is due to the balmy breezes, the fresh air, the change, what do we mean? That in the town the air we breathe is charged with

the foulness that pertains to man's habitations; that man living artificially is a wasteful animal and gathers more than he can consume, hence decay of the remnant; that much of his life is spent where the purifying breeze and sun cannot enter; that, speaking generally, he often wears a clean collar and cuffs and a soiled shirt. Whereas in the woods only the despised lower animals have lived who know nothing but nature's ways, and so the air is pure. This leads us to consider that the air is simply a vehicle that we charge, by just living our lives as we do, with poison to our fellows and ourselves, but which the forests load with healing balm. It would seem that the town should be spread in the forest or the forest in the town, for vegetable life is supported by the carbonic acid gas man gives off, and in turn gives its ozone back to man.

It matters not what the terms be, our point is that with the vegetable kingdom as with all life man is making a continual exchange. This Universal Brotherhood is a fact in nature. The vast forests of the Sierras and other ranges in different parts of the world all have their part and place in the scheme of creation and in the life of this globe, and man after wanton destruction of the same is learning that this is a law-governed universe. His wastefulness in the Sierra timber lands has caused much uneasiness for the water supply to the plains in the dry summer; his ravages in Abyssinian mountain woods have year by year reduced the overflow of the Nile and consequently the amount of fertile land in its valley; and, most appalling of all, this sacrifice of the Indian forests has been a great factor in bringing about the drouth in that country which has slain with its thirsty clutch the million victims of its awful famines. The lessons in Nature's school are sometimes taught by dreadful examples, and yet man learns slowly.

We have wandered far from our seat on that fallen log and picked up much that savors little of the peace of the forest, but we knew we could not vie with the squirrel in his single-minded effort to demonstrate that life is joy, and we will not refrain from going back, although we may start off again and maybe stray further. So let us return and draw in great drafts of "God's free air," but before we resign ourselves to forest fancy our thoughts turn sadly to the recently expressed newspaper comments on the remarks of a minister who had said that a monopoly of coal was as absurd and immoral as would be a monopoly of free air. The newspaper editor said the reverend gentleman should understand that the only reason there is not this latter is because no way has yet been devised to shut off the supply from those who do not pay the monopoly rates.

What a thought to enter into a woodland temple! But one thing often suggests its great contrast, and looking at the wasteful economy around we see there is no waste in nature. Every leaf that falls seems to have a mission to perform; having served its purpose as a pore of the tree, it returns to the soil to feed its parent or some other growth. The very tree itself will follow this round, and may-

be the whole mass of vegetation will supply a future race with its coal, becoming smoke and gas and ash that shall not perish, but be absorbed into some form of life and so keep up the endless chain of change in form but not in essence.

Did it ever occur to you that gazing on natural beauty we never seem to find a suggestion for an improvement in the arrangement, or if we do it is generally a change that would substitute a cement and iron railing for a hedge of roses? There never seems a tree or a shrub too much; every twig belongs to the general plan, and no tree would be better in some other situation. We see the efforts to improve (save the word) in garden plots with blue hydrangeas and roses, with much rustic work, as, for instance, at the base of that clump of redwoods, but it positively hurts to see it—the forest giants with such a carpet at their feet seem so uncomfortable it reminds one of a cathedral with a cheap linoleum floor. Only where man has recognized Nature as a master landscape gardener does his habitation in her woods seem permissible.

Why do our efforts to help nature seem so almost ridiculous? May it not be because we do not rise to the magnitude of the plan; that we do not get in our mind's eye the whole scheme; that our vision is bound by the limits of our little plot; that we do not recognize the immutable law that there can be no harmony in the part unless that part is in harmony with the whole?

Turning our gaze on the mountain as it shows so sharply defined against the sky, we let our eyes travel down its wooded sides and partly shaded canyons till we reach the valley at its base, and in proportion as we can take in the whole scene so is our conception and enjoyment of its beauty. One, and there are many of his kind, looking at this very scene once lamented his hard lot that a white cottage showed in the foreground. He had been all over the valley to get a view like this without a house in it, and for him that whole view was spoiled because of that one little speck. The speck filled his eye so that the grand scheme of the whole was entirely lost; his own personal views in the matter barred any appreciation of what would have been good even in his own eyes.

Now the wood we traverse, the mountain and valleys and canyons, the grassy plots surrounded by dense forest growth, the isolated clumps of live oak, the lone tree, all belong to the general plan and make it perfect of its kind; and the plan, its conception as well as its execution, is the work of an intelligence so broad and wide and deep that it never said at any part of the work, "I did it," or "It is mine." That is why it is harmonious and it is this harmony we feel, that strengthens us and tends to create, or rather restore, harmony in us, when we go to these large gardens of nature and say the change does us good.

This harmony exists because, it is said, in the individual lives composing the whole, there is no self-consciousness, therefore no selfishness. And men will dwell together in such harmony *self-consciously* when the discord born of selfish-

ness shall have been overcome—as overcome it will be, though storms everywhere are now raging. Each day we draw nearer a realization of the truth that no man nor nation can live unto himself or itself.

The statement has been made that the vegetable kingdom is not self-conscious. Yet it has consciousness of a kind, or at least we must not deny it because we cannot comprehend it. Let us look for evidence on this point. The fern on yonder rock! From whence its supply of food and drink? Ah! it has sent out its roots over the face of the stone to that little crevice. What guided these roots several times their normal length in their search for nourishment? See that graceful creeper that having climbed the limit of the undergrowth sends its tender shoot, though subject to the force of every breath, unerringly to the pine branch off to the right, and if that possible support be removed will turn to the other over to the left. Can it be that this delicate plant has senses answering to man's? Does it see the branch for which it climbs?

How that sapling has twisted and turned to reach the light! and yet it is by nature a straight growing tree. Those wild sunflowers hiding with their sturdy plants, an abandoned effort at cultivation in the small open glade, what stiff stems carry their brilliant flowers! and yet these flowers turn on their necks following the course of the sun from its uprising to its down going! The workings of nature, you say! True! but what grander work can man boast of than that—filling his place in nature—he climbs to the light. And all these growths live according to their kind, some seeking the sunshine, others the shade, some climbing up, some running along the ground, and yet we continually find trees and plants departing from their typical mode of life to meet special circumstances.

Does not the wood seem more alive as you think of these things? Would you now take out your jack-knife and carve your initials in the skin of that tree as you did yesterday, would you not be afraid of hurting the tree?

In considering this question of consciousness let us go to our homes with those plants we are taking in an endeavor to keep a savor of the woods always with us. For a time they seem uncertain what to do till, coaxed by loving care they throw up new shoots. As they take root in the unaccustomed pot they seem to say, "We see you mean us well, we will grow for you and beautify your home." Or, as is too often the case, after being uprooted from their forest home they are carted to the city only to be neglected and starved, sacrificed to the whim of man. Did it ever strike you that plants can feel love or neglect outside of the mere mechanical supplying of material conditions suitable to growth—of course not to the extent that animals can, but yet appreciably. You have heard it said of certain ones that they had such luck with plants, everything they touched grew, while others seemed to bring death to every plant they tended. Not only is this said, but in this case this general opinion is true, and investigation would

show that the lucky one planted and tended with an actual love for the plants, and the other performed these actions with a selfish desire to possess the plants as an adornment like clothes and jewelry. The successful flower culturist sets a high ideal for his charges to attain, setting in motion the tremendous power of thought. We admit nowadays the power of thought, and that our thoughts not only affect our own lives, but the lives of others among whom we live, and can it not be that human thought may even help to mold vegetation?

It is a frequent occurrence that some one having had remarkable success with a certain kind of plant one year will entirely fail with the same the following year, and the reason is sought for in different soil, season or what not, when having in mind this sensitiveness of plants to thought force it should be looked for and found in the changed mental attitude of the grower. If during the first year this attitude is one of tender solicitude, the hailing with joy of every new leaf, the loving thought with every drop of water, the holding in mind night and morning of a high ideal, every effort is crowned with success. But if this very success breeds for the next year the "know it all" attitude that bothers with no ideals, no loving thoughts, but says so much water and light and air, such and such soil, the result is that the plants reply by refusing to develop and grow as before. Give all of your love, help us by your aspiration for us, they cry. Can we not say that "Plants do not live by bread alone, but by every thought that issues from the heart of man."

To make this possible requires a species of consciousness on the part of plants and a kind that we can understand if we will. We have in a sense, whether consciously or unconsciously, recognized it by assigning to different flowers a specific meaning, and in making them the bearers of our messages of love and sympathy to our friends. To our sick ones we send a bouquet of perfect blossoms, knowing that their beauty and fragrance will say to the sufferer, better than spoken or written word, kind wishes for restoration to health, sweet things of loving remembrance, and be a messenger whose message cannot be misinterpreted. Oh the volumes that a bunch of violets passed from friend to friend can speak! Oh the vast panorama of places, men and things, that a whiff of the sweetbrier can conjure up in the mind! Oh the mystery hidden in the growth of a blade of grass! "Consider the lilies of the field; how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Yes, consider the lily how, year after year, it sends up from the bulb a graceful shoot bearing its glorious crown of blossoms; and then, having done its best, it rests for a season leaving the world the better for each effort, for nothing can be wasted, and every beautiful thing must make the world more permanently beautiful.

Each one of you be a gardener, if only in a garden of one window pot; give

your children the care of a plant; impress on them the responsibility of having a life in their charge; teach them to study this life, how from the seed comes the plant, the blossom and again the seed; and if their minds be allowed unbiased play they will see the essence, the true plant, which keeps it to its type, never dying, resting for a time, but coming again and again to do its best to fulfil its destiny; and the truth of Reincarnation for man must be borne in on them; bid them consider the lilies.

Lest we should be led away by the enthusiasm the consideration of this subject should engender, and think if we could only leave the city and its teeming thousands and live in nature's wilds, we could be better men and women, hear what *The Voice of the Silence* says:

Believe thou not that sitting in dark forests in proud seclusion and apart from men: believe thou not that life on roots and plants, that thirst assuaged with snow from the great range—believe thou not O, Devotee, that this will lead thee to the goal of final liberation.

No! man's place is with men, especially so with those who have in their hearts this sprouting seed of brotherhood. If we go to the woods, as may we all at times, let it be to gather strength to take up again the struggle to leaven the world with the leaven of brotherhood, till it all be leavened. Let us seek to learn such lessons as are taught in *The Voice of the Silence* by the simile of the lotus, and let the words stay with us:

Let thy Soul lend its ear to every cry of pain, like as the lotus bears its heart to drink the morning sun. Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye. But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain, nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed.

The Daisy

WITH little white leaves in the grasses,
 Spread wide for the smile of the sun,
 It waits till the daylight passes
 And closes them one by one.

I have asked why it closed at even,
 And I know what it wished to say:
 There are stars all night in the heaven,
 And I am the star of day. —RENNELL RODD

The Nobility of Man's Calling

by W. J. S.



To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling, and their true position in life.—*First Object of the International Brotherhood League*

THIS is a proposition that touches upon one of the highest universal truths of nature, and to make a practical application of it requires a knowledge of the philosophy of life. A student of Theosophy can understand more readily the lessons that can be drawn from right occupation and devotion to duty.

In order to help others to realize the nobility of their calling, it is necessary for oneself first to understand one of the simple laws of nature, which is the basic principle of existing things. This law, to begin with, teaches us that each human being is an integral part, or unit, of the aggregate whole of the Universe; and that whatever work one may be engaged in is the outcome of causes which emanated from him in actions of the past, and which are now converged to the point where certain duties devolve upon him as effects. This was the law referred to by the Nazarene, when he spoke of measure for measure, judgment for judgment.

It is a regrettable thing, indeed, to see the greater portion of society look upon certain work as being disgraceful, and shun those whose duty it is to perform such.

How many consider that the performance of this work adds to the world's wealth which supports them in luxuries not partaken of by those performing such service? This tends to lead the working man to find nothing elevating in his occupation; his inclination tends rather to the finding of fault with his lot than to the study of its noble purpose. It is the path that leads men and women to despair, lacking as they do, that knowledge which shows to them the relation of these particular duties to Universal Law and Justice; which if they were taught to understand it, would show them that no honest work is disgraceful and that to regard it as such was evidence of a perverted mind. They would also understand that the main value of this work does not lie in the fact that it goes to make up the world's wealth, but that it has a direct bearing upon the evolution of the one performing it.

There is no such thing as inaction. Each thought, each deed, performed, like the bread cast upon the waters, returns, though it may be after many days, to have its effect upon the performer. If the thought be good, the deed noble and in accord with duty, the result will be good. If contrary, the opposite. There is

nothing lost, no force, no matter. Nature in her divine economy takes care and preserves us all, recognizing no large, no small, no rich, no poor, but regarding all as units of the one Universal essence.

As human beings we are affected by events as much as we permit ourselves to be by attachment either through pleasure or pain, and this will continue as long as the attachment.

The physical body which most people call man, is but the temple of the real man, the soul, and its five senses as many servants.

The world exists only for the experience and training of the soul, which is an integral part or unit of the one Divinity. Therefore it should matter not what one's duties are that are to be performed, the attitude of mind only should be considered as it will determine the merit or demerit as well as the experience each one may get out of it. All duties should be approached without prejudice and performed cheerfully, with intense application, without attachment to their results if we would learn therefrom the lessons they have to teach which will fit us for higher occupations.

A duty performed unwillingly stays the harmony which would result from the right performance of it. All should seek to faithfully perform their duties of whatever nature they may be. Whatever is has grown out of our actions of the past, but by our actions now we can make the future. Finding fault with one's duty or oneself profits nothing and is but a waste of energy and useless thought, for there is no human being who does not wish for that he has not. We should desire only those things that have stability. Temporal ones however painfully acquired, cease to be desired when once attained. Only one thing is real, the soul, the inner man, and must be sustained by that whose nature is like its own. If we say that one work of a class is higher than another, we state a truth one-sided only. Either all work rightly done is noble, or none is. The lowest rung of a ladder is as necessary as the highest. All are relative.

Nature teaches us a higher aspect of man's calling: her higher kingdoms must aid and uplift the lower, for only so can there be progress for the whole, and only so can the higher ones advance. We find this in the human kingdom. As man contacts the elements of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms he imparts to the atmosphere of these lower kingdoms something of his own natural good or bad, and it is his responsibility that he shall uplift them in their evolution. And how great the responsibility of man for his fellow man! Upon reflection, we can see that it is a natural law which governs this process of evolution, and if men and women would cooperate with it, it would cause them to turn to those who are in the rear of life's journey and assist them to rise to higher and broader views of life and wider opportunities. It is one of nature's laws that the more is given out the more flows in. With each act of self-denial will that much of our grosser

nature fall away shedding more light from our divine nature, which will enable us to render noble service to all humanity, and aid in the establishing of that greater harmony throughout Nature that is akin to godhood, and which it is everybody's duty to assist in bringing about.

When this is done man will have realized the nobility of his calling and taken up his true position in life. This can be accomplished by any one who chooses to become master of his own household. The first step is with self. When self is mastered it becomes the instrument of the real man—the soul—in the redemption of his fellowmen, for it has been said by a great Teacher that a man's foes are those of his own household.

Child Culture

by L. R.



IT is variously estimated that one-fourth of all children born die under five years. Of this appalling per cent one-half of the deaths are due to faults of nutrition. That the nutritive forces are sometimes congenitally impaired by constitutional vices is unquestioned, but prevention could doubtless reduce the mortality both in the originally weak and in the stronger who succumb. The weight of this heavy mortality falls upon the children of the poor, who lack most of the favorable conditions of environment. Many cases are relieved and saved by the philanthropic efforts which provide floating hospitals and other outings. An enlarged sense of public sanitation is needed to overcome the conditions which combine to send these little visitors out of an unhealthy world, after so brief a stay.

The tenements in cities are often unfit for human habitation. Were these places unprofitable investments, no landlord would continue to own them. The law should require that every building be provided with sufficient light, air, sun, space and bathing facilities, and proper plumbing to add to rather than subtract from the vital resistance of the tenants. There is no lack of all these things; they are more plentiful than poverty. If suitable structures for the poor should prove unprofitable as private property, the municipality could take the matter in hand. The money thus spent in making health contagious would be the best paying capital of the city's funds: the municipal health would be benefited in every district, and the conditions would react to better the moral tone of the

slums. How can the people be expected to keep clean if want of water and of space make bathing an unfamiliar feature of their lives?

In the average home, where the majority of children are found, the diseases of infancy and childhood are cared for without trained nurses. The sick children are usually at the mercy of an inexperienced mother, or, equally bad, of an over-experienced grandmother, who regards her own children as the results instead of the survivals of her methods. The amount of experience is not always the gauge of wisdom in any line, though too often so considered. To quote the confident old lady:

You can't tell me anything about bringing up children; I've buried seven.

Certainly, any general practitioner can testify to the rarity of making the attendants understand the importance of system and judgment in the details of these delicate cases. The mother's devotion to her baby is more apt to express itself in too many attentions, than in following the comprehensive simplicity of the doctor's directions. It is a question which more often proves fatal to the infant—his mother's ignorance or his grandmother's knowledge—the things his mother does not know, or the things officious friends know which are not true.

In any commercial interest of the race, the positions of trust and importance are usually reserved for the competent. But the vitally important matter of child culture is kept in the hands of amateurs. The proverbial mother love is willing to sacrifice her own life to protect her child from others, but she makes poor provision to save it from herself.

Whether or not more ideal social and economic conditions will evolve a plan whereby the children will be cared for by the skill and devotion of those specially qualified and enthused for the task, is too radical an innovation for the present mother to entertain; yet in time, as changed conditions will have made this feasible, the mother-mind will have evolved toward an appreciation of it. Meantime much might be done to save the health and often the lives of the little ones, by popularizing a knowledge of their proper care. Carelessness and ignorance of the principles of child culture would give way gradually and time would show gratifying results.

The question as to the methods of attempting this campaign of education is of secondary importance. The first essential is to recognize the necessity for it. Through the medium of womens' clubs, mother's meetings, philanthropic educational and charitable organizations, an abundant and cheap literature, and other ways which experience will suggest, the practical gist of the subject could be made common property. The original work of selecting and digesting the subject matter would command the competent attention of psychologists, physiologists and pedagogues, with the aid of modern scientific methods of practical and

theoretical investigations. Custom is so potent a factor in all lives that the acceptance of proper dietetic and hygienic habits by the intelligent operates to establish similar conditions among those who never "question why."

The individuals of the modern world are so intimately connected through many lines of communication, that changes of opinion are rapidly reflected from one social strata to another. The educational efforts of the vegetarians, for instance, have largely created a demand which the market now supplies in various accepted cereals. The circle widens out to touch those who have no dietetic convictions, but who have a routine habit of purchasing the popular things. Opinions are highly contagious.

Compassion and Justice*

by E. I. W.



THE value of kindness and sympathy and brotherly assistance as powerful evolutionary factors and forces have not received that recognition with the mass of people which their importance demands. This disregard is the effect of a too materialistic view of life, and the tendency well-nigh becomes chronic, to rely solely upon the senses as the only guides to an understanding of existence. With many this state is regarded as something to be proud of and is called common sense; any science which treats of nature's finer forces is refused a hearing and the cry is only for that which is "substantial."

Such are the surface reasoners on life who still carry about with them the incubus of an effete and obsolete system, which attempted to account for a perfectly balanced, harmonious, wondrously intelligent universe, from a basis of non-intelligent matter under the action of a blind and purposeless force. This aberration of the human mind is being supplanted by a fast growing recognition that man is a wonderfully constructed being, the generator and transmitter of forces of inalienable power and potency, himself a great power with an important part to play in the evolution of the globe. Given a sufficient number of men capable of realizing this and it is possible to make modern social life a fitting emblem of the perfect law that operates in human earth-life as well as guides the stars in their courses.

Unselfish and brotherly acts and thoughts are the key to a knowledge of real life, because they alone harmonize man with the universe and establish his posi-

* Read at a public meeting at Sydney, N. S. W., Australia

tion in nature either as a harmonizing constructive power, or a discordant destructive entity. Beyond doubt we are too severe and cold-hearted in our attitude towards offenders against the social and moral laws, nor is our attitude calculated to produce good in the community, in ourselves, or in the offender. Because of this, too often a prisoner comes to regard his offence as beyond remedy or reparation, and the future offers but a still further descent into crime and recklessness. Our condemnation and treatment of criminals is an outrage on the principle of justice. Surely when an offender has paid the penalty demanded by law, his debt ceases, and he should not be called upon to face the even severer tribunal of public contempt. Condemnation of evil is every man's duty, but this is vastly different from unreservedly condemning the criminal. In the one case we condemn the principle of evil of which the man has partly become the victim. Our idea of ourselves and others needs readjusting. We are the soul, and we inhabit a body and use a brain; nor need this statement remain solely a matter of belief, it can be well-supported by sound evidence, complete and exact, and by the best evidence—that of one's own experience and nature. From the soul comes all that is noble, 'god-like, virtuous, speaking through the voice of conscience. Opposed to it is the selfish nature, its hereditary enemy, which when it predominates, shuts out knowledge of the soul. We can see from this how any unjust condemnation recoils upon ourselves, and how evil thoughts carry their own penalty. Looking at ourselves and all men as souls, we see that all are fighting in a battle of nature's own ordaining and for the purpose of the soul's experience, man having the power of choice as to which side he will fight on. At one time the soul wins, at another the selfish animal predominates. To assist another in controlling the lower nature is the truest brotherhood, and we are powerfully assisting nature in her purpose. Love and compassion are not solely feelings of the human heart and without effect or purpose, but are the expression through the heart of the mighty power of the Divine in man and nature. The peace and happiness found in deeds of love which all can bear testimony to the truth of, are faint echoes of life's deeper harmonies wafted into our outer life from the Kingdom of Heaven within. And as the sphere of man's usefulness and helpfulness in the cause of humanity increases does he find this Kingdom of Heaven coming nearer and more a part of his daily life.

If we would thus help our fellows, we must not be ruled by custom, nor hold ourselves accountable to the tribunal of prevailing opinion, but seek only the approval of our conscience, and be governed by the divine and immutable principles of compassion and justice.

For the glory born of Goodness never dies,
And its flag is not half-masted in the skies. — BRET HARTE

Writing and Speaking

by a Student



ANYONE who has heard an impromptu speech and who has later read it in print, after it has been taken down *verbatim* by a shorthand reporter, has been struck with the immense difference in the effect of the two.

Many of the passages which were most effective in the oral delivery seem positively flat as we read the speech in print. The beautiful, flowing language to which we listened with such a rapture has in a great measure disappeared; the expressions seem commonplace and lack that subtle meaning of which it was so full before.

Yet the speech is the same, it is written down by the recorder word for word. It is the same as far as the words go, but it lacks the magnetic life lent to it by the speaker's voice, by his manner; yea, by the very thoughts which were behind that speech. These thoughts found only a partial expression in the speaker's words, but that which he left unsaid had an opportunity to shine through, nevertheless. That which was left unsaid in words may have been expressed by a gesture, in a glance of the eye, in an almost imperceptible movement, or in the very attitude of the speaker. The thoughts had, in addition, their direct effect on the minds of the listeners, who therefore had so many different ways of receiving the ideas of the speaker. The reader of this same speech must rely almost entirely upon the written word.

"The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." The written speech too often contains the dead letter only, the garment in which the ideas had been clothed the shell which contained the soul. To give these ideas to others through the written word or through the printed page (still more remote from the soul seeking expression), it is therefore necessary to use quite a different language from that which proved so effective during the oral delivery. It is, after all, ideas we wish to convey. Words matter little, it is the impression the words make which is all important. It is not enough that that which we write may be literally true, nor is it even enough that it conveys no ideas which are not true. It must be alive. It must be infused with the same living spirit which the speaker put into his words and his delivery.

The writer lacks so many of the aids of the speaker. And, equally important, he unfortunately also lacks the help from the mysterious action and counter-action between a speaker and a sympathetic audience. The speaker feels his way he realizes the effect of every word he utters, and consciously or unconsciously he governs himself accordingly. If he knows his art and if he has something to

say which is really worth listening to, then he finds it easy to hold the attention of the audience and is helped by it in a wonderful degree. He may not see a single person separately, may not meet a single eye, but he feels the pulse of his listeners and knows exactly how his words are received.

And the audience understands the speaker. The latter often leaves out a word, or cuts short a sentence by a gesture; he may even at times express himself in such an ambiguous and erroneous way that the words in themselves mean just the opposite of what he intended to say, and yet he is not misunderstood. All the subtler parts of his nature come to his aid and that which is hidden to the outer ear and eye shines through and reaches those who are awake to the truths which the speaker utters, those who are in sympathy with him for the moment.

The speaker feels the audience as it is. The writer conceives his audience as it ought to be. He, too, speaks to living souls; he, too, lays bare his own soul to their glances and feels the bond of sympathy existing between them. But he feels it before it begins. Like the speaker he, too, creates this sympathy, but his creation does not come to life simultaneously with his utterance, and he therefore does not in the fullest measure reap the benefit from the counteraction of the audience which he has conjured up before his mind's eye.

The true writer lives in his work, just as the speaker lives in his. He not only lives in it, but infuses into it part of his own life, of his own enthusiasm, and this is not always expressed in the words as such. The rhythm, the swing of the language, all convey ideas, and are brought out as the writer loves his work and loves his readers.

The form may differ. So one writer will enter into minute details to make his ideas clear to others just as he sees them himself. Another will with a few bold strokes of the pen give a broad outline to which the reader finds it easy to fill in the details. One writes of that which is apparent to all, another of that which is hidden, perhaps even still further concealing the truth, so that only one who carries the key in his heart may unlock his real meaning. But whichever means or forms the writer may adopt, to him this inner meaning must be clear and living.

Writings have a life of their own, and in the same way as a person makes a fixed impression on us long before our intellect is able to analyze his character, so does that which is written give us ideas not contained in their outer garb of words. The soul of the living writing shines out, soul borrowed from the writer and through which he may communicate his thoughts to other souls. Through such contact he influences them for good or for evil, is a help to them or a hindrance. If his world is low and on the ground, then his writings necessarily partake of the same nature. If he is hopeful and filled with radiance, then will he spread joy and happiness to all who read his messages.

Everyone has experienced the sensation of conversing with a friend when

writing to him. It seems more concrete, more life-like, than writing to no one in particular. This is because of the feeling of interest in that other person, the bond of friendship or of love for him. And this should teach us that in all our writing we should feel this same strong love and sympathy. Our writing will then be full of life and reach from heart to heart, as even spoken word.

Monotony



FATE met a discontented man.

“Why are you discontented?” asked Fate.

“Alas!” said the man, “my life is so monotonous. I desire a change of time and place.”

“That is impossible,” said Fate.

“Nay,” said the man, “it is in your power to transport me to a distant land and a different era.”

“Choose,” said Fate.

The man’s eyes sparkled. “I choose,” he replied, “Rome, during the Augustan age.”

His wish was granted, but ere long Fate found him again disconsolate.

“Why are you discontented?” asked Fate.

“Alas!” he said, “my life is so monotonous. I desire a change of time and place.”

“Choose,” said Fate.

“I choose England in the Elizabethan age,” said the man.

His wish was granted, but ere long Fate found him again disconsolate.

“Why are you discontented?” asked Fate.

“Alas!” said the man, “my life is so monotonous. I desire a change of time and place.”

“Fool,” said Fate. “Have you not yet discovered that one is always here and it is always now?”—*Fudge*

If the Day Is to Be Hastened

If the race is to be lifted in its evolution, and the stories of crime, and suffering of body and mind cease to be so important a part of our history; and if the gracious and ennobling influences, which are expressed through the finer arts, are to penetrate into the masses; if the day is to be hastened when beauty, love and purity shall pervade the atmosphere of the earth, and men and women shall become that which, in the grand scheme of life it was intended

they should be, it must be preceded by the proper training of a band of children, who will be the seeds and promise of this new time. Some selected specimens of the race must be so unfolded that little by little, as they grow, instead of becoming more and more heavily weighted with their personal natures; more and more fastened to habits which limit them, as is the case today, they must daily be freed from the burden of heredity they have brought with them, which obscures the soul of present humanity, and be helped to seize their divine birthright, and become living examples of human possibilities, whose light shall reach to the ends of the earth.

An undertaking no less than this is now in operation at Point Loma, under the guidance and direction of the Leader of The Universal Brotherhood Organization — Katherine Tingley.

By clearing away the rubbish of centuries, and calling upon the innate divinity of each, the children here are being furnished with a permanent basis of character upon which they can rely. If they are strong enough to lift their hands to strike or pull, that same energy can be directed usefully, and they are made to feel themselves early to be self-reliant, helpful factors, instead of being led on in a kind of wonderland. The methods are something that cannot be communicated on paper, but they excite the enthusiasm of the young volunteer teachers, who seem to live a life of joy, as well as the highest commendation of honest and intelligent criticism.— GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, M. D.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



THE THREE WORLDS

THOSE who are accustomed to observe themselves know of two inner worlds of consciousness, active in all men, but ordinarily unobserved in their activity.

And the *third* world is the mind, the only one where the most of men know themselves to live. The sparks that light up action and thought in this outer proceed from the two inner.

Extreme examples sometimes help best to an understanding of a principle. Let us see how they work here.

A drunkard is trying to reform, and has made some little headway. In an unguarded moment a thought connected with his habit flutters a swift wing across the surface of his mind. It is the first thrill, answering to a profound stirring in an evil inner world. He may hardly notice the flutter and go on with his thought or occupation. But a little later, it may even be hours later, when circumstances are favorable or possible, the storm thus presaged breaks, and he is swept into a debauch.

In the same way there comes out of a *divine* inner world the power by which

men and women come slowly to the determination to offer up their whole lives to some great cause. There was a time when the idea was but a flutter of thought, had no serious power or intent in it, had nothing of the commanding presence of duty, was but a far-off ideal or aspiration. But one day it took command of the field.

From this divine world come "conversions," when real—that is, when not resting on *fear*; real changes of character. From it, at a fit moment, there flashes into the mind a picture of the man as he really is, not as he ordinarily sees himself, but as he *is seen* by the Dweller in that world. This Dweller is the soul, that fullness of Light of which the mental man of today is but a perplexed and overwhelmed ray.

The picture is a shock, and under its influence the man calls upon the soul for power—which always comes.

In the lower of the two inner worlds is also an intelligence, working in its hidden ways. Yet the working may easily be known. For it multiplies obstacles to meditation, to that inner mental search by which it could be recognized. Trifles become important; a thousand nothings distract the attention; a thousand whims of appetite spring up. They are clouds blown across our eyes that we may not see. It is this which is the one cause of our laxness and discontinuity of thought. It is the one force that keeps humanity down to its present monotonous and deadly and empty tasks, things with which life is filled that might be filled with Light.

Whoever will daily study in himself the three worlds of his being, will not be long at the mercy of the lowest. C.

RIGHT AND WRONG ACTION

On what basis and by what authority is one line of conduct declared to be virtuous and another vicious? Where is the line to be drawn? So far as I can see those who are indifferent, who have an easy conscience, and sometimes also those who are by common consent regarded as evil and vicious, get more enjoyment out of life and achieve greater success than the virtuous. Is there not something wrong when it is so hard to keep to the path of virtue, and when it so often entails sorrow and pain?

IT is the old question: "What is good?" But such a question arises only from the mind—not from the heart. The basis of right action, of virtue, is the divinity that is in every man—this is the teaching of all the great Teachers of humanity. And the line between right and wrong action is this: that an action is right or wrong, noble and virtuous, or base and vicious, according as it is in harmony with the dictates and impulses of the divine nature of man or is at variance with them.

But how may one know what impulses proceed from this higher nature of man, how may one come to recognize the divinity within him? Listen:

He that doeth the will of my Father that is in heaven, shall *know* of the doctrine.

Listen again:

The way to final freedom is *within* thyself—that way begins and ends *outside* of self.
To live to benefit mankind is the first step.

Is not the dividing line marked by this, that that action or thought which is for oneself alone marks the first step on the downward path, while that action which is for the sake of others marks a step upward?

There yet remains the question of the apparent happiness and success of the indifferent and even sometimes of the evil. But it is an appearance only, and not real, and that this is so, let each ask himself if the enjoyment and success which the indifferent and the evil seem to have are what he in his “better moments” (and surely this does not need definition) would himself desire. Thus, no words are needed to answer this question, the answer lies within the experience of each. And, too, each one knows of so many instances where the indifferent and the evil do not achieve either enjoyment or success, but the very reverse, failure, ignominy and disgrace.

Why, then, is the path of virtue so often difficult and attended by sorrow and heartache? But does the difficulty lie in the *path*? Are the sorrow and heartache due to it, or are not they due to some defect, some blindness in ourselves, causing us to stumble? Christ said, “My yoke is easy and my burden is light,” and all the great teachers have spoken in the same strain—that it is the way of the transgressor that is hard, not the way of the virtuous. They have taught that the path of virtue is one of joy and not of sorrow, one of light and not of shadow.

F.

Mirror of the Movement



Many Tourists Visit Loma-Land

Tourists continue to visit the Homestead grounds in great numbers, and much interest is shown by them in the work here, especially that among the children. Among our visitors have been many men and women of prominence. The Cuban children detention case (at the instance of the Gerry society) appears to have been quite a factor in increasing public interest in the work of the Raja Yoga School.

From every part of the country, indeed from every part of the world, have come almost innumerable letters of inquiry. The great proportion of them are wholesome and honorable letters from persons who are seeking nothing for themselves, but who are simply attracted by something which appeals to their higher nature and touches a responsive chord in their hearts.

Indeed a very large number of them, although from apparent strangers, show a comprehension of our aims, which never comes except from an identity of effort and of aspiration. Many of the writers wish to know more about us, they wish to visit us, and to see for themselves — *and they wish to help.*

For this reason we are to have a *guest-house*—the Homestead building will, for a time, be devoted entirely to the use of guests, other buildings being provided for the use of students now residing in the Homestead.

The Homestead building is ideal for such a purpose; there is hardly an apartment in the house without its view of bay or ocean, and the gardens are growing in luxuriance day by day.

We are indeed justified in believing that Point Loma and its Institution are about to take high rank among those places most loved by tourist and traveler. To the cultured it will offer a charm not elsewhere to be found; to the lover of nature its prizes will be almost inexhaustible. It will accomplish no small work if it can but do something to convince the traveling American that the mountains of his native land are greater, more sublime than those of the old world, and its waters more exquisite. It will also prove that music and art and the drama find as fruitful a soil here as they do upon the other side of the broad Atlantic.

* * *

**The Isis Theatre
Meetings in
San Diego**

On Sunday evening, February 8th, “standing room only” was the order, not only on the lower floor, but in the balcony as well. The speaker of the evening was Mrs. Richmond-Green of Easthampton, Mass., whose subject was “The Principles of Theosophy as Illustrated in the Dramas of Shakespeare.” Her illustrations from Shakespeare were apt and finely rendered, and most enthusiastic applause greeted her dramatic recitations and eloquent, instructive address.

The illustrations were drawn chiefly from *A Winter's Tale* and *Macbeth*. Of the former drama, besides reciting frequent passages and portions of scenes, she told the entire tale in a most lucid and interesting manner. Regret was freely expressed that she could not have continued her address and illustrations for another hour.

Following are a few extracts from her address :

The main interest which the science and philosophy of Theosophy has for the world is that they throw light upon the wonderful questions : whence we came, and whither are we tending ? . . . Theosophy has nothing to show you which is not based upon the laws of nature. By those laws there are three possibilities which can bring about a different state within. The first possibility is that man, by self-restraint and by self-conquest, can raise himself from the point where humanity now lies, until he reaches the basis of brotherhood when the divine temple responds to the great divinity of nature.

The second possibility is that if a man is base and selfish, full of hatred and lust and avarice, he may enter into a partnership with those same forces in space ; and the third possibility is that he may give up his divine temple and become actually dominated by those lower forces. This was the condition well known and understood at the time of Christ, who went among the common people casting out devils. This was the teaching of Christ, but we have not shaped our lives upon

the great laws of which he taught. Surely it is now time . . . that we should know that our thought-force is the great connecting link which attaches us to the divine or to the evil which lives after us.

How powerfully is this illustrated in the drama of *Macbeth*. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth understood those laws. They knew how to handle these forces of the universe. They went into partnership with them, and Lady Macbeth became dominated by them and offered her divine temple to the evil forces of infinite space. Macbeth had concentrated his mind upon a plan by which he could reach the crown he coveted, and the drama shows that this thought had been sustained, and that he had solicited metaphysical aid for the accomplishment of his will. We see here the working out of the three possibilities upon which I have touched. When the divine human temple is thus given up, the connection with the soul is severed. Surely this is a great study, and one which we should undertake. The plays of Shakespeare are full of these basic truths. They are laden to their utmost possibility with instruction. . . .

One thing more I have to say to you. Katherine Tingley stands facing all that she has to face—not for herself—but in order that she may help lift humanity from the dangerous state in which it lies, from its darkness and its ignorance and its crime. She stands defended by her own formidable position [cheers], and there is not one of those children who gather about her in their beauty and sweetness and purity, who does not thereby speak for her and uphold her hands. Each one of them is more powerful to justify her than all the world outside.

Students of the Isis Conservatory of Music gave Weber's overture "Euryanthe" as an opening number, and during some of the recitals played accompanying descriptive music.

* * *

Addresses on

"The Young Woman"

& "The Young Man"

On February 15th the usual large audience assembled to hear addresses from Miss A. Lester and Dr. Herbert Coryn on the respective subjects of "The Young Woman" and the "Young Man." Miss Lester said in part:

Woman's position in the world is changing, however unwilling we may be to recognize it. It is changing, not because of any special effort which we have made to change it, but because evolution, which decrees constant motion and constant advance, has ordained that at this time and in this way the peculiar capacities of woman shall give equilibrium to human affairs. . . .

Woman's true sphere is bounded only by the world; her mission by humanity and its needs. Nature has not willed that woman be weak and timid and helpless and dependent. These things bring sorrow, and sorrow is ever the index of nature's broken laws. . . .

In spite of conventions there are great women in the world today; women who have refused to be little, who have refused to be cramped into frivolity and selfishness. And by great women I do not mean only those of whom all the world has heard and who have had the strength to stamp their wills and ideals upon the mind of humanity and lift it in spite of itself. I mean also the women to whom opportunity has decreed a less visible part in the drama of life, but whose work lives after them in the memory of their strong hands which were quick to

aid, of their eyes which looked straight into the face of sin and sorrow — wise, and with the great compassion of knowledge — and of their voices which were not silent when protest might stay the steps of evil.

In his remarks on “The Young Man,” Dr. Coryn said:

What is school training? With what facilities does a boy leave school? He can jump four feet — with a pole six or seven. He knows the capes around Africa and the natural products of Spain. Very likely he can repeat the names of the Judges of Israel. He knows a dash of languages, of one or two sciences, a few other matters of that kind. All that he knows may be very good and useful; but a fiend might be taught it all and yet remain a fiend. Is he taught even at Sunday-school, to live with his soul within him as a witnessing presence of which he is perfectly conscious? Does he know that the soul is in close relation with his mind and is capable of inspiring it with greater powers of thought, of penetration into the mysteries of life and death, of enjoyment in art and music, even of invention, in science and the ways of the common life? Capable of making him an heroic and strenuous character and of placing him in situations that will call all this forth? Does the young man leave college any the better furnished in this matter? Does he know that he belongs to the universe as one of its workers and that somewhere in the world work is waiting for him to do which no one else can do as well, and which remaining undone, is a hitch on the great wheels that roll now so slowly into light? . . . All these ideas gain force and exemplification in studying the methods of training at Katherine Tingley’s Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. There, it is true, all the ordinary subjects of mental training are pursued. Education, as it is ordinarily understood, is complete. But much more comes. The children are passing into young manhood and young womanhood with a view of life and of themselves which is new to this age. They are absolutely awakened to the presence of the soul within them, and are prepared to trust it as their guide in life.

The musical program rendered by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music comprised, Overture, “Oberon,” Weber; Notturmo (two violins and piano), Chopin; Quartette (four violins), Dont; Andante from Octette (ensemble), Mendelssohn; Slavonic Dance No. 1 — Dvorak—(Andante Religioso), Fuchs.

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**Address on
“Growth
Through Experience”**

Sunday, February 22d, found the usual large audience awaiting the opening of the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. The musical program was splendidly rendered, every number being *encored*. The address of the evening was given by Miss Whitney of Point Loma, who spoke with much earnestness, and was frequently applauded. Her subject was, “Growth Through Experience.” Following are some extracts from her address:

Very few of us are taught in childhood how to live. True, we were taught to be moral, not to do wrong things, to be unselfish, and so on. But that is only a beginning. That does not teach the child to *think* about life. It does not teach the child to meet his experiences half way and get the utmost out of them. It

does not teach him that every day and every hour has a meaning, offered to him as a lesson to be learned. For Life offers her vivid lessons of pain and joy to a child just as carefully as to us older people.

. . . Most people go through life never suspecting that they are missing lesson after lesson. They look at the days passing by as they would look at pictures in a panorama unfolding one after another, some pretty and sunny and interesting, some cloudy and dull. . . . They never suspect that every picture, as it comes up, has its special meaning and could be made to help them to a new step of growth. Some do recognize that life contains lessons, but they only think of that as true in regard to *large* events. But if you will look closer you will see that it is true too of small ones.

. . . Let us search into and study our lives day by day and find in them the heart of the law which teaches. Let us have the sweet resignation under all that comes upon us which is beyond our control; but let us also search that which comes—ask it for the lesson of the hour—and see how at that hour it was *that* lesson which was most needed. Then we can intelligently help the law that is trying to do so much for us, get the utmost out of everything that comes, and grow more quickly to be strong and wise and noble men and women.

* * *

**Extract from
London Letter**

The real workers in London have become now as a family, the rough corners that prevented comrade working with comrade have been rubbed away. Our Leader's generalship has done it; dramatic work, singing, children's work, etc., etc.; work, work, the great solver of all doubts and difficulties. That circular of "Suggestions" has done a great work, and members and public have both profited. Previous to that circular our work was not organized, but the forces of organization were called into life by it, so now we have a unity prevailing, unknown in the old days, and that unity can be detected even by the casual observer. A literary friend came down to one of our public meetings lately, and his observations after the meeting will bear out my foregoing remarks. He said: "It is nothing that has been said at the meeting that has impressed me, but there is a feeling of true comradeship about, with a purpose behind it, which I have never met with before in my varied experience." We follow out the suggestions and the foregoing is testimony of them in operation.

* * *

**Report of Lodge
No. 1. Australia**

The Lodge work has advanced greatly, the chief feature in our step forward last year was venturing upon and maintaining our dramatic performances at each monthly entertainment. We gave *The Wisdom of Hypatia* four times, the Greek symposium under the name *A Promise* five times, and on the three last months of the year under the name of *The Conquest of Death*. All those who have seen and heard the performances have, in nearly every instance, been strongly touched by them. A lady, after a recent entertainment, said: "Surely there are enough intelligent people in Sydney to fill the town hall to hear this." Another said: "It must be the truth. I had no idea it was anything like this." In our last entertainment

the Lotus Group helped us in the second part, giving two of their little plays, *The Minstrels* and *The Flowers*, and they did better than they ever did before and were greatly appreciated by the audience. The parents were very much struck with the advance made by their children. The scenic pictures have had a soul-inspiring effect on all, especially in *The Conquest of Death*. Each month we have some added touch to the foreground from our wonderful varieties of native foliage, that seem to make each scene more beautiful than the last. There is a delicacy and grace of form and yet a wiry strength and warmth of color about the native Australian shrubs that are wonderfully beautiful, and which lend themselves to perfection for interior evening picture making, working in with our fixed background, inspired by Lomaland, and the strong yellow light that gives the touch of sun to the scene indispensable to "here alone in Pluto's realm the light of heaven's bright orb shines down."

Public meetings are carried out on the first Sunday every month according to suggestions. We usually have four short addresses, generally three papers, read by the writers, and one speech.

* * *

Owing to the misrepresentations circulated about Theosophy in Sydney, we announce very often that our Organization has no connection with any other society using the term Theosophy or Theosophical, nor do we in any way endorse their views or teaching, or that of Christian Science, faith-healing, hypnotism, palmistry, etc.

I believe the Australian public and especially the children, are showing strong indications of their readiness to accept the true philosophy of life practically, but just for the moment the people are disgusted with the misrepresentations spread in the name of Theosophy, and the slanderous villainy secretly spread about our Leaders and Teachers.

Members' Meetings are held every Sunday evening, except the first Sunday in the month which is a public meeting. The attendance is very good, members showing a practical interest in the work, and we have now actually no drones in the hive. Interest, especially in the wonderful developments at the Head Center, Point Loma, is most marked. We read in turn and talk over together the important news of the work, the marvelous addresses of our Leader and the many splendidly written articles on practical Theosophy by the students. Living the life as much as we can, there is no doubt about the heartfelt sympathy and natural trust in our Leader and her work here. Then there is the preparation for the public meetings, the general business of the Lodge, the reading of members' papers on subjects named by the members once a month and chosen by themselves. Each one, as he reads his own paper, does so from the platform, and after it is finished, the comrades give comment with the object of helping one another. The President is left to decide which papers should be read at the public meeting. Rehearsals are carried out every Wednesday evening, with the exception of the first Wednesday after our dramatic performance, on the idea that there is a continuous possibility of improvement no matter how letter perfect we may be.

WORKING MEETING. The women of the Lodge meet every Wednesday afternoon to work for the Annual Easter Sale.

CLASSES. The Lotus Group teachers meet once a fortnight for study, and during this last year met on Monday afternoons. Classes in botany, sewing and musical calisthenics are conducted by the Lotus Group Superintendent and assistant once a month, and on Satur-

day afternoons for the girls of the Lotus Group. These classes have proved themselves to be a great attraction and are most instructive for the children.

LITERATURE. *The New Century* and the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH are placed now in the large public libraries and their reading rooms in Sydney, and in some of the country cities, and we find in the city reading rooms they are eagerly sought after and read to tatters. We have also placed them with the booksellers.

* * *

**The U. B. Lodge
of Brixton, Eng.**

The Brixton Lodge is working steadily with mind set on the uplifting of humanity, which must eventually come to pass through The Universal Brotherhood. The public meeting for last month was well attended. The subject was "The Common Sense of Theosophy." Several visitors expressed great interest. The symposium was a great success; the setting being wholly altered, made a very effectual change. The members' meetings are profitable. After the business has been discussed, *Isis Unveiled* is read from and studied, or one of W. Q. Judge's or H. P. Blavatsky's articles from an old PATH magazine. On Sunday evenings we take *The Secret Doctrine* as a basis. The members bring notes and references of special subjects, which we can frequently correlate with an article from *The New Century*. These evenings are both interesting and inspiring.

JESSIE HORNE

January 29th, 1903

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**The Lodge at
Louisville, Ky.**

Louisville Lodge Universal Brotherhood, No. 119, held its regular monthly public meeting Sunday night, February 1st, with a good attendance. It was called to order by Brother W. F. Gearhart in the chair, who, after reading the objects of the Brotherhood, was followed by music by Miss Blanche Kahlert, after which the President, Brother G. H. Wilson, addressed the audience on the subject of "The Sower," Theosophically considered. A lively interest was manifested by the questions sent in to be answered, which were well handled by the speaker. The interest in the Lodge is kept to a good standard, and shows growth which is a sign of life. New faces are seen at nearly every meeting, in connection with the old ones who are sufficiently interested to be at the rooms at all public meetings, showing that the public are getting more interested in the now world-wide movement of Universal Brotherhood.

FRED E. STEVENS, *Secretary*

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Boys' Brotherhood Club, Providence, R. I.

During the month of January five meetings were held. The following debates and discussions were held:

- (1) What is the value of New Year's resolutions?
- (2) What can a boy do for his city?
- (3) *Resolved*, That successes aid one more than failures. (This resolution was carried in the affirmative.)
- (4) What are the three greatest inventions of the past century?

G. H. B., *Superintendent*



Sigmund *the Volsung*, and His Magic Sword

by S. C.



I HAVE a story to tell you and a story which is worth telling. It is about Sigmund the Volsung, and how he drew the magic sword from the Branstock. I shall tell you the story, but you yourselves must try to understand it because it is one of those stories which is always true, and always will be true so long as there are valiant fighters left in the world.

Now these things happened a long, long time ago, when the world itself was young, but so wonderful are they that men have never forgotten them. The world was different then from what it is now. The sun was brighter, the flowers and the trees were more beautiful, and men and all living things were glad to be alive and were full of strength and joy.

In those early days, but earlier still than the story I shall tell you, the Great Wise Ones had lived upon the earth and they had been the kings of the nations. Although they had passed away out of sight, they had not been forgotten, nor the lessons which they had taught, and some of their kinsfolk were still living upon the earth, men very mighty in battle, and wise and just rulers. Such an one was King Volsung who lived in the far Northland with his family of sons and his one

beautiful daughter, Signi. So mighty a man was Volsung and so many wonderful deeds had he done, that his fame was spread through all the world, and even to this day we can read the ancient stories of his battles and of the justice which he gave to all men who asked it of him. And his sons were tall and strong like their father, and even the smallest and least among them was a great warrior. You must remember that they were kinsfolk of the Great Wise Ones, and so they had some of their beauty, and some of their bravery, and much of their wisdom.

Now it happened on a certain day that Volsung was seated, as was his custom, in his great banqueting hall among the forests of that great northern land. Around him were gathered his sons and the hall was filled with friends and servants. Volsung carried his great sword by his side, the sword which he had used in so many battles, but now the blade was tied to the sheath by bright-colored ribbons, for such was Volsung's way of showing that he was at peace with all the world.

The banquet hall of Volsung must have been a wonderful sight, built there in the heart of the forest. Right in the middle of the hall stood a giant tree, and its stem went away up through the roof, and you could have looked up and up until you saw the birds in the upper branches and the beautiful blue sky beyond. I think nowadays we should cut down that tree before building the hall, but then men loved nature, and what could be more splendid or stronger than a great tree? And so the Branstock—for such it was called—stood there in the middle of the hall.

To Volsung had come a visitor from another land. King Sigeir had sailed over the northern seas that he might ask of Volsung the hand of his daughter, Signi, in marriage. Much he had heard of her beauty and of her wisdom, and now that he had seen her for himself he knew that she was more beautiful and more wise than had ever been told him. So Volsung gave this great banquet that he might show honor to Sigeir, but in the heart of Sigeir lay dark and treacherous thoughts as he saw what a rich and goodly land it was, and already he was thinking how best he might betray Volsung and take all these things for himself.

You must try for yourselves to imagine what that scene was like when Volsung and his mighty sons with their long, flowing golden hair were gathered around the board. At Volsung's right hand was King Sigeir, dark and swarthy. At the lower part of the hall were the servants and the singers and everyone who wished to come, for in those days when kings gave banquets they opened wide their doors and there was enough and to spare for all who wished to enter. In the middle of the hall was the Branstock, its great trunk gnarled and twisted with age, and overhead the birds flew in and out, singing because the sun was shining and all the world was glad.

But suddenly there was a little commotion at the end of the hall and all men looked up to see what new guest was arriving. And they saw one whom no one knew. A very old man, one-eyed, who drew his cloak close around him, as though he concealed something underneath; and as he came slowly up the hall towards the king it seemed as though the sound of the sea had entered with him. The air was filled with the noise as of great waves upon the rocks when the wind is high.

Slowly he advanced, and when he came to the place where the Branstock was he paused and cried out to King Volsung that he had brought a great gift which should belong to whoever had the strength and the courage to take it and to use it. Then he opened his cloak and men saw that in his hand was a great sword, the like of which had never yet been seen, and they knew that it was a magic sword, made by the Wise Ones themselves as a gift to the world.

Even while Volsung and his guests looked and wondered, the stranger whirled up the blade in both hands and struck it deep into the heart of the Branstock so that more than half of the steel was buried in the wood and the hilt quivered and vibrated with the shock.

“To him shall forever belong this sword of the Gods who can draw it forth from the tree,” cried the stranger. “Never shall it fail him in his hour of need, and wherever the sunshine falls upon that blade, there victory shall abide.”

And with those words he suddenly disappeared, and all men gazed in wonder upon the sword which was buried so deeply in the Branstock.

King Volsung himself was the first to break the silence.

“Surely,” said he, “we have had here a visitor from the Gods, and in such a presence all men are equal, and to no one shall be denied the right of trial for this mighty gift.”

But who should first try to draw the sword? Volsung himself must lead in the attempt, and so, laughing and protesting that his own sword which had served him so well was good enough for him until the end, the old warrior bared his arms and laid hold upon the hilt of the magic weapon. But vast as was his strength, and toil as he might, he could move it by not so much as a hair's breadth, and he returned to his seat saying that the gift was not for him.

And now in the heart of Sigeir was rage unspeakable. He was filled with a great desire to own the sword, and he feared greatly lest some other should draw it forth before it came to his turn to try. And so forgetting all courtesy and good behavior, he sprang to his feet to demand that he as the guest should come before all others, and his demand was granted to him, and Volsung and his warrior sons gathered around to see how it should fare with their King visitor from over the sea. It was not through any lack of strength that Sigeir failed, as fail he did. He pulled and strained at the hilt until his breath came in short quick gasps and the

muscles of his arms stood out like ropes. But the sword moved never an inch, and those who stood around whispered among themselves that the Great Wise Ones would give the sword only to whom they willed, and that it were easier for the wrong man to draw the Branstock out of the ground by the roots than to tear away the sword. So Sigeir must confess himself beaten, and sullenly he returns to his seat and the rage in his heart grew stronger and deeper.

And now the sons of Volsung, one by one, come forward to the Branstock and pull upon that sword until it is a marvel that the hilt does not break from the blade. Guests and servants have left their seats and are crowding around the Branstock while overhead the birds wheel around in circles and the wind sweeps through the branches. There is a great silence upon every one, for although at first it seemed to be a jest, men know now that for some great purpose was the sword sent, and that whoever wins it must fight forever for all good things, and that he will be the messenger and the warrior of the Wise Ones.

One by one come the sons of the Volsung, from the eldest downward, and one by one they return to their places and the sword remains as fast in the tree as though it had grown there from the beginning. And now men begin to think that the chosen warrior is not yet there and that the sword will wait, perchance for ages, for the hand that shall draw it forth. All but one of the sons of Volsung have strained and pulled at that wonderful hilt, and now comes the last and the youngest of them all, Sigmund, his father's pride, compared with the others almost a child, but yet shapely and beautiful and strong.

What hope for Sigmund to succeed where so many full grown and mighty men have failed? But all must try and Sigmund with the rest. So while men were saying to themselves that the sword of the gods was not for any one there, Sigmund stepped up to the Branstock, and laid his hand upon the hilt and even before he pulled upon it, the great shining blade came away from the tree.

Sigmund, the youngest of them all, had won the sword, and as he held it up on high the sunbeams came through the branches of the Branstock and fell upon the shining steel and made so great a brightness upon it that none could look. And into the hall came again the sound of the sea and of the wind, as Sigmund, the glorious, the beautiful, stood there with the magic sword within his hands and his face upturned toward the sky.

But, children, this is only the beginning of a long, long story, for he who wins the sword must wear it and must use it. I would like to tell you how the old Volsung and all his sons, except Sigmund, were treacherously killed by Sigeir, and how Sigmund was saved that he might do the bidding of the gods, and how he wandered from place to place, fighting great battles and doing such mighty deeds that they have never been forgotten.

Up in the far Northland, when the winter winds howl among the trees and

the men close the doors and sit around the fire, they still tell tales of Sigmund, the Volsung, and they say that although it is ages ago, the hero is not dead, but that somewhere he sits waiting, waiting, waiting, with the magic sword within his hand. He is waiting until the hearts of men once more grow brave and strong and pure, and then he will come forth and finish the work which was given him so long ago.

This is a story for children, because it is only the "children" who can understand who is Sigmund the Volsung, and what is the Magic Sword.

The Dervish Fly



CHANCING, one day, to look closely at a board thinly covered with sand, there was seen what looked like an infinitesimal cyclone which was throwing the dust and smaller grains of sand in all directions. Closer examination, however, showed that the disturbance was due to a tiny fly, with wings twice as long as its body, which was spinning on its head. Thinking it was trying to dig a hole for its eggs, as many sorts of flies do, a pile of loose sand was put on the board, but it scorned that and continued to spin, stopping every half minute to rest for about as long. Evidently it was searching for food among the gravel and great boulders which the sand must have seemed to it, for some of the grains of sand were larger than its body. The half-minute periods of activity and rest were probably its days and nights. Gradually the whirling slackened, the rests became longer and more frequent, and soon the little dervish was dead of old age. On hot, sunny days, the air in the shade of the dwarf mahogany bushes is hazy with clouds of these tiny creatures, and there the humming-birds make great havoc among them, darting about like living emeralds, and lassoing them with their long slender tongues.

NATURE-LOVER

TRUE art endures forever, and the true artist delights in the works of great minds.

—BEETHOVEN

MUSIC may be termed the universal language of mankind, by which human feelings are made equally intelligible to all.

—LISZT