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TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

What then is the panacea finally, the royal talisman? It is DUTY, selflessness. — W. Q. JUDGE

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The Hypocrite

a Study in Psychology

by a Student



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This is not a confessional, my lord! You were not *obliged* to expose that shame here!

WITH these words, spoken to the crafty old Chancellor of France, Joan of Arc took her first step toward the fagot and the stake. For, with these words, she labeled La Tremouille and the Chancellor "hypocrites." She exposed them to the King and to each other.

Worse than all, they saw that Joan understood them.

From that hour the standard of their battle against the country was shifted. Before this they were content merely to betray France and their King by every little subtle means. It was they who contrived to delay, since they could not prevent, Joan's first audience with the Dauphin. It was they who contrived further delay, by persuading the Dauphin to send a commission of bishops to Joan to learn whether or not the "voices" which guided her proceeded from heaven or from hell! It was they who parleyed and did their utmost to prevent

the victorious march to Rheims, which ended in the coronation. And when Joan was appointed by the King "Commander in Chief of the Armies of France," and was summoned to a council of war, there were La Tremouille and the pious old Chancellor, pouring, as usual, their lies into the ears of the King.

"A council of war! it is amazing," said Joan. "There is but one thing to do, and only one, and lo, ye call a council of war! Councils of war have no value but to decide between two or several doubtful courses. But a council of war when there is only *one* course! Conceive of a man in a boat and his family in the water, and he goes out among his friends to ask what he would better do! A council of war; name of God! to determine what?" And they tell us she stood silent, looking La Tremouille through and through. Then she continued: "Every sane man, whose loyalty to his King is not a show and a pretense, knows that there is but one rational thing before us—*the march upon Paris.*" La Tremouille winced.

And when the Chancellor made his cunning reply, "Would it be courteous, your excellency, to move abruptly from here without waiting for an answer from the Duke of Burgundy?" Joan gravely spoke the words by which these two hypocrites knew that the maid had found them out. They knew that different tactics must be adopted from that moment on or this girl would win. And from that moment they added, to their old policy of secret negotiations with the English, and traitorous delays, a set determination to crush Joan of Arc. And there was joined with their own, the equally set determination of hundreds throughout France to crush this girl and prevent the exposure of their own hypocrisy. * * She had unmasked the hypocrites. That was her crime. In committing it she bargained with the future for her own martyrdom.

That Joan of Arc was one of humanity's Saviors we realize more fully as the centuries pass. She won for her people freedom, in the same old battle with the Forces that would enslave humanity that has been waging since the world began. What Ezekiel and Buddha and Jesus did with philosophy and precept, she did with the lance and the battle-axe. They were the weapons that the needs of the time placed into her hands and she used them. They were all that would have availed in that day, for the French people would have been annihilated, broken and crushed as they were under ninety years of English victory and French defeat, had she not raised the siege of Orleans and won the battle of Patay. She transformed a race of cowards into a race of warriors. She filled her people with the warrior spirit, the very same spirit that the Saviors of all ages have tried to pour into humanity's heart. She stands, by all her ideals, by her own purity, by her own wisdom, by her strangely karmic leadership, by her passion for freedom, by her selflessness, by her utter love for humanity, by her rare discrimination, on a common platform with all the Saviors of the world.

By another sign, too, are all these great Souls linked together: by the sign of the seer and the divine courage that dares to utter what is seen. By this sign alone may the world's Saviors be distinguished from those who are styled "reformers." When Jesus said, "Ye hypocrites," he took the first step on that treacherous way that led him to the Mount of the Crucifixion. When Ezekiel said the same to the false priests of his day he set himself up as a target for their persecution. When Hypatia dared to affront Cyril and his monks with her spotless life and her pure philosophy, they winced under these reminders of their own hypocrisy. Of course, they killed her.

It is the same old story. The ordinary reformer, as the world goes, sheds his anathema upon "the sinner." He never says, "Thou hypocrite!" He has not the knowledge of human nature which would enable him to discriminate between the hypocrite and the man who is sincere but mistaken. That is one reason. Neither has he the courage to unmask such as these. This is the principal reason. Few have that courage. It is a dangerous thing to do, and it classifies those who dare to do it among the Great Souls of whom the centuries have given us all too few.

When H. P. Blavatsky brought to this western world a true philosophy she openly threw down the gauntlet to "all the shams, follies and hypocrisies of the age." We well know the result. Every slander, every shaft that the Forces of Evil could command were leveled at her. Her life was a daily crucifixion. She died worn out, killed by persecution, when she might have been living and working today—and should have been. Whose the fault? Was it not ours, most of all, that we did not protect her? William Q. Judge, who dared the same desperate battle with the hypocrisy of the world, was crucified, martyred, and he might have lived. It is not a comforting thought that those whom he came to help *might have saved him and did not.*

Katherine Tingley is today fighting, as did Joan of Arc, the same old battle for humanity's freedom. This is not the opinion of one, merely, but of thousands and thousands throughout the world, many of whom, scoffers once, are believers now. She, too, knows human nature. She, too, has flung down the gauntlet to the general evil of the race, of the world, in daring to say: "It is my mission to call black, black, and white, white. I believe it is my mission to unmask tyranny and to unmask hypocrisy."

In saying this, Katherine Tingley has invited persecution, slander, the vilest calumny, treachery, in fact all the weapons which the hypocrite has at his command. And the invitation has not been refused. In recognizing the hypocrite, in spite of his mask, and then in daring to pull off that mask so that others may see him as he is, Katherine Tingley is doing a Savior's work for humanity. But, in doing it, she is incurring the enmity of a species of beings who have for ages

kept humanity in subjection, and who know that, when humanity is free, their day will have come.

“Ye hypocrites!” It is the old, old challenge. All through the ages it has been fatal to the one who uttered it. Today the tide is turning. The Warrior-Leader stands not so pitifully alone now, as in the past. There are those about her who love humanity, whose hearts are wrung by the sin and pain of the world, who hate hypocrisy and who are determined that it shall be driven off the face of the earth.

A desperate battle? Aye, and one ages long; one in which every step forward must be along a path sodden with the heart's blood; a battle in which one never sees a flag of truce; in which every stronghold of the enemy must be taken by storm. It is a desperate fight, but this fair planet is worth it. It belongs to a race of gods, it is their home, their paradise, their inheritance. And these gods are—ourselves. Is it not a serious thought? We have lost our right, our domain, and now it is ours to regain all that we have lost. What are we going to do about it?

The hypocrite is a curious psychological study. It is time that those who love humanity studied and analyzed him. What is he?

Katherine Tingley often speaks of the psychological influences that pour in continually upon the souls of men, lifting and purifying or degrading and soiling them. These forces are dual, the higher psychology and the lower. As each one of us

consciously inclines toward good or evil, one or the other feeds into and fills the mind. And it is obvious that the point of connection with either is that failing or that virtue to which we are most inclined. However small a point, it must, if encouraged, lead to and involve all the rest on that side of the stores of our nature and the universe.

Those who drink in the harmony and the peace of this higher psychology grow tall and beautiful in the sunshine of life. They blossom as does the lotus when the sunbeam reaches its heart. Those who open their minds to the lower, shrink. They become meagre-souled, coarse and selfish, focal points of the evil of the race. And, as there are many degrees of goodness, so there are many degrees among those who choose the evil. The man who is openly, avowedly evil, we recognize and shun. He cannot deceive the most stupid of us. That fact alone curtails his power for evil. He is disarmed by the very label he wears.

But not so with the hypocrite. I fancy it was to hypocrisy that St. Paul referred when he spoke of “spiritual evil in high places.” He is foul, black, hideous. But he covers the foulness and the horror with a garment that is tolerably presentable, and so we, seeing only the garment, are deceived. It is our own fault. We might, if we chose to do so, pierce through this veil, this cover of sanctity, and see the monster that wears it. For it is always a monster that lives

beneath the suave demeanor of the hypocrite. The sincere wear no cloak. Why should they, who have nothing to conceal? Truth needs no mask. The man and woman of pure life shrink not from investigation. They invite it. But the hypocrite beats the air like a trodden snake at the very mention of the words "investigation," "exposure." Why? Because honest inquiry, which the good and true welcome, affronts the very foundation of his creed and doctrine, which is this: *Thou shalt not be found out.*

The hypocrite is a vampire. His existence is an insult to that divine unity which our hearts tell us is the central fact of life. Without it, our institutions would go to pieces, humanity itself would become disintegrated, the very planet would cease to be. Its song we may hear in "the within," but alas, it cannot reach the boundaries of "the without," the hypocrisy of life so smothers and shuts in the real.

Yet this unity is the one condition of life which admits of no compromise. Humanity is a vast whole, a living organism, of which each unit-soul may be likened to a cell in the human body. True souls, those who are the builders, the light bringers, the re-formers of life, function as parts of a great whole. They lose sight of their merely personal existence in this baptism of brotherhood. They become co-workers with the law. Not so with the hypocrite. He differs in his very nature from the sincere soul. And it is to hide his real nature, which is that of the demon or vampire, that he wears so graceful a cloak. Those who are able to look beneath it—and can bear the sight—glimpse the demon itself. They see that the hypocrite is first of all an egotist. He thinks far more about himself than he does about humanity. He considers his interests as quite separate from those of his fellows. He denies the very basis upon which human life rests, brotherhood. He denies the great law of cause and effect. Others may, perhaps, reap as they have sown, but himself?—absurd! Alas, the hypocrite is fated to learn that those who will not work with the *Law will be broken upon the wheel of the Law.* And in that day his cloak will be torn off and humanity will see him as he is.

Those who have tarried in that region where dwells the pain of life must often feel that humanity is roughly divided into two classes—those who suffer and those who make others suffer. The good and true suffer because the tide of evil in the world is such a mighty current to stem. They suffer from avowed evil. But their keenest suffering is invariably forced upon them by hypocrisy. No one has such capacity to make them suffer as has the hypocrite. For his blows are hidden, subtle, they are given in the dark, when one's back is turned, when no one else is looking, and the knife he stabs with is always poisoned at the tip. The one who suffers must be silent, and hide the heart-ache and the horror of it all. There is no other recourse, for nothing will defeat the malignant, silent, hideous

persecution of the hypocrite save complete exposure, a complete tearing away of the mask. Who can do it? Very few have the courage to even try. Most often the one who suffers sinks and draws away from a task that it seems would take the courage and the strength of ten thousand. And so it goes. It is the tragedy of civilization, and those who are able to look just a bit below the surface can read it on every hand, in every neighborhood, in every community.

Theosophy has brought to humanity wisdom and higher ideals. Those who have drunk in its philosophy have gained an added insight into human life and human needs. It has given to them an added capacity for service. Æschylus said in old Greece:

Many are desirous to seem good while they are not so. But *when a man is able to read human nature*, then it is impossible that the eyes of a man which, with sympathetic feeling merely *appear* to show a kindly feeling, should deceive him.

The test of the true Theosophist is his ability to read human nature. That is why the true Theosophist is a Warrior, a spiritual Warrior. For his understanding of human nature places him at once in the midst of a terrible struggle with the hypocrisy of the world. Yet half the battle is won when the foe is once recognized. The battle is wholly ours once we know how to handle him. That knowledge, or wisdom rather, Theosophy gives.

Theosophy has many ideals. The greatest of all is duty.

"It is better to do one's own duty, even though devoid of excellence, than to perform well the duty of another," said an ancient Teacher. "Theosophy is the quintessence of duty," said William Q. Judge.

"Fear nothing for yourself. Fear only to fail in your duty to others," are the words of Katherine Tingley.

The duty is usually the humble, the unpleasant task, that which lies nearest at hand. It may be that fortune has placed us very close to hypocrisy in some of its many guises. It may be that our very happiness the hypocrite holds in his hand. It may be that some loved one is revealed to us as such at some turn of this wheel of the Law. And we learn in bitterness that those whom we love or once fancied that we loved are the ones who are deliberately and selfishly making us suffer to gain their own ends. Only those with whom we are closely linked have this power. The casual friend has it not. Woe to us if the suave exterior of one we care for be the cloak, merely, that covers a degenerate. For the hypocrite is that. The hypocrite is a tyrant. He is an Inquisitor. And if he does not use the rack and screw, it is because these are not torture-some enough to suit him—then, too, the neighbors might find him out! A morbid fear of Mrs. Grundy's disapproval, a morbid desire to be well thought of by "my acquaintances" is characteristic of the hypocrite. It is one unfailing sign by which we may know him.

Have we, then, a duty to the hypocrite? If so, what is it?

As we look out over the world, we see a common tendency, particularly among women, to yield when they fully realize that they are in the power of one who would be rightly labeled "hypocrite." They sink under the torture, they are crushed by the pressure that the hypocrite can bring to bear, while the looker-on never suspects that a soul is being butchered under his very eye. That is the pathos of it, and so these who suffer, and very, very often they are women, our wives and mothers, surrender. They are silent, save for the sobs that sometimes burst forth, and the weeping that is a merciful relief to the pent-up nature and the aching heart. And sometimes men, under the tyranny of a virago, endure as much because of a false idea of peace.

This policy is productive of much pain. Never yet has it produced a remedy. The hypocrite waxes in his hypocrisy and all humanity suffers as well as his immediate victim, through the unseen links that bind together all divine Souls. Worse still, others of his kind are encouraged to follow his example.

The years pass. Very often the victim of the hypocrite's unyielding but subtle tyranny passes with them. The fledgeling hypocrite has become the demon full-grown and the one who merely surrenders and weeps deserves our thanks for giving the world another Cauchon or La Tremouille. Such a course is anything but remedial and the Theosophist condemns it, unreservedly.

The Theosophist faces this problem of persecution and hypocrisy quite as often as his neighbor in the Church or the social club. But in facing it he has certain advantages. In the first place the true Theosophist not merely believes that he has a soul—no, he realizes to the uttermost boundaries of his consciousness *that he is a soul*, divine, godlike if he will, free if he choose. He has trust absolute in the Great Law, the Law which is so merciful in its inexorable sweep. He knows that the pain of today is but the blossom upon the plant of self, whose seed he cast into the ground with his own hand yesterday. If he sow more wisely today, who can measure the happiness that tomorrow will bring to him? The Theosophist therefore, is patient, knowing that he alone is responsible for the circumstances and conditions of his life. Thus it happens that, when the pressure and the pain come upon him, he faces the plain fact of his own responsibility. He has no disposition to surrender, little time in which to weep. He realizes that all this which is so hard is the experience his soul would gain, and that, if it be regarded in this light, invaluable lessons can be learned. He sees that, by taking the warrior attitude, he daily grows in strength. Then, too, his ideal of duty is insistent. He has a duty to the very one who tortures him and, more than that, to humanity. So he studies the hypocrite, studies his characteristics, his mental traits, his moral peculiarities, his caprices, his cruelty, his moods. He begins to understand this being who will ruin if he cannot rule.

And then a curious thing happens. He begins to understand himself. He sees that the hypocrite too, has something of the divine in his nature, albeit covered up with grossness and excrescence. Then he sees that in his own nature, mayhap, are planted the seeds of the very evils that have grown to such huge proportions in the hypocrite. It is solemn indeed, the moment of this discovery. And if the discoverer of this fact is a true Theosophist he will study his own nature more and more closely. He will not pause until every seed of evil is torn out, every weakness eradicated, every bit of insincerity in his nature is transmuted by the alchemy of his soul, into a jewel of truth. That is warrior work and it asks of the one who attempts it, courage, to say the least. But the faithful Theosophist keeps right at it until it is done, this task of purifying his own nature, this work of cleansing away from it even the shadow of that filthy stain called hypocrisy. It must be done before he can do his whole duty by the hypocrite, at his elbow. The "reformer" can say "thou sinner," when there may be a lie in his own heart. Such as these say it to the ones whom they labor to "reform," day after day. But this type of reformer dares not say "Thou hypocrite" *and take the consequences*, and he knows it. Not one dares risk this whose life will not stand the test, whose least act hesitates to invite the closest inspection. None but the pure, great souls of the world have ever dared to say that word. It costs too much.

And the Theosophist finds that all this warrior work upon his own nature pays. He begins to understand human nature. That is the sign of the wise soul. What was that in Joan of Arc by which she knew that the Dauphin's Chancellor was a vampire, that the smooth-tongued La Tremouille was a snake, and that La Hire, this "cyclopædia of sin," all profanity and violence, was—well, not pure gold, but *gold* certainly? They tell us that Joan had the "seeing eye." Well, so have we, but we keep it disgracefully under cover. Do we realize that there is within each of us the same divine inner sight which Joan of Arc possessed? Do we realize that we have spent the centuries in covering it, layers deep, with selfishness in all its Protean forms, sensuality, covetousness, love of power, greed, envy, vanity, insincerity and—yes, hypocrisy? That is why the clear sight cannot shine through. For we all possess this marvel, the inner sight, by which we may read human nature as a geographer his map. *Some of us know that we do.* That seems to be the chief difference. And of those who know it the bravest set about the task of clearing away this overlying rubbish-heap of faults. These are the true Theosophists, and this process, long, it may be, and painful, yet purifies. The personality loses its grossness, it becomes transparent, porous, as it were, to the divine within and the divine without. It is no longer a thick covering, shutting in all that is best in one's nature, but becomes a window through which the light of the soul may shine out. This is

what Jesus meant when he said, "Ye are the light of the world."

In proportion as the soul's light penetrates this garment which we call the personality do we gain a knowledge of human nature. Then we can tell who is the hypocrite and who is not.

What is our duty in that case? It is not to ourselves. Though we suffer much we know that the warrior never strikes a blow save in the defense of others. But have we not a duty to humanity and to the hypocrite himself? Verily, we have, and only the courageous can do it as it ought to be done—this duty which might be defined as *a refusal to stand between the hypocrite and the penalties of his own hypocrisy*. Every moment that we spend in tears, every time that we surrender to him, we strengthen the hypocrite in his evil course and pile his Karma high. He is guilty before the Law. That we know. But if we grow half-hearted and weaken and surrender through fear, through a lack of faith in our own powers, *we become an accessory in his every crime*. For by the judgment of the Higher Law, outrages committed upon the Soul of another, are crimes. Far worse are they than injuries to the body. And even our common law punishes the accessory in crime as well as the principal.

This statement may not be pleasant. But it is true none the less. It may conflict with our notions of "resignation," "meekness" and "submission." But Theosophy brings us a higher ideal than these virtues, which are likely to be passive at best. This ideal is Compassion. It is an act of the greatest compassion to check the hypocrite in his career of tortures and crimes. The sooner this is done the sooner is the divine spark, which does exist at the very center of his being, enabled to shine out and do its work in casting off this hideous thing which is hypocrisy personified. It behaves like a demon, this thing which we call hypocrisy. I think it is a demon, a monster. And if there is any good in the hypocrite, if the soul has not entirely withdrawn, how grateful must he be to the strong hand of the friend who dares to drag this demon off and send it about its business. There is something in the nature of even the vilest that is worth saving. But if this demon called hypocrisy steps in and absorbs all the good qualities, what can the soul do but withdraw? Knowing this, is not our duty plain?

How, then, shall we set about it? We long to kill out this demon of hypocrisy in human form. We long to save the hypocrite himself from his own hypocrisy. We may try gentler methods, at first. We may appeal to the better part of his nature, to his sense of justice, his love, his humanity. In nine cases out of ten this will avail nothing—those who have tried it know this by experience—so shut in is all that is worth while in the man by this monster of egotism. Yet it is our duty to be patient until we see that such means are absolutely of no avail. The hypocrite lives in a constant state of guerrilla warfare, *not*

satisfied unless those whose lives are a standing reproach to his own, are perpetually under fire. We who feel the sting of his thrusts, plead for peace. We plead for ourselves, for our soul is outraged, but even more do we plead for the hypocrite himself, knowing the penalties that the future will fling down upon him and crush him with. But when our pleading is scorned, our efforts despised, our patience outraged at every turn by renewed and subtler thrusts, it is time for us to change our tactics.

And then the trouble begins. We must, if we be true Theosophists, throw down the gauntlet for open battle. We must cease gazing at the good qualities in this hypocrite-tyrant; for search will reveal some good qualities in the depths of every nature, no matter how vile. It is now our duty to gaze for awhile upon the demon. We must give the demon, hypocrisy, to understand that we have found him out. And we do this work with two little words, "Thou hypocrite!"

Once we have uttered these words, everything changes. We are plunged into a battle that shakes the very foundations of all that we are and all that we believe in. We have challenged a monster. We must fight and fight and fight. The only alternative, if we surrender, is martyrdom that is most ignoble, with not a vestige of glory about it. We may die in the fight. What of it? Many have died. But to die fighting is one thing and to yield is quite another.

When Thomas Paine denounced the Jacobins and called Robespierre a hypocrite he earned ten months in the Luxembourg prison and a sentence to the guillotine. We may expect no less when we once dare to open battle with these two narrow words, "Thou hypocrite!" Not that the hypocrite is a warrior. Never. Hypocrisy is the quintessence of cowardice. But it is also the quintessence of vindictiveness. The blow it gives is not that of the Warrior, but of the demon who is driven into a corner. What we feel is the bite of the snake when it knows the heel is upon its neck—the final desperate stab in the dark of the creature which knows it will be disarmed the moment the light is turned upon it. The hypocrite's methods are those of the snake and the vampire. Always will he stab in the dark. Never will he battle in the open, save when forced to do so by the tearing away of his mask. And two quiet little words will do it. They have always done it. They forever will.

Those whose hearts have never been touched, who feel nothing of the world's pain, cannot understand me. They may daily break bread with the hypocrite and they do not suffer. Why? Because they do not recognize this thing, this hypocrite, to be what he is. And, this being the case, *they are not in his way.* But if the day comes when some shock wakens these and they see this thing in spite of its human guise, the awfulness of the sight, the horror of the experience, will change their whole natures. This change is inevitable. The

one to whom the shock comes may perhaps close his heart to what it would teach him. Then he, too, plays the hypocrite and takes his own place. If he open his soul to this experience, if he be glad for the chance to drink to the very dregs this cup of sorrow, then does its bitter wine pour into his heart a new life, and he becomes a Warrior. For a long time he fights defensively. It is during this time that the Warrior finds his greatest opportunity to purify and strengthen his own nature. But there comes a day when the Warrior sees that these tactics have outlived their need, and further following of them is but wasting time. When his disciples were in training Jesus enjoined them to "resist not evil," and submit to insult quietly and without resentment. When he sent them into the world he said, "He that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one."

Merely defensive warfare is wise up to a certain point. Then the one who really longs to help humanity must assume the offensive and either carry things by storm or abandon the field to the enemy. It is the Higher Law.

How history reveals its workings to us!

The French, for more than ninety years, fought on the defensive plan against the English. A series of defeats culminated in the butchery of Agincourt. And they were fighting what? Not the English merely, but a greater enemy—the hypocrites in their own ranks. France itself was no longer a state. It had shrunk to a shabby two acres, as Joan of Arc told the Dauphin. But when she came, matters changed. She made short work of this century-long battle with tyranny and hypocrisy. Her warfare was offensive. She believed in carrying things by storm, *and she carried them*. In seven weeks she had raised the siege of Orleans, won at Patay, and crowned the Dauphin at Rheims. Seven weeks against more than ninety years! And France was free.

This is typical of every fight that is waged against hypocrisy. The aggressive stand *must* be taken finally or the whole ground is lost. And when taken it must be kept up, storm, storm, assault, assault. No waiting, no parley, no delay, nothing but a steady keeping-at-it till the enemy is down.

It is no holiday excursion, this deliberate carrying of the flag into the enemy's country. It is a desperate undertaking. Yet one thing is certain. If the one who does this is in the right, if his own life is true and strong, defeat is impossible, *providing he will not surrender*. "One thing only is important, that the Warrior shall win, and you know that he is incapable of defeat." The gods help, there is no doubt of it. But they can help only those who, like themselves, see in every blow an opportunity, and find victory in every defeat.

And when the hypocrite is finally defeated, then one of two things happens. It may be that the good in his nature asserts itself, casts off this incubus of hypocrisy and fear, and the man is saved. Then he will bless the hand that

chastened him. If the hypocrite be a lie incarnate, there he stands before us, still a vile thing and still capable, to a degree, of poisoning the lives of those who contact him. What is our duty in that case?

Let us reason by analogy. We call ourselves a practical people. We quarantine yellow fever and we isolate leprosy. We quietly separate from the rest of humanity the criminal and the idiot. Doubtless the leper is often lonely, doubtless the criminal often feels quite injured, and the idiot doesn't understand, but that is their misfortune. It cannot be helped. It is for their own good and they take the first step towards freedom when they so understand it. And how about humanity? Would any living person who is practical or even sane, allow such as these to roam about at will, defiling all whom they touch? No. And what should be done with the hypocrite? The very same thing—isolate him. Yet not in the same way, for our laws as yet do not take cognizance of the greatest crimes. With lesser crimes they are stringent enough. A young boy may be sent to the penitentiary for thirteen years for stealing a cow. But the hypocrite, who steals the happiness and the freedom of a hundred divine souls, who is a moral leper, a distributing center of foulness in any community, goes scot free.

He is answerable to a Higher Law, and this Law needs its appointed agents. Let us not forget that. Those who have the courage to defeat the hypocrite in his own battle are among those agents, depend upon it. And what shall they do? The analogy is plain. Isolate him. Quietly "cut off all connection with him in thought and action." Let him alone. He will soon realize that he is a thing apart from humanity in very truth, and in due course of time he will take himself off to planes or planets more congenial, and the earth will be a better place to live in.

Is this a disagreeable task? I assure you it is perfectly beautiful if we look at it in the right way. It is a work for gods—and artists. Democritus once said, "To impede the unjust—it is beautiful," and he touched upon one of the great facts of existence, which is, that beauty is a consequence of the right life. Think of the Golden Days, when men made Brotherhood a living power in their lives, when love was abroad in the land, when the heart-life was the natural life, common to all. Then was life itself balanced, symmetrical, the physical, so to speak, perfectly attuned and proportioned to the divine, of which it was the garment. It is easy to see why the hypocrite is a miserable blot upon such a picture, jangling all the harmonies, destroying the beauty of life and disturbing its balance. It is easy to see why those who realize this are guilty of an absolute crime if they do not stand, a solid wall of protest against the hypocrite and against all hypocrisy. It is a sin against humanity and against the gods to allow the hypocrite to rob life of its symmetry and its beauty and divine souls of their peace and joy.

“That is a task for the wise and the strong,” you say, “I am not great enough. I have not the knowledge, the patience.” Ah, you do but classify yourself, in saying that. Then should every one turn reformer? Yes, every one who realizes as you realize, humanity’s danger and humanity’s need. But you must be a reformer *on right lines*, or you but step into the ranks of the very hypocrites you condemn and add to the evil of the world. First of all, you must reform yourself—*first*, not last. The wise Warrior puts on his armor before the battle, not afterwards, and the only armor which will avail you in this battle against hypocrisy is the armor of the true, pure life. Then you will be of some use to those who are trying to save men from themselves. Then you will win the greatest privilege that time or eternity can ever bring to you—the chance to enter “this glorious, unsought fight which only fortune’s favored soldiers may obtain.”

A Basis for Education

A Proper Understanding of Man’s Nature

by H. T. E.



IT is clear that, before anyone can fitly undertake the bringing up or education of a child, he should have a reasonable, consistent, and definite notion of what a human being is. Otherwise his efforts must be vague, vacillating and indeterminate. We call this age “scientific” and we plume ourselves upon our method and accuracy in setting about things. How comes it, though, that in such an enlightened and precise age we are the veriest go-as-you-please, anyhow, kind of people that the wildest flights of the “scientific imagination” could possibly conceive? To rear a man without knowing what a man is!

The kind of education with which most of us are familiar through our own experience consists of two parts—(1) An ostensible, canting, and verbal curriculum of morals and accepted book-ideals; (2) a real course of instruction in compromise, expediency, and regulated self-indulgence, conveyed not by precept but by example.

Under this system the child soon learns that for the majority of people the precepts are for appearance’ sake only, and that they may be neglected with im-

punity so long as the neglect does not invite attention ; and too often he becomes a conspirator in a conspiracy of mutual humbugging.

This system is founded on the notion that man is a one-life, perishable animal, added to the vague fear that he is perhaps something more. Superstition and the voice of a conscientious fear bid us exhort to higher aims, while our own inner lack of faith and knowledge communicates itself through example.

Modern science has catered for all outward wants and pleasures, and by its aid we have constructed an elaborate system of life, working like a complicated machine. We carry into our business and our pleasure-seeking an energy, devotion and intelligence worthy of higher aims ; but leave the vital problems of life to vague, unordered speculation.

And this is why, in this culminating epoch of modern civilization, we are asking ourselves the question, Is life worth living ?

We hear much discussion as to the neglect of moral education in schools and the inadequacy of dogmatic religious teaching to fill the gap ; and all sorts of schemes for moral education on unsectarian lines are proposed. But there are two insurmountable obstacles in the way of such schemes. The first is that, in the absence of religious creed, it is held there is no theoretical basis or sanction for a code of morals. Talk is made about inculcating the duties of citizenship and instilling ideas of fellowship on the ground of social expediency ; and ethical injunctions are enforced by a reference to their consequences as contrasted with the destructive effects of the corresponding vices. But people will not be satisfied with mere exhortations ; they demand to know the reason for right conduct and must have a consistent philosophy, as well as rule, of life.

What is the rationale of such principles as impersonality, honesty, purity, and the like ? The answer to this question is what is lacking ; but without it the principles will not have enough sanction or force to enable them to supersede the old religious dogmas.

The other objection to the "moral education" schemes is that there are no teachers sufficiently in advance of their pupils to render their teaching of any use. The teachers need teaching ; and here again comes in the need for a reasonable philosophy of life.

It is a mistake to suppose that great learning or profundity of thought are required to enable us to understand the laws of life and do all that is necessary in the duty of parent or teacher towards child. Complexity and profundity are the result of much misguided study, and are the offspring of doubt and darkness of vision. Simplicity and obviousness are the marks of Nature's laws, and a simple, innocent mind is more likely to understand them than is the subtlety and learning of a cultured philosopher.

The ordinary common-sense of humanity, the universally implanted knowl-

edge of good and evil, suffice to show the right way ; and we need rather to unlearn than to learn, to simplify than to complicate.

If there is one truth which, more than another, can be made the basis of training for children as well as the foundation for a healthy philosophy of life for men of all ages, it is that of the *Dual Nature of Man*. This truth is no mere dogma, to be accepted on authority because somebody or some book teaches it ; it is one of those truths that are obvious and apparent to all. Everybody, even among the simple peoples called "savages," knows that man's mind and heart are the battlefield of two opposing forces, which may be termed good and evil, light and darkness, power and weakness, and so forth. Everybody knows also to which side various qualities belong, and the consequences to which they lead. On the dark side are selfishness, sensuality, anger, hate, fear, despondency, doubt ; and on the bright side generosity, self-control, calmness, love, courage, hope, trust. The former lead to misery and the latter to happiness.

Selfishness gradually contracts and hardens our nature, shutting us out from sympathetic contact with other souls ; while generosity expands the heart, fills it with joy, and extends the sphere of life through sharing with other lives. Indulgence brings satiety and nausea and ruins the healthy, vital springs of joy ; while purity makes a strong, clean organism that responds to all the nobler feelings.

Such simple wisdom as this needs not to be catalogued. In an age of materialism and lack of faith it may seem trite and visionary ; but, when based on a firm conviction of man's immortal and divine nature, it gains new life.

Given a Teacher to whom the eternity and indestructibility of the soul and its transcendent powers and glories are *facts*, and a school becomes possible wherein these simple truths can be ingrained in the plastic nature of children, until they become rooted habits for maturer years.

The work of The Universal Brotherhood therefore includes two main divisions. First it has by its philosophy and by the example of its mode of life, to inculcate into public opinion these grand old truths and turn the thought of future humanity into the lost mold of greatness and aspiration ; so that the world may once more have clearly before its eye great ideals of man's prospects and possibilities, and may gain a basis on which to ground its education of the young. Secondly, the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood at point Loma has undertaken the work of bringing up many children on the lines indicated by the philosophy, and the visible and ever-growing results of such a blessed system will give the world a lesson by example that no precept can ever equal. For here the world can see "moral instruction" as it ought to be, and can realize the vague hope it is so vainly groping after in its ineffectual enterprises of reform.

In the case of these children theories become facts in a way that startles the beholder and makes him confess, staunch Theosophist though he be, that never

till now did he comprehend the Theosophical teachings. He had faith, but now his faith is rewarded by the knowledge that replaces it. The dual nature of man is no mere intellectual formula for the regulation of one's inner contemplative life ; it is a fact of life, and works out in the case of the children as a chemical recipe works out in the laboratory.

The mind and heart of man, by loving the light of truth that shines from within, can gain power to rule over those tyrannous passions and lusts of the lower nature that lead most people such a dance. When this process is begun early, it gains the force of a habit, and has not to be learnt amid tears and groans in later life.

The Strenuous Life

by a Student



Read at a Meeting of The Aryan Theosophical Society at the Isis Theater, San Diego, Cal.

THERE is a new kind of consciousness coming into the world. It is choosing its habitations wherever it can find them, in the hearts and in the minds of men. It is that kind of consciousness which gives us the power to help the world, and to do deeds which the slow and cautious mind would declare to be impossibilities. That new consciousness is not a shy and furtive force which eludes our pursuit, but rather it seeks for admission, and if we have it not it is because we have ourselves excluded it. It is a faculty, an aspect of that Universal Soul which said once, and says now, "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

This Soul Power shows itself in as many ways as there are varieties of mind through which it acts. We place a globe of colored glass around a white light and the light will show itself in accord with the medium through which it passes. We may change both the color and the opacity of the glass and the manifestation will change too. We may make the glass so dark and so opaque that the light can hardly be seen at all, but no matter how we cover it, no matter with what density nor with what color, the flame itself remains unchanged. It is ready to illuminate if we will but allow its rays to pass.

To understand this gives to us that charity from which wisdom comes. The flame is the Soul, the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

The evils which we see in human character are as the opaque and colored glasses which have been placed around the flame. The flame itself is there, pure and white, and it will triumph. What we see of evil in another is not the man himself but rather the barriers of mind and passion which color and distort the light.

The new consciousness of which I speak is the supreme effort of the Soul to assert its power, that its light shall penetrate into the mind, and while that new light must show itself differently in every man according to the mental medium through which it shines, there is one universal way in which it manifests, and that is in its prompting to strenuousness, in its urging to the strenuous life. I believe that the fact of your presence here tonight, the fact that any human being, anywhere, is seeking to solve the problems of life and to fulfill his duty thereto, is evidence that the rays from the Soul-flame are touching the mind, it may be in so uncertain a way that we perceive it at first merely as an unrestful feeling. I believe that if we could only look into the mysterious depths of our beings we should see that the soul is trying to make us look at the pictures which it is creating, the pictures of a world from which hate and cruelty are banished, the pictures of a new Garden of Eden, of a Paradise Regained, and that because we, all of us, are able dimly to sense these pictures without knowing what they mean, or even that they are pictures at all, we feel this uneasiness, this urging towards something which is better, this strenuousness to reach a Promised Land. Is it not indeed a kind of homesickness? and perhaps the analogy is more perfect than might seem at first glance.

The Soul sets to no man a greater task than he can perform. Indeed, to face our possibilities, to strike the first blow towards their attainment, is more than half the battle. It is our inertia that cripples and confines us, the inertia which comes from too long gazing, without action, upon the miseries of the world. That inertia is the first thing of which we must rid ourselves, the inertia which whispers "impossible," where there is nothing impossible. Inertia comes only when we look away from the Soul. To look inward, towards the Soul, is to be at once filled with a hope which is more than hope, and with the energy, the strenuousness, which comes from that hope. We have all of us looked thus inward towards the Soul, but we have not known at what we were looking, we have not known whence came those sudden waves of compassion, those quick impulses to put our hands to nobler, better work than we have ever yet done. And so we have, it may be, wondered for a moment at this departure from our normal, ordinary thoughts, and then we have returned to them as though they were the verities of life, instead of the shadows and the unrealities. But it was in those moments of meditation, it was in those flashes of impulse that we approached the flame, which is ourselves. Had we tarried for awhile, had we looked a little longer, we should have seen the light coming up stronger

into the mind, and it needed only a little peace, only a little effort, to reach the flame from which the light proceeded. Even when we are but a little way upon that path we feel and know that this is truly life, and that all these things which we thought to be life were but imitations. In its light our ambitions seem so small, our fears so foolish, and we open wide our eyes upon a new world with a compassion which makes it already beautiful, and with a knowledge of our power to help and to save.

It is only those who have not attempted the strenuous life who stand bewildered before their task and think it to be too great for them. If we have once sought to look upon the pictures of the Soul, we cannot thereafter see any of the small things of life without knowing wherein they fall short of the ideal. It is a faculty of the Soul to always idealize for us every fact in life and urge us to mold that fact into that ideal. But the standard of the Soul's greatness is not our standard, and the facts of life which we think to be small are of magnitude to it. We need not send our minds far afield in search of tasks which we may suppose to be worthy of us. The tasks which the Soul itself has selected for us are at our hands, in our daily lives, upon the streets and within our homes. We are hedged in by conditions and by circumstances, not one of which is as the Soul would wish it to be, and as we look upon these conditions, and then within ourselves with the flashing appeal to the Soul which should become almost automatic, we see the picture which the Soul instantly gives to us of that same condition idealized, of that same circumstance as it should be, and as we can make it if we will.

When we have thus bound ourselves into the service of the Soul, we shall know what it is to lead the strenuous life. There will be no more apathy, no more inertia. Every detail of our lives will be judged by its comparison with that inward picture of what that detail should be. We shall be living, as it were, in two worlds, a world of beauty which is within ourselves, and an external world which contains all the potencies of beauty, ready at hand, to plan, to mold and to shape. Every tiny detail of the external world is also in the internal, our homes, our schools, our villages and our cities, our politics and the humanities which ebb and flow, and live and die, and live again, learning, laboring, sorrowing. Through all these years we have flouted the Soul, abashed it and discouraged it. We have turned away from its pictures and closed our ears to its harmonies, but we all know that its pictures push on resolutely into the mind and that its music has not ceased at all, however deafening has been the discord of passion, the shoutings of our ambitions and of our greeds. Was there ever patience like unto this? Was there ever Love like unto this? Was it not this *Soul* of yours and mine that has said, "Behold! I will call all men unto me"?

Has Theosophy then nothing whatever to say of the love and the patience of

Christ that shall redeem the world? Does Theosophy say nothing of the Christ who is crucified among the thieves of our neglect and pride? We are unabashed by those who cry out to us that we are destroying the religion of the Savior. Rather we would reply to them, "that God whom ye so ignorantly worship, Him declare we unto you."

The strenuous life is the direct outcome of the knowledge of our Divinity that takes hold of us as by a living power. The inmost center of Divinity is the power to create, and when we know of our Divinity—I should rather say, when we confess our Divinity, because we all of us already know it—then we too shall have the power to create. After all, what is the power to create? Is not the making something bad into something good, or making something good into something better, an act of creation and altogether divine, whether it be the decoration of a home, the cleaning up of a back yard, or a ray of hope sent by a compassionate word into a despairing heart? "Know ye not that ye are gods," and because ye are gods that ye can create?

We look upon the works of our great artists and we call them—thoughtlessly—creations. Yet truly they are creations, if they are truly art. There is a science of creation, but it is not taught in the schools. Scientifically speaking, what is it that the artist has done? He has looked upon something outside of himself, and then he has looked at that something, idealized, within himself, and he has tried to place upon canvas the internal picture which he saw. If he be a true artist he will tell you that neither colors nor manual skill were adequate to really show you what he saw, but the greatest of all pictures is the truest of all such attempts. There is no other art, true art, although there are countless degradations and debasements of art, which sometimes command our applause because we have not yet learned that, inasmuch as we, too, have the power to look within and to see ideals, we are ourselves artists, although we may lack the manual skill. The Soul will give even that. If we were to learn always to seek our own ideals, and to inflexibly judge all things by them, false art would shrivel up like a dry leaf in a flame because we would just as soon drink poisoned water as look upon a false ideal.

And what, too, is music? Is it not born of a comparison between our states of mind and the states of the Soul Mind, and an attempt to express the Soul Mind and to speak in the Soul Language? As we took the case of the true artist let us now take the case of the true musician, and apply our Science of the Soul to understand what he is really doing. For we must remember that there is a science of the Soul which can be learned, and which is quite as precise and accurate as the science of the chemist, and the forces of the Soul which are invoked by strenuousness are just as real and very much more so, and just as potent and very much more so, than the forces which we call electricity, or heat,

or light. We have seen then what the true musician is doing. He is listening to the sound of the Soul, and trying to reproduce it upon a material instrument, and as in the case of the artist, so also the musician will gladly and eagerly admit that his best music is but an attempt. We, too, are musicians, everyone of us, because we, too, can hear ideal sounds, we, too, can compare our mental states, the sounds of our ambitions and of our hates, with the Soul-sounds, and when we have the habit of doing this, false music must disappear like false art. The false artist and the false musician can no longer deceive us, for have not we too the Soul pattern, the Soul gauge, by which to measure and to compare all things?

Music and Art are thus Divine creations, because they are the expression of Soul Ideals. I choose these as illustrations because they are familiar and will pass without question, but if we have got hold of the Science of the Soul correctly, then every attempt to conform to an ideal is also a creation and also Divine. Every such attempt, in the highest sense of the word, is music, and it is art, whether it be a new order of things in a household, a new order of conduct in business and in the street, a new order of behavior in journalism, or a new order of thought in the mind. You see there is no lack of opportunity to begin, no lack of Soul models to work from. These Soul picture-models will take possession of the mind as soon as they are invited, and they will strenuously urge us to their accomplishment, and they will outline what we call the little things of life with just as much care and minuteness as they will the affairs of nations and of continents.

Do we sufficiently understand what actually are the great things and what the little things of life? I must confess that I am perplexed at trying to find a division between them, because if we take any one of the admittedly great events of the world and go back carefully step by step, from event to cause, we shall presently find that we have reached some cause, far, far back which seemed to be so little that the mind would not have noticed it at all, and yet from it some great world event has resulted. If the final result was important, the first cause must have been equally important, and yet at the time it would have seemed one of the tiniest of all the tiny things of life. It appears to me that the real test of the magnitude of a thing is *whether or not it was done on a Soul impulse or whether the Soul approved*. If so, then it was great, and in this way the simplest act of private life may be infinitely more important than the signing of a treaty. *The strenuous life is the life which thinks no deed is too small upon which to consult the Soul*. It is the life of intelligent and of soulful duty, and to such an one no goal is forbidden, no doorway is closed, no height is barred.

Not once, but often in our country's story

The path of duty was the road to glory.

The world has needed such as these and it will need them in the future more than it has ever done in the past. In its extremity it will search for them, for the men who are unafraid, for the men who can see and hear the Soul, for the men who can dare and who can do.

Now you can see that in all these ideas which I have tried to present, I have been merely seeking to amplify some one or two of the points which the Leader of this Organization brought before us when she spoke of the Soul Psychology. She urged us to bring ourselves under the domination of the Soul, to look upon its pictures, and to hear its music, so constantly, and with so much will that at last we can paint these pictures upon the great canvas of the world, and fill the hearts of humanity with the Soul harmonies. I noticed that in all that she said she made no effort to *prove* the existence of the Soul, but rather took for granted that what was already the common knowledge of humanity—needed no proof whatever. It is the common knowledge of humanity, just as much as is the presence of the Sun within the sky. If there is anywhere a poor being who, with eyes fixed upon the ground, chooses to deny the Sun, we can after all do very little for him except to wish him heartily a safe issue from his afflictions and so pass on. There are some who will never look upon the Sun until Nature, somewhat roughly it may be, throws them upon their backs, and then they must perforce look and learn.

But to us, the Sun within the sky and the Soul within humanity are facts not to be disputed, not to be denied. It does but remain to us to know something of the *science* of the Light, and because it is light it brings the knowledge of itself. May we attain thereto and by our strenuous lives make that light to shine throughout the world.

THE names that tower upon the mountain peaks
 Of time, and blazing in eternal suns
 Superior and unapproachable,
 Arose from out the crowd and shouldered up
 To their pre-eminence, not by their sole
 Pure strength, but by the force of love that heaved
 Beneath their feet as billows 'neath the ship;
 For they were of the men who gave the love
 And felt their sympathy and joyed with them,
 And caught their fire, advanced their hopes and gave
 To them their faith, and their excess of strength;
 And so, while serving, they o'ertopped the world.

—I. D. VAN DUZZE, *Selected*

The Second Cuban Crusade

by a Crusader



PREFATORY NOTE—Not only is the full record of this Crusade kept in the Archives, but the story is here retold both for those of our readers who have not heard it and those who are already familiar with it. All that happened on that wonderful journey can never be told, but each recital recalls to those who took part in it some new feature and adds another incident to the history of our Brotherhood work.

ONE Saturday evening, toward the close of the month of May, 1901, the children of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma held a family gathering in one of their Group Houses. Some of the grown-ups were invited and, after a time, to the great delight of the children, Mrs. Tingley also came in. In the course of the evening she remarked, "What a glorious thing it would be if we had room for some little Cuban children who are longing to come here! Shall we not invite some more to come? How many could you take care of?"

"Seven," "nine," "thirteen," came from various parts of the room. "Let us have twice thirteen," said Mr. Hanson, whose own happy little daughters were among the first children to be admitted to the Raja Yoga School.

And thus it came about that the following message was cabled to Honorable Emilio Bacardi, of Santiago, Cuba:

It is my pleasure as Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, to give you, as Mayor and as a brother, the privilege of selecting twenty Cuban orphans between three and seven years old; four under seven; two twelve years old; total twenty-six, half boys, half girls; to be brought here and educated at the expense of the Organization in Raja Yoga School. Will send three reliable representatives to Santiago within three weeks. Will you not make your promised visit with them? Financial and all particulars by mail.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

Preparations for the Crusade were still going on at the end of three weeks, and, as a result, we did not start until August 3rd. We were three, only, in number, Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, a member of the Cabinet of The Universal Brotherhood and Superintendent of the International Lotus Home, Miss Ethel Wood, of the Raja Yoga School, and J. F. Knoche. With us went a little Cuban lad of thirteen, who has been in the Raja Yoga School something more than a year.

A public meeting was held at New Orleans during our stay of four days in that city, of which the *New Orleans Picayune* gave a good report, after which we left on the steamer "Excelsior" for Havana. Ninety miles were covered before

we passed the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi and steamed out into the Gulf. The scenery was magical in its beauty.

How much of the divine might we translate into terms of daily experience, could we look at Nature with the clear eyes of childhood or the unspoiled vision of the old Greeks!

The first storm that had swept the Gulf in eight months broke on the second day, and we were not sorry when, on the evening of August 12, we were at last anchored in Havana harbor. Even Santiago harbor has no greater interest to Americans. Portions of the wrecked "Maine" are still to be seen above the water. In the distance Morro Castle loomed up, and near it the *Cabana*, the old Spanish prison. Built about three hundred and fifty years ago, by the Spaniards, and used by them as a place of punishment—one needs no details to be enabled to glimpse the suffering and the injustice that have been witnessed by the very stones within its walls. Why perpetuate the *Cabana*? The day will surely come when nations will be no more willing to perpetuate the signs of past degradation or ancient mistakes than you or I would be willing to go about the world with the sign of our conquered vices written upon our foreheads.

Sanitary conditions in Havana are a speaking tribute to American enterprise and government. The fact that the city was unspeakably unclean heretofore is no reflection upon the Cubans, for they were, while under Spanish rule, unable to take a single forward step. How glad they are today of better sanitary conditions, their co-operation is a living proof. Havana is more scrupulously clean than any American city I have ever seen, which is also true of Santiago.

Asphalt paving, electric cars, and electric lights contrast almost curiously with the low white-washed houses. The more modern houses are of white pressed brick, few of them more than one story in height. So clean were the streets that I would not have had the temerity to throw down even a piece of paper. Naturally, under such perfect sanitary conditions, yellow fever is now almost unknown.

From Havana we went by rail to Matanzas, thence to Cienfuegos, thence by boat to our destination, Santiago. Already American enterprise stands sponsor for a new line of railroad soon to be built connecting Cienfuegos with Santiago. Not more than one hundred and fifty miles are covered at present, by the railroad which passes through the most fertile portion of the Island.

Cuba is beautiful, most beautiful. "The godliest land that eye ever saw, the sweetest thing in the world." Thus wrote Columbus, after his visit to this island, four hundred years ago. It is belted by fertile lowlands which are utilized mainly for the raising of sugar; tobacco plantations cover many of the lower slopes, which rise gradually to meet forest-covered mountains. Never were mountains so green as those of the Sierra del Cobra. Its broken range extends

the length of the island, covered with trees, dense undergrowth, and in places, with a carpet of velvety grass. A greater contrast to our bare, rocky, brown mountains of Montana it would be impossible to find. Magnificent royal palms, date palms, the banana, cocoanut and other varieties, grow in abundance. Among native trees we saw the mahogany, rosewood, cedar, lancewood, and the *lignum vitæ*. With some enterprise Cuba would produce splendid fruits, oranges, bananas, lemons, mangoes, pineapples, etc. The ground is rich in ores, the soil so fertile that in some places crops have been raised continuously for more than a century without the use of any fertilizer. The island is perpetually green and beautiful, as if Nature were trying to compensate for the awful barrenness that has characterized the life of humanity in Cuba for centuries. I was reminded of the words of Katherine Tingley:

Look at the pain and sin and selfishness today in the world. The picture is almost hopeless, for where in all the life of men can you find aught to relieve it? I tell you, if it were not for Nature, her blue sky and green trees, her sunshine and her flowers, we could not endure this picture of humanity's life. We could not bear it.

From Matanzas we crossed the island by rail and spent one day in Cienfuegos, "City of a Hundred Fires," as the name signifies. It is a clean, wholesome little city, characteristically Cuban in its narrow streets, low, white-washed houses and iron-barred windows. Like Santiago, to all appearances it is guiltless of glass in its windows, a singular inconvenience at times. From Cienfuegos we went by boat to Santiago, arriving there on the evening of August 18th. There we were enthusiastically received by Honorable Emilio Bacardi, Senora Bacardi and their friends.

We found Senor Bacardi much interested in our reports of the Cubans who had been placed in the Raja Yoga School during the preceding year, recognizing evidently what great advances this would make possible for Cuba in the near future. For under Katherine Tingley's wise training children soon feel that all knowledge gained is to be used for the common good of humanity, and already the chief desire in the minds of these fortunate Cubans at Point Loma is "to go back to Cuba and help the people there."

Following Katherine Tingley's suggestions, Senor Bacardi and his good wife had assisted in the selection of the children, not twenty-six, but about twice that number. He told me some pathetic stories of one or two who were eager to place their children with those who had helped Cuba directly after the war, through the agency of the International Brotherhood League, which Katherine Tingley organized and of which she is President.

We remained in Santiago nearly two weeks, occupying rooms opposite the large Cathedral, in which, according to popular report, are supposed to be the bones of Columbus. Our stay there was most interesting.

When we consider that Cuba has been crushed by a cruel despotism for centuries, that under Spain none save the established religion was even tolerated by the Government, it is surprising that the slanders circulated against the Raja Yoga School had so little weight with the Cubans. Although we were always willing to answer inquiries, as also was Senor Bacardi, whose kindly patience was often tested to the utmost, still we made no concessions to those who were prejudiced. Not all of the children who applied could be taken at this time, for we had a great many applications.

No one could have been more genuinely hospitable than Senor Bacardi. He gave us a reception, and then placed at our disposal two of the largest apartments in his splendid residence. In these we arranged a fine exhibition of work done at Point Loma, from the Silk Industry, recently established, handiwork from the Woman's Exchange and Mart, much of the art work done by the Cuban children in the Raja Yoga School, and a large collection of photographs showing the buildings, grounds and activities of the various departments. Every afternoon the rooms were thrown open to the public from one until four, and during those hours there was a steady stream of interested visitors.

The *Centro de Instruccion* offered us the use of one of its halls, in which we held a public meeting. The hall was crowded and the people appeared to be thoroughly in sympathy with the work we represented. Senor Bacardi presided and first introduced young Antonio, who made an address *extempore*, in his native language, which called out great applause. After introducing the Crusaders to the audience, Senor Bacardi then read the three addresses which had been written by them, translated into the Spanish language. It is needless to say that his kindness and practical assistance, shown in many ways during our stay in Santiago, was an important factor in the success of this second Crusade.

While at Santiago we visited San Juan Hill, and also El Caney. We found the mayor of El Caney in a reminiscent mood, and he told us many incidents of the late war. In his own home, over four hundred people were fed and sheltered for many weeks, at one crisis. One of the American officials at Santiago extended many courtesies and offered us the use of one of the Government conveyances, and the sight of that carriage with the procession of Cubans following it on the day that we left, was a picture I shall not soon forget. It seemed as if a new force had been added to the Crusade, so many brave young hearts going out into what was to them a "new world."

One incident should not be forgotten, as it resulted in our adding four children to our party at the last moment. An old, old, "Cubana" came with her four grandchildren just before we left, begging us to take them. She spoke of her old age, her poverty, her love for them, and her anxiety as to their fate in case she were to die and leave them. When we consented she was fairly weeping with

joy and gratitude. Since then she has passed away and today there are no happier, rosier children in the Raja Yoga School than hers.

We were told that these four children, with their mother, had been driven into the mountains during the Spanish persecution. The mother died from exhaustion, and when the American soldiers found them the youngest, not two years old, was asleep in the dead mother's arms. The little four-year-old said, "Hush, mama's asleep!" After the surrender the soldiers carried these children back to Santiago for identification. There this old grandmother claimed them and had, since that time, been caring for them on a mere pittance. And yet there are those who would place obstacles in the way of this work for little children!

At last all arrangements were completed, the children were ready, delighted, of course, with the prospect of a boat ride and a chance to go to school when the boat ride came to an end, and we turned our faces towards Loma-land. After some difficulty we succeeded in obtaining passage on a passenger steamer that was expected in from the Canary Islands on October 1st. It arrived one day earlier and, on three hours' notice, we gathered our children together from the four quarters of Santiago, bade our friends, Senor Bacardi and his wife, good-bye, settled our various accounts with "the baker and the candlestickmaker," and at last found ourselves safely on board.

On October 3rd we arrived at Havana, where we were carefully fumigated before being transferred to the American steamship. In spite of the fact that, at the time of our visit there were not more than five or six cases of yellow fever on the entire island, the law regarding fumigation is rigidly enforced. And another law required the trip between Havana and New Orleans to occupy five days, that being the period required by the yellow fever germ for incubation. As the actual passage occupied but two days, we spent the remaining three in the boat and on the landings. Some of the Cubans amused themselves with crab-fishing; and between packing and unpacking incident to fumigation, a constant warfare with mosquitoes and the care of the children, we three lacked not for occupation.

On October 12th we left New Orleans. A car for our private use had been chartered for us by Dr. Lopez, one of the oldest students of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society who, as often in the past, rendered invaluable service. This car was well stocked with all of the necessities and many of the luxuries, and in it we "kept house" like a well ordered family. And I am very sure that, during our trip of three days, we learned several things that ordinary housekeepers have forgotten. We found this arrangement a great protection from that portion of the public which is well disposed but unpleasantly curious. And it spared the children from being looked upon in any way as objects of "charity," a word which, to those connected with the great humanitarian work at Point Loma, is most unpleasant.

On October 15th we reached San Diego. There we were met by the Homestead tallyhos and started on the eight-mile drive, around the beautiful San Diego Bay, for Loma-land. As we came into view of the Homestead and Temple, their great domes lighted by the rays of the sun, the sky as glorious as California skies always are, the ocean quiet and immense, our enthusiasm knew no bounds. The children, some of whom had been a little homesick at times during the journey, forgot everything in their delight over the "big palace." With the "Welcome Home" of waiting Comrades, the second Crusade to Cuba was finished.

Some Mental Diseases of the Twentieth Century

by N. Herbert



Read at a Meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society in Isis Theater at San Diego, April 13, 1902

IS it only *physical* diseases that are infectious? Is even *pure* thought, as it passes from mind to mind, always unaccompanied by *anything* that soils it? Pure thought, doubtless, comes from the soul, as pure food from the soil; but the danger-point of the one as it passes through the mind is as definite as that of the other as it goes through the hands that prepare it. In other words, there is some lower element in man's nature which tampers with the products of his thought, and makes them impure as they leave the mind on their way to other minds.

Do we give attention enough to this vital fact in life? We say, "teaching is teaching and facts are facts," and care little about the hidden natures of those to whom we send our children—and to whom we go ourselves—to get the teaching and facts. It is surely no wiser than if we said, "Food is food," and cared nothing through what manner of underground kitchen it passed ere it reached us.

Thought is not a skeleton, not bare form, not cold figures on a blackboard. In its own way it is clothed with flesh and blood; and these come from the mind through which it passes. Around the *thought* is woven the *feeling* of the man who thinks it; and in that is the danger. It is what men do *not* utter that is the measure of the difference between them. One man *says*, "a tree," and he is *thinking* of its commercial value as so many feet of timber. Another says the

same thing; but *he* is thinking of the living beauty of the rich and rustling leaf-age. In both cases there is an *unexpressed* background of thought. And there is yet another background—of—*feeling*—upon which this thought rests, and which guides this thought, or gives it birth. For one of the two men is of the commercially-feeling nature, and the other of the artistically-feeling nature. Behind all that a man utters is what he does *not* utter. And both that which he utters and that which he does not utter are charged with an atmosphere of feeling which guides the thought, and which is oftentimes the strongest element in the man's nature.

Is not an orator something more than a speaker of phrases, however fine? The very same phrases, from one speaker, leave us cold; from another, stir in us profound feeling. The latter has charged his words with an electric atmosphere of feeling; his heart-beat can be felt in them, the pulse of his sincerity. But what of the former? *His* high-sounding phrases are insincere, and his nature must therefore have a taint of insincerity. If, then, the sincerity of the one, getting into his words, be the cause of our enthusiasm in the first case, must not the *insincere* nature of the other, getting into *his* words, be the cause of our coldness in the other case? And must there not, in both cases, be qualities of the nature, getting into the words, of which we suspect nothing at all, but which yet have on us their full effect?

Why do we prefer the performance of one musician to another, though both play the same notes with the same technical perfection? One has somehow got his feeling, his heart into his notes. *But*—are we sure that he has only got *that much* of his feeling which is good? May not the music be veritably *inspired* and made glowing by feeling which is almost wholly unwholesome? And whilst apparently elevated by it, and really carried out of ourselves, are we not *by that very condition* rendered receptive to the strong *lower* colors of feeling whose strength is the cause of our aroused emotions? Surely it could only be very, very pure and strong natures that could, at each instant of listening, separate the music from the poison that came with it.

These considerations become very practical when we reflect that the strongest natures, those with the strongest feelings, are by no means necessarily those of the clearest and sanest minds; and that the strongest feelings may be anything *but* the noblest.

Strength of feeling is that which gives *carrying energy* to ideas and mental pictures; the ideas and pictures which are thus carried may be simple, or very complex; and they may be uttered or not uttered. And the energized ideas and pictures may be the ones *not uttered*, and may for that reason be all the more deadly or beneficent in their effects. For against something not uttered we are not on our guard.

Consider what happened in the case of the world's great Teacher, Jesus Christ. The ideas which he uttered to the multitude were quite simple, and few in number. Yet they revolutionized the lives and thoughts of those who heard them, from that moment. Must not that have been because they carried the *atmosphere* of the Teacher, the energy of his feeling? And with that which he did utter, must have gone a volume of thought too deep to put into words, also radiant with his feeling. Though this unuttered thought did not reach their uncomprehending *minds*, it reached their *lives*, their hearts. It was all wholly good in its effects on others, for this Teacher had nothing in his nature that was not pure. And his nature was limitless in its energy of feeling, in its unselfish love of humanity. We have further to note that he lit up in those who heard him a fire like unto his own, so that they too were able to energize their words with the power to convince unto salvation.

But here comes another element. For these disciples were not wholly pure, as was their Master; and so the atmosphere of feeling that played around what *they* uttered was more or less charged with a baser element of our mixed human nature. So the fire of the new life that *they* lit up in others was not quite clean and pure.

There arises a distinction of these early Christian propagandists into two groups. None of them was quite pure; but some confessed their failings to their own souls in utter honesty, and strove by day and by night after the perfection of their Master. Therefore their *predominant* inner motive was purity; and notwithstanding human failings, it would be *that* motive, that purity, that unselfishness, which winged their words.

But there were others that let ambition, impurity, and love of power creep in or grow up. And these forces added themselves to—and finally supplanted—the force that their Master had waked in them. So, though the words they spoke were the same, the energizing force was other. In its subtlest forms, evil masquerades in the guise of good; and here you had it. They taught—in words—perhaps the pure doctrine; but behind the words was the unuttered and energizing force of ambition and selfishness. The effect of their teaching became a subtle duality. They inspired men to *right life for wrong reasons*; it was a subtle appeal to fear and selfishness as the motives of men's conduct. So men's attention began to be drawn away from their own divine souls, and from the original Teacher, to the ambitious personalities of that Teacher's successors.

The lesson is just as strongly marked today. If, in the man who expounds the doctrine of Christ, there be a heart of ambition, and he is desirous to overawe you, or impress you with a sense of his eloquence or what not, then you will find that his words neither help nor strengthen you in your

life, and the message he is pretending to deliver does not go home. His words had *ambition* instead of love within them; and whatever admiration they awakened for himself, it was at the cost of attention to that which he said.

And suppose his inner nature were charged with a yet lower element, something he would fain hide from the faintest suspicion; suppose his private life would not bear a moment's ray of sunlight; how then? And there *are* such, even in pulpits. Then those of his hearers who instinctively loved purity would find that though they could not put their finger on a single objectionable word that he uttered, the whole thing would have left an unpleasant taste; they would neither quite like the man, nor know exactly why they did not; and in no long time it would be found that there were many in that congregation who represented that most nauseous of all mixtures—religion and impurity.

Sometimes you find a case in which ambition has reached a blinding intensity which sweeps its victim well-nigh out of the realms of sanity. It inspires him or her with some such idea as that he is a reincarnation of the prophet Malachi, or that she has had a special revelation from God as a new Key to the Scriptures. Then the words of these people, powerfully energized by this great force of their ambition, will attract multitudes of blindly convinced followers, infected to the point of worship of him by the fire of their prophet.

Here comes in a new factor, that of action and reaction. At first the prophet has but few followers; his ambition perhaps does not run high, and his craze is tentatively expressed. But as he lights up a conviction in those few, they play back to him and strengthen his ambition and his delusion. In return he is able to make them still more fervid; then the wave begins to go outward over larger and larger numbers of people, all strengthening each other and their hierophant in the common hallucination, and him in his ambition.

And there are today many similar movements arising out of a strain of radical impurity in the characters of their founders; a strain which, spreading outwards, absorbs at last all the other factors that were originally parts of the propaganda of the movement. We have to remember that with very many people this strain is *the* dominating factor of their lower natures. They may more or less successfully avoid its verbal or overt expression; but in the background of thought, and at the roots of feeling, it is a living and potent thing. It will out in subtle, unperceived ways, none the less effective because unperceived, none the less poisonous to all whose nature is not strong for good. We cannot measure the detriment of such a person to the sensitive consciousness of the children. And these men are only too often the *teachers* of children! Do we sufficiently consider this point? Is it possible to weigh too gravely the cumulative poison handed on from generation to generation *by way of the innocent children*, just because we do not insist that the lives of the public teachers,

whether in the pulpit or the schoolroom, shall bear the closest light of publicity?

Very much more has to be said on this point, and will hereafter be said, by our Teacher, Katherine Tingley, and, under her direction, by other of her pupils. The future of our people, of all peoples, depends on its understanding. It is only now that the world is beginning to awake to the tremendous power of unuttered thought and unvoiced feeling. The meaning of "telepathy," and of "thought-transference" has but commenced to be grasped as practical facts. They involve something on which we touched a few minutes ago—action and reaction. Take such a doctrine as that of an everlasting hell, the barbaric nightmare of Calvinism. Suppose this hell preached by one who believes in it and fears it, and that his fear so energizes his words as to wake a similar fear in those who hear him. As the speaker goes on, he gets back from his audience an intensified reflection of the state he wakes in them. His words become more burning; the situation reaches the intensity of a revivalist meeting; the fear-born phenomena of the "repentance-stool" appear; and perhaps a number have those convulsions that used to be reckoned as a precious symptom of the loving touch of God on the heart. But afterwards? A few go through life and into death on the basis of that fear. More lose it as their intuitions awake and their intellect recovers its balance; and in that loss, may lose also religion and hope.

But suppose the man be preaching it *insincerely*. Then his people will feel his insincerity behind his words, however glowing they be. It will disintegrate the roots of their faith; and though they may go away excited and their brains filled with the verbal formula of religion, yet, deep at heart, the preacher's insincerity has taken root and, even unknown to themselves, they live henceforth in an inner insincerity that is certain to become manifest in conduct after more or less time. Insincerity in a speaker becomes, in those who hear him, a fungus at the very roots of faith. Study the congregations of some fashionable preachers and see the effect of the process we are talking of. Hidden insincerity of a teacher or preacher is a tremendous disintegrating force of which we take no more account than we do of hidden impurity—so long as it *is* hidden; or of hidden ambition, which, like a magnet, attracts men's attention from what is said to the man who says it; from the Christ preached to the self-pedestaled preacher. At every point Society is rotten with hidden disease.

We listen to great singers and performers, forgetful that in the very act of listening, we must be receiving not only the expressed music, but the hidden nature of the performer. We let our children learn of music-teachers, careless of what else may come to them with the music. We take all men at their own valuation, judge all men by externals.

The problem is difficult enough, but at least let us face the facts. Let us understand that we cannot even talk to each other without getting—below the

threshold of consciousness, but none the less effectively—a breath from each other's inner nature. And to that we respond, not knowing why to this or that man we feel in such or another way. Just so far as we give up trying to *seem* anything and give that much time to an honest attempt to *be*, will our eyes open to a true discernment of those with whom we have to deal. The attempt to *seem*, the aping of the signs of a virtue we know ourselves not to possess, is not only an act of self-poisoning, not only an utter stultification of the soul and intuition, but a poisoning of all those with whom we have to deal. And it makes us utterly negative, utterly the prey of others, utterly unable to judge them aright or to repel the touch of their lower natures. Our first requirement is *personal sincerity*, an unreserved owning-up to one's own soul of one's faults; and then a steady fight to conquer them. Thus we are made invulnerable by anything; and whilst we are making that honest fight we cannot poison anyone else. We are in constant receipt of the true "forgiveness" of our own souls, the forgiveness which means that the soul is steadily *with* us; that it *keeps* with us in spite of all our failures because we are trying, fighting; that it is not *against* us. With every "confession" of this kind, every struggle, it pours more and more of itself into our consciousness. There can be no real absolution or real forgiveness save from our own souls. Any influence which creates the peace-sense of forgiveness, and is not entirely from one's own soul, is from without, and infects our natures from the source whence it comes. It is an intrusive violation of the sacred relation between man and his soul. It is only in the full establishment of that relation that society will be freed from its cranks, its impostors, its hypocrites; from the diseases that threaten its very existence.

Our ideals must be Sincerity; and a noble, self-reliant Womanhood and Manhood. Then will develop in our midst an atmosphere in which naught unworthy can exist a moment; and life will become as large, as rich, and as fearlessly joyous as in the fabled days of the gods of old.

SOME minds, otherwise bright, have objected to leadership: 'We are as unwilling to submit to a leadership or dynasty of thought as to any other.' This, however, is to misunderstand and to be frightened by a word when the thought is reassuring. The very law which requires that mankind should have *no owners*, requires that it should have *guides*. To be *enlightened* is the reverse of being *subjected*. The march forward requires a directing hand; to rebel against the pilot scarcely advances the ship; one does not see what would be gained by throwing Columbus overboard. The words "This way" never humiliated the man who was seeking the road. At night I accept the authority of the torches.—VICTOR HUGO

The Growth of Character

by Sidney G. P. Coryn



Read at a meeting of The Aryan Theosophical Society in the Isis Theater, San Diego, May 4, 1902

SOME of the greatest problems of life are so familiar to us that we pass them by unnoticed; and especially is this true of the problems of our own natures. We look out upon the world with its bewildering perplexities, its sorrows, its storms, its shipwrecks. The men of good-will set themselves to work to calm, to adjust and to save, and in so far as they are brave and selfless, they help to preserve humanity from itself and to keep alive the spark which shall one day grow into cleansing fires. There are many, many others among us who also feel the needs of the world, and lament their fancied inability to help because they, too, are caught in the pitiless wheels of a social system, the wheels which grind in human lives and hopes, and grind out the gold which we must have. Self-preservation seems to bid stern defiance to altruism, laying its shackles upon feet that would otherwise hasten to help, upon hands that might otherwise be strong to save.

And yet if there be a law of life, if that law be love for others, there can be no exceptions to its summons. There can be no other duties which conflict therewith, there can be no life so full as to exclude the law of its own strength, no one can be too busy to reform. Yet it may be that we have a wrong conception of reform and that from that wrong conception is born our inability. We live in an age of commerce and of manufacture and because we have learned the right division of labor, our commerce and our manufactures are triumphantly successful. It may be that we have imported our commercial system into our moral world, and that we have learned to look upon the reformer and the philanthropist as occupying a department which is not our department, and with which we have no concern beyond the occasional contribution of our dollars. So long as we are content that this should be so, so long must the world wait, but of this we may be sure, that if there are no exceptions to the law of love, so, too, there are no exceptions to the law of sorrow and there are no doors, whether of money, or position, or anything else by which we can shut out the despair of others from our lives and from our homes. Never yet was physical disease so contagious as is sorrow. It will wait patiently while the glamour of youth, the glamour of pursuit and of conquest holds its sway, but it will never weary, and there is no heart upon which it will not lay its head. I believe there is not one here who does not know that this is true, and that like the ripples upon a pool the despair of one must be the pain of all.

What, then, must we do to become reformers, and so to comply with the law of which the non-compliance brings sorrow and death?

First, let us understand the situation and diagnose the complaint, then we can apply the remedies. Half of our philanthropic failures are so because we try to apply remedies without understanding the complaint, as one who seeks to give medicine to a sick man without any preliminary inquiry into his ailment.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD THE PICTURE OF OUR CHARACTERS

Let us first understand that the social conditions against which we exhaust our eloquence and our invective are not conditions imposed upon us by some superior power, but that they are our social conditions; that we ourselves have made them, that they are not something apart from us with which we have individually to fight as with an enemy, but that they are the materialized photographs of our thoughts and our characters. This is so evident that it hardly needs to be stated, and yet it is well to remind ourselves of it. It does not become us to pose as angels who are sorrowfully watching a sinful world, until we have first realized that it is we who have made it sinful, until we are quite sure that the outside world is something more than a gigantic picture of our own characters.

Now, all this would be much easier to realize if we were able to take the commanding survey which is given by reincarnation. We should then be able to understand why we are justly reaping the social fruits of which the seeds, in some cases, seem to have been planted a long time ago. But that at the moment does not matter. Even within the limits of one life we can see sufficiently clearly that the world is indeed a picture of our own characters, a picture upon a vast scale. I do not mean by that, that because there is violence in the world, and greed, and murder, that therefore we are personally capable of these things, but I do mean that in our characters is the soil of selfishness from which these and all other crimes must and do spring.

As I said before, we import commercialism into our morality and so we are fond of making lists and tabulations. We tabulate our crimes, for instance, and so we get to look upon them as the water-tight compartments in a ship, each one separate and walled in. But if we are to understand we must get further back, with a fresh perspective, and then we shall see that there is only one crime in the world, and that is selfishness. Sometimes it shows itself as physical murder and then we punish it. Sometimes it shows itself as moral murder and then we are apt to applaud it. At other times it takes the form of theft of money, of character. It manifests itself as falsehood, as ill will, as cruelty, as greed, as desire to think evil. Its forms are countless, but they all spring from the same soil of selfishness, and that is an affair of character and not of act. The selfish character may show itself by countless little acts of daily life, all of them out of sight

of law and police, or it may show itself in commission of crime. Sometimes the selfish man will become a legal criminal simply because he has the daring which another man has not. Some men are not daring enough to translate their selfishness into crime. It may then show itself in another way, as for instance, by unkindness in the home, by harshness to children, by cruelty to animals. But back of all is the character. If that be selfish it will translate itself into selfish deeds and the form of those deeds will be determined by temperament, by education, by opportunity.

THE LAW OF UNSELFISHNESS

It occurs to me just here that when Jesus said that he who broke any part of the law was guilty of breaking the whole, he must have meant just this. Our commercial minds look upon the law as something with schedules, lists and chapters. But the law of which Jesus spoke was the law of unselfishness, one and indivisible, and he who broke the law by becoming selfish had thereby provided a soil from which all misdeeds might spring in himself and in those others to whom he brought the moral contagion. That text has been tortured into all sorts of grotesque and cruel creeds, but if we look upon sin in all its forms as springing from the one all-including character sin of selfishness, we can then understand that there is only one law and one way of breaking it.

It seems to me now that our task has become more clear and that we are getting to some light. If the evils of the world are the many-headed hydra which is the materialization of our own characters, the only conceivable way in which we can purify the world is by ceasing to provide an interior type and model of impurity and sin. I know that it is a new view, an innovation, but innovations have sometimes had a fair show on American soil, and so Theosophy puts forward the teaching, and it is reasonable and convincing, that every man can become a reformer, and that there is no man or woman in this Isis Theater who cannot exercise as mighty a reforming power as can statesmen or orators. The power to reform is unlike all other power. We need no money to begin, no place, nor worldly power. It will itself bring all these things when they become necessary. The true reformer has the gods at his elbow, the key is in his hand and the mighty ocean of evolution bears him up.

REFORMATION OF CHARACTER

What does it mean to reform character? To speak fully of such a subject would be simply to repeat what has been said here by the Leader of this Organization. In any case I am but selecting a text, as it were, from what she has said.

Briefly stated, to reform our character is to compel it into a resemblance with a type which is supplied to us from within ourselves. I mean our own ideal,

which we all of us have, although we may have buried it out of sight long ago and may now be somewhat ashamed to let it step out.

We shall find that our characters are not at all like that ideal and that our daily and hourly thoughts are the children of our characters and not of our ideals. We have been sending these thoughts out into the world in an unceasing stream, and they have been living forces. We have not always allowed them to come to fruition in ourselves, to become our own materialized acts, but they have gone out into other minds, and have produced there the actions which we did not allow them to produce in ourselves. And so we understand, in passing, another saying of Jesus, that "He who looketh upon a woman with impure thought has sinned." Truly and truly he has.

I remember reading an ancient book about the mind, in which it was laid down as an axiom that the mind always becomes like the thing which it thought of, as water takes the shape and form of the bottle into which it is poured. Now, if we can realize that character and thought act and react on each other, mutually producing and changing each other, we shall see at once what a power for the alteration of our characters is placed within our hands. But we have this initial difficulty to overcome and it will carry us a very long way. I mean the automatic tendency which we have given to our characters by many years of unwise thinking.

THE PLASTICITY OF THE MIND

Let us try to imagine the mind as something infinitely plastic and yielding, which is instantly affected by every thought which it entertains. Now we shall see in a moment that if, for many years, we have been almost exclusively thinking one kind of thought, we will say selfish thought, the mind has been so constantly bent and moulded into one particular shape, that that shape has now become its natural shape, the shape into which it naturally returns whenever released from strain. It is like a bow which has been kept bent so long by the tension of the string, that it now remains curved even when the string is removed. That natural shape of the mind is the character, and it is that natural shape which we have to alter into some other shape which is supplied from within, the ideal shape. We have to face and to overcome the automatic action which we have given to it by years of thought along certain lines, and we have to so persistently bend it into the new and purer shape that another automatic action is set up and the new shape becomes as natural to it as was the old bad shape. And this it is we are trying to do upon the Hill, Point Loma.

Now, it would be very easy to go out into the world, to state these facts and to get up endless arguments about them, and some people have been surprised and many more have been angry because the Theosophists upon the Hill are not fond

of arguing, and do not talk at the street corners or go into the clubs. I will admit that there are some of the non-vital and unimportant teachings of Theosophy that may in due time and season, be fitting subjects for argument. But this does not apply to the vital and to the ethical. There is no room for argument between you and me as to the reality of the Soul's ideals, because you know as well as I do that they do reproachfully exist, and I know it as well as you do, and we know that we can reach them in the twinkling of an eye. We will not argue where there is no honest disagreement, and we are both equally certain that the human conditions around us are the picture of the human characters around us, that is to say of ourselves, and that our characters are the normal shapes of our minds and that they are made by our habits of thought, and that, therefore, if we change our thought-habit—and our action habits must follow at once—we shall thereby change our characters, and so cut off from the world everything of evil which we are now giving to it by selfishness, with the horrifying fruits which we see around us.

The old automatic habits will sometimes die hard. Again and again the mind will slip away from the grasp of the Soul and glide into its old form, and then begin again to send out the old selfish thoughts and to prompt to the selfish deeds. Bring it back relentlessly and without discouragement. Remember that no effort is lost. Every time the bow is bent into its new shape the old tendency is weaker and weaker. Stand sentinel over the inner doorway and allow no thought to enter which has not given the password of purity and compassion.

I have tried sometimes to imagine what it must be to feel that realm where the mighty real forces are playing, and I have seemed to understand a little what was meant when it was said of the old Grail warrior,

His strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure.

It seems to me that in those realms to which our ears are closed and upon which only the soul can look, must live forever the godlike power which comes from one soul deed and from one thought which is born of the principle which only the Soul can establish. Here are the armies which are even now arrayed for the preservation of the world, and they stretch out eager hands of comradeship to even the weakest among us, that they may gird him, too, with the sword which falls from heaven, that they may crown him, too, with the power of the gods.

Even now those forces are being marshalled, and from them a new force is coming into the world, and that force must appeal to us as a great invitation to fight a great fight—a fight which only real men and women can fight. There is no quarter of the world into which that force has not gone, no section of humanity which has not felt it according to its nature. It has set all men idealizing and into all

minds is creeping a picture of what might be. From it comes the great unrest which is upon all hands. Truly it is the parting of the ways for humanity, the separation of those who are not afraid to look upon their ideals, to purify them, to know them in their soul beauty, and those who will yet for a season put away those ideals and refuse to enter into the new life.

Even though one had the combined voice of men and of angels he could make no greater appeal than that which is even now spoken into the hearts of each one of us, and which will speak yet more clearly as we listen, and which will guide us from the beginning even unto the end with the light of a great wisdom of which the full glory has not yet been seen of men. Who now will write his name upon the honor roll of those who love their race, that honor roll which, though now unseen of men, yet will be the brightest in the archives of the nations?

In Memory of W. O. Judge

by Nelumbo

LET kings triumphant reign,
 And priests of hallowed might;
 Greater by far is he who brings
 Relief to hosts of night.

Alone 'mid rolling clouds,
 One beacon star, he beams:
 None succors him nor understands:
 Poor sleepers, lost in dreams!

Tossed on the waves of life,
 Bound in the serpent's rings,
 They yield him naught but gall and strife,
 And pluck his rainbow wings.

For their delight and pride
 They strut in borrowed rays:
 Thus toiling on till life was spent
 Death rapt him from their gaze.

Yet o'er his grave the star
 Shines on, and now they know
 That truer touch of souls that is
 Beyond all worldly show.

What hope, what lasting calm!
 Of peace, forgiveness, rest!
 At last they know that glad release
 Till now a fruitless quest;

As though an angel of the light
 Had touched their hearts with love,
 As though the harmonies of heaven
 Were sounding from above.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



What do you consider the most important part of your Theosophical work? M. K.

TO realize as far as possible the truths of Theosophy in my own life. My life is for me the stage upon which a great drama is being enacted—the drama of the Soul in its gradual triumphant emergence from the bondage of the lower forces of Nature. As personality is an illusion, I cannot claim any exclusive proprietorship over the faculties and tendencies which I find placed at my disposal; and every time I tame or submit to an impulse, I work so much gain or loss to the world. In my life I find epitomized two forces: the deep-seated habits of past error and the aspiration towards future right living. This struggle is going on everywhere, and I must superintend that portion of it which falls to my share. Thus I must try each day to realize more fully my oneness with my “other selves” (my comrades); to maintain a tranquil and luminous self-possession amid multitudinous moods and impulses; to beautify and harmonize every ugly and discordant spot I may encounter; and, in short, to apply all the teachings.

E.

In considering the whole field of Theosophical activity I consider the children's work to be without doubt the most important. However effective our operations in the world may be they will die with us, unless there are hands which will take from ours the activities which we must for awhile relinquish. The present generation of workers, however devoted, however unselfish, is necessarily hampered by early education and by early habits, and is therefore unable to give full expression to its own aspirations. But with our children a corner-stone has been laid almost from their birth, and the building which is being reared thereon will be in full conformity with the use for which it is intended. Even if The Universal Brotherhood Organization should disappear tomorrow the Leader has already done so much with the children that, without our aid, they would presently build it again. C.

Can you point out any texts in the Bible in support of your views on reincarnation?

H. W.

The Old Testament has the following passages:

But they shall serve the Lord their God, and David their King, whom I will raise up unto them.—*Jeremiah xxx, 9.*

Out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be a ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.—*Micah v, 2.*

Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me.—*Malachi iii, 1.*

Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.—*Malachi iv, 5.*

In the New Testament we find that rebirth was the general belief of the Jews. We learn this from such passages as where Jesus says:

Whom say men that I am? And the Disciples reply: Some say Elijah, others Jeremiah, and others one of the old prophets.

The Old Testament prophet Malachi had declared that Elijah would be sent as the forerunner. And in the New Testament we find that the Angel who came to the father of John the Baptist declared that the child to be born would be Elijah. Jesus confirmed this, saying:

And if ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come.

And also where he said:

Elias has come already and they have done unto him whatsoever they listed. . . . Then the Disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist.

Again, in John ix : 2, we read that the Jews brought a blind man to Jesus, and said:

Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?

The reply of Jesus, taken in the light of what he said of John the Baptist, shows that he believed in reincarnation.

In the Book of Revelation we read of the perfected Man that he shall reincarnate no more:

He that overcometh, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go out thence no more. N.

Why is it that your Theosophical Organization is at times so maliciously misrepresented, when I see your literature teeming with the highest expression of thought and love for humanity? ENQUIRER

It is to be feared that sometimes our enemies see more profoundly into the real effect of our work than do even our best friends. The hostility which our fraternal philosophy has encountered from the beginning is due to the menace which it brings to all those currents of human thought and activity which run in the direction of selfishness. It is the unfurling of a flag which is hostile to cruelty, to hate, to oppression and to self-seeking, and as such it attracts the malevolent attention of those who thrive upon the suffering of others. It may be urged that there has never been a time when altruism has lacked its advocates, and that these advocates have not been maligned so persistently and cunningly. It is true that very many systems have advocated altruism, but they have perforce contented themselves with the assertion of a principle without any attempted proof that Brotherhood is indeed the Law of Life. This proof has been rendered by Theosophy alone, and because it has been done in such a way as to compel the attention of the thoughtful and of the devoted, it constitutes the first serious menace which organized self-interest has received for a very long period. It would have been well for us if our defense of our principles had always been as strenuous as has been the attack of our enemies upon our Organization. C.

GLOOM and sadness are poisons to us and the origin of hysteria. You are right in thinking that this disease springs from the imagination, for it is vexation which causes it to spring up and fear that supports it.—SEVIGNE

Mirror of the Movement



**In Honor of
William Q. Judge
the Exile**

Seven years ago, on April 28, 1895, at the memorable convention held at Boston, William Q. Judge was elected President for life of The Theosophical Society. By that action a great forward step was taken in carrying out the purposes of the Theosophical Movement by proclaiming before the world the name of William Q. Judge as Teacher and Helper of mankind, making it possible for the Theosophical Movement to take its rightful place before the world. Yet we did not then know how great was the step taken, how momentous was the occasion, or what barriers were swept aside, and entrance given to what a flood of light and new hope into the midst of the darkness of the world.

At a private meeting of the students, held immediately after the great Convention meeting, W. Q. Judge stated that were it not for the help given to him by one person then present, he would not have been still among us, and this step could not have been taken. A few then present knew to whom W. Q. Judge referred, we knew that it was she who had outlined the plan and by her magnificent generalship had brought it to a successful issue. It was Katherine Tingley who, during that time of stress and persecution and martyrdom, stood by and aided our Chief, who with him kept the link unbroken and prepared the way for the stupendous world-wide work that is today being accomplished by The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

* * *

**Resolutions Passed
at the
Boston Convention
April, 1895**

The Resolutions by which this action was taken were adopted by a majority vote of 95 per cent, and were as follows:

WHEREAS, The growth of the Theosophical Movement has been phenomenal in America, and in its origin, aim and method of work is unlike any movement of modern times, and

WHEREAS, The different forms of organization through which the body known as "The Theosophical Society," has passed since the year 1878 were solely the result of growth, and not the result of votes, and were thus adopted from time to time to suit the exigencies of the moment and have been merely *de facto* and not *de jure*, and,

WHEREAS, On the other hand, the Confederated Branches in America were regularly organized in 1886, and

WHEREAS, We have outgrown the present form of organization of The Theosophical Society, and

WHEREAS, The duties pertaining to the general offices of the said Theosophical Society have not been essential to the real work of any Section or to the Movement as a whole, its federal and general officers residing at remote distances from each other and being necessarily unfamiliar with the exact conditions and needs of Sections other than their own, and

WHEREAS, A federation of all the Branches of the world is not essential to the real work of any Section, or to the Theosophical Movement as a whole, and

WHEREAS, Conditions contrary to the principle of Universal Brotherhood have arisen within The Theosophical Society which would prove fatal to the continued existence of said Movement; therefore, be it

Resolved: First, that the American Section, consisting of Branches of The Theosophical Society in America, in convention assembled, hereby assumes and declares its entire autonomy and that it shall be called from and after this date "The Theosophical Society in America."

Second, That the administration of its affairs shall be provided for, defined, and be under a Constitution and By-Laws, which shall in any case provide for the following :

(a) A Federation of Branches for the purpose of the formation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood without any distinctions whatever, this being its principal aim and object; its subsidiary objects being the study of ancient and modern religions, sciences, and philosophies; the declaration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers of man.

(b) That William Q. Judge shall be President for life, with power to nominate his successor; and a Vice-President, Treasurer and Executive Committee elected yearly.

(c) Autonomy for Branches in local affairs.

(d) A yearly Convention with equitable representation.

(e) Territorial Committees for propaganda, without power to legislate.

(f) The declaration that every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy consistent with Universal Brotherhood and declare such belief or disbelief, without affecting his standing as a member of this Society, each being required to show that tolerance for the opinions of others which he expects for his own.

Resolved, That until the final adoption of a Constitution and By-Laws the President is empowered to issue charters and diplomas for this Society.

Resolved, That the Branches in America shall retain their present charters, the President being directed to endorse them as valid under the Constitution within a period to be defined.

Resolved, That the books, records, lists, moneys, funds, and property of every kind belonging to us as the American Section of The Theosophical Society be, and hereby are, turned over to and declared to belong to The Theosophical Society in America, their custodian to be William Q. Judge; but all members of the present Federation not wishing to continue their membership under the new name shall on demand be entitled to their *per capita* share of said moneys and funds.

Resolved, That until the said Constitution is written and adopted the affairs of The Theosophical Society in America shall be administered under the Constitution of the American Section of The Theosophical Society, where that does not conflict with the above preamble and resolutions, and wherever such conflict occurs the said Constitution is hereby repealed, but all provisions relative to the Theosophical work and propaganda shall stand valid.

**Commemoration
Services at
Loma Homestead**

To commemorate this event, festival services were held at Loma Homestead on the evening of April 26th. The great Rotunda presented a beautiful sight. In the center were flowers, green boughs and leaves arranged in a beautiful design and reaching up to a height of many feet. Around the balconies were the flags of the nations and green trailing vines, while from the grand stairway was hung the portrait of W. Q. Judge, and massed above it were calla lilies. One of the great features of the ceremony was the dedication of the Interior Temple of the Homestead as the central office of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and all its departments. Around the Rotunda were placed the desks for the various departments. These were made by Loma-land students, and on them are carved scenes illustrative of the department or of incidents in the history of the Society, or other historical events. Two of the Raja Yoga children took their places beside each desk and afterwards all the departments were announced and the officers came forward to their places. How significant was the presence of the children and how great our charge to hand on our work to them untrammled and unfettered! Short addresses were read by the various department officers, and by the invitation of the Leader, Mr. D. C. Reed and Mr. A. G. Spalding also spoke, and then the Leader said:

How sacred is this hour! We ourselves cannot understand, but in the year of the great universal harvesting, then the world shall know how great was the life of H. P. Blavatsky, how great was the life of W. Q. Judge, and how great are the lives of the faithful members of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. All true members of The Universal Brotherhood, all who believe in the high ideals laid down by the two great Teachers, know that the Higher Law has been operating in our midst and has been promoting high purposes and continuous unselfish living, and as far as these members have fulfilled their duties, just so far has this mighty work pushed its energies into the coming years, and just as faithfully as we shall work in the future shall those who follow after us have glowing examples of true manhood and womanhood.

Mighty and majestic is the Higher Law. It has brought us together, it has bound us by the tender tie of brotherhood, it has given us the blessed privilege of standing on this Mount, the great International center of the world's life, at our ADYAR, if you please, in America, the great land of freedom. Those here can understand a little of what this means and they can thank the law for its generous tenderness to us and for its protection, *and it is here that we can stand tonight and plead with the Law that it may demand more of us and that it may find more in us so that we can accentuate in every thought and act the sacred and beautiful teachings of Theosophy.*

A glorious victory has been won tonight, a victory which cannot be expressed, because it lies deep in our hearts, because it is the unspeakable force of our aspirations, but we can see with our own physical eyes that if we but do our duty, if we but sow the seeds of unselfishness we shall have a glorious harvest. There are many comrades here tonight who stood in that Convention Hall in Boston in April, 1895, and saw the martyred Chief honored for his life of sacrifice. There

was joy and sadness, and sadness and joy. Great was the joy for the victory and great was the sadness, because all knew that that life had been sapped out by those who were pledged to sustain this, our great Theosophical movement. And so as this work has grown throughout the world, we can pledge ourselves gladly, joyfully, and with a devotion which cannot be expressed, that each year shall tell his story to the world, the story of his simple and beautiful life, and that every act and thought of ours shall be dedicated to the living principles which he taught us, and some day the whole wide world shall be encircled with the compassionate love of those who guided him, and then the whole wide world shall be in sacred bondage with us, and we shall clasp hands with those who are in joy and those who are in sorrow. We shall clasp hands with our friends and with our foes, we shall be united with such a mighty force that we shall send continuously down the ages the joy of having lived in this time and having had as Teachers the two great souls, H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge.

The other addresses are given in *The New Century*.

* * *

White Lotus Day
May 8th

As we look back to the time when H. P. Blavatsky came to this country unheralded, and unknown, and see how, in spite of opposition and calumny, she built so securely the foundations of the Theosophical Society that today the world-wide structure of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society stands as a living monument to her and her heroic daring and far-seeing wisdom, and to the continuance and upbuilding of this work by William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley—in what light can we regard H. P. Blavatsky's death except as a victory, for it marked her utter self-sacrifice for humanity's sake. Through that sacrifice has light come into the world. Thus White Lotus day is a day of rejoicing, a day of victory, and a day of new endeavor.

The services at Loma-land were held in the morning. The members of the Aryan Theosophical Society assembled in the Aryan Temple, the Raja Yoga children gathered in the largest of their Group houses and the Senior Boys' Club also met separately. After brief separate meetings, all assembled in the Aryan Temple and then proceeded to the Amphitheater, the men carrying the International Flags. In the Amphitheater the children were grouped to form in the center a beautiful seven-pointed star and around it a great heart. After singing and marching by the children, and the reading by the students of extracts from *The Light of Asia*, *The Bhagavad Gita*, *The Voice of the Silence*, the procession formed again and all marched back to the Aryan Temple, and then dispersed. Over the whole day there seemed to be a benediction. But one thought marred the pleasure of the day: It was the thought of those, of whom there are all too many out in the world who call themselves Theosophists and who claim to march beneath the glorious standard upheld by H. P. Blavatsky,—yet whose "Theosophy" is but a pretense and a profession, and whose lives openly and secretly violate the precepts they pretend to follow. When the public becomes able to discriminate between the true and the false, much of the hypocrisy of the world will disappear.

**Increasing
Interest in Our
Publications**

Both the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH and *The New Century* are receiving wider and wider attention from the best classes of readers and are much sought after in the Public Libraries and Reading Rooms. They are valued as helpful factors among young people and in the Colleges—and it is the young folks who most need the moral and helpful inspiration, such as is found in *The New Century*, which is entirely unsectarian and non-political. The following is but a specimen of hundreds of similar reports: “The Librarian says they are much sought after and well worn with reading.”

It is very interesting to note that the class of people who are now becoming interested in our work, mainly through *The New Century*, are entering into it in such a way that from the first they begin to move along the right lines and to discriminate between the real gold of Theosophy and the counterfeit coin that certain people that can be found in almost any city—self-styled Theosophists—offer under that name. It may surprise some people, yet it is nevertheless true, that in many places, persons, evidently employed for the purpose, posing as enquirers or as interested in education, etc., seek to tear down the work of The Universal Brotherhood. But these nowadays meet with very poor success. Stories could be told that would horrify any fair-minded man or woman, of what has been done in various places. In London, for instance, the children who attend our Lotus Groups are interfered with and the mothers visited to persuade them not to send them.

It is not only yellow journalism, but a class of people whose interest it is to interfere with and to try to disintegrate our efforts. Upon investigation it has been discovered that these people represent organizations and societies, and in some cases are attached to religious bodies. But the fair-minded public are beginning to recognize the underlying motive of such misrepresentations and to ask for information about our work, not from those who seek to tear it down, but from The Universal Brotherhood itself and from our publications, and when they do so they are immediately arrayed on the side of truth and many times become our defenders.

* * *

**Visitors to
Loma-land**

The constant stream of visitors to Loma-land shows no abatement. Last week crowds of representatives from the Federation of Women's Clubs which have recently held their Biennial Meetings at Los Angeles have made special trips to Point Loma. On Sunday, May 11th, hearing that several of these delegates, representatives of the Press, were in San Diego, Mrs. Tingley invited them to Point Loma to attend the Children's morning service and see some of their work. They all showed the greatest interest both in the work and the place, and in an interview with Mrs. Tingley they seemed keenly alive to the educative work for humanity which is being done at Point Loma. It was a pleasure to see our Leader who had been ill so long enjoy meeting with some of these ladies, for she has always taken the deepest interest in Woman's work.

OBSERVER

Reports from the Lodges

U. B. Lodge, No. 1, (Australia), Sydney, N. S. W., March 28, 1902

It is most encouraging to see the remarkable advance made in every branch of our work here since *Suggestions* came out. Truly our body is doing ten times the work it did before.

This month we gave our first performance of *Hypatia*. It was a great success. For scenery, the idea was carried out that the banquet hall should look out upon a sky-covered square at the center of the building in which flowers, grass, earth and a little blue sky would bring as much of nature as it was possible to have in an Alexandrian City scene. The rows of pillars round the square were a striking feature, giving opportunity for a good effect in perspective, and an architectural touch of value. The design of the pillars was taken from the picture of the Temple of the "Wingless Victory," in one of the old numbers of *The New Century*, supplemented by a careful study of the porch of our new Art Gallery in Sydney, which is very carefully reproducing that style of column. I have also had considerable help from the picture in *The New Century* of the House of Vetti Pompeii. The walls of our banquet hall were pure white, the only decorations in color being the flowers and fruit on the table, and one or two large jars on pedestals filled with great leaves and ferns—a large yellow jar being very effective. Some of the gowns of the ladies added also a beautiful touch of color to the scene. One a beautiful shade of yellow pink and another of violet. In the second scene we dropped a white curtain over the back picture of the square making a simple interior for *Hypatia's* lecture room. All did their parts remarkably well.

U. B. Lodge, No. 62, Los Angeles, California, April 29, 1902

The birthday of William Q. Judge was observed by our Lodge just among ourselves. Such a trustful, happy spirit characterized the meeting that it did each one lots of good to be present. One of the features of the meeting was an expression, in writing, such as the occasion would call out, from each one. At the time no thought was given about sending them to Point Loma, but we do so in hopes that they may perhaps add some to the strength and heart-force at the Center, and help support our Leader.

LAWSON SCOTT

U. B. Lodge, No. 19, Santa Cruz, California

This Lodge holds its regular public meeting on the first Sunday in every month. Lodge meetings are held twice a week. The members meet every Friday afternoon to devise ways and means to help the work by sewing, etc.

Our Easter entertainment was well attended. The children gave great delight to all by their singing and their fairy dance, and we feel that the seeds sown in their young lives are already blossoming forth in flower and giving promise of a rich harvest.

The anniversary of the birthday of W. Q. Judge was celebrated on April 13th by the members of the Lodge in our Universal Brotherhood Hall. Addresses were made and papers read by members. The decorations were in white, with green vines and flowers and

plants. W. Q. Judge's picture was on an easel draped in white and vined and wreathed in flowers. The following is a paper read by one of our members:

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

Like H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge gave his time, money and life to the work of The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood. He met Madame Blavatsky soon after he came to America, and with others they formed a nucleus of the Theosophical Society. Beginning with but a handful of people, the Society has grown until now it is what you see it, a mighty organization all over the earth. In every country are its members, and belonging to every religion, and all these people call themselves brothers.

When H. P. Blavatsky died she appointed W. Q. Judge as her successor, and he in turn appointed Katherine Tingley as his successor. We now see the result of his devotion and life work in this great movement as carried out by our present Leader, Katherine Tingley. In 1878, when H. P. Blavatsky went to India she left W. Q. Judge in charge of the work in this country. For a while he held meetings at which he was chairman, speaker and audience. An incident is related of him and his persistency in advocating Theosophy. It is told how for weeks this heroic soul held meetings with no other audience than empty chairs. Finally one day a newspaper reporter heard of this peculiar man who talked to a room full of empty chairs and he went there to report his lecture. After that Mr. Judge never lacked an audience. Thus by his persistency, loyalty and faithfulness, he made strong the Theosophical Society in America. Like a parent he cared for it through all the troubles and difficulties of its childhood and proved himself worthy of his great trust.

Today the Theosophical Society is the Literary Department of this great Universal Brotherhood Movement which is the bright star of hope on the horizon of the New Century. How much the people of the earth owe to this great hero and Teacher, William Q. Judge, we little know. He was the Friend of all creatures, the Exile, the standard bearer, the one who held the beacon light through those years of struggle. He held it aloft while the waves of persecution surged around him. And at last, when his frail, worn out body could work no longer, he gave the "Light" into strong hands that have carried it through the years since, illuminating the world.

This is what William Q. Judge wrote: "Let me say one thing I know. Only the feeling of true brotherhood, of true love towards humanity, aroused in the soul of some strong enough to stem this tide, can carry us through to the close of next century and onward, for Love and Trust are the only weapons that can overcome the real enemies against which the true Theosophist must fight."

Such a soul has Katherine Tingley, of whom he said, "She is as true as steel, clear as a diamond, and lasting as time."

The following is by the President of the old Lodge in San Diego, Cal.:

WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

With what wonderful persistency the mind adapts itself to the feelings and emotions that cluster around the oft-recurring cycles that come and go

in his ceaseless round of experiences. How the closing of the national cycles each year stirs the hearts of all true Americans, as we celebrate the days that mark the anniversary of the "Father of his Country" and the birth of the nation. With an instinctive gladness we recall the noble deeds of those who, in the long struggle for liberty, cheerfully gave all that heart and intellect and strength could give for the cause in which they had enlisted.

As the day again draws near which marks the recurrence of the date on which William Q. Judge was born into earth life, my mind again falls into the channel that leads the memory back to the time when he was a loved and trusted co-worker with our beloved and revered H. P. Blavatsky, and who, after her departure, stood at the helm and guided the faithful, while storm, and calumny, and unjust accusations beat upon him until the frail tenement, too weak for the full expression of the Great Soul that inhabited it, gave way under the heavy burden, and the loyal comrades who were present at his going out—

"Steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead
And bitterly thought of the morrow."

During the years of his noble service in America he endeared himself to every honest seeker after light. His was a personality that not only charmed, but it bound his many faithful followers to him as "with hooks of steel."

Unswerving in his loyalty to H. P. Blavatsky and to the Theosophical Society, he was always the most genial companion, and those who were privileged to look into those wonderful eyes when they were ablaze with enthusiasm for the work he had to do, can never quite forget the responsive thrill that welled up from the depths of their own hearts.

Surely the record of his noble life shall long remain a living inspiration to all who follow after him.

E. T. B.

WHAT is music? . . . The very existence of music is wonderful, I might say even miraculous. Its domain is between thought and phenomena. Like a twilight mediator, it hovers between spirit and matter, related to both, yet differing from each. It is spirit, but spirit subject to the measurement of time: It is matter, but matter that can dispense with space.—HEINE

BENEATH these flowers I dream, a silent chord; I cannot wake my own strings to music; but under the hands of those who comprehend me, I become an eloquent friend. Wanderer, ere thou goest, try me! The more trouble thou takest with me, the more lovely will be the tones with which I shall reward thee.—ROBERT SCHUMANN



The Caterpillar in *the* Raspberry

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

- “OH!” cried Therese.
- “Fie!” said Aina.
- “What is the matter now?” asked their elder sister.
- “A caterpillar,” cried Therese.
- “On the raspberry,” said Aina.
- “Kill him,” exclaimed Lorenzo.
- “And all this noise for a poor little caterpillar,” cried their oldest sister.
- “Yes, when we were cleaning the raspberries,” said Therese.
- “Then he crawled out of the finest,” continued Aina.
- “And if anyone had eaten that raspberry—” said Therese.
- “Then they would have eaten the caterpillar also,” added Aina.
- “And what then?” queried Lorenzo.
- “Eat a caterpillar!” cried Therese.
- “And bite him to death!” said Aina.
- “How dreadful!” rejoined Lorenzo, laughing.
- “Now he is crawling on the table!” exclaimed Therese.
- “Blow him away,” advised the eldest sister.
- “Step on him,” said Lorenzo.

But Therese took a raspberry-leaf, and putting the caterpillar gently on the leaf carried him out into the yard. Then Aina saw a sparrow sitting on the fence, and keeping his eye on the caterpillar. At once she took the leaf with the

caterpillar on it, and carried it off to the forest, and hid it under the raspberry-bushes, so that the sparrow could not find it.

It was close to dinner-time, and then they all had raspberries and milk.

"Don't take too much sugar, Lorenzo," said his eldest sister.

But Lorenzo's plate was so thick with sugar that it looked as if it was covered with snow. When dinner was finished, the eldest sister said: "We have now eaten up all the raspberries, and have none left to make jam for the winter. It would be a good thing if we had two baskets filled with nice fresh raspberries; we would then clean them tonight, and cook them tomorrow in the big saucepan, and I would then treat you to pancakes and raspberry jam."

"Let us go to the forest and get some," said Therese.

"Yes, we will," cried Aina.

"You take the yellow basket, and I'll take the green one," said Therese.

"Don't get lost, and come home in time for supper," added their older sister.

"My kindest regards to the caterpillar from the raspberry, said Lorenzo" in a taunting way. "The next time I see him, I shall have the pleasure of eating him."

Aina and Therese soon started for the forest. Oh! how beautiful it was! It was a little difficult for them to climb over fallen trees, and sometimes they got caught in the branches, and had to fight with the juniper bushes, but they did not care, and walked quickly on, and were soon deep in the forest.

They found plenty of other kinds of berries, but raspberries were very scarce. They plunged deeper and deeper into the forest, and came at last to a wood of raspberry-bushes. There had been a fire here a long time ago, and all the trees were burnt. The raspberry bushes covered the place, and each bush was bent to the ground with fruit. Therese and Aina picked the fruit and soon filled their baskets.

"Now we must go home," said Aina.

"No, let us pick a few more," answered Therese, "and put the baskets on the ground."

They then filled their aprons with berries.

"Now we will go home," said Therese.

"Yes, we will go home," replied Aina.

But this was easier said than done. They had never before been so deep in the forest. There were no roads or paths for them to follow, and they soon saw that they were lost. As the evening came on, the shadows of the trees grew darker and darker, the birds flew back to their nests, and the dew fell. At last the sun had sunk behind the tops of the pine-trees, and it became very cool in the beautiful woods.

The girls although frightened, continued to walk quickly on, thinking they would soon reach the end of the forest, and see the smoke from their own home.

When they had traveled for some time it became quite dark. They had now reached a large open space, which was surrounded by bushes, and when they had looked around as well as possible in the dark, they discovered that they had come back to the same place, where they had before gathered the fine and large raspberries and filled their baskets and aprons.

They were very tired, and sat down to rest upon a stone and began to cry.

"I am so hungry," said Therese.

"Yes," added Aina, "I wish we had some bread and butter."

As soon as she had said this, she felt something on her arm, and when she took it in her hand, found it was a large piece of bread and butter. At the same time Therese cried out: "How strange! I have some bread and butter in my hand."

"Then we have both got some," said Aina. "Do you dare to eat it?"

"Certainly! Why not? I only wish I had a glass of milk with it."

"She had hardly expressed the wish, when she found a glass of milk in her hand. And then Aina said: "This is too wonderful; I have a glass of milk in my hand."

"As they were both very hungry, they greatly enjoyed their meal. When they had finished it, Aina felt sleepy, stretched out her arms and said: "I wish I had a soft bed to sleep in."

No sooner had she said this, when she saw a soft bed beside her, and so did Therese also. They were greatly surprised, but as they were sleepy and tired, they thought very little of the matter. They jumped into bed, said their prayers, and covered themselves up. Soon they were fast asleep.

When they woke up, the sun was high in the heavens, and it was a beautiful summer morning in the forest. The birds were flying around the tree-tops. At first the girls were much astonished when they found they had slept in the forest, among the raspberry bushes. They looked at each other, and then at their beds, which were made of soft moss and leaves, and covered with the finest linen.

At last Therese said: "Are you awake, Aina?"

"Yes," replied her sister.

"But I am still dreaming," remarked Therese.

"No," answered Aina, "but I am sure that a good fairy lives among these raspberry-bushes. I do wish we had two cups of hot coffee, and fresh buns with them."

As soon as she had said this, they found beside them a little silver tray with a golden coffee-pot, two cups of the finest china, a sugar-basin of crystal, and the most delicious hot buns. The girls poured out the coffee and enjoyed it. They had never before tasted such good coffee. "Now, I should like to know who has given us all this," said Therese with a grateful smile.

"I am the giver, my good little girls," said a voice at that moment from the raspberry-bushes.

The girls looked round and saw a little old man, with a kind face, dressed in white, with a funny looking cap on his head, coming from behind the bushes. Therese and Aina were so astonished that they could not say a word.

"Do not be frightened, my little friends," said the old man, with a kindly smile. "I bid you welcome to my kingdom. Have you had a good night? Did you enjoy your supper and breakfast?"

"Yes, we did," said both the girls. "But tell us who you are."

"I am the Raspberry King," replied the old man, "and this is my kingdom. I have lived here for thousands and thousands of years. But the Great Universal Spirit that rules the forest, the sea, and the sky, does not wish me to become full of pride on account of my royal power and long life. It is therefore ordained that I, for one day in each century, shall be changed into a caterpillar, and shall live in this weak little creature from sunrise to sunset. During this time, my life depends upon the little caterpillar's life, so that a bird can eat me, and a child may gather me with the raspberries, or step upon me, and thus put an end to my long life. Yesterday being my day for changing into a caterpillar, I was gathered with the raspberries, and should have been killed but for your kindness, my dear children. You have saved me. Until sunset I was lying helpless in the grass, and when I was blown away from your table, I hurt my foot, and was so frightened that I was quite paralyzed. When the night came and I regained my proper form, I looked all around to find you, that I might thank you and give you a reward. I found you both here in my kingdom, and received you as honored guests. I will now send a bird to show you the way home. Good-bye, my dear children. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, and the Raspberry King will show that he is not ungrateful."

The girls then shook hands with the old man, and thanked him for his kindness. They were very glad that they had saved the little caterpillar the day before.

Just as they were going, the old man turned round with a stern look in his face, and said: "Tell Lorenzo that next time we meet I shall have the pleasure of eating him."

"Oh! pray don't do that, Mr. Caterpillar Raspberry King," cried the two frightened girls.

"Very well, for your sake I will forgive him," said the old man. "I will not take any revenge. Tell Lorenzo that he may also expect a present from me. Good-bye."

The girls then took their baskets and walked on through the woods, following the bird, and soon reached the end of the forest; they were not surprised that they could not find the right path the day before.

There was great joy when the girls reached home. Everyone had been searching and waiting for them, and their eldest sister had not closed her eyes during the night. She was greatly afraid that the wolves had taken her dear little sisters.

But Lorenzo met them with a basket, saying: "An old man has left this basket here for you. Come and look inside."

The girls took the basket, and found within it, two beautiful bracelets, of dark red stones, in the shape of raspberries. Engraved on them were the words, "For Therese and Aina." Also a fine diamond scarfpin, with the words, "Lorenzo; never injure the weak and helpless."

Lorenzo felt ashamed, and understood what it meant. But still he admired the way in which the old man had taken his revenge, and thought that the latter must be a generous soul to act as he had in the matter. The Raspberry King had not forgotten the eldest sister. When she came in to cook the dinner, she found twelve baskets full of lovely raspberries, and no one knew who had brought them. After that, they were all busy preparing the jam, and if you go there to-day, you will find them still at it, and they might give you some.

Boys' Brotherhood Clubs in Holland

THE Clubs here edit together a monthly paper, the *New Century Guard*, which is now printed regularly at the W. Q. Judge Press at Arnhem. In the paper the interests of the Clubs and in general all that has connection with the boys' work is discussed. Facts and events happening in nature and society are dealt with from a Brotherhood standpoint.

Those who read English give translations from foreign magazines to bring the Clubs in contact with the work in America and England. The boys are helped herein by members of the League.

The following are extracts from a recent issue of the monthly paper:

OUR WORK

We must be the reformers of humanity. We must do away with the enmity which exists between men. O, how often the baneful proverb is put into operation: "Revenge is sweet." This too, we must conquer, not with the same means, but with *tolerance*. And why do men not put this into practice? Well, they think that if they showed tolerance they would abase themselves before their adversaries, and they do not like to be considered of small account. Such is their reasoning. But if they saw it otherwise what a misery would be removed from the world. How do those death-dealing and calamity-bringing wars originate? Well, boys! here again is a new duty for us. But we must not drop our heads and say: "In this way there is no end to the enumeration of evils." No, even if there were a thousand more (and there are so many!) we must stand

with heads erect and think: many hands make work easy. When we look about us in nature or still closer around us, in our large towns, how much misery, how much unbrotherliness among men we see. Everywhere one sees hatred, cheating and selfishness, which tear men away one from another. Mankind does not know what is tolerance; everywhere selfishness; the desire to gain profit each for himself comes to the front. They promote their own welfare at the cost of others. What does it matter if another goes down if only they themselves profit by it? Such is the opinion today; and against this great evil we must fight. For this purpose are the Boys' Clubs. They must be working with word and deed. They must make true the saying in their club song: True saying and true doing is his sword. Then the spirit of greatness would fight in our midst. We must be the guard, which stands guard for the good and wages war against evil.

THE HEATH

What? The Heath? To the heath for your pleasure? To the monotonous brown heath? No, I will rather go to the valley of the Rhine, to see the beautiful mountains, to other countries, where—stop a bit, rash fellow! Have you a right to judge the heath in this way? Have you ever been there? And if so, have you *seen* the heath indeed, really? I don't mean to have looked superficially over it, no, lived in it with the living things of the heath. If you had done that, you would not have scolded about it, but then the thought of it, instead of frightening you, would take hold of you, even as the sight of the endless plain made a great impression on you, when you came there for the first time—or your heart must be wholly of stone.

Now, when you come to the heath, instead of trying to go away from it as soon as you can, you must study the living creatures, find out the bushes, which break the monotonous plain, and you must let the sublime impression which the bushes and pine trees and evergreens and the large, monotonous heath made on you, work on your heart—then you will begin to realize a bit what the heath really is.

Whoever will take pleasure in studying the heath with me, though he may not dwell in Holland, he can read every time the description of it which I shall give in this paper.

MAN

Let us conceive this word in its purest, noblest sense. How many call themselves men and how few are in reality so? He, who, to gratify his lust of gain, does not hesitate to ruin or to destroy thousands of precious lives, is still arrogant enough to call himself a man, and many are vile enough to give him this name still. Are these not far beneath the animals of which is said so often indifferently, "O, it is only a beast!" Has the most zealous investigator of nature ever discovered that an animal, in order to bereave another of a thing, made use of others of his kind to do this?

Greater hero is he who saves a life than he who destroys one. Oh! that all might realize this truth, for then society would become an orderly society; strife and discord, those mischief-creating monsters, would be done away with

and peace and happiness would reign everywhere. Once united in purpose, men would work then and the world would be no longer a valley of tears. Nobler and greater would then be the soul of man, and endeavor to greater development would be his greatest characteristic. It is not so as yet, alas, but the time will come that it will be so. To reach this, all men who think right must unite and no longer excuse their laziness by saying, "Oh, it is impossible. Why should we busily work? Surely as long as one tries to silence his conscience with such talks, conditions will not change for good. But there must come a change. For it is contrary to the human heart, it is unnatural, it is devoid of manliness to behave in such a way that one should think only of his own pleasure and comfort; to lead a life that one only thinks of his own comfort! No, it is impossible that this should continue to remain so! Therefore it is not only a necessity, it is also a bounden duty to unite to begin the great work together, the completion of which shall make true the word spoken ages and ages ago: "Peace on earth, good will to men." Then man will be really man.

H. G. S.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR BADGE

Already I have shown in our paper the great duties which we have to fulfill. Now, brothers, I venture to add one more. I ask, Will every one of us be able to wear his badge? Do you laugh at this? Now, I do not wonder about that; it is possible if some one else had written this, I should have laughed also. But no! I am quite in earnest!

Well, indeed, we must not think of our badge as a mere token that we belong to such or such society, as is the case with other badges; no, *it must be justified by our behavior* and also *we must do honor to it*. For even a soldier shows by his decoration how brave a man he is, so we must show by our "badge of honor" to which army we belong as soldiers, the glorious guard which fights against evil, a guard of boys which has more to do than an ordinary guard.

What a high standard of conduct must we maintain, brothers, if we would wear such a powerful insignia with honor to our club. People have indeed the right to point to our badge at the slightest offense (perhaps to them a little exaggerated) and say, "How dare you wear such a thing?" And what shall we answer then? Then we must remain silent and our conduct is blamable in the highest degree, which perhaps would not be the case if another than we had done the offense; but by the very reason that we have promised ourselves to fight against all evil, we must be on guard a hundred times more. Let us first say: There must be a few, a nucleus, who stand fast enough in their resolve to risk wearing a badge. Now, brothers, I think I have proved to some extent that we must justify wearing it and also it must be a warning voice, which reminds us of our duty everywhere and always. We must ask ourselves steadily: Do we act according to our badge?

Believe surely, my brothers, in doing this, we fulfill in the best way our duty, and maybe that it is difficult in the beginning, it at last becomes a habit, and "habit is second nature," says the proverb.

Notwithstanding this, it may happen to us at times that we are not doing all things as they must be done. No, then it is very desirable, and we have reason to rejoice, if one of our friends points this out to us. Then we can make it better, when we are not obstinate and refuse to listen to wise counsel. I ask pardon. I forgot that such boys are not in their place in our club.

So boys, once again, let our badge be a sign-post for the way we have to go.

G. W. S.

Reports from the Lotus Groups

Lotus Group, 19 Avenue Road, London, England, January, 1902

On Sunday, January 19th, the Afternoon Lotus Group met for the first time after the holidays—it was in many points a new gathering and was one of great joy to all. The unsectarian Sunday School has been held regularly since September last, and has now been more thoroughly organized on the lines laid down by the Leader. At 3 o'clock the doors were opened and music was played while all were assembling. Silent, but none the less joyous, greetings were given and received as each one passed to his seat. The opening ceremony was performed with a power that happy children never fail to use, and the Hall was filled with their songs. Many of the Lodge members have for the first time become members of the Lotus Group and, as members of a larger growth, take part in the afternoon's program. Today we had a message from "Santa Claus" to deliver, which helped us to realize as never before our share in the "Song of Life." Many of the members, young or old, as called upon, then sang or spoke—all having determined that our motto, "Helping and Sharing," should be more practically carried out. The Circle then formed itself into three smaller circles (for that day—we mean to be seven eventually), and with their respective teachers marched away for the afternoon's study. The babies, of three and four, found naughty fairies in the doll house that had no business there, so they promptly set to sweep them out and make all clean and pure. They named their Group "Blue like the Sky."

The second Group of somewhat older years, say nine and ten, chose purple, and were soon deeply engrossed in the story of the "Start of the Little Pilgrim." The third Group chose yellow, or the "Golden Light," as they prefer to name it. This Group comprises members of from twelve to fourteen years, and a few others who wish to be that age also. In this class the study is also drawn from *Evolution Series*, Manual II, an intelligent and ready appreciation of this wonderful story of their own real life is shown. As all these members have attended Lotus Group nearly two years, the well-known truths of Theosophy are no longer strange to their minds. The eternal life of the past as well as the future, with its purpose, *Self-consciousness*, *self-control*, are being realized as Facts in Nature. We have taken as our motto for this New Year, "We Conquer Step by Step." The afternoon closed with a united march, music and song.

On Sunday, the 26th, the general program was as before. The letter in *The New Century* to "Blossoms," telling how the children of Loma-land learn to express music, was

read; also "The effect of Music on Animals," and Longfellow's "Singers," interspersed with songs and music. In the classes we studied "Life in the Mineral," and at the close marched to form triangles and crystalline stars. During the week the children of the Raja Yoga School had learned and performed a play, "The Mineral Gnomes," who discovered that through working together in harmony by each one doing his share they had found the Diamond Soul, the bright star-light which shines in all. The Lotus Group had watched the performance of this little play with great interest, and the vivid imagination of the little ones on the stage aroused in all a great desire to be loyal fairies of the queen and press "onward and upward."

Senior Lotus Group

On Thursday, the 16th, the Senior Lotus Group met for the first time after Christmas. Some of the younger children, dressed in white, sang a New Year's welcome to the visitors. After marching around the Hall singing, the passage of the builders, called the Fairies, through all the different stages, was beautifully illustrated by lantern slides. At every fresh picture the children were delighted, listening with evident interest as each one was briefly explained. Beginning with the passage of the fairies through the different elements, their further progress was traced through the three lower kingdoms, finally reaching the kingdom of man, which was illustrated by the portraits of some of the most notable persons of the last century, ending with the portraits of Madame Blavatsky and Katherine Tingley. After discussing the plan of work for the next few months a very pleasant evening was brought to a close.

On Wednesday, the 22nd, the children gave an entertainment to which their mothers and friends were invited. First the little ones gave their play, "The Mineral Gnomes," afterwards four of the older girls gave much pleasure to their visitors by their action songs, "Fairies of Time." A few general songs followed and a most enjoyable hour was over.

On the 29th, after learning a new song and singing and marching, the children were intensely interested with the story of "The Winged Horse." More songs followed and the class separated.

Junior Lotus Group

The Junior Lotus Group, formerly held on Friday, has been re-opened on Saturday mornings, with a number of children from three and a half to seven years.

MARY ATWOOD BARBER
S. ADA ROBINSON



Another encouraging feature of the Lotus Group work in London was the restarting of the classes of the Chelsea Lotus Group on Sunday afternoon, March 9th, by U. B. Lodge No. 7. The use of a very commodious room has been secured in a block of buildings belonging to the Chelsea School Board, in Park Walk, Chelsea.

The joy of the children (a considerable number), in having the opportunity to once more assemble, was inspiring to the members of the Lodge, and the tone of the afternoon's proceedings was very fine. It is hoped, and fully expected, that before long the Group will be one of the largest in London.

W. H.

Union Lotus Group Meeting for Boston and Vicinity, March 29, 1902

This was the best yet of the Union Lotus Group Meetings, but the impression produced by color, sound and action, in what was in effect a little mystery play, cannot properly be described.

The day was bright and full of sunshine. The Lotus Buds and Blossoms, who, in spite of wind, snow and rain, made their heart-light shine and shine on previous occasions, now had good fortune.

What eagerness there was to come! Not merely with the usual great eagerness which they always show before these union meetings, but with still greater joy. For were not all to be dressed in white gowns, buds and blossoms and workers, and had not each group by itself been rehearsing the songs and little play which was to be given, and had they not met in the spirit of helping and sharing?

There were present ninety-eight Buds and Blossoms and nineteen workers. Each child represented a color of the rainbow, and carried in its hand a little streamer of the color it represented.

For the first time the members of the four groups were separated as groups and joined together in the higher unity of the seven colors of the rainbow, all of those who in all the four groups represented any one color being together, the wee Buds being the reds, and rising in the scale with the largest Blossoms representing the violet color. Beginning with the wee reds all marched into Universal Brotherhood Hall, singing as only happy children can, "We're a Band of Young Crusaders," causing the walls to ring and ring again with sounds of joy.

After all were seated we answered the usual questions in our catechism of brotherhood, *Heartlight and Joy*.

Then came the "Warriors of the Golden Cord;" and such marching you never did see. The entire figure of the march naturally and without premeditation, formed a heart, a living, radiant whole, throbbing and swaying, to the music of the march, with the ever circulating joyous, buoyant life of each living unit which made a part of it, and with the buoyant life of joy in the body, mind and soul of the unit whole. No description can convey to the mind of one, who did not see it, the beauty and inspiration of the whole and of each and every part.

After song and march the little warriors took their seats, and then again came out in the order of their colors singing "Happy Little Sunbeams," and holding their colors in their hands. Then, holding them high above their heads, and moving them to and fro in order and in time to the music, the Buds and Blossoms sang the color song, each color its own particular stanza; after which all joined together in singing "Brothers We," all of them bringing their colors down so that only the white of their gowns was seen, as they ended with "The White Light of Unity."

Then the color groups took their places as Flowers of Fairy Garden, in which they chatted together and worked for Brotherhood in the presence of their beloved Queen Rose, until Purity, the White Lotus, comes to them, bringing the message, which he had found in his heart, after coming up into the sunlight, through the turbulent waters from his bed of clay. After his refusal of the scepter offered him by the Queen, saying as he does so, that he is

but a messenger to bring a gleam of light, all recognize him as Diamond Soul. The meeting closed with singing "Children of Light" to the tune of Lohengrin's wedding march.

THE SECRETARY



Sydney, N. S. W., Lotus Group, March 28, 1902

We had a most successful Easter Sale Entertainment, given by the young folks. All the children were greatly improved—far ahead of any performance they have given before. They knew their songs well and sang them beautifully, and the action accompanying was done with life and grace. They all entered so heartily, naturally and *unitedly* into their work with so much visible, smiling happiness, that we had never seen anything like it here before. It was a great success and a wonderful step forward since last year. E. W.

Lullaby

by FORD M. HUEFFER—(*Selected*)

We've wandered all about the upland fallows,
 We've watched the rabbits at their play,
 But now good-night, good-by to soaring swallows,
 Now good-night, good-by, dear day.

Poppy heads are closing fast, pigeons circle home at last;
 Sleep, liebchen, sleep, the bats are calling;
 Pansies never miss the light, but sweet babes must sleep at night:
 Sleep, liebchen, sleep, the dew is falling.

Even wind among the quiet willows
 Rests, and the sea is silent too.
 See soft white linen, cool, such cool white pillows
 Wait in the darkling room for you.

All the little chicks are still; now the moon peeps down the hill;
 Sleep, liebchen, sleep, the owls are hooting.
 Ships have hung their lanterns out: little mice dare creep about:
 Sleep, liebchen, sleep, the stars are shooting.