

A U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

To model a statue and give it life is a noble work; to model intelligence and give it truth is still nobler.

— VICTOR HUGO

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Jesus Christ

The Friend of Humanity

A Lecture delivered at the EASTER FESTIVAL in the Opera House at San Diego by one of the
POINT LOMA STUDENTS



JESUS CHRIST not only taught his own and all future generations the steps of divine life; but he breathed a breath which has hovered over the head of humanity, and sought entry into the heart of humanity from his day till now. Into that breath he passed the essence of his life, and by it comes the only true understanding of the inner meaning of his words.

But instead of trying to get into touch with it, assimilate it, and make it the breath of our own lives, we have wrangled over the words of Christ; have missed their fuller meaning; have twisted them into a thousand directions; and have weakened the picture of his potent and virile personality till it is but that of a meek, haloed, heart-worn and overborne saint.

But we can alter this; that spirit which he left as a gift to humanity, the breath and essence of his life, we can yet take into our own lives, and get for our own times the inspiration he gave to his immediate followers.

He was a helper of humanity, and he would have done a thousand times as much for humanity as he did had humanity let him.

Must he not have looked with wide-open, fully understanding eyes at the needs of his time? It was a time very like that in which we live now. As now, there was a ferment of thought and work, in religion, science, and philosophy. He had been in Egypt, where so many of those currents of thought met, and spread out over the world. He so well knew what was going on in the world of thought that he could dispute overwhelmingly with the learned, hair-splitting, intellectualists of that time. He must have foreseen what was to come about in the affairs of the Roman Empire; its dominance; its downfall; the future of Europe. He must have looked forward down the centuries; willed; planned; taught in exact accordance with the needs of men as he saw them, not only at that moment, but through the vicissitudes of those centuries down to our very own time.

The major part of his teaching is not accessible now; though it may hereafter again become so. But have we not much? And may we not faithfully take it that the *soul* of such a Teacher *is* in the world awaiting the world's recognition when the moment comes for the ringing of the bells of the great *Easter time of all the Ages*?

There have been other world-Teachers; but in trying to understand this one, we shall come to understand them better. They taught other times and peoples. When we see how the teachings of this one apply to the needs of our times and peoples, then we can understand the application of those others to *their* times and peoples. We can see into the way in which the power and will of this our Teacher were adapted to the service of his love of humanity and made to fit the work in hand. So we then can understand the quite different forms in which the others—also in the service of humanity—clothed the same thought and teachings to answer the needs of quite different times and peoples.

There have been other Great Teachers, too, of our own centuries and countries. These also we shall understand better for a faithful study of Christ. We shall find and weave together those threads of their teaching which they had to omit; matters about which they had to be silent because the condition of the public mind made it impossible to speak of them. This is part of the work of Theosophy; and it is part of its work to make Christ a more living power in men's conduct, a more living figure to their imaginations, more real than the vast majority of the pulpits have drawn it; to demonstrate the emergence from him today of so many of the currents of higher thought and inspiration.

Let us take a few of what are called the beatitudes, read here today, and try to get at their spirit; try to obtain from them a fuller light than the ordinary; try to read them *in the light of Theosophy*; trying also not at all to swerve from what must have been the inner idea of Christ as he uttered them, for Christ was an initiate sent forth.

Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.

The word translated *comforted* means *called near*, and so *helped*. May those who mourn find the truth of this! Those who mourn are sending up a cry for help in their loneliness; and no human heart can do this without an answering call from the divine Christ within, a call *to come nearer*. That *coming near* means such a comfort as nothing on earth, and no human companionship, can give. To *come near* to that means to come near to love, to come nearer to the very self and pure heart of the one loved and counted dead, and to come nearer to the knowledge that death never is or was.

But the call must be *answered*, the touch of Christ *sought* in the heart, the gaze and the yearning and the prayer turned inward in *search* of that touch. Then the help comes in its fullness, or in the measure of the faith.

We have but touched the immense meaning and grandeur of the promise in this text; but how much more it carries even in this glance than in the ordinary interpretation! Pain is not the automatic scourge of the unconscious iron hand of nature. Pain is the mother of joy; mourning can become the mother of utter and divine peace. Pain and mourning find their inner interpretation and explanation in the divine contrasts to which they can give rise. They can bring us into actual touch with the Christ of the heart and the world.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

The word translated *righteousness* should be more exactly rendered *rightness*, *divineness*. Those who yearn for divineness shall get it; that is the direct promise. What fantastic and forbidding conceptions of righteousness have men made in the past, and do now make! In some places it is a part of righteousness not to whistle on Sunday!

But if we read *rightness* or *divineness*; if we think of Christ as having that rightness or divineness in an extreme degree; if we remember that it was his divineness that moved him to say this very thing, and that other thing about the mourners; and if we then yearn after that sort of divineness—it is the promise of Jesus Christ that we shall get it. Could he have promised anything greater? And more than a promise, it was a statement of a fact in divine nature, equally true before his time, something of which he reminded a forgetful world.

Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.

Mercy is here *beneficence*, an outgiving.

Is the text a recommendation to a business bargain? So much mercy expended or invested—so much due in return? Does that sound very nice? Are

we in the true sense giving anything whatsoever when we are expecting an exact return?

The real beneficence is *well-feeling* towards all men. When we have that, our actions will necessarily correspond. And this well-feeling is itself joy, divineness; it keeps reproducing itself, being its own reward, a constant nearing to the divine center; which nearing *is* the obtaining of mercy. Thus the business bargain disappears into love.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

Peacemakers is the official rendering of the original *word*; we shall see whether it too carries all the *implication*. *Children* should be *Sons*. Let us ask the Bible translators, and the pulpits who profess to teach, this question. Christ calls himself, and is called, the Son of God. The Greek word for *Son* is the same word as here has its plural translated *Children*. Why the difference of rendering? Was it to hide the fact that *all* men have it in their power to acquire the same relationship to God as Christ had? It seems as if we sometimes come upon a hidden thread of purpose to blind man to his divinity, to hide from him his soul-dignity and his possibilities.

Leaving the spiritual authorities to answer our question or not as may be most convenient to them, is it not clear that Jesus, who called himself the Son of God, says that those who are peacemakers shall *also* be Sons of God? But what then does *peacemaker* fully mean? Is it not the *maker of the inner peace*, the divine harmony between his soul and himself, between mind and spirit, between lower and higher? He who would be harmony-maker among outside conditions and men must first make the eternal harmony within; and *then* he is a Son of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; and

*Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you. . . .
for my sake.*

"For my sake," for righteousness' sake—such men act out the divine Law, and therefore their actions must run directly counter to those who have failed to see and understand the Law. So they are persecuted, and the persecution is an immediate index of the fact that they *are* acting divinely. Whoever persists in right or divine action is alleviating the general situation, lifting up the whole conditions of life everywhere; and, by however little, diminishing evil. He is really acting *for* those who are doing evil, doing something to open their eyes to a Law they hardly or not at all understand. "The Kingdom of God is within you," said Christ somewhere else, and so the full meaning of these two beatitudes would be

—Happy are they who are persecuted, for the persecution is the mark that in their divine actions they have reached the Kingdom of God.

The word *blessed* with which these texts begin means strictly *full of joy*.

Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

The *Scribes* were those learned in the precise letter of the Law; they knew to an inch how high the chalice should be held, and they were past-masters in the exactitudes of pious ritual.

The *Pharisees* assumed for themselves the modest title of the “pious ones.” Both parties were very great at minute observances. Under other names they exist today. Your modern Scribe writes very charmingly on ethics, unselfishness, humanity, and so on; and the modern Pharisee is quite clear that he, at least, is predestined for the Kingdom of Heaven. These types do not change in essentials; whilst waiting for translation to the Kingdom of Heaven their representatives are still willing to take whatever earthly lucre may come their way, in return for the fine books, the sermons or the lectures.

After all, what did Christ mean by the Kingdom of Heaven or the Kingdom of God? In another place he said:

The Kingdom of God cometh not with outward show; neither shall you say: Lo here! or Lo there! for behold *the Kingdom of God is within you*.

What was ever put more clearly? The Kingdom of God is nothing visible; has no relation to space, to any *here* or *there*; but is an inner state or *condition*. Christ most carefully lays that down. Yet is it not a fact that the Kingdom of God is either regarded almost as literally as if it were a kind of coming terrestrial visible monarchy; or else as a *region* somewhere in the sky? Some English divines have even speculated whether or not God resides on the star Sirius! I forget how long it takes for light to reach us from there; a great many years anyhow. Perhaps the delay explains some things: The Deity cannot get his communications here in quick enough time.

Suffer little Children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.
Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter in.

Who are these little children; for that is what we must all become?

We say of some rare characters—as simple-hearted as a child. The child-nature, in a man, is a perfect surrender to the divine Light in the heart. It is not a surrender of intellect; Sir Isaac Newton had not done that, surely; but he had the divine child-character.

It is modesty; freedom from egotism; freedom from self-esteem, self-importance; it is the perception that one is but a unit, like the rest of one's brothers in that vast family of God called mankind; it is absence of the thought that one is entitled to more of anything, any favor, than any other of those countless brothers; it is *surrender of will*—not to any other person but—to the divine Presence in the heart; it is *trust in the divine Law* that apportions, and readjusts, and rectifies, and teaches; it is *love* for all that has life; it is instinctive *compassion*; it is willingness to be taught; it is *reverence* for all that should be revered; it is *joy*. And with all that, it includes will, and energy, the power to act, the power—if need be, in defence of right, and in protection of the weak—to fight; the power to suffer anything, even injustice, and yet keep the pure heart-Light burning.

The last text we shall consider is:

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Are we sure that we should immediately recognize one *pure in heart*; one who had *seen God*? Among these are the Teachers of humanity; but they teach in many ways, not always with a pen or from the platform or pulpit. May it not be sometimes that some great soul who has *seen God* may take birth in some utterly obscure or poverty-driven family and spend in that state a long life, content that by example and by service he may show a light to an unknown or unnoted corner or slum of some great city? Those who *see God* act as the need is, and their acts may be immediately concerned with the whole world, or one nation, or the slum of a city. They may take up the task of making or saving a nation; they may say the word or write the book that sets a nation on fire; they may lead an army, or spend a lifetime in nursing the wounded. They wear no halo—save that inner halo seen only by those who have also seen God; they affect no sanctimony, even when for the world's good they found a religion; they act as the need is; they take the outward guise that shall best let them work as the work demands. They count nothing too great, nothing too small for their labor. Of old, Christ was himself rejected because he would not assume the official sanctimony, cared nothing to be called Reverend or Doctor of Divinity, was not particular about a pulpit, thought nothing of front seats on platforms, was just as willing to teach the poor as the rich—in short, put on no sort of airs whatsoever, merely attending to the business he had taken up, which was world-saving. And he did it on seven days out of the seven.

Lesser than those who have *seen God* once and for all, yet on the same path, are those who have caught for a moment a far-off gleam of the shining Presence. Such a man, illuminated for a moment, was the tramp of which one of the boys' papers spoke earlier in the evening. For whoever sees God for a moment, for that moment acts divinely.

The pure in heart walk with the Law. They are the surrendered, who have no other will than to do the greater will of that Light of God which is in their minds and hearts.

The heart is the arena and center of the great battle which is before us all. It is the playground of the forces that contend for and against our divinity, the place where the individual Angel and Demon settle the final and eternal issue.

There comes a moment—say those who are Teachers because they have been through it, and among these I count our own Teacher, Katherine Tingley, to whom whatever of value I have said is directly due—in the lives of those who try constantly to make the great surrender, who follow in love for it the Path of Duty, when the clouds of the mystery of Life and of death roll back; when the heart beats in Light, and the Light thrills in every cell of brain; when the uttermost vision and knowledge is gained of all things that have been pondered on and whose solution has been renounced as beyond the possibility of mortal knowing; when the man is reborn from himself and becomes that which he has followed and obeyed through all the years.

This *Vision of God* was taught of old as a possibility; it is taught again today. Men lost the teaching, as they lost their hold on duty, on the Divinity within themselves.

The teaching has come back; the possibility is with us all. We may make it actual now, or after many lives; but we are told also that some measure of it is at hand for all humanity. The Light will no more be utterly denied. It is surging up higher and higher from the deeps of human consciousness, and there will soon come for all men a moment when they will see the dark path by which they have reached their present misery, see the way to the shining heights of life, and begin the climb in the joy of assured hope.

The Ultimate Triumph of the Best

Emerson's Estimate of Lincoln

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

Modern Civilization

by M. G. B.



ONE day when traffic in the streets of Boston was seriously interfered with by a heavy fall of snow, I was passing through the old center of the city and suddenly faced a block-up. A heavily loaded team refused to move on. It had stopped a long line of cars on one street, while the horses, trying to turn a corner, blocked up a cross-street to foot passengers. Cars and teams were fast multiplying, and crowds were increasing on the sidewalk. The two fine, large horses of the team, as if aware of the emergency, were straining every nerve and muscle to disengage a wheel embedded in the snow. Policemen flushed and, under the curse of Adam, earning their bread by the sweat of their brows, were using forcible language to the driver, while lending kindly aid to the horses. But all efforts seemed of no avail, there the wheel stuck in the gutter, and there it *would stick*. As the horses paused for a moment to gain breath and firm foothold for another forward plunge, a burly policeman tenderly stroked their distended noses, remarking sympathetically, "The poor horses are so *worried* today, and the loads are so heavy!"

Indeed that wagon held a mammoth load for even the strongest horses to wrestle with. Wooden boxes were piled up one on another until they nearly reached the second story of the surrounding buildings.

Street cars were gradually being vacated. Business teams of various descriptions, with impatient, vociferating drivers, formed a line on either side of the unfortunate wagon, for the straining, sweating horses were making no headway. Surely, I thought, that wagon must contain some very precious commodity, to make it worth the price now being paid for its transport. It ought to be something most vital to the interests and welfare of humanity. I curiously regarded the merchandise and discovered in black letters on each box the words—*Molasses Candy*.

Here, in the very shadow of the Old State House, the witness of so many heroic deeds, and which has stood in the middle of the street for over one hundred and fifty years, with eyes turned to the four cardinal points regarding the march of civilization, here was a picture of the modern struggle for existence, a picture that made one more imprint upon the composite photograph of events associated with that venerable structure.

Oh! shades of our ancestors! If ye still linger near these classic halls once resounding with fiery eloquence spent alone in freedom's cause, in an age when preaching and practice made for high thinking and plain living, and when the

descendants of tea-bound Britons could cheerfully yield up their one luxury for a principle, if ye could still witness the surrounding scenes, what would ye suffer at this moment !

We constantly hear of the march of civilization, but has the march been forward or backward since the memorable days of our early history ? It is sometimes difficult to decide.

The present age has very aptly been termed "the candy age." As all nations, however, are not supposed to be simultaneously passing through the same age, but only to reach the gold, or the iron, or the brass age in the order of their own peculiar development, we can understand how it is that the inhabitants of the United States of America seem to stand alone in passing through this "candy age."

When I left those struggling horses, the waiting teams, the line of deserted street cars, and the crowd of anxious spectators, all victims in the cause of a commodity that only panders to an artificial need, or more truly an injurious luxury, I made my way into the more modern center of the city. I was impressed as perhaps never before with the over-stocked windows of flourishing, well-patronized candy stores, that greeted me at every turn, and on my way home found myself unusually sensitive to the confectionery odors which charged the atmosphere for many blocks around a large candy factory.

Such a profuse supply to meet a vicious demand could not be found in any other country on the globe. In foreign countries, young people eating candy in public places are at once classed as Americans. Why is this ? It would seem that in departing from the austerities of our forefathers we have swung to the opposite extreme.

Any foreigner would behold in amazement such sights as are not unfrequent in our midst. For example, two delicate little girls devouring a whole pound of rich candy in a half-hour ride in a street car, and under the complacent regard of an apparently sane and respectable mother !

There is much pity bestowed upon the poor children of our slums because they are born into vice, but should not the children of our rich, who are born, reared and pampered into the vice of gluttony with kindred self-indulgences, call forth our deepest compassion ?

If Americans stand alone in "the candy age" is it because other races have gone beyond it, or have not yet reached it, or have passed over it without stopping ? Who can tell ? However that may be, we certainly need not remain there another day if we choose to pass onward beyond it. If we make all the effort of which we, as a peculiarly favored nation are capable, we can move on, leaving our vices behind us, and step forth into a glorious age of self-conquest in whose benefits all humanity as brothers will share, until there is but one age for all the peoples of the earth—the Age of Brotherhood.

Crusades, Ancient *and* Modern

by a Student



IN June, 1896, a little band of people left New York upon a journey around the world. They were seven in number, beside their Leader, Katherine Tingley, and they called this journey "A Crusade of American Theosophists around the World." Their object was to girdle the earth with a message of universal brotherhood, a true philosophy of life. Their object was to restore to humanity the heart-knowledge that had been lost, the divine wisdom that had been forgotten, the ideals which men, in their own heedlessness and sin, had obscured. Of this true philosophy, Divine Wisdom, Katherine Tingley, "Leader of the Theosophical Movement throughout the World," was the Teacher.

The analogy between Crusades ancient and modern is plain. The mediæval knights entered upon the old Crusades for the purpose of restoring to humanity its lost heritage, the sacred places of the Holy Land. The modern Crusaders undertook an equally difficult (for there are other difficulties than the purely material) pilgrimage for the same purpose: to restore to humanity its lost heritage; not a physical, material birthright, but one spiritual—divine wisdom, the Doctrine of the Heart.

That is only one of many analogies, for the name "Crusade" was not lightly chosen. It is probably more significant than we realize, and a running glance at the Crusades of the Middle Ages gives us some insight into the wisdom of this choice.

For the Dark Ages, if we can study them in a sympathetic spirit, give us the key not only to many of our present-day calamities, but also to the very conditions which made the modern Crusades necessary.

Come back with me, then, to the Dark Ages, with their vice and their wretchedness, their selfish, low ideals. They lie like a great shadow between the bright civilizations of the ancients, and that of modern Europe and America. Ten centuries long, they lie before us like vast, broken links in that chain of being which stretches from the Golden Age of the past on and ever on to the Golden Age of the future, when the cycle of the soul shall have been finished.

The Dark Ages were the logical outcome of vicious causes. When the Roman state became corrupt and licentious it bargained for its own decay. Its civilization would have lapsed of itself even without the assistance of the Huns and the Vandals. There came to be general indulgence in sense gratifications, sacrifice became but another avenue for hypocrisy, men even became indifferent to intellectual learning, usually the last thing to be despised by the hypocrite or by the corrupt.

In the midst of all this there was established the pure Theosophy, of which Jesus was the Teacher. And it was to the extreme displeasure of the Roman state that the disciples carried on the work which Jesus began, and the world has rarely witnessed such unspeakable persecution as was inflicted on the early Christians.

But when the Christos is born, when the Higher Self of the man has really undertaken to purify the lower, the man is not to be turned out of the Path by such little obstacles as the arena or the stake. The light will shine on. And at last the time came when, after nearly three centuries of bitter persecution by the Roman Emperors, the Christians saw the Emperor Constantine converted to their religion.

Constantine restored and rebuilt the Christian churches, freed the clergy from taxes and endeavored to persuade his subjects to embrace the new religion. Determined to do the right thing by the Christians who had borne so much, in 324 A. D. he made Christianity a state religion! A greater blunder he could not have made.

The Christian Church became a political power. Then at a Council was adopted the first creed, for early Christianity was guiltless of creeds. Christians were given to understand just what they must and must not believe. All original or independent thought on the subject of religion was vetoed thenceforth.

Nothing could have been further from the spirit and teachings of Jesus. That step alone—for Constantine's position made it very far-reaching—would have been sufficient to usher in a cycle of darkness.

But there were many other causes that are worth careful study. The semi-barbarous tribes from the north of Europe had a contempt for literature which corresponded well with the lack of interest in letters throughout Rome. Yet, when these tribes poured into Rome they were compelled to learn the Latin language. In doing so, they corrupted it and finally there sprang up a number of dialects. These the conquered classes were finally forced to adopt, negative as they became to the invaders; and before long they had lost all knowledge of Latin. Just here lay the difficulty: all books were in Latin. There were no writings in the dialect spoken by the people—*nor could they have read them had books existed. Illiteracy was general.*

For ten centuries the layman who could read and write, even his name, was looked upon as akin to a worker of wonders.

The Dark Ages bring before us an awful picture. Superstition was rampant. Human life was held so lightly that it was not uncommon for a man to stake his life or his liberty upon a throw of the dice.

Beggars were to be encountered everywhere, often paying fees for the privilege of exhibiting their deformities in public. Children were frequently abducted

and maimed that they might, as beggars, become a source of revenue to their owners. Think of it!

Street-lighting, even in the larger cities, was unknown, and the man who ventured to go upon the streets of a city after dark did so at the risk of his life, for the lawless classes had their own way after nightfall.

Hygiene and sanitation were unthought of and visitations of the "wrath of the Lord" were expected periodically in the shape of plagues or pestilence.

Perhaps the institution most characteristic of the Middle Ages was the feudal system, and some insight into it is necessary before one can understand the Crusades. When the Northern tribes overran and conquered the Mediterranean countries every free German who helped his chief expected a share of the plunder. As land was the commodity of which these chiefs acquired the most, each of their retainers received a certain portion as his estate, in exchange for pledged loyalty to the chief in time of war. These estates were called *feudums* or fiefs. The clergy, as well as laymen, held such fiefs and thus, in that degree, religion itself became a vassal of the state.

There is something very fascinating about a picture of the feudal estate. There stood the castle on a height—of such the old castles on the Rhine are perhaps the best remaining examples—with its great iron gate, its moat and ponderous drawbridge; skirted at the base of the hill by the little thatched huts of the retainers, the weavers, brewers, blacksmiths, armorers, embroiderers, and, least of all in rank, the serfs or common laborers.

Within the castle lived the lord or baron. He was absolute authority in his own domain. He could punish or even kill his serfs if he chose to do so, and the gloomy dungeon that was a part of every castle witnessed suffering without limit.

Hunting and hawking were the feudal lord's favorite sports, though they led to many quarrels. Gambling, often drinking to excess, he indulged his lower nature to satiety.

Naturally, in a land in which each feudal chief was a law unto himself, there were frequent private wars. Many a chief lived like a hawk in his castle watching for a chance to swoop down on a neighbor. His vassals were perpetually oscillating between just recovering from a war and being just about to begin one. It is needless to say that such wars kept agriculture in a miserable condition and vast tracts of land continually desolated.

Highway robbery was so common that commerce was almost at a standstill. Secret tribunals made life a terror to large classes of people and the so-called "courts of justice" made use of tortures and penalties so fearful as to make the history of their proceedings read like a nightmare tale. The luxury and sensuality of one class was well balanced by the abject misery of the other. Death by starvation was not uncommon, *neither was death from gluttony.*

Persecution of the Jews was general and very bitter, although, as they were the thrifty, moneyed class, they often had the power to make those who persecuted them most uncomfortable.

Anarchy ran riot. There was almost no regard for a common law. Even murder could be settled by a money payment—providing the murderer had money and the relatives of the victim were willing to accept it. And among all classes there was an insatiable love of sight-seeing, that unfailing sign of poverty in the inner life. So the vassals flocked to village fairs and the feudal baron indulged in ceremony and pageantry, often so extensive as to mortgage the labor of his serfs for years.

II

But the picture was not all shadow. A little light gleamed through it. Out of the feudal system chivalry sprang up and gave to the selfish, ravaging warrior of that time a new ideal—the ideal of war, not for plunder or revenge, but for the protection of womanhood and childhood and the maintenance of personal honor. And, although knights in those days did many things which were not knightly, still they did give to the warrior-spirit of the age a better motive. Of all things there had been greatest lack of this.

But great souls were here and there to be found. Some of them in trying to stem the tide of separateness breasted years of persecution, only to fall back at last unequal to the task. One figure stands out like a signal-fire, that of Charlemagne, whose ambition it was to unify the members of this quarrelsome race, and to found a great empire on German soil. Germany and France did not exist as such, Italy was divided, Spain was held by the Moslems, England was a collection of jealous little states.

But Charlemagne succeeded. Schools were established, men of learning were drawn to his kingdom from all over Europe, music, the arts and industries were encouraged and taught to the people. But he had no worthy successor, and it was a sad day for Europe when his grandsons, among whom this kingdom was divided, fell a-quarrelling and the institutions which meant so much to the common people were allowed to decay.

On inner lines there was the light of pure devotion burning in many hearts throughout Europe. Since the days of the Roman Empire it had been the custom for devoted Christians to make pilgrimages to the Holy Land, to places made sacred by the ministry of Jesus. This was considered an act of great piety, and as the year 1000 approached, the number of pilgrims increased, for in that year it was generally believed that the world would come to an end.

As long as the Holy Land was in possession of the Saracens the pilgrims were kindly treated. But when, about the middle of the Eleventh Century, the Seljuk

Turks conquered the Saracens, matters changed rapidly for the worse. They subjected the pilgrims to the most atrocious treatment. Worse than all, the pilgrims saw their churches violated and the holy places ravaged. That was harder to bear than any personal suffering, and it proved that the true spark had not been quite extinguished in the hearts of this sodden race of men. For they revered the places where Jesus had walked and taught as bringing them a step nearer to that sacred inner world, in journeying toward which, somehow, they had managed to lose their way. And if the pilgrimage became dangerous, for the Turks massacred the Christians on the slightest pretext, that only added to the glory of the task. Those who returned often envied the lot of those who did not.

But one day Peter, an unkempt Picardy peasant, sought audience with the Pope. The Pope refused to see him. But Peter persisted, and at last he left Rome with permission to travel through Europe preaching a "Holy War."

So Peter, the Hermit, forsook his wife and set out. Dwarfish, unkempt, emaciated, bareheaded, barefooted, riding upon an ass and carrying a huge crucifix, Peter would have seemed to us a queer figure enough. But he had been a pilgrim and had suffered. His heart was aflame. He was magnetic, eloquent, and passionately in earnest. He stirred the souls of the people. And when they were aroused with indignation that the Holy Land should be so desecrated, then Peter smirched it all by reminding them that all who would enter the "Holy War" would be absolved from sin; that debtors would be released from the payment of their debts, that prison doors would be opened to malefactors, that, in short, those who entered this war would be entitled to all the rewards of a pure life without troubling themselves in the least about living one!

It was not long before an immense horde of men, women and children, the very scum of the earth, gathered about Peter. On their breasts or shoulders they wore a blood-red cross, and thus they were called Crusaders, *Croises* or "soldiers of the cross."

Too impatient to wait for the time set for departure, the rabble thronged about Peter, the Hermit, clamoring to go and begging him to lead them. Foolishly Peter did so, aided by Walter the Penniless. It is needless to say that this rabble, a quarter of a million in number and wholly unorganized and unprovisioned, met with some disappointments. When they passed through districts that private wars had laid waste, hundreds perished of privation; when they traversed populated districts they so enraged the inhabitants by rioting and thieving that hundreds of them were killed. The miserable remnants which succeeded in crossing the Bosphorus were exterminated by the Turks. And thus 250,000 people were wiped out of incarnation, apparently to no purpose.

But, in the meantime, the real chivalry of Europe was preparing for this Holy War. The kings and emperors did not go, and thus the real Crusaders were mus-

tered under the feudal chiefs, the leader among them being Godfrey of Bouillon.

It must have been a magnificent sight, this body of knights, the very flower of Europe. There were over 100,000 of them on horseback, with pennons and banners flying. Each knight was covered from head to foot in glistening coat-of-mail, an embroidered and ermined surcoat, the helmet and shield often inlaid with gold and gems. Each was armed with sword, lance, the battle-ax and the heavy iron mace. And thus they marched southward, leading half a million retainers and unmounted warriors armed with bows and arrows.

It would take too long to follow their Crusade in detail: how they routed the Turks at Dorylaeum, one of the greatest cavalry battles ever fought; how they marched to Antioch through a country so desolate that hundreds perished of hunger and thirst; how, after a siege of seven months, during which they were forced to kill their horses for food, the Crusaders captured Antioch; how only 1500 cavalry of all that splendid army remained when they set out for Jaffa along the coast, and how at last the Holy City itself rose into view. All their sufferings were forgotten. The Crusaders, with one impulse, fell upon their knees weeping. They laid aside their armor and advanced to Jerusalem in the garb of pilgrims.

Then came that awful siege of Jerusalem, continued for five weeks under the intense heat of a cloudless sky, and with no water to be had. For the Turks had destroyed every well and pool.

At last the Crusaders fell back. It seemed that the siege must be abandoned. Suddenly, history tells us, a knight was seen on Mt. Olivet waving a glistening shield. "It is St. George the Martyr, come to rescue us," cried Godfrey. The Crusaders were electrified. They sprang up, dashed forward in one last, desperate assault, and swept within the walls. Jerusalem was taken. The Crusade was a success.

But, alas, fifty years later the Mohammedans under Saladin, besieged and took Jerusalem. Europe then was startled into preparation for a second Crusade. It ended in complete failure. Forty years later another Crusade was undertaken, and so on, generation after generation. There were seven Crusades in all.

After the second and third Crusades the people saw that it was folly to send out a horde of undisciplined, unprincipled men. For absolving the Crusaders from sin, releasing debtors from debt and granting indulgences to commit sin, offered the less responsible classes special inducement to go. Thinking of the noble knights of the first Crusade and their victory, the people cried out that only the pure could ever meet with success.

As it chanced there lived in France a dreamy, meditative shepherd boy named Stephen. One day a stranger came to him, claiming to have come from the Holy Land, and he announced that he was Jesus Christ. Getting Stephen under

his control he commissioned him to preach a Crusade to children, Stephen himself to be their leader.

The boy left his home, went to St. Denis where hundreds of pilgrims came every year to the tomb of the Martyr Dionysius, and there preached the Children's Crusade. The returning pilgrims carried the news of this all over Europe. Other boys followed Stephen's example, taking always the text, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and avenger."

Nicholas of Germany soon started south with an immense army of boys and girls about twelve years of age. Most of these were the children of serfs, the seclusion and monotony of their life making it impossible for them to judge of the peril of such an undertaking. Hundreds of thieves and rogues and numbers of abandoned women joined them for the purpose of preying upon the children.

At the passage of Mt. Cenis in the Alps, hundreds died of cold, fatigue and hunger. Only a remnant of the army reached Genoa. Here they waited, confident that the Mediterranean would divide and that they would cross to Palestine on dry land. But the sea did not divide. The Genoese refused to harbor them longer, and while a few remained in Genoa and became citizens, most of them drifted to other cities, succumbed to temptation and for years formed a large part of the abandoned classes.

The fate of the boys and girls led by Stephen was even worse. They, too, reached Genoa and they, too, waited for the sea to divide. But they waited in vain, and at length two kind merchants offered to take them across the waters "free of cost and for the love of God." The children were overjoyed, and crowded into the transports. And the merchants proceeded to Algiers and Alexandria, *and there sold these children in the slave markets.*

History cannot furnish a parallel to the Children's Crusade—100,000 children who never returned to their homes, 60,000 or 70,000 families desolate, all in the space of eight months. And all for nothing.

III

And yet, was all this for nothing? As far as their purpose was concerned the Crusades were an utter failure. Seven did not avail to keep the Holy Land from falling entirely into the hands of the Mohammedans. And yet, is it not plain that the Crusaders were all that saved Europe from going down in a general wreck?

Look at the state of affairs; the true philosophy zealously kept away from the people by those who should have been the teachers of it, while the people themselves lived wholly in their desires and passions. There was such a state of inner ferment that men sought to relieve the tension by war, war, war.

Given motives that are selfish and passionate, with the fever of fighting in the blood, given a race of men fairly beside themselves with unbrotherliness, how long, think you, would it have taken humanity to lapse into savagery, or perchance, to breed some catastrophe that would have annihilated the race entirely?

The Crusades saved Europe. What were they worth, not as concerns the recovery of the Holy Land, but as concerns the life of humanity?

In the first place not passion lay behind the acts of these knights as Crusaders, but *compassion*, the voice of the soul. Peter, the Hermit, granting all his mistakes, appealed to the qualities of the Higher Self.

Then, which was a sign, private wars ceased. The feudal chiefs united in a common cause under a common leader, Godfrey of Bouillon. They had no longer time for petty quarrels. That was a turning point. The serfs and peasants emerged from seclusion into a wider, broader life. As a Crusader the vassal became the peer of his master.

Lands became cheap, because the feudal chiefs were compelled to sell them to procure horses and equipment. Gradually the state absorbed the feudal domains, governments became centralized, the feudal system was broken up, and the serfs became responsible to the common law of the realm instead of, as before, to the caprices of some irresponsible lord and master.

Then, too, the Crusaders saw that the "Unbelievers" were not of some strange *genus*, but that they were brothers, after all, with many customs and arts which Europeans would do well to adopt. The old feeling of separateness became less intense. Men, broadened by travel and experience, began to think for themselves.

Best of all, men became thoroughly tired of fighting. They became willing to give up a few little things for the sake of peace. For men cannot live in peace without, to an extent, quieting their own likes and dislikes and jealousies, and when a race gets to that point, Dark Ages are bound to pass away. So we see agriculture revived, as well as arts and industries. An interest in letters sprang up, schools were established, inventions and discoveries came thick and fast. Even before that, as early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we see the establishment of those wonderful guilds or brotherhoods, guilds of armorers, metal-workers, harness-makers, weavers, goldsmiths, bridge-builders, etc., the first dim foreshadowing of a Universal Brotherhood. And this we owe to the Crusades.

Is it not plain that under and over all the little purposes of man runs the vast divine purpose of evolution, the guidance of the world-soul? The Crusaders died, disappointed. But humanity was saved. The currents of human life were turned out of their bed of selfishness and into the divine channels leading toward unity, brotherhood.

Comrades, if the Law, aided by the few who, even in Dark Ages, work in harmony with it, can so forward evolution when the race of men is selfish, ignor-

ant of the Law or consciously working against it—what might not be the destiny of humanity if men were unselfish, if they preferred to conquer self rather than take a city, even the Holy City of Jerusalem; in short, if they knew the Law and devotedly put aside their caprices and worked in harmony with it? And yet just that is the prospect before the world today. We have only to look a bit below the outer turmoil and confusion to see that this is true.

Twenty-five years ago H. P. Blavatsky came, a voice crying in the wilderness. As did Peter the Hermit, she spoke to the souls of men; herself a pilgrim from that Holy City which, as Jesus said, is “within you.” She told men of the *Christos*, the Higher Self, which abode in that Holy City of the Soul, hemmed in by alien desires and daily desecrated by the passions of men. She called to men to pledge themselves Crusaders to redeem that Holy Place; to conquer the passions that bound it and bring forth the *Christos* that it might become a power and a light in the lives of men. And she did not smirch it all as Peter did by nice little concessions to the lower nature. No; *this time the ideals were clean*.

It was high time the World Teacher came, for twenty-seven years ago there was much to parallel the conditions existing in mediæval Europe before the Crusades. The ruling motive was selfish. The liquor habit and the fever for gambling were common. The disregard for human life and suffering a thousand years ago is mildly paralleled in the underpaid labor and child-labor of the present; in our tolerance of capital punishment and of mob law. Religion was not all the name implied. Thousands were floundering in the choppy sea of materialism. Many things were done and alas! still are done, in society and in the business world, of which even a feudal baron would have been a little ashamed. And the intellect, to which men looked for a solution of the riddle of life, mocked them with but an echo.

Helena P. Blavatsky came and spoke to men’s souls. Many gathered round her and she clad them in an intellectual armor—the doctrine of Theosophy—for nothing else would have stood the assaults that are peculiar to this time. And when she laid down her work another Warrior-teacher came and took it up. And at last that vast army was equipped and ready, knights, all of them, like the warriors in that army of Godfrey’s, the very flower of the age.

On June 13, 1896, these Crusaders left New York on a Crusade around the world. The accounts say there were only seven, with the Leader, but believe me, in one sense, there were many thousands. For the hearts of thousands were centered upon this Crusade as the great hope of the ages.

The very thought of it brings to one the fragrance of the Golden Age.

You know the story of the journey; of how the first work was done in Liverpool where a Brotherhood supper was given to the very poor, besides the usual Crusade meetings. Then on to London, Bristol, Clifton, Southport, Middles-

borough, Halifax; to Glasgow and Edinburgh, then to Bray, Limerick, Dublin, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin. It is needless to name all the cities, for the Crusaders traveled through Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, Greece, then into Egypt and India. In the latter country, not only were strong centers for brotherhood formed, but Katherine Tingley, assisted by Crusaders all over the world, did much to relieve the terrible famine that raged during that year.

In Delhi, a Lodge was formed of which the President was a Hindu, the Vice-President a Mohammedan and the Treasurer a Jain. And this in caste-bound India! Truly, the World Teacher ever comes not to destroy, but to fulfill, not to sever, but to unite.

In Ceylon Crusade meetings were held; in New South Wales, in the Samoan and Hawaiian Islands, and finally the party reached San Francisco. At Point Loma, San Diego, the most important work of the Crusade was done, the laying of the corner stone of The School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity.

There, in a square enclosed by cords of cypress, lay the corner stone. From ropes above waved the flags of all nations. Over the arch hung the banner of purple and gold, "Truth, Light and Liberation for discouraged humanity." With impressive ceremonies, the corner stone was lowered into its place and dedicated by the Foundress of the Temple, Katherine Tingley. The Crusade was a success. It closed with a large meeting in New York, April 4, 1897.

Such a Crusade would not have been possible earlier, it could not have been undertaken later, for since then the whole world has been occupied with "wars and rumors of wars." But that very fact determined the nature of the next Crusade, when a band of workers went with the Leader to Santiago, Cuba. They carried not only the hope of a true philosophy but quantities of food, clothing and medicine, proving that Theosophy was the most practical thing in the world, its ideals being exactly those defined by James when he said:

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

Over ten thousand desolate, fevered, forsaken people in and about Santiago were nursed, fed, clothed and filled with hope by the Crusaders. And the thousands of workers for Universal Brotherhood who did not actually go there were true Crusaders none the less. Only because these stayed at home and did their duty there was it possible for this little band of seven to go so well equipped for practical work. And the results were far-reaching and permanent. To give but one instance: Children's Liberty Day, established by Katherine Tingley and proclaimed by Mayor Emilio Bacardi as a national holiday in Cuba, is celebrated every year in Cuba, a perpetual link between Cuba and America.

The Congress held at Point Loma in 1899 made possible the wonderful European Crusade of that year, when Katherine Tingley came into possession, on outer lines, of H. P. B.'s old home in London, 19 Avenue Road.

Not long ago a second Cuban Crusade was successfully carried out, by which a large number of destitute Cuban children were brought to Point Loma to be educated in the Raja Yoga School for their future work for the unfortunate of their own country. Extended mention of these Crusades is not necessary because full accounts are easily accessible in *The New Century* and the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH. They are, however, but the first Crusades of many. They are but the beginning of an heroic and far-reaching work for humanity's children.

* * * * *

Ten centuries have passed away since those Crusades of the Middle Ages, and humanity as yet but faintly realizes what it owes to them. Is it strange, therefore, that these greater Crusades of modern times should not be understood? For they are greater, aye as much so as the things of spirit are greater than the things of sense. Ten centuries hence, humanity will look back at these times with amazement and with compassion, and will understand as none of us today, how utterly they owe the blessings of a Golden Age to that band of Warriorsouls who resolutely put self behind them and became Crusaders; bearing upon their shoulders the Karma of the whole race, a blood-red cross indeed; that they might carry Truth to a race that was worshiping error, Light to a race that dwelt in darkness and knew it not, and Liberation to a race of men who were slaves to appetite.

As Katherine Tingley said in her address to the Hindus at Bombay, India:

"O, ye men and women, sons of the same Universal Mother as ourselves, who were born as we were born, who will die as we shall die, and whose souls, like ours, belong to the eternal, I call upon you to arise and see within yourselves that a better day is dawning for the whole race.

"This is only an age of darkness for those who will not see the light. For the light itself has never faded and never will."

DOES sound a moment drop the strain,
 Then silence takes it up again,
 Still sweeter—as a memory
 Is sweeter than the things that be.
 Pleased Nature's heart is always young,
 Her golden heart is ever strung,
 Singing and playing, day to day,
 She passes happy on her way.

—Selected

Science Degraded

by Herbert Coryn



IN a current popular monthly is an article by Mr. Carl Snyder on the recently published biological researches of Drs. Loeb and Matthews of Chicago University. It is well worth study as an instructive example of the way in which science is dished up for popular consumption. This same Mr. Snyder, in another popular monthly, asserted of nerve substance that it *is* the mind, and the article now under consideration contains a number of remarks of like caliber.

Materialism appears to be a sort of entity, a living black center thriving in the field of collective human consciousness, and its arms touch every department of life.

One of them reaches out and touches mysticism, and you get the mystical-erotic schools and those of the various types of "healing," headed by Christian Science.

Another touches and debases art, of course sensualizing it. Poetry in its decadent forms also evidences the touch of the same thing.

Under its touch philosophy wilts entirely, and the dead tree is marked by a label bearing the inscription: *All is matter and sensation*. Morals disappear with the undermining of their foundations, and selfishness and sensuality tend to become a practical code of conduct.

In science, the thing has its fully worked out presentation. Under its touch she precedes and follows her study of the facts by a number of presuppositions and pretended deductions that the facts do not warrant and which have often no meaning.

And as some of the general results of the presence of this creature we get a shortening of the general life-line (concealed by certain misleading factors) and a steady growth of the totals of suicide, insanity, and some nerve diseases.

The whole picture reads as a decay of human consciousness, a positive devitalization of it under the presence of a fungus, instead of its progressive evolution.

Fortunately, adequate countervailing agencies have begun to work. As Dr. Loeb says in another connection:

It seems as if there were two distinct processes going on. Death and disintegration are not a mere breaking down, a going to pieces, but a specific process that is checked by the life process,

Now let us examine Mr. Snyder's paper, a sample of the channels through which the people have to get their science. Fortunately for our immediate purposes it is an extreme sample. Mr. Snyder is, so to speak, intoxicated with the exuberance of his own dogmatism. His authority, Dr. Loeb, appears to be much more under the guidance of the real scientific spirit; though the whole of his researches are vitiated by the fact that he "very early came to the belief that the forces which rule in the realm of living things are not other than those *which we know* in the inanimate world." (Italics mine).

In other words, he "very early" reached the deduction which he was subsequently to make flow from his facts. (p. 388)

Then follows a remarkable argument in exemplification of this view, put by Mr. Snyder:

A moth flies straight for a flame. Sometimes of a morning about the lighthouses the birds lie scattered and dead, seemingly drawn by the glare to strike against the heavy panes. A flower standing in a room turns its petals toward the light. (p. 388)

What is implied by the placing together of these three facts? Let us complete the argument:

We know that the movement of the flower to face the light is unconscious and a mere affair of the mechanical effect of light on the plant cells. It therefore follows that the behavior of the moth and the bird is *also* a mere piece of unconscious mechanism.

"Surely," says the reader very naturally, "Mr. Snyder cannot have committed himself to so preposterous an argument!"

No? Read further:

(Page 488) When the new-born caterpillar climbs to the end of a branch where it may find the fresh bud on which it feeds, it seems as if some dim intelligence were at work . . .
 . . . *All that is needful to assume is* that the light sets up certain chemical reactions which cause the animal to move, just as it sets up a reaction in a photographic plate . . .
 It is *merely* an attraction or repulsion by the light. (Italics mine throughout).

"Merely"! No consciousness. Mr. Snyder and Dr. Loeb are sure of that.

Certain chemical stimuli from meat cause a fly to lay its eggs. In the fat these stimuli are lacking . . . It is *simply* a chemical reaction between certain substances in the skin or sense-organs of the fly, and the meat . . .

"Simply . . ." we are not to doubt such distinguished dogmatists.

So some of the flower-like animals, the actinians . . . will wind their slender tentacles round a bit of crab meat, but reject a wad of paper. It *seems* like intelligence to watch it . . . Dr. Loeb's work banished these childish ideas. The actinian, like the fly, *merely* responds mechanically to a chemical stimulus . . . *There is naught here* but the play of physical forces. (p. 389).

Can dogmatism go any further? Did the palmiest days of religious dogma ever produce finer examples?

Suppose we try reversing the argument. At sunset, a man turns his face towards the glowing light and color irradiating the clouds in the western sky. There would be pleasure, feeling, consciousness—subjective states—even in the scientific authors of these “merelys” and “simplys.” Presumably even they know enough not to speak of a state of consciousness as objective.

And the man turns to the west in order to get those states.

Therefore, by Mr. Snyder’s argument, the bird, the moth, and the flower, alike turn to the light in response to a conscious wish and obtain a conscious feeling. And they thus evidence a subjective life.

Here we are arguing by precise analogy from what we know. These people advance dogmatically from a starting-point of ignorance. The whole of the phenomena of nature suggest the presence of consciousness, often a determining factor in those phenomena; and we *know* that in man at any rate, consciousness has reached self-consciousness (though Mr. Snyder may not understand the difference) and manifests *will*.

Gross flaws in reasoning crop up throughout the whole article, flaws which the reader, rapidly detecting, will probably modestly ascribe to his own ignorance of science. Here is an example:

Dr. Loeb found that a heart, removed from the body, could be kept beating and have the rate of its beats variously altered by slight alterations in the chemical character of the solution in which it was placed. On this Mr. Snyder comments as follows:

It was clear now that the beat of the heart is not due to some mysterious influence of the still more mysterious nerves, as had so long been supposed. It comes from the presence or absence of a minute quantity of certain salts. (p. 391).

Let me make a parallel. I see a boat going through the water and suggest that its motion may be due to a screw and a gasoline motor. Mr. Snyder takes another boat, puts sails to it and finds that it goes. On this he comments:

It is clear now that the motion of the boat is not due to some mysterious influence of the still more mysterious screw and motor. It is due to sails.

That there were no sails visible, and that there was a screw, are disregarded.

In man, the character of the heart-beat is closely dependent, among other factors, on emotion and even (indirectly) on *will*; as where a man throws away a state of fear that was depressing his heart. Mr. Snyder may contend that feeling and will are really saline solutions, but probably the most modest of readers would stop at that. The same common-sense reader, in one of his less modest

moments, would probably claim that the *ultimate* cause of most of the muscular movements with which he is acquainted is his own will. Not so Mr. Snyder. According to him,

The ultimate cause of muscular action, and, it now seems probable, of all life-processes, is electricity. (p. 391).

A point remains for consideration here, which can be dealt with further on. Meanwhile, the next item on Mr. Snyder's program is headed "Manufacturing Living Beings." The way in which this title is made to justify itself is another example of his peculiar reasoning.

What is to be established is: that life is no other than electricity.

The forces that rule in the realm of living things are not other than those *which we know* in the inanimate world.

Now it is known that, of the two cells concerned in the ordinary bi-cellular method of reproduction, one (the male) is, so to speak, the stimulant to the other, the egg or female element; and that the latter will not as a rule start the work of segmentation and subsequent development into the future individual till it has received this stimulant. It is also known that the stimulus contributed by the male cell can be replaced by electricity. Since the segmentation of the conjoint cells is a *life*-process, and the male side can be replaced by electricity: *if we deny life to the female side*, it is clear that it must reside on the male side. Life is therefore either identical with electricity or the roles of the two are interchangeable. To make this point, Mr. Snyder duly proceeds accordingly, to deny life to the female cell.

In a strict sense, the unfertilized egg cannot be termed living matter. (p. 392).

Therefore life is electricity, Q. E. D. Simple, is it not? Mr. Snyder proceeds to cross the t's and dot the i's.

In other words, here is an organic product, like sugar, or starch, or the fats, which, treated chemically, can be developed into a living being.

Never was there a more unscientific statement. We know the exact composition of sugar, starch and fat; we can almost prepare them synthetically; under no circumstances can they be made to show a single phenomenon comparable to segmentation or evolution. On the other hand we know next to nothing of the composition of egg-protoplasm; we cannot prepare it at all; and on appropriate stimulation it enters upon a career of evolution and integral differentiation which ends in the formation of an organized living being.

Such is the "science" ladled out to the unfortunate lay reader, defenseless in his ignorance.

But though, for the purpose of showing life to be identical with electricity, life is denied to the unfertilized egg, yet elsewhere we get this sentence:

All the problems of life, growth, heredity, too, lie buried, then, within this bit of *living matter*. . . . (p. 391).

So the egg is living on page 391, yet not living on page 392! How curious! Of the egg Mr. Snyder says:

Exterior forces here seem to play but a minor role.

This remark is made by way of a blow to "the airy-headed folk who prattle of prenatal influence." Having got in this blow (and incidentally exhibited his ignorance of the facts known of prenatal influence) by dint of minimizing the role of "exterior forces," Mr. Snyder brings these same forces very much to the fore, showing that they are capable of inducing the inauguration of the process of segmentation.

But enough of Mr. Snyder. Much more of the same sort of stuff could be got from his paper; but what has here been selected is enough by way of examples of "Science as she is taught" in popular pulpits. The aim is obvious—to materialize popular conceptions of life. In their prejudiced blindness these men behave as if they were the tools of a force inimical to the further evolution and spiritualization of human consciousness.

Nevertheless the world is slowly returning to the tenets of the past. Through all nature is the pressure of conscious will. From this comes the consciousness of man and all creatures and things. But man, aware of himself—self-conscious—has to that extent grasped the cosmic will and made it his own, or entered to a degree upon his heritage of will. To a degree—for most of the phenomena of his own body even are as yet outside his control.

The study of cause and effect among natural forces leads to but part of the truth and remains amid phenomena. Before real knowledge can result, self-study must relate itself with the study of externals at every step.

Conscience is the voice of the soul, the passions are the voice of the body. Is it astonishing that often these two languages contradict each other, and then to which must we listen? Too often reason deceives us; we have only too much acquired the right of refusing to listen to it; but conscience never deceives us; it is the true guide of man; it is to man what instinct is to the body, which follows it, obeys nature, and never is afraid of going astray.

—ROUSSEAU

The Old *and* New Centuries

by a Student



THE close of the Nineteenth Century marked something more than the completion of a hundred years, and the birth of the Twentieth Century is more than an addition to the hundreds column of our era. Our life is divided into time, into days and years; the life of the world is divided into centuries and greater cycles. And if we were to study closely the life of humanity and of the world we should see that these divisions are not arbitrary, but are according to Nature's law. Nor is it time alone that is thus marked off. The dawn of the day brings with the light new strength and energy; it renews the opportunities and renews the energies of man; what seemed impossible from the discouraged view of last night seems easy of achievement with the fresh impulse of the new day. You may say this is the result of the night's rest, but the year proves the same thing even to a greater extent. The rush of new life in the spring-time is felt by all Nature. The seemingly lifeless seed bursts its hard shell and becomes a living plant; the barren branch, roused by the new energy, clothes itself in a wealth of blossoms; the sluggish animals awake from their long winter's rest; the birds overflowing with life and joy build nests for their young, and man, too, feels that life is worth living.

The starting point of our era may to some seem like an arbitrary date, but the efflorescence of spiritual life that nineteen hundred years ago caused the incarnation of a great World Teacher must surely have been one of the greater spring-times of the world, and the recurrence of the great periods must ever bring some of the same quickening power. But century after century this power has been lost sight of or misused.

A careful study of the present era will show that the last quarter of every hundred years has been marked by a period of change and unrest. One country has made war upon another; nations have been torn by internal strife; the world of thought has been convulsed by theories, by reforms, by discoveries; individual life has been strenuous and intense. The forces of Light have contended with forces of Evil for mastery during each coming century. Again and again have the forces which work for the destruction of mankind, the forces which appeal to selfishness, greed, envy and hate been victorious, and the new energy misapplied has plunged the world deeper into spiritual darkness. Again and again have the powers of Light been checked in their efforts to liberate mankind, and when the new century dawned man could but feel his way blindly through the darkness of ignorance. At the close of the Nineteenth Century the struggle was hard and

fierce, but this time the battle was won, yet not *by* the whole world but *for* the whole world.

Twenty-seven years ago H. P. Blavatsky took her stand at the front of the line, not ignorantly, but with full knowledge of the coming battle, with full knowledge that the powers of darkness were to make a supreme effort for mastery, with full knowledge of humanity's great peril, with knowledge, too, of the great personal sacrifice it must cost her. Man must be forced from the blight of materialism, he must be liberated from fear. In the face of materialistic science she taught the omnipresence of the living God; she confronted the dogma of Original Sin with the teaching of the Divinity of man; she combated fear and doubt by a logical statement of the Law.

The battle rages fiercest round him who fights most valiantly. That the ridicule of two continents should be heaped on one who taught such ennobling truths, that deceit and treachery should be practiced on one who gave her life to the service of humanity is a sad commentary on our race. But there was one who understood her mission and, when H. P. Blavatsky passed from the scene of battle, was strong enough to sustain the fight until another came. When William Q. Judge passed, leaving the guidance of the Theosophical Movement to our present Teacher, a few had learned enough from H. P. Blavatsky's and his teachings, and from their great example and heroic sacrifice, to be of service to the new Leader. Through their devotion she has founded The Universal Brotherhood for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures, an organization which today encircles the globe.

The close of the century found a large body of people under the direct guidance of her far-seeing wisdom, working for the liberation of humanity, striving to put into practice and proclaiming to the world her teachings of the essential unity of all that is; the divinity and power of the Soul; the responsibility of the individual as the fashioner of his own destiny and of the future of mankind. The force of such a power is irresistible. It has turned the tide. In this Twentieth Century man shall cease to live a parasitic life, fed on dogma and dead formalism, but shall begin to live the true soul-life based on Nature's law. Fear shall be replaced by courageous endeavor, for man shall know that he is responsible to the Law alone, and that from it he shall receive perfect justice. Selfishness shall be replaced by altruism, for man shall know that personal isolation is spiritual death, and Brotherhood shall become a living power in the life of the world.

This may sound like a dream when we think of the slow progress the world has made for so many centuries. So, too, when we look at the barren ground and the leafless trees, the return of spring seems impossible, but we know that when the reviving life flows uninterruptedly through physical nature the miracle

is accomplished. And when the vitalizing force of the new era, no longer perverted and directed against man, no longer checked, but flowing freely and used for his upliftment, awakens the spiritual life of the world, man shall awaken to a consciousness of his divinity and of his power to realize it.

An Ode

Sung in the Town Hall, Concord, July 4, 1857

Written by RALPH WALDO EMERSON



O TENDERLY the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
Our pulses beat not less,
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
Which children's voices bless.

For He that flung the broad, blue fold
O'er mantling land and sea,
One third part of the sky unrolled
For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
To build an equal state,
To take the statue from the mind
And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead,
Present and Past in under-song,

Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.
For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down.
Be just at home : then write your scroll
Of honor o'er the sea,
And bid the broad Atlantic roll,
A ferry of the free.
And henceforth there shall be no chain,
Save underneath the sea
The wires shall murmur through the main
Sweet songs of liberty.
The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.
For he that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

For a man to conquer himself is the first and noblest of all victories, whereas to be vanquished by himself is the basest and most shameful of all things. Such expressions show that there is a war in each of us against ourselves.

The greatest punishment for evil conduct is the becoming like unto bad men.
For some say the body is the tomb of the soul, buried within it at present.

— PLATO

Current Notes

by H. T. E.



MAN NOT TRULY INCARNATED

SCIENCE and other authoritative institutions have, as we know, a way of shouting down all new thought put forward by people of imagination who cannot keep in the orthodox track, and afterwards, when the new thought has grown too strong to be ignored, of rediscovering it for themselves under their own authorized name. This is one of H. P. Blavatsky's chief complaints, and her *Isis Unveiled* was written, among other reasons, to give honor where honor was due and explode false attributions and credits. To belittle the ancients and then to steal their wisdom, dress it in modern clothes and baptize it with a Christian name—this is what she so justly inveighed against.

And now the scientists and parsons are rediscovering the things they derided in the days when Blavatsky proclaimed them. Professor Oliver Lodge, an English physicist, says that he does not hold that any one of us is more than partially incarnated. What we manifest is only part of a larger whole. What state the rest of us is in he does not know; perhaps it may be asleep. At all events, as pointed out by a commenter on the subject, in this age of new discoveries in science (such as Roentgen's and Marconi's discoveries) that are shattering cherished prejudices, it is more than ever absurd to set any limits to the possible or attainable. The question we would ask in conclusion and leave in the minds of our readers is this: What becomes of wonderful systems of philosophy, religion and science, based on what we can see of man as he is now—what becomes of these in the light of the suggestion that most of man is out of sight and may be just about to come in greater measure into sight?

MAN AND ANIMALS

We understand from an article in the *Outlook* that Professor Romanes has found abundant and undisputable evidence that animals have most of the thoughts and sentiments of man. We are glad to have science recognize the qualities and merits of our four-footed friends, and admit that an animal is something better than a machine and may have intelligence and sentiments that put many a human being to shame.

But the inference drawn by Romanes therefrom is one that shows that a cherished theory may become a vampire ready to swallow and assimilate all new discoveries and admissions. This recognition of intelligence in animals is for

him all so much grist to the mill of "Evolution," and it shows that man has evolved from the animals, not in body alone, but in mind and soul too!

We are reminded of Samuel Butler's satire, in his novel *Erewhon*, where it is shown that the little protuberance on the bottom of a clay pipe bowl is a rudimentary survival of the rim at the bottom of a teacup, after the fashion of man's rudimentary tail. To show that there is a continuous chain of types in nature does not prove that the higher ones were produced or born from the lower. It might as well, and as ill, prove that the lower came from the higher.

One sees in a dog's eyes, and recognizes in his character, a soul that cannot die with the body; and one feels that that soul will surely one day inhabit a man's body. The dog is evidently a being that is anxious to leave the animal kingdom and attach himself to the human. But it does not seem necessary or reasonable to think that his body will ever grow into or yield a human body.

Twentieth Century Demands for the Perfect Life

An Address read at the Opera House in San Diego

by Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt



THERE has always been a demand for the perfect life—an interior demand, that of the soul. In fact, it is that constant demand in the essence of man's natures which brings about all the struggles, all the pain, change and growth in human nature. Christ, the revealed Christos, and identical in essence and purpose with the Christos in every heart, said "Behold I stand knocking." But there has never yet been a complete recognition of this demand by this human family. There are times when it is greater than others, when perhaps the memory of some bitter experience is fresh, or when possibly the obstacles to true vision are less, but generally a standard of excellence in each nation or community, which is very far from a perfect one, has been set up by the minds of that locality, and the men there have taken infinite pains and trouble to pattern themselves after a grotesque or pitiful image which they themselves had set up to worship. This image of each community has been constantly remodeled, or dressed up to suit the shifting public opinion, but it has always been a very real thing—in fact the real god of the people, after which they have tried to fashion themselves. The soul force has caused it to be

overthrown many, many times in the history of the world, but except in rare intervals it has always been reconstructed out of the same substance, and dressed in the fabric of the human mind. The soul's ideals and desires have been used in forming this image, but the human mind, not united to the soul, has been the sculptor, and though often all the glories of heaven have been appropriated to dazzle the eyes with splendor, the pure metal has been mixed with alloy, besmirched, and the essence, the kernel of the image, has been human, constructed by the human brain.

Every race has had its Bible out of which it has dipped to glorify its image, and deceive itself so far as possible as to the reality of its ideals, but—the kingdom of heaven has not yet come.

It is a long time now since the image has fallen, and it is laden with all the luxury and magnificence of the Nineteenth Century. Marvelous, curious and interesting are the changes it has undergone in these latter years in *our* midst. It was comparatively crude and simple fifty years ago, comparatively honest, too. Rapidly it gathered the signs of great learning; looked wise; appeared able to answer every question under the sun, except the questions of life and death, and these being beyond the understanding of men, what more could be asked of a god? It was very hard and unyielding at this period, very stiff, the outlines sharp, and it was not a beautiful object to gaze upon. But it seemed to know so much that every one was overpowered and overawed for a short time. But the soul was not satisfied, and the soul, more active than ever before, has wrought more rapid changes in these latter years than history has recorded for us in the past.

Through the feeling which came from this source, the mind began to soften this image, and do away with the sharp outlines, and change the angles into curves, to make it a little more lovable. The mental image of perfection gradually grew very cultivated, refined, elegant. It became endowed with a most elaborate technique for all of the known arts. It required that everything should be perfectly done, which was generally in a difficult way. In fact, so unattainable did this image seem to the majority that they were filled with despair. At the same time it became endowed with wealth. Everything that was thought desirable was heaped upon it, and yet it did not satisfy. The urge from the souls of men asked more. It had not sufficient virtues. Surely these alone were lacking. And so the image had not only to seem learned, and rich, graceful, refined, artistic, it had to seem capable of noble deeds, generous, interested in the welfare of others, indifferent to small discomforts, patient under misfortune, moral, of course, and well governed, well disciplined. All these things it had to *seem*, in order to satisfy the growing ideals. It was now very fair to look upon, and men struggled, well-nigh exhausted themselves to meet its requirements.

And yet they were not joyous, strange to say, with all these perfections. On the contrary, life was only more miserable, more heavy, more impossible. And the soul urge has continued. There seems little left to give this image. Where is the trouble?

Little by little, under the illumination of the soul light now bursting on our earth with irresistible force, the idea is entering the human mind that after all this image is not genuine, and that even if men should succeed in patterning themselves after it, they would not be happy. It is learned, to be sure, but it has not wisdom, and is not even learned about the things most worth having. It is rich, but its wealth is not stable; it is beautiful, but its beauty is transient. It has the language of the arts, but no ideas to clothe which can inspire, arouse noble enthusiasm, stir the deeper springs of human life.

It is rich in virtues, but who better than the devil knows how to clothe himself in tight-fitting garments of virtue.

There has been a selfishness in the unselfishness of this image, a meanness in its nobility, a poverty in its riches. For at its root, at its very foundation, has ever been a lie. The whole structure has been built about the idea of separateness. Self attainments, self development, self culture, self salvation, has in some way been the force which has kept the image upright. And it has been the force which has twisted every truth that has been revealed to man. It has transformed spiritual insight into personal fads. It has corrupted true interest in another's growth into criticism, and the complement of this true interest in the growth of self, into a personal absorption.

What will be the result when this discovery, which has entered the minds of a few, enters the minds of the many? For enter it must. The old ideals must perish. They have been tried and found wanting. Humanity's heart is tired of shams. The image of the Past must fall. One need not be a great prophet to foresee this. He need but lift his eyes to read written all over the sign-posts of the century's close—"This path leads no further."

And what will follow such a fall? A moral interregnum? That might have been feared, had it come suddenly twenty-five years ago, for no monarch on his throne ever ruled with more absolute power nor crippled his subjects more cruelly with unnatural supports than has this monster of Public Opinion.

But the guides of man's evolution are compassionate and wise, and new ideals are always planted before the old ones are quite worn out. From out of the ashes of men's hopes and aspirations there appears always a fair flower to inspire fresh courage.

The hope is, that when the final crash comes, when the results of the rule of self actually overflow, to find nature's balance; when the saturation point of nature's toleration of disobedience against her laws is reached, the roots of the

fair flower which has been planted this time will have struck deep, and humanity be fortified to endure the strain.

The question is, Will it emerge purified, with the lessons of the past well learned? Will it trample out the germ of its false ideals, and demand the perfect life? Or will it proceed to remodel the same image in essence, under new forms?

There is much to promise that only the perfect life will satisfy. A few, at least, have already had a vision of it, and will they ever be silent?

And humanity collectively is the Prodigal Son who has wandered into a far country, and has been feeding on husks for ages. And although there is so much wickedness, vice and corruption, so much that seems dead and hopeless, still the real heart of humanity is weary and is almost ready to say, "I will arise and go to my father."

This prodigal son knows it is weary, but does not as yet recognize that it is feeding on husks. There is still prevalent the curious notion in many minds that to do right is difficult, tiresome, gloomy. The Evil One has always been busy painting the right in this way, and throwing a glamour over the wrong. So it is necessary to stay his hand for a time, to get the true color of things. Just a little practice of this sort and a little study of ancient periods of glory will reveal the startling fact that every thing now used is either identical with, or a modification of, the same that was used long ago with lofty meaning behind it, enormously increasing the pleasure and power of the user. The arts and sciences in those days had an application to the inner life. The professions, law, medicine, etc., were the outgrowth of and founded upon the knowledge of nature's laws—in harmony with the secret springs of nature's forces, because they were the outward expression of the same thing.

All the customs, the dress of the people, were guided by an understanding of the effect that should be produced, and were not something growing out of a fancied need or done at haphazard. Even the games and recreations were of such a nature that they really could re-create force and health in the body. They were based upon the body's real needs and real desires, and they were therefore a real benefit and a real pleasure. In other words they were given to the children of men by those who were evolved beyond them and they were the expression of the Will of the Father on earth.

All this was at the service of the Prodigal—Humanity—before it left its Father's house, but when it wandered into a far country and determined to depend upon itself, when it conceived the idea that the human brain mind was all-sufficient for guiding and controlling the affairs of life, then it lost the true meaning of everything, the soul went out of every form, and it began to feed on husks. At last the world is learning that these are unsatisfactory. But they are being

clung to because the evil intelligences who have had humanity's ear have made the world believe that it must be these husks or nothing. They have been clever enough to talk about the Higher Life and even to advise it, because they knew the Soul demanded it, but they have continually united this in their minds with sacrifice, with something unattractive, something connected with death and decay, with a cessation of pleasure. And as the desire for happiness is eternal, men have naturally gone on preferring these pleasures. But let the truth once dawn on their minds that they have been deceived, let them discover in even one instance that a husk they have prized should not be sacrificed, but should simply be ensouled, to enrich and give it meaning, will not all earnest souls retrace their steps? Will they not say, "Let us arise and go to our Father?" And those who are not earnest are asleep, and hardly count as factors in the race. They will follow the lead of awakened humanity. And when perhaps a few arrive at the Father's house in advance and are received with joy and the fatted calf is made ready and all make merry, will not the news be carried quickly in these days of close communication?

And then when they clearly see that the perfect life consists of perfect ideals, which exist within the heart of each one, and not outside in the form of a gaudy image; and that a following of these ideals really does bring joy and happiness and rest and beauty, and natural, wholesome pleasures; that nothing is to be lost, but everything is to be gained; that not even the personal will is to be crusted, but that it is to be tuned to the Divine Will, which is all-powerful joy; is it not likely that even in this Twentieth Century there will be a demand for the perfect life?

ART so discouraged by life's dole
Thou canst not try again?
Nay, never any human soul
Reached forth for good in vain.

Thou growest by the stretch and strain —
The intervals of rest;
Believe thou must at last attain
That which thou lovest best.

—Selected

A Tribute to William Quan Judge

Second Leader of the Theosophical Movement

by Allen Griffiths



THE lapse of time has not diminished the hope and courage of the old days in the ultimate glorious triumph of the Theosophical Movement, inspired in my heart by one of Humanity's greatest Helpers—the "Exile"—William Q. Judge. But in these last days, that hope has become a conviction, made doubly positive under the leadership of Katherine Tingley.

Years of mutual co-operation and a constant, unbroken heart-touch with the Chief, made the task of routine work an ever increasing source of happiness and usefulness. His absolute consecration to Theosophy, his clear discrimination and unflinching tact, his tireless industry and patience, his great knowledge of the motives and capabilities of others, his forgetfulness of self, and his power to awaken and call into activity all that was best and truest and purest in those who loved him, made him an imperishable pillar in the Temple builded of the hearts of men. His devotion and unreserved loyalty to H. P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, whom he loved as a Teacher and a Comrade, and with whom he had struggled against the powers of darkness in many a past age, were undying. He stood like an undaunted hero, valiant and unconquerable, because his motive was pure as mountain snows, his strength like the on-moving glacier and his loving service for his fellows like the genial warmth of the sun. He was thus invincible.

No desire for selfish power ever tempted him to swerve from true service of the Cause which is redeeming the race. During H. P. Blavatsky's life he looked to her, and received from her, as from a Teacher, directions as to the guidance of the Movement. These he not only loyally followed, but by so doing set himself as a living example of loyalty which sustained the whole Society in its unvarying forward movement and enabled it to triumph over all obstacles. His power to STAND was superb! And, so, under H. P. Blavatsky the Exile became a Past Grand Master of Service, and when the hour struck for him to lead, he was ready, and sustained an invulnerable position. This was made possible by the love and trust in the hearts of comrades all over the world.

He wrote a comrade that he once received these words from H. P. Blavatsky:

Be more severe with yourself than with others; be more charitable toward others than toward yourself.

Those who knew him best loved him most, well knowing that he conscientiously followed H. P. Blavatsky in this and all things else. And how he was beloved! That was a period of letter writing, and shall we ever forget how we were electrified into instant and irresistible action on receipt of a letter from the Chief, charged as it was with his very life-energy and pure devotion! Not one true, yearning heart ever appealed to him in vain, and his great desire to help was always uppermost, imparting hope, and determination to work and win in the glorious fight. And the results—are they not stupendous, aye, almost incredible!

When the time came for his departure, all was in order. He had received his sacred Trust from the Lion Hearted and discharged it with the loyalty of a Knight of old—that Trust, the holiest ever given into the keeping of man, the Redemption of the Race. The rising tide bearing all humanity on its crest, had risen higher still and swept with increased momentum, because he had lived and served. And, so, when Katherine Tingley, the Victorious, in turn received the ancient charge, that flood mounted higher, ever higher in its triumphant course. Yea, my Comrades, “WE ARE HERE!” martialled by the Invincible Three, never again to be scattered or defeated, but for all time to keep the Fires brightly burning, those Fires that light the world. A victory, yes, transcendent in the history of the race—but at what cost! The unholy sacrifice of its Saviors, not least among whom was our beloved Chief, verily a Warrior.

Easter-Time *and* Its Significance

by H. T. E.



WE have been celebrating Easter, the Christian Festival which commemorates the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the tomb; and a few words as to the significance of that feast will be appropriate and may be helpful. Looked at historically, Easter is of course a strange mixture of the Jewish Passover, the ancient Teutonic celebration of Spring, and the memorial of Christ's Resurrection. But in any case it symbolizes new birth, revival, the ascension from the buried past to a new deliverance; and we may take the Resurrection as the most familiar and suggestive symbol of such a re-awakening that we can discuss at the present time.

And it is the general application of the truth—its application to you and me and every man—that we need to consider. The question as to whether Christ was or was not a historical personage can be set aside for the present, together with the questions as to whether the other religious Saviors in the world's creeds,

who died and rose again, were or were not historical characters. It is the symbolic character of Christ's life that we must consider, and we know that his life was symbolic, and that he was a type and a pattern for his disciples and all followers who should tread in his footsteps.

Resurrection from the dead is an universal process of Nature. It is, for most men continuous, and, instead of being a sudden and dramatic episode, is a silent but none the less momentous event in the life of the inner man. It is an universal law that light and darkness shall succeed each other, that ebb and flow shall ceaselessly alternate, that death shall follow life and life death. The panorama of Nature's changes and seasons shows this law, and the great drama of human history, with its rise and fall of races and empires, confirms it. The life of man may be compared to a journey which leads the pilgrim on, now over bright mountain crests, now through dim vales, but ever nearer and nearer to his goal. Every dark descent ushers in a new and more inspiring ascent, from which a yet nearer view of the longed-for goal will be obtained.

A glimpse of modern times, and a comparison of them with a brighter past, will show that humanity has been passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and that therefore a Resurrection is imminent. We have strayed far indeed from the vision of that Light whose beams lighted and warmed us ere we descended into the valley, and will illumine us with a yet closer radiance on yon further peak. Faith, hope, love, joy, peace, endurance, wisdom—where are these lights in our dull and troubled times? They have waned to mere memories and anticipations, while lurid fires and flickering rush-lights replace their tranquil glow. Man beguiles himself with sensual gratifications, feeds his spirit with sordid and selfish ambitions, solaces his restless heart with forgetfulness. Instead of certainty and illumination, he has wild and countless speculation, mingling terrible doubts with theories that must make the angels laugh through their tears. In all the worlds—the world social, the world intellectual, the world religious, there is no Sun; only a swarm of shapes scurrying to and fro with torches and pointing out various false paths that lead to quagmires and pitfalls.

Shall Man rise again from this tomb? Aye, for he only descended into it that he might win a more vigorous and glorious life beyond.

We shall see all this bewildering maddening swarm of ideas and opinions and cranks and crazes; this everlasting monotonous drudgery and dissipation and tedium; this universal strife and thwarting; we shall see all this confusion and darkness melt, dissolve, and roll away before the new dawn of glad simplicity, as the wan and uncertain lights of night pale before the rising sun, as the misgivings and fears of darkness melt in the warm of returning hope and vigor. This is Man's resurrection, and it needs no keen eye to discern everywhere the impatient longings and strivings after such a simplicity.

And as in Man there is a resurrection, so there is a resurrection in every individual man—in you and me. We all wander far into the mazes of speculation, the enchanted lands of slumber, or the halls of so-called pleasures, till we have lost the simple faith and joy of earlier days. We cannot recall the past, we cannot sing the old songs—ah! what a time-worn lamentation is this!—nor do we need to try. Is there not a future? Why should the old man live in the joys of his youth amid memories that bring more tears than smiles, if not because he has lost his vision of the future? He has lived to die; he will die to live.

So we say to the aged, cease your regrets; death is the gateway to life. And to the young, to those who, while their body yet lives, may be dying in their hopes and ideals, the same truth applies. *There is no death.* There is no loss that does not herald a greater gain. Seek not to revive a past that is outlived, nor despair at the failure to do so; but lift your eyes to the coming light. EXPECT THE RESURRECTION OF YOUR HOPES.

William Quan Judge, a Leader of Men

by E. A. Neresheimer



An address delivered on April 13th at the Opera House, San Diego, at a Public Meeting in honor of the Sixty-first Anniversary of the birth of W. Q. Judge

THE world will presently awake to the fact that this man is a great historical character. He has left the marks of his work for all time.

William Q. Judge was a luminary and benefactor to all mankind.

He was an ideal man not only as a living human being, but he was also the type of what all human beings might be, should be, in the course of their evolutionary progress.

If humanity were left alone to evolve without the aid of those who have trodden the Path of progress, there would be a sad plight awaiting it. Before it could reach the goal of perfection it would be overtaken by time and swept away out of existence, for the great law in its onward wave of progress shows no mercy to the laggards who refuse to move on in the appointed course. We well know that in the relentless march of progress more than one unbrotherly, so-called civilization has been swept away, and now again Humanity is at the threshold of a critical period. Believe me, there are highly evolved human beings who, out of compassion for suffering Humanity, voluntarily select a life of sacrifice and forsake well-earned reward of bliss and felicity. If it were not

for these there would be little hope for mankind to enter safely and speedily upon a better time; the promised Golden Age might never come.

You will recognize the failure of existing creeds to establish the paradise of love and happiness among men. In spite of all the great show and professions, the teachings of Jesus and other great Teachers, the doctrine of the Brotherhood of the whole human race, has been side-tracked and obscured. It took a mighty wave of energy to rehabilitate these ideas in the public mind. If you look back over the movements of thought that have taken place during the last twenty-five years you will acknowledge that a great change has come. To produce a change so vital, one that affects the happiness of the whole human race, takes a world reformer. Among such reformers must be classed that great man, William Q. Judge, his predecessor, H. P. Blavatsky, and his successor, Katherine Tingley. They have not come to mankind for any selfish interest—indeed the wonder is that they have stepped at all into the arena of human effort, knowing, as they must have known, with what ingratitude they would be received and how shamefully they would be abused.

The aim of their work is to light up the dark and gloomy life of mankind with the hope and knowledge that every man is a god, that each has the possibility of becoming perfect, free from anxiety and sorrow, that all are real and integral parts of the Universe itself, and can be actual co-workers with Nature.

How many millions of people had lost hope altogether in divine destiny during the last fifty years! I have met people of all classes, some quite superior in intelligence, who had no more hope than an oyster of being anything else than sensuous machines. Some of them said, "What is the good of living, anyhow, or being moral or honest?" "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Such sentiments are the outcome of ultra-materialistic religion, and of education which makes of man only a human animal and which ends in utter hopelessness. In our very souls no one believed we were merely beasts that perish, but the people had no Teachers who could enlighten them on the high purposes of life on earth.

I tell you, friends, we owe everlasting gratitude to that heroic man, William Quan Judge, who was able with a mighty hand to stay the further degradation of man, ignorant of his divine faculties. He possibly prevented the downfall of the entire human race in this cycle of evolution. As time goes on and men begin to open their eyes, it will be fully recognized what service he has done for Humanity; it will be owned by some who decry him now.

William Q. Judge was not the originator of this doctrine of Brotherhood, nor of the great keynote of man's Perfectibility, nor were these doctrines the invention of his preceptor, H. P. Blavatsky, nor does Katherine Tingley lay claim to such invention, but it was these three Teachers who knew how to stem the

tide of materialistic thought and turn the hearts of men once more to the truths of Brotherhood and Immortality, in such a practical and convincing way that much of the despairing picture which hung over the world is now changing into hopefulness. Men once more look with trust and confidence into their future destiny and turn their minds to problems of morality in place of senseless, wasteful displays of energy on chimeras.

William Q. Judge was the intermediate Leader between H. P. Blavatsky and Katherine Tingley. It is owing to his powerful mind, great wisdom and indomitable will that the cause of true Theosophy did not vanish off the face of the earth. He commenced by preaching to empty benches, with no audience at all to hear these sublime truths, and even though absolutely alone, he would make a speech with the same fervor and enthusiasm as if thousands were present. He was a wonderfully magnetic speaker, and in after years when he spoke on the platform he would often answer the unspoken queries of an earnest enquirer. Many incidents at the commencement of his Theosophical work show how sublime must have been his faith in the great Law. By this glowing trust did he not prove that if man will but do his smallest duty with his whole heart, his whole mind, he will be led and supported all along his journey of life? Well he knew that the force he was expending would be carried on the wings of the Higher Law, that what he was saying would find its way into the hearts of those who were hungry for these truths. He was right. His work was not in vain; no, not even the simplest effort was lost. His every endeavor told a thousand-fold more than the work of any other man, and now we see some of the results. Almost every nation of the world is represented in The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society; members daily come in ever increasing numbers, and every month and year adds more strength to this mighty body. Look on the Hill at Point Loma, the world's center of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood. There are gathered a number of trained minds, the kindest hearts, the most compassionate people on earth, working with might and main to spread the truths of Theosophy for the good of all. Think you now that William Q. Judge's work was well done? Surely it was. Thus far it has touched in one way or another millions of people and the glory of the Truth still travels ceaselessly on until every man, woman and child shall have seen it and shall have had the chance to decide which Path they will follow.

Is it not well that we celebrate the anniversary of his birth today? Is it not true that the world was enriched by his birth with another Savior? I say it is true! In contemplating such a beautiful life is not the noblest and best aroused in one's nature? All true Theosophists are this day united in paying tribute to his memory.

Oh my Divinity! thou dost blend with the earth and fashion for thyself temples of mighty power.

Oh my Divinity! thou livest in the heart life of all things and dost radiate a golden light that shineth forever and doth illumine even the darkest corners of the earth.

Oh my Divinity! Blend thou with me that from the corruptible I may become incorruptible; that from imperfection I may become perfection; that from darkness I may go forth in light.

Tributes of Love and Respect To the Memory of William Q. Judge



THE following are a few tributes of love from those attached to the hundreds of exquisite floral wreaths, crowns, etc., made by the students at Point Loma, and dedicated to the revered memory of William Q. Judge at the great ceremony held in the Aryan Temple, Point Loma, on April 13, 1902, in honor of the 61st anniversary of the birth of W. Q. Judge:

TO the memory of William Quan Judge. One of Humanity's noblest teachers.

MAY the courage and devotion of our beloved Teacher, William Q. Judge, ever inspire us to greater and greater effort in sustaining those Principles for which he so nobly gave his life.

A LOVING tribute to William Q. Judge. May we, like him, render noble service to all that lives.

THIS day, the anniversary of the birth of William Quan Judge, makes our hearts glad, for he was a friend and helper and teacher of Humanity in all conditions, holding the same great love for his fellow men and showing by the example of his life the nobility, wisdom and God-like nature, of which all men may partake.

HIS name and work shall live when the most illustrious in the passing history of the day shall be forgotten.

HIS unfailing devotion to principle will always be an inspiration to those who follow "The Path."

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE still lives, in the hearts of those who are faithful and loyal to the principles for which *he* lived.

GREETINGS to all Humanity and Joy—that our Chief did not live and work in vain.

MAY our lives ever be as strong and noble and pure as was that of our Leader, William Q. Judge. May we always fight for the truth as he did.

“WE work for the future—the glorious future.”

THE most sacred memorial to William Quan Judge is to emulate his nobility, continue his work and reverence his successor by the eloquence of useful action. THIS WE WILL DO.

HE put aside all selfish interest, and gave himself to humanity's need.

Take a Wider View

by H. T. Patterson

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AS one pursues a path in the midst of valleys, it is only by immediate indications, or the clearness of the path itself, that the way can be found. From an elevation where the entire path, or most of it, is seen, many windings and turns, unaccountable to one as he wends his way along, are understood. The same with work, or anything else.

A new member in The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may not have gained a sufficiently comprehensive point of view to grasp the applicableness of all the details of the work. A person, not a member, merely contacting the activities, is still less able to understand them in all their phases. As a member works longer in the Organization, in the right spirit, his view broadens. If he is at the center his outlook is wider yet. As to the Head of the Organization, her knowledge of the relationship of details must be complete. Only those who have the privilege of working directly in touch with her realize in any degree what that implies.

One of the books which treats of the higher life speaks of the workman grasping whatever instrument comes to hand. In Theosophical work, people are the instruments; and all who can do anything for the cause of humanity must be utilized often. Some, because of their natures, are limited in their helpfulness, their motives being largely unworthy; but, so far as their fitness on certain lines goes, that much is gained for the work; that much added to the credit side on the great ledger in which each one is making the entries in indelible characters.

Sometimes an instrument which has been used loses its usefulness—a flaw makes itself manifest—it loses its edge, or temper—it may be that the steam gives out, perhaps the fires are allowed to go down. Then our comrades wonder and the foolish doubt.

Those who are closest to Katherine Tingley and the heart of the work, best know her marvelous skill in utilizing every opportunity, every person, in humanity's service. They know, also, her equally wonderful insight into character. Often, she has disclosed radical defects in certain people—many times people who were very active in Theosophical work—defects which were dormant and did not become apparent for years. But those who have kept silent, watched and waited, have found that those defects were not chimeras. In time they came to the surface and became apparent to all.

What is true of any member of The Universal Brotherhood, in these respects applies as well to any officer, Cabinet member or other. The holding of an office,

gives one no patent right on infallibility; no immunity from the results of his own mistakes or weaknesses. Such an one, Cabinet member, other officer, or lay member, may have been sufficiently *en rapport* with the work before it had reached its present amazing and most satisfactory stage of development, and not be *en rapport* with it now. Such as these have had their opportunities, have done their service. Pitiable it is when they begin to undo this by detracting of the work. Generally we find their attitude is taken in an effort to cover up the traces of their own shortcomings.

The public at large, who come to Point Loma, as well as those of the public at large who do not come to Point Loma, begin, now, to be the greatest admirers and appreciators of Katherine Tingley and the matchless genius of her work. Even, if not sufficiently acquainted with its spiritual aspect to comprehend it in its higher phases, they do appreciate it from the standpoint of the utilitarian, the artistic, the musical and the philanthropic.

One is often surprised to find visitors who are even more appreciative of this great work than some of those who have the privilege of being in touch with it. Such as these know that there is an executive genius in this work greater than they have known of before, and, in some cases they perceive that a new and divine touch is being given to terrestrial life.

The visitors at Point Loma are from all states and countries, and from them information is being brought to the Point of the way in which the work done by The Universal Brotherhood is regarded by the public. They do not deceive themselves by imagining that the Leader has made a mistake because she has not acquiesced in the pet personal schemes of some ambitious member, no matter how important such member may be thought by those at a distance.

Mirror of the Movement



News from Loma-land

Katherine Tingley Speaks in the Aryan Temple

The inspiring Sunday morning services in the Aryan Temple have become a very special feature in the life on the Hill, and the short addresses given by the Leader strike the key-note for the rest of the week. There is something particularly impressive in these meetings, held as they are within sound of the eternal roar of the surf.

They keep the memory of the great Founder of the Aryan Society, W. Q. Judge, constantly present in the hearts of the students. On March 23rd, Katherine Tingley gave an address of which the following is a brief report :

COMRADES : There is a magic touch in the atmosphere of this beautiful Temple. It affects me, and I presume it does you to a degree, in a new

way, and I am conscious of something that I have often had in my mind before—that this time, in this century, the members of The Universal Brotherhood have a very sacred duty to perform and that they are to be the interpreters of the unexpressed in the thought-life of the great Teachers of the past. If you will look back into the history of the lives of all the best who have labored for humanity, you will find that each of them had their own particular time, and in that particular time they adapted themselves to the needs of the people; so great was their wisdom, they understood human nature so thoroughly, that they adapted themselves to the needs of the people—to the needs of the time. In so doing, the highest and the best, the noblest and the most inspiring and the most helpful of the ages had to be left unwritten and unexpressed, but now we are coming in touch with all this—we who do know that we are a part of the immortal scheme of life—we who understand that by working on lines of least resistance, with the Universal Law, we have opened the way to read the unwritten pages of the past, and to interpret the heart-life of the great reformers. This is our mission. We have willed it that we should be in the Theosophical Society.

We have moved toward its highest principles with all our best efforts. So we can easily see it was written in the law that we should be here. It is in the law that we shall commence to realize more at this moment than ever before, the sacredness of our mission—the mighty import of our doings, and it is in the law that we shall have the knowledge and the power to rend the veil that hides the light from humanity; it is in the law that we shall instill into the hearts of the sorrowing and hopeless the mighty truths which reveal to them the mysteries of life and death. It is in the law that we shall have that master-force to step out into the world and unveil the new truths for humanity. It is in the law that we shall reveal the higher truths of Theosophy; that we shall feed all sorrowing hearts with the true essence of consolation; with the divine spirit of hope and love, and that we shall say to those who mourn—mourn no more; the law is beneficent; love is immortal; and in the truest and deepest sense there is no sadness. Picture that touch affecting the world; picture the aching hearts that are in the churches; the aching hearts that are in the prisons; the aching hearts that are shut out from the light receiving the message that lies in our hearts, and not only receiving the message in words, but in that which words cannot express. That is the part of our higher education; that is the part of this great work that we are to do. It is the divine touch that we must give, and then, verily in the twinkling of an eye all darkness and despair will disappear and we shall become to the people, Children of Light.

* * *

Among the many cablegrams and telegrams received by the Leader from all parts of the world upon the occasion of the sixty-first anniversary of William Q. Judge's birthday were the following:

April 13, 1902

Alert, steadfast, joyful, guarding the fires; Judge's birthplace. Our hearts are with you.

DUBLIN LODGE

Faith, loyalty to Teacher and teachings. April 13, 1902
NURNBERG LODGE

Faithful greetings. April 13, 1902
DRESDEN LODGE

Truth, light and liberation. April 13, 1902
TORSTEN HEDLUND, Djursholm, Sweden

This day Swedish hearts are with you. April 13, 1902
TROLLHAEGEN LODGE

British members in London, North, East, South, and West, and thirty British cities all centered H. P. B.'s old Headquarters, send one united stream of loyalty and devotion, determined to overcome all obstacles, trusting your wisdom and loving help for humanity ; supporting you to utmost with unfailing service. LONDON LODGES

* * *

Most beautiful was the Temple ceremony at Loma-land in honor of William Q. Judge's birthday. A full account has appeared in *The New Century*.

Great It was one of those occasions from which everyone can draw
Celebration of according to his capacities. It was an invocation of the spirit of
April 13th steady effort and patient resistance which were corner stones in the
life which we were commemorating, and these are virtues as necessary now as they were then. If there were any who remained unstimulated thereto, for them the occasion was a failure.

The celebration was divided between the Amphitheater and the Temple—the future and the present, both of them the children of the past and of its persistent work. The beautiful procession to the Amphitheater with the flags of all nations was a most impressive spectacle. The ceremonies in the arena were of a simple but striking nature, including song by the Loma-land Choir, intonation, and a very beautiful speech by Mr. Neresheimer, the President of the Aryan Society, and on the return of the triumphal march to the Temple the central features of the day were quickly entered upon, including the speech of the Leader, and the formal admission of many of the children of the Raja Yoga School as juvenile members of the Aryan Society. It was essentially a children's day. Not one was absent, and not one went away without an individual mark of the Leader's attention and love. The Aryan Society and consequently the whole Organization has added to itself the sweet influence of children.

The remainder of the morning session and a short afternoon meeting were occupied with speeches. The invited guests were limited to a very few. Mr. Tyberg from Brooklyn was with us, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson from San Francisco, and Col. Blackmer and Mr. and Mrs. Griffes from San Diego. Mr. Reed in a few well-chosen words contributed the most gratifying evidence of the way in which our philosophy and its literature is being appreciated by thoughtful men in other cities. Col. Blackmer, one of the oldest Theosophists on the Pacific Coast, gave a most beautiful touch to the ceremony by a few very appropriate remarks, full of dignity and feeling.

The great meeting was truly a rejoicing of a united Organization throughout the world. Of this the sheaves of cablegrams were in themselves a sufficient evidence, and there could have been few there who failed to feel and to know the presence of the loyalty and the devotion which does not belong to one country only, nor to one people, but is the common tribute of the Theosophic world to its past Leader and to its Friend, William Q. Judge.

As part of the ceremony each student laid a memorial wreath upon the flower-strewn altar, upon which was written some sentiment appropriate for the occasion. From the large number written, the following are quoted:

This is love, that we walk after his commandments.

His deep calmness was a great sustaining power.

Between man and man gratitude is not so much a virtue as a duty—how much more then must this be so between pupil and teacher.

Thy voice is silent—but thy love for humanity speaks.

My delusion has been dispersed by the words which thou for my soul's peace hast spoken.—*Bhagavad-Gita*

It is not what is done, but the spirit in which the least thing is done for them who are all, that is counted.—W. Q. JUDGE

The Greatest of the Exiles.

“The living have a greater part in the dead than the dead have in the living.”

He standeth now like a white pillar to the west, upon whose face the rising Sun of Thought Eternal poureth forth its first most glorious waves.

Let the steadfastness of the Chief be forever emulated by the followers and the Law will bring forth the harvest.

Look up! The day is at hand!

His works do follow him.

Great men are those who prosecute and sustain vital missions for human upliftment. By this measure William Q. Judge will be ranked among Humanity's Greatest Helpers by future generations.

“Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime.”

“The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.”

The most beautiful part of the morning ceremony was the receiving of the Raja Yoga children. To the dress of each the Leader pinned a beautiful little souvenir, on which had been painted the American flag and our own banner of purple and gold, draped about the words, “There is no Religion higher than Truth.” Before this was placed upon the garment each child, marching before the altar in processional, paused a moment and read the motto—all without exception—even to little Alice.

**New Aryan
Members**

As a part of the celebration it was a great pleasure to all the Aryan members to welcome to the Aryan Theosophical Society several new comrades who had recently been admitted to The Universal Brotherhood. Among these were Mr. Albert G. Spalding, Ex-Mayor D. C. Reed, Mrs. Reed and Miss Reed, their oldest daughter. One can imagine how great a pleasure it must have been to our dear and faithful comrade, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Spalding, to have Mr. Spalding take this step and enter the ranks of the Aryan Comrades and The Universal Brotherhood. At the afternoon meeting both Mr. Reed and Mr. Spalding spoke and expressed the reverence and love they had for William Q. Judge, whom they had come to know through his work, although never having met him personally.

* * *

**Pithy and Brief
Addresses**

Besides the hundreds of tributes of affection attached to the beautiful wreaths carried by the children and students, the following short addresses were read at the afternoon meeting by some of the comrades :

From W. Q. Judge, we have been enabled to make or to better our ideal of manhood, for never was picture of mediæval Knight drawn purer, nobler, more compassionate and chivalrous than this man. Because he lived in this century just closed, he made the rebirth of a new and higher chivalry possible again in this one now open ; and it may be that in later years humanity may know what it owes to this true Knight of the XIXth Century. We at any rate know, and from our knowledge his memory shall live on through the ages.

H. CORYN

To William Q. Judge, Friend of all Creatures, our hearts this day bring loving tribute. One of the Warriors of Light from out the ages, the nobility, purity and high purpose of his life inspire us to dedicate our lives and all our powers of body, mind and soul to the service of humanity.

With unswerving and invincible devotion he kept inviolate the sacred trust given to him by H. P. Blavatsky and in turn handed it on to Katherine Tingley. That same trust is ours to hold and keep inviolate—to help our Leader bring Truth, Light and Liberation to the souls of men.

Comrades! this is our sacred Trust! May we be ever faithful to it! Only by the purity of our lives can we truly bring loving tribute to our Chief!

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

Oh! Steadfast Soul! that came to earth on such a day, and held the thread of destiny unbroken, in hands made strong by faith, until the coming of the Master set you free. We are here because your courage never failed. We, who are here, can see the dawning of the promised day, because you held the bridge alone by which we passed into the Light. Your loyalty alone made possible that which the future holds in store of Joy and Hope for millions of the yet unborn. Shall we not celebrate the day you came to earth? Shall we forget the lesson of that life? or show ourselves unworthy of the Chief, who led the little band of seekers for the Light, and kept the link unbroken? Here in the Land of Light we hail you by the name you made so dear to us, the name of Judge.

R. W. MACHILL

Men die but principles live. Any life may be prized by what expression and action of principles it has given to the world.

In the life of him whose anniversary we celebrate—our beloved Chief, William Q. Judge—we have one of the most heroic examples of steadfastness ever witnessed, when battling against the selfishness of this age he did bestow on humanity the priceless boon of the Gospel of Light. He held fast, and trusting in the power of the Heart, he kept on giving to men the very bread of life although they knew him not and some crucified him. Today the seed sown in loneliness and silence has brought forth an hundred-fold, and the same continuous, steady holding fast and working on, which was his last command unto us will bring to the earth the golden harvest when Truth, Light and Liberation will forever prevail.

S. A. CHARPIOT

The world is said to know nothing of its greatest men. William Q. Judge was one of the greatest. He was lacking in none of the elements of a man of nature's noblest mold. His power of taking pains—a mark of genius, it is said—was unusual. His insight, quick sympathy, and steady, unswerving persistence in his determined plan for the good of suffering humanity, combined with his utter abnegation of self, made him a very formidable opponent for the enemies of humanity to fight. Hedged in by unsympathetic surroundings, breasting almost alone the stream of popular opinion, how grandly he stands forth as a type of the strong man—what a noble and inspiring example he is for the children, as well as for all of us.

Then his books. Who does not rise from the perusal of *Letters that Have Helped Me* feeling a greater love for all creatures, a more ardent desire to offer one's life on the altar of work for humanity. All his work, in whatever line, breathes the true spirit of compassion and his noblest title was "The friend of all creatures."

Our duty and privilege is to spread broadcast the gracious influence of his memory, to keep his memory green so that future generations shall say—"there was a Man."

Looking to the future a picture presents itself, that even that suffering country which gave him birth, the sacred land of Erin, will in time, perhaps sooner than we have thought possible, turn and recognize the position of her glorious son, and learn from him the ancient wisdom which she has so nearly forgotten. From Loma-land the flame will be carried which will relight the slumbering fires and soon the Cause of Sublime Perfection for which William Q. Judge sacrificed his life will become the Life of Humanity.

C. J. RYAN.

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Many letters of inquiry have been received since the members have become aware of the Leader's accident. While it is impossible for her to give personal attention to all of these, she appreciates the loving thought that lies behind each and every missive. At first it was feared that she might be permanently injured, but she is very much better although practically confined to her room owing to her inability to walk. Yet, in spite of much pain, she has

not lost a moment in attending to her work. Fortunately, Mr. Tingley is still here with her. It was a matter of great rejoicing to him that she was able to go into the Temple on the Sunday morning when the students celebrated Mr. Judge's birthday.

* * *

An increasing interest is being observed among those who visit Loma-land. They ask for book-lists, and various publications, and many appear to be particularly interested through having learned of Katherine Tingley's great loyalty to the State of California and her un-failing determination to do the utmost that lies in her power to make it a commonwealth that shall be an example on the highest lines. It daily becomes more evident that there is a large class who have been absolutely waiting for the help that only a true philosophy of life can give them, and, in the common-sense, practical activities of Loma-land are quick to recognize the demonstration of such a philosophy.

* * *

New Arrivals During the past month we have been glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Robinson of San Francisco, who brought us good news of the work in that active center. Mr. J. H. Fussell has been appointed President of the San Francisco Lodge and its work is rapidly increasing on many lines of Brotherhood. Mr. O. Tyberg of Brooklyn has also come among us—a very welcome arrival. He reports good progress and great devotion to the work among the comrades in New York, Brooklyn and vicinity.

Among the guests recently staying at the Homestead has been Mr. Bonnell, the private secretary of Mr. A. G. Spalding. Mr. Bonnell made a stay of several months and was much liked by all for his pleasant, genial manner. Although not a member of The Universal Brotherhood, he was a real comrade.

* * *

The regular Sunday evening meetings continue to attract immense audiences to the Opera House. Since it came into Mrs. Tingley's possession, on March 6, the audiences have increased and it seems as if to the meetings themselves were added more enthusiasm and power. The meeting of April 13th was unusually fine, particularly the music. Mrs. W. T. Hanson made brief mention of the Festival-celebration held in Loma-land in honor of W. Q. Judge's birthday, and read some of the thoughts briefly expressed by the students upon that occasion. Miss N. Herbert of England, one of our youngest students, read a paper upon "Some Mental Diseases of the Twentieth Century." Joseph H. Fussell, who left his work in San Francisco for a few-days visit to Loma-land on account of important business, read a paper upon "Theosophy, Theoretical and Practical," and Mr. E. A. Neresheimer read a heartfelt tribute to "The Exile," William Q. Judge.

Mr. Neresheimer is one of Katherine Tingley's Cabinet officers, one of the oldest of the Aryan members, and was Mr. Judge's staunch friend and supporter during the hours of his greatest trial, that crucial time when the Theosophical Society passed through its greatest strain and peril and came out with united ranks and colors flying. He is today a resident in Loma-land, and is giving the best of himself, with the enthusiasm that only an earnest student can understand, to assist in the work of teaching music to the children and of introducing it among the masses.

Preparations are already being made for the "opening" of the Opera House to the public. It will be made a great occasion, and those who desire to see music become a part of life itself, those who desire to place music in the homes of the poorest and most forsaken, will realize that they have much to be thankful for because of Mrs. Tingley's purchase of the great Opera House, so well adapted for a musical center. In her last address at the immense meeting held in the Opera House, where crowds were turned away for want of room, she said:

I have found that wherever the human heart could be touched, even at a time when the mind was indifferent to all that was bright and beautiful; that when the tender feelings of human nature could be aroused, when hope could be ingrained, then the soul stepped out to sing its song of gladness to the world and to show that music has a potent power which is not yet understood even by the greatest musicians of the age In the recesses of our hearts, in the secret chambers of our souls, are harmonics and harmonies—if we would but let them out; if we would but admit, as a people, that we are only standing upon the margin of real life My proposition is to have music in every household, to open the doors of this theater to working people, for the poor and for the rich alike My hope is to ennoble the arts of music and the drama, and thus to enrich human life. My hope is to make this work here in this theater so forceful that it will penetrate every nook and corner of the city, and in time it will not be necessary to have special police for protection. We shall not have to make a special effort on ordinary lines to undo the evils of our city. I hope that when I come to this theater to work I shall see even those who are considered the worst in the town, or the state, sitting here and receiving the influence of this brotherly love of the San Diego people, united with the efforts of the members on the Hill. Let us commence at once. Let us ask ourselves, Are we doubters or believers in the Divine Law?

The whole speech of which the above is an extract has been published in *The New Century*, and has also been brought out in a pleasing form as a small pamphlet. All subscribers to the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH are entitled to one copy free if they will send a postage stamp for mailing. These pamphlets will be found of great interest to all lovers of art and music.

* * *

The music at our Sunday evening meetings receives the kindest comment on all sides from those who listen to it. At the last meeting a stranger approached one of our members and said: "Your music is wonderful. There is something in it beyond what I have ever known in other music. Three things about it impress me—first, it is somewhat like church music—second, it isn't like church music, and, third, well, I cannot tell what the third characteristic is. Doubtless it could not be expressed in words."

* * *

While Mr. Neresheimer is best known as one of New York's most successful business men, his love of music is his predominant characteristic. Now that at last he is able to give his life to Theosophy, he is growing younger with every passing year. Recently the Leader

has inaugurated a Service of Song to be held on Sunday mornings in the great Opera House. The chorus is conducted by Mr. Neresheimer, and of the work and aims, the following, quoted from the printed circular, is explanatory :

The object of the Isis League of Music and Drama is to emphasize the influence of the harmonies of music. As one of the first steps to accomplish this it has been arranged to give free instruction to classes in Vocal Music at the Lotus Children's Hall at 1125 Sixth street between B and C streets on Sunday mornings at 10:30 o'clock, commencing Sunday, April 6.

You are cordially invited to attend the service and instruction.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

The **Easter Festival in Isis Theater at San Diego**



A SPLENDID evidence of the sympathy with which the Easter Festival was received was the large and appreciative audiences which crowded the Opera House in San Diego on Easter Sunday morning and evening. Even from the lowest and most cursory point of view it was a marvelous sight. In its deeper aspects it was more marvelous still, that it should now be possible to publicly pay so exalted a tribute to the Wisdom Religion which is, as we know, the pure flame of Christianity itself. How much, too, it speaks for the intelligent and progressive spirit of an audience which was able to render such delighted appreciation of a presentation of Christian symbolism which must have been new to very many. Prejudice has made for itself a good fight throughout the world, and this shall be a pioneer augury on the largest scale, that the Light of Theosophy shall prove itself a light indeed, and that it shall triumphantly fulfill its mission, not of destroying, but of building up and re-creating.

Time was, and not long ago, when it was considered to detract from the value of religious narrative to speak of it as symbolic. That so false a view belongs already to a closed chapter of thought is evidenced by such a meeting as this. The new order of consciousness which we believe has come into the world, and on the reality of which the success of Theosophy so largely depends, is teaching men that the use of symbols can open the doors of the mind to truths so sublime that human language cannot approach nor express them, and that through symbols we may mount to heights otherwise forever unattainable. In its more ordinary usage, a symbol may be a crystallization of existing human ideas which has the effect of producing a mental picture, more rapidly, more accurately and more vividly than in any other way. Such symbols as this have already permeated our daily speech, as for example in the use of the word Kindergarten, and very many expressions of a like nature. In its

higher aspect it is, as we have pointed out, a narrative picture of spiritual truth which would otherwise fail altogether of expression. It is in the nature of an external stimulus by which the mind may soar into heights where words can no longer follow it nor obey it. The dawning comprehension of this sacred symbolism is the hope and the bulwark of religion, the assurance of its coming domination over the lives of men, and it was therefore in the defence of the religion of Jesus which taught the Brotherhood of men through the resurrection in them of the Christ of Compassion and of Wisdom, that the Leader framed and devised the Easter Festival which we have just celebrated.

The essence, and indeed the hall mark, of a religious symbolic representation is a simplicity which shall entirely appeal to the least instructed of its spectators as much as its profundity shall baffle the most intelligent and the most learned. May we too resort to a symbol by comparing the true mystery drama to a clear, starlit sky? Hardly a mind is so unformed as not to be altogether filled by its splendor and to be lifted a little above its normal, but to the true student come visions of cosmic heights and depths, and a mystic imagination adds itself to the knowledge of the mind. From the starry sky, as from the sacred drama, every mind receives that which it can retain and just a little more. It is food for babes and wisdom for the wise.

Such, indeed, was our Easter Festival. There is no human mind—at least we would so hope—which is altogether unmoved by the sight of children, and especially of children who are so obviously actuated by a simple, an unconscious and an artless fraternity, as are ours of the Raja Yoga School. There is no mind which is not, perhaps all unknown to itself, moved thereby a little nearer to the state which they symbolize, a state which all must reach who would “enter the Kingdom of Heaven.” And there are other minds which are consciously and strongly reaching out for the living mysteries, minds already touched by the living flame of hope and aspiration to whom the sight of these children must be the very arcana of knowledge, the Holy of Holies. Those who saw them know for themselves, each according to his nature, and for them all verbal description is but painting the lily. The passage of the children through the audience to join their elders on the stage was a symbol needing no more indication to our readers than it did to the quickly responsive mind of the audience. They were a living tableau of the benedictions.

The performance of the adults themselves needs no recognition here. It is because it was so entirely without desire for recognition that it was so effective. There are not too many illustrations today of those who are willing at all times to be as stones in the hands of the builder, for such work as this to pass unnoticed. This is the strength of selflessness and which can only come from selflessness; it is the living power of Theosophy in the lives of its servants.

Long ago we affirmed our conviction that H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge would yet receive their justification from a world which seemed to reject their teachings and to impugn their honor. Already that justification is being paid and in the way in which they would have had it paid. Were they here they would see that their teachings have sunk into the very hearts of their followers; and through their successor they are even now reaping rich harvests from the fields which they planted in their pain. Let us see to it that by no thought of self, by no hunger for recognition, or prominence or praise do we weaken the mighty

hand which steers our ship not into a haven of rest or repose but ever further and further over the heaving, sunlit waters of human endeavor and of human accomplishment.

Report from the Lodges



BROTHER ALLEN GRIFFITHS, on his return home from a visit in Loma-land, called upon the Los Angeles Lodge and has sent in a most enthusiastic report. This Lodge is one of the oldest on the entire coast. It has weathered many storms, but has come out of them all, strengthened, purified and with colors flying. Today it has convenient headquarters, a prettily arranged lodge room with annex, which is used for Greek symposia and other public entertainments, and an excellent library. Its activities are of a character that tend to develop that solidarity which members find is an absolute necessity if the Lodges are successfully to do the real work for humanity. In his report Brother Griffiths said that his visit to this Lodge had been of the greatest help to him, and that he was indeed glad of an opportunity to observe the surprising improvement that had taken place during the last few years. He said that the meeting which he attended was like a benediction.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 6, 1902

San Francisco has always occupied a prominent position, not only geographically, but Theosophically, on the Pacific Coast. Among its members are many who joined in the early days under W. Q. Judge, and these with those who have joined more recently, form a strong, united body. It was a great pleasure to meet so many earnest, devoted members, who under difficulties had remained true to this glorious work, and who realize the opportunity for the great work that lies before them, as a Lodge. Being the first of the Lodges I have visited on my trip it was with a special interest that I found how close the ties are between all the faithful members and the Lodge, as a whole, and Point Loma. Public meetings have been held every Sunday and lectures given on the following subjects: "A Plea for Higher Education," "The Needs of Humanity," "Life at Point Loma," "California, the Center of the World's New Civilization."

On April 5th, Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, Superintendent of the International Lotus Home and Raja Yoga School, Point Loma, arrived in San Francisco on a short visit, and on April 6th lectured on "Theosophy, Theoretical and Practical," a short address being also given by the President on "What is True Brotherhood."

April 13th was celebrated as the anniversary of the birth of William Q. Judge and a special public meeting held in the evening, the speakers were Dr. Allen Griffiths on "William Q. Judge," H. H. Somers on "Simple Beginnings" and Dr. Van Pelt on "Inconsistencies of Human

Nature." There have been good audiences at all the public meetings and the public interest in our work is greatly on the increase. The newspapers have given excellent reports.

The Lodge meetings always have a full attendance of members. Several other special meetings were held and were attended by members from Oakland and Alameda. A special feature of the work at both these last named places is the children's work, there being fine Lotus Groups in connection with each Lodge, and at Alameda also there is a large Boys' Brotherhood Club.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Robinson of the San Francisco Lodge, have recently made a visit to Point Loma, spending several days there. It was a great pleasure to all the students to meet these comrades and another link has been made between the Center and U. B. Lodge No. 7. J. H. FUSSELL

The following report came in from the San Francisco Lodge a few days since:

APRIL 13, 1902

The public meeting held today at 11 o'clock was a gratifying success. A large number were present. Dr. Van Pelt's address was bold, vigorous and convincing. She was more forcible and commanding in her delivery than on the evening of her first address. Dr. Griffiths' paper on W. Q. Judge was comprehensive. Brother Robinson's visit to Loma-land has helped us greatly. In his letter to our Lodge is a real heart-touch, for this comrade never says what he does not devoutly believe.

* * *

J. R. Addison of the Tacoma Lodge, has just arrived at Point Loma. He reports increased activities in his home Lodge, that all members are loyal and devoted and express the greatest joy at being a part of the great work being carried on at the Center. The Tacoma Lodge is one of the strongest on the Pacific Coast.

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Brother Fred. G. Plummer is at present located in Albany, Oregon. He is well known as the State Geologist of Washington. Brother Plummer has a class in Theosophy in Salem and reports its members as being interested and enthusiastic. They are looking forward with much anticipation to the arrival of Brother Fussell. There, as elsewhere, the public has been much confused by a certain class who use the name of Theosophy as a cloak for teachings which are entirely contrary to the principles laid down by H. P. Blavatsky, defended and preserved by William Q. Judge, and now being practically applied in every department of life by Katherine Tingley. Not until those who would investigate become able to discriminate between the true and the false, will the public be spared the imposition that so characterizes the work of the enemies of this humanitarian movement.

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Miss Wilson of the Fairhaven Lodge, who recently visited Loma-land, reports loyalty, devotion and steadfast work on the part of her home comrades. Similar reports are being sent in by Brother Spinks, Secretary of the Seattle Lodge, of which Paul Henning is President.

Miss Leila McKee of Hamilton, Canada, is one of our latest but most enthusiastic members. All her correspondence with the Center at Point Loma, as well as the work done by her as a Lodge member, show that she is already making Theosophy a living power in her life and that her common sense application of its principles is winning both the attention and the respect of the public.

* * *

Alpheus M. Smith, President of Lodge 70, Chicago, is, with Mrs. Smith, enjoying a vacation and rest at Point Loma. This he has fully earned by many years' close application to his own business interests as well as to the work of the Lodge. Since their arrival at Point Loma, the Lodge members in Chicago surprised the Leader by sending her a scroll containing words of increased devotion, loyalty and steadfastness, which was signed by all members. The signatures of all members of Lodge 70, who are now students at Point Loma, were appended also. It is perhaps significant that this loving heart-record should have been received so near W. Q. Judge's birthday.

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George H. Wilson, President of the Louisville (Ky.,) Lodge, reports that a splendid work is being done by Lodge members in that city among the boys, of whose Club W. F. Gearheart has charge. Their public meetings, which are always well attended, have recently been arousing particular enthusiasm, and there has been a marked increase of interest on the part of the public.

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One of the strongest is Lodge 45 of Chicago, consisting of Scandinavian members, and known as Saga Branch. Andrew Wittrup is President and Pontus Lindkraus, Vice-President. Public meetings are held in various parts of the city in the Swedish language, and many are brought into contact with the truths of Theosophy by this means who would not otherwise be reached. The Lodge is earnest, devoted to the Leader, and the members most faithful in carrying out Brotherhood work upon the lines laid down. They sell Swedish Theosophical literature as well as distribute it for propaganda work. Their lodge rooms contain a comprehensive Swedish and English Theosophical library.

* * *

Greetings from the Brooklyn Lodge were brought to the Leader by Oluf Tyberg. He reports better conditions in Brooklyn than for some time past in all matters pertaining to Lodge work there. The members were glad to hear from him that Colonel Hooper, who has recently been seriously ill, is much better, in fact is well on the road to complete recovery, and hopes soon to be at work again. Members at the Center remember with pleasure Colonel Hooper's visit to Loma-land some time ago. Brother Tyberg is taking a well-earned rest at Point Loma. Mrs. Tyberg has been here for some time and both of their bright little children have entered the Raja Yoga School for the full course. Mr. Tyberg expresses himself as more than delighted with the benefits already received by his children during the short time that has elapsed since their admission to the school. He says that the half has never been told about this wonderful Heart-center—Loma-land.

One always knows what to expect from the Providence (R. I.,) Lodge, of which Brother Clark Thurston is President. All members there are steadfast and loyal as a matter of course, a deeper loyalty manifesting itself as the years pass. All who know Clark Thurston, who know of his unflinching courage and steadfastness in past times of crisis in the history of the Theosophical Movement, and who know of his staunch friendship for William Q. Judge, and his devotion to the principles sustained by the present Leader, Katherine Tingley, can well understand why he has been such a pillar of strength to his Lodge. He is soon coming to Point Loma, at the advice of his physician, to gain strength and to take the rest he has earned after so many years of close application to business and to Brotherhood work.

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Brother Somersall, President of the Boston Lodge, makes frequent general reports of activities there in his letters. The public meetings are far more successful than usual since the adoption of the Leader's plans, which were communicated to Lodges some time ago. At present the various Lodges in and around Boston have so arranged their public monthly meetings that one is held at one of the Centers each Sunday evening. To this the members of the other Lodges contribute by their interest and attendance, to as large an extent as possible. The Boston headquarters has long been the Home-Center for all the other Lodges in that part of the state. Mr. Somersall reports unusual activity and success in the Lotus work and that of the Boys' Brotherhood Club.

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Colonel E. T. Blackmer of the San Diego Lodge spent the Sunday of April 13th at Loma-land. He is one of the oldest members on the Coast, and one of the strongest in the ranks of Brotherhood workers. He reports that the San Diego Lodge is going unitedly and steadily forward, keeping up its members' interest with unflinching devotion and gladly co-operating with the Leader in all plans made for the advancement of the work.

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Before very long much Theosophical work will be done in Mexico under the direction of Katherine Tingley. Some of her students would be already at work there except for the delay occasioned by important business matters, chief of which is the suit for libel instituted against General Otis of the Los Angeles *Times*, by Katherine Tingley, and which is still pending in the courts.

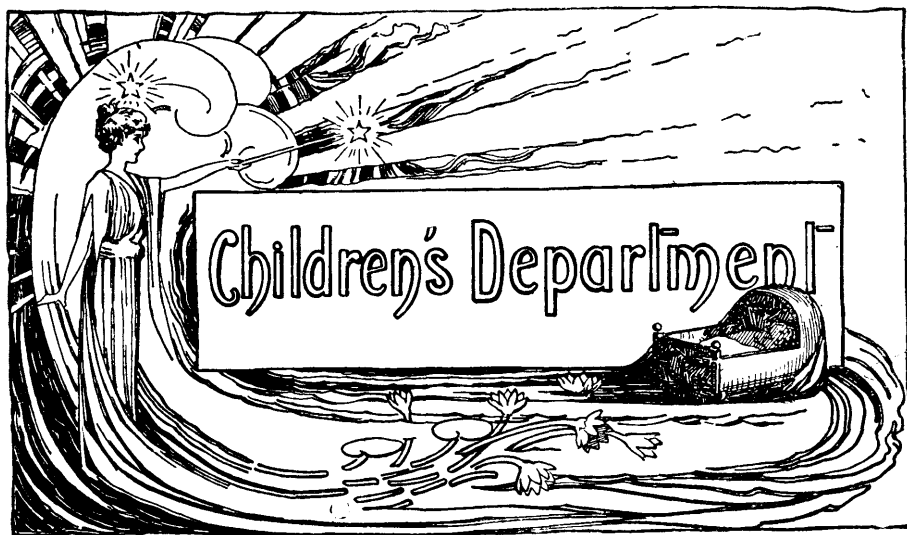
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The Theosophical work done in Cuba is quite different in character from that carried on in other sections. Although applications for charters have come in by some who are desirous of forming Universal Brotherhood Lodges there, the Leader is withholding such for the present. However, Cuba and the Point Loma Center keep in close touch, not only because of the children's work, but because of an extensive correspondence being carried on with those interested in the welfare of Cuba and Brotherhood, chief among them Senor Emilio Bacardi, Mayor of Santiago. There is a large field there, and, so responsive are the Cubans to the principles of Brotherhood there is certain to be a rich harvest. In spite of the

efforts of certain enemies, by all manner of malicious lies, to misrepresent Katherine Tingley's work to the Cubans, the latter as a class are quite able to discriminate and the efforts of these enemies have been well-nigh fruitless. The Raja Yoga Cuban children are the best possible propagandists, by means of the letters they write home to their people. Their letters reflect their own happiness and the joy of their lives here. And as their parents and acquaintances can easily see that all done for them is done as a labor of love, that their teachers do not work for selfish motives, but the truest love and compassion lies back of all their work, their gratitude to Katherine Tingley is unreserved.

These are a brief resume of but a portion of the reports which have come in from all quarters, both Europe and America. But what is expressed by these is expressed by all without exception. Never has the Theosophical Movement been so united, so loyal, so in touch with the great principles for which H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge gave their lives, and to which Katherine Tingley is giving of her own impersonal energy and devotion in a degree that is a lesson to us, indeed, when we behold it. Those who are at the Center witness its growth and learn of its solidarity, as a great humanitarian movement, as members in various Lodges cannot possibly do. To give but a single instance: On the very day on which the Organization accepted the resignation of a certain Pacific Coast member, a large number became members here at Point Loma, having previously applied, and three charters were granted that day, and several applications came in from Sweden also. And this is but an example that might be multiplied. New members are being constantly added to the ranks, in spite of the three years' probation now required, new applications are coming in and new Lodges are being formed. As students are aware, it has not been the habit of the Leader to make such reports, for it is a fact that, whenever this is done, the new members are constantly besieged by the enemies of this Organization. They are known to older members, who do not need to be warned against their subtle and malicious attempts to rule or ruin. Unfortunately new members do not usually have the discrimination to protect themselves from those who preach but do not practice, who introduce absurd "isms" not endorsed by Katherine Tingley, and whose only object in subjecting new members to their despicable attentions is to gain entrance to our Lodges in order to secure control, or failing that, to ruin and disintegrate. As members at the Center know, the real strength of this work is not known or realized for the real facts are not published. That this is not done is evidence enough of the wisdom used in safeguarding this work, for it is one of the simplest and yet most effective means of protection.

If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others would not injure us, . . . for flattery is a kind of money to which our vanity gives currency.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD



Two Birds in Loma-Land

by Aunt Esther



DEAR CHILDREN: There are many, many birds in Loma-land, as you know. I think it is because there lives here a sweet lady whom the birds all love. Extending in front of the lady's window is a wide balcony. Every morning the birdies come there and sing to her and look for the crumbs which she throws out to them.

Last summer two dear little birdies came to see her every day for ever so long. They were almost as fond of her as they were of each other. After they had eaten their breakfast of crumbs they would chirp the sweetest "Thank you" and then sit on the edge of the balustrade and talk to each other. What they said I do not know, but I could guess, for the words sounded just like love notes. They were the happiest little mates in the world.

One day, as one of the students was passing out of the front entrance of the Homestead, she saw at her feet a little dead bird. She carried it to the sweet lady whose room opened out upon the balcony. "Ah, yes," said the lady; she was sad, so sad. "It is the dear little birdie that comes every morning to my window. What will her little mate do when he misses her? I must find some way to comfort him, and then perhaps he will understand."

And there was the little mate outside all the time, just chirping his little heart out with loneliness and wonder. Where could the other birdie be? So this sweet lady of Loma-land, whom all the birds love, laid the dead bird in a box

filled with roses and put it out on the balustrade. The other birdie fluttered about, chirping and chirping. He couldn't understand it. The lady scattered some crumbs in the old place. He would not eat. And finally he fluttered down beside his little wife and sat there ever so quiet, except for the love-notes he sang to her once in awhile. Perhaps he understood. Do you think so, children?

Well, next day the lady took the little bird and the roses, down into Loma garden and placed them in the soft, warm earth. The other bird fluttered about, watching and grieving, just like a human thing, and stayed near this place for a long time afterwards. The lady was afraid he would die of loneliness. Birds sometimes do, you know. Her heart ached for thinking of him.

Now, children, this is not all of the story. The best part of it is to come. A few days afterwards this lady of Loma-land heard a strange noise near one of the shrubs in the garden, in which she knew there were several nests. She found that some little child who had just come to Loma-land and didn't understand Raja Yoga, had been trying to look into the nests to see the eggs. Birds never like that—and we wouldn't like it, either, to have some selfish giant come into our houses whenever he wished and look into all our closets and drawers without so much as saying "By your leave," would we? And, do you know, just above that shrub fluttered that dear little bird whose mate had been buried in the garden. He was scolding this child with all his might, trying to drive her away. The lady told this child that this wasn't Brotherhood and she never troubled the nests again. But every day after that this dear little bird came there and fluttered about "On guard." When the mother-birds flew away to get something to eat, he took good care of the eggs and then, when the eggs were hatched, of the baby-birds till their mothers came back, and he was really happy. How selfish he would have been to have grieved so much over his little lost sweetheart that he would have forgotten all about Brotherhood! And what a chance to help he would have missed! This summer he came back again and came, as before, to the lady's window. But he came all alone. Yet he is not sad, and that is why I know he must understand Brotherhood.

BORN in the hush of things, rising to splendor,
 As a star rises through mists of the night;
 Upward forever our progress tendeth,
 Great is man's destiny, royal his might.
 Sunshine and loveliness lie all around us,
 Deep in the heart of all, would we but see;
 Wondrous our powers are, perfect and boundless,
 We who are Sons of God, forever free.

—Selected