

A U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

Thou canst not gather what thou dost not sow ;  
As thou dost plant the tree so will it grow.—THE LAWS OF MANU  
Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.—ST. PAUL

# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

VOL. XVII

AUGUST 1902

NO. 5

## *The Problem of Aborigines*

by H. T. E.



**T**HERE is no more vexed question than that of what to do about aborigines. It is evident that the laws of time and progress demand that an ancient race, long past its zenith, shall melt away before the advance of a newer and upward-tending race. It is useless, therefore, to expect to force back the tide and reproduce a past that is spent ; and the white man's duty seems to be confined to easing the closing days of his predecessors.

This is the duty that devolves upon the white race in America, Australasia, and Africa. Much needless cruelty has stained the records of pioneer years, when the rougher advance guards of modern civilization have first swarmed over the domains of the aborigines. Later generations must see how the inevitable laws of progress can be squared with the voice of humanity, and how the lot of the disappearing races can be made happy.

To this question no answer seems to be forthcoming from modern thought. Palliatives only are suggested, and these palliatives always presuppose a milder and more considerate disposition on the part of the people who are expected to adopt them than those people are likely to evince. We may make the Red Man more comfortable on his reservation, but, all the same, land-greed will still have

its jealous and ruthless eye upon him, and will find a way to turn the best laws to its own advantage and the Red Man's loss.

In the principles of Universal Brotherhood alone can be found a means of reconciling the lives of white men and aborigines in a way that will allow Nature and time to take their course unaided by haste and brutality. Under an order of society such as is being laid down at Point Loma, one might expect to see white and red working and living harmoniously together as collaborators in the common end of uplifting the standard of human life. The aims pursued by Universal Brotherhood people are of such a nature as to reconcile in united enterprise the most varied types of humanity; and when such aims become diffused over broader tracts and the Point Loma standard of life comes to be adopted over wider areas, the Red Man may find his place in the human Brotherhood and fit into the ordered plan as all other social units, however diverse, invariably do.

But at present the world at large is as far from any such ideal as it can be. We have been reading about the blacks in South Africa, a race which, between the two millstones of commercial rapacity and religious cant, seems to be in danger of speedy pulverization. For, so extreme and indiscreet are some of the advocates of the black man, that they only cause violent reaction by their well-meant but unintelligent efforts on his behalf.

We are indebted to *The British Weekly* (English Non-conformist Church paper) for the following items about

#### THE NATIVE IN RHODESIA—SALVATION BY LIQUOR?

The *Salisbury Herald* gives a report of a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. A communication from the London office of the British South Africa Company came up for consideration, asking suggestions as to how the conditions of employment could be rendered more attractive for natives, and how the desire of natives to possess themselves of articles of European manufacture could be increased. The discussion went on as follows:

MR. WIGG—Were the natives of South Africa civilized in any other way but by the introduction of liquor? *I think liquor is the only thing that will civilize them. I do not think the natives will ever be civilized until they get liquor.*

THE CHAIRMAN—*We agreed on that point at the last meeting.*

THE MAYOR—*Yes; we all shared the same view.*

Mr. Stecker thought they could not communicate that recommendation to the Chartered Company. Liquor, no doubt, degenerated the native.

THE CHAIRMAN—There is no doubt about it, if the Kaffir could get liquor, under supervision, you would have all the labor you wanted. The Company, however, does not want to hear this, and we are trying to avoid suggesting it.

MR. STECKER—I do not see why we should not suggest it.

THE MAYOR—We have a very strong argument against Exeter Hall, if they say anything about it.

THE CHAIRMAN—We might reply to the British South Africa Company's letter, saying *the Chamber thinks the great solution is to give the natives liquor under control.*

The other members concurred.

The italics in the above report are ours [says *The British Weekly*]. A Wesleyan minister, the Rev. John White, plucked up courage to remonstrate with the *Herald*, declaring that if the Chamber of Commerce persisted in their proposal "there is in this country a large section of the people who are not in any way connected either with the much abused Exeter Hall party, or the Aborigines Protection Society, who will offer to it uncompromising and relentless opposition." He went on to say that, suppose the liquor increased the labor supply, "is it nothing that an immoral atmosphere is being created that the rising generation must breathe? Is it nothing that you are rendering your wives and daughters increasingly liable to assaults from savages whose vilest passions are inflamed by strong drink?" Mr. White concludes what is in the circumstances a singularly mild letter by saying that the commercial advancement of the country should not be promoted at the expense of the demoralization of the natives. The *Herald* took alarm, and declared it was astonishing "that members of the Chamber of Commerce should profess themselves convinced that strong waters are a civilizing factor. That was a crude expression, and liable to much abuse and misrepresentation by *The British Weekly* and its thousands of readers." We are much obliged to our contemporary, but we are quite satisfied to quote from its own columns without paraphrase or comment. The *Herald* goes on to say that "to deprive the native of all stimulant is, humanly speaking, an injustice." It further blames the London office of the British South Africa Company for asking suggestions as to how to make the conditions of employment more attractive to the natives. It complains that the development of the country is seriously retarded by the instructions issued to native commissioners throughout the two provinces prohibiting them from recruiting boys. Rhodesia is decidedly worth watching. The ministers of religion in that favored country should find the path of duty very plain and clear.

Yes; even rum can be called a civilizing influence, in certain meanings of the word "civilization." If civilization includes the existence of a degraded and uncomplaining slave gang, no doubt rum can furnish this requirement; and probably the mine owners, like Legree, find it cheaper to put their slaves through for what they are worth, and buy new ones when the old are used up, than to waste time and money in preserving what is so cheap and plentiful.

---

For it is my opinion that war is no doubt much to be dreaded, but still not to such a degree that we should be willing to submit to every kind of insult rather than engage in it. For why should we value so highly equality of government, liberty of speech, and the glorious name of freedom, if nothing is to be preferred to peace.—POLYBIUS

# Cycles

by C. E. W.



CYCLES have their roots, their *raison d'être*, in consciousness, human and divine. We are apt to entertain a somewhat automatic conception of the mysterious time-periods within which humanity moves, grows, and dies, as under a seemingly inexorable destiny. The truth is, humanity is its own destiny-maker, hence the controller of the movements by which destiny works. Let us look at the matter from the philosophical point of view.

At the beginning of a period of manifestation, one eternal, pure, undivided Consciousness awakened in itself thoughts, activities, forces, which, vibrating through elementary Substance, evolved Universes, and sent the whole march of sleeping Nature into action. By what process was this great awakening of the Spirit that had "slumbered once again for seven Eternities?" It was the process of movement or division of pure Consciousness into what we may term Thought-Consciousness. The One put forth Its attributes or thoughts into activity, realized them in a material expression, brought them out from darkness and latency into objective life. And they became thoughts clothed in a body of form and matter. The forms differed as the thought behind them; the consciousness composing the thought was the same throughout all varieties of manifestation.

Now, in the breaking up of pure, undisturbed Consciousness into thought-consciousness, something happens. When we ourselves pass out of a state of passive consciousness, and begin to think, we generate force. The fact that not only idea but force is inseparable from the act of thinking, is of importance. It is sometimes forgotten that our minds are real dynamos, generating force on the mental plane, as electrical machines generate force on the physical.

To make clear my illustration of the difficult subject of cycles, I must speak in somewhat mechanical terms for a while. And, returning to our thought-dynamo, and its corresponding generation of force, I must ask what *is* force? No one knows. Scientists can tell us how force behaves; its attributes; the work it does; everything, anything, in short, but what it *is*. And so we need not be afraid of calling down scientific opprobrium if we venture, ourselves, on the statement that force is a mode of consciousness—that is, one of the ways in which consciousness works and manifests.

The *Secret Doctrine* tells us a little more. Force, we know, is inseparable from motion, and motion is "Deity's only philosophical aspect—the thrill of the Creative Breath."

As an eternal abstraction Motion is the ever-present; it is finite both in the coming direction and the opposite—the two being the Alpha and Omega of successive reconstructions.

The first Cause is Infinite and unlimited; that which produces a limit is analogous to Motion.

From this we gather the idea of a Universal Consciousness manifesting universal thoughts, clothing them in matter, generating by and through them forces whose action is that of a perpetual motion in two directions—"the coming and the opposite." This, to speak rather crudely, is the mechanical effect of the "Eternal thinker thinking non-eternal thoughts." Each wonderful world-thought, from the widest system to the tiniest atom, is inseparable from force, which is consciousness active in matter. We have only to appeal to the common facts of Nature for evidence of this. Lives there in the whole wide universe one speck of absolutely inert matter? What know we of the force-play of molecules in an atom? What know we of the incessant regeneration of those molecules, after they have been dissociated? Point to one element in Nature where the principle of transformation or rebirth—force exhibiting as motion in a perpetual circle—is not to be found? Empedocles spoke truly when he declared:

By nature is no birth, and of that which dies, no complete destruction. Nothing but mingling of parts, and again separation of mingling.

Very well, then, since the Universe is consciousness manifesting as thought, and force is consciousness acting as matter, there will be periodicity in all departments of nature. For, on the simplest mechanical grounds, the combined results of two forces moving in different directions will be the formation of a spiral. Divine thought in manifestation produces the incessant warfare of spirit with matter. From this duality springs the law—operative on all planes—that action and reaction are equal and opposite. We act, and force is thereby generated. Sometimes we think the action dead, and straightway prepare a funeral. It is not dead, but only completes its cycle, and will presently return with a reactionary force proportionate to that which gave it birth. In short, we know nothing of the transformation process of an act, once it has passed within the veil of the subjective. So each fresh moment records a death in body, mind and soul, as each new hour records a resurrection. Indeed, death and rebirth are traceable in the commonplaces of each day. Everywhere and all the way forces, generated by thought, react to be again reproduced by their own energy. Always we are reproducing ourselves in cycles of unvarying law. Cycles are the thoughts of God, returning unto Himself.

In viewing the subject from this standpoint, I am anxious to avoid the conception of the Universe as of a huge automaton which, once set going, grinds out an incessant repetition of phenomena, until the exhaustion of the initial force

and its reaction stops the works and the end comes. I want to keep well in mind that *force is inseparable from consciousness*. We ourselves are not automatic machines because our consciousness observes periodicity. So with Universal Thoughts. Humanity's thought-waves, whether material or spiritual, ebb and flow in obedience to the great laws of energy. *But humanity itself has created that energy*; it is bound by its own handiwork. By altering the trend of the force, it can modify old reactionary impulses and create new ones that shall aid, rather than obstruct its higher endeavors. There comes a time, at the completion of each ebb of the world's thought, when Consciousness stands, as it were, unhampered by the past. Having cancelled old debts, it is, in a measure, open to follow an upward or downward trend, according to its now freed will. New lines of thought, new courses of action lie all before it where to choose. Because we have thought much original evil, and much also that I might call reflex evil, it need not happen that we are bound by law to think nothing but evil forever. So world-cycles being the product of the consciousness of humanity, have their turning point, at which humanity is free to strike out a fresh line of advance. There are times, I take it, in the history both of races and individuals, when the will attains complete freedom from modifying forces. There is, in the World-Consciousness, a point of perfect equilibrium at which the cycle returns to its starting place, as it were, and "God rests." The gradual loosening of the will from the trammels of reactionary forces gives rise to the graduated degrees of spirituality in consciousness, termed in the East the four Yugas. At the close of one such stage are we today. There may be for us a further age of iron, or a dawning of golden life whose glory shall increase unto all eternity. The world is free to choose, and we believe it has chosen. Its Higher Consciousness, aided by Those Whose hands stem the heavy tide of Karmic reaction, has marked the directing line, has generated the new force whose wave will carry humanity over the storms of a transition period into the safe harbor of the new country.

---

Laws, in their widest signification, are the necessary and inexorable results which spring from the nature of things; and, in this sense, all beings have their laws, the Divinity has His laws; the material world has its laws; the intelligences superior to man have their laws; man has his laws.—MONTESQUIEU

# "The Law and the Prophets"

by Rev. S. J. Neill



OVER 2000 years ago the books of the old Testament were divided into three classes, and are still so divided in the Hebrew. These divisions are, the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms, — to use the language of Luke, where Jesus tells his disciples that all things must be fulfilled which were written of him "in the Law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms." As early as the days of Daniel and Zechariah, or about 500 B. C., we find evidence of a twofold division, the Law and the Prophets.

The Law, or the Law of Moses, the *Torah*, included what we know as the first five books of the Old Testament. The Prophets, called *Nebiim*, were divided into the former and latter Prophets. The former included Joshua, Judges, 1st and 2nd Samuel, and 1st and 2nd Kings. The latter Prophets were divided into the greater and the lesser. The greater were Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel: and there were twelve minor Prophets.

It seems strange to us that historical books, such as 1st and 2d Samuel should be classed as part of the Prophets. The explanation given is, that as early as the time of the Judges there were schools of the Prophets, or "Sons of the Prophets," living together as a society. They were naturally the teachers of the people, the recorders, or historians; they were also the seers and cultivated seership. Nathan the Prophet, Gad the Seer, Ahijah, and Iddo were examples.

They were probably somewhat similar to the bards, seers, and Druids of western lands. Their writings were therefore classed as "the Prophets." It is very probable that in some form or other this School of the Prophets existed from the time of the Judges to the days of Ezra, and the "Men of the Great Synagogue," who, according to Rabbinic tradition, fixed the canon of the Old Testament.

The third division, called the Psalms, in the Gospel of Luke was named in Hebrew, *Cetubim*, or writings. And in the LXX, the *Hagiographa*, or sacred writings, and included the rest of the books of the Old Testament.

The threefold division was not invariably used, for we find Jesus, in a celebrated passage, saying, "Think not that I am come to destroy the Law, or the Prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfill." And again, — "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them; for this is the Law and the Prophets." It will be seen from the above

---

\* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

quotations how deeply the title of our discourse, "The Law and the Prophets," is embedded in our thought, our literature, and our religion. It will also be seen that Jesus teaches the continuity of Divine revelation. He came not to destroy a former revelation, but to fill out, or complete; and "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the Law till all be fulfilled."

It has been the habit of some, in all ages, when a new teacher speaks, or when a fresh revelation of Truth is given, to ignore, or discard the former revelation. This is childish, and unscientific, for a little thought will show us that Nature works by orderly development. The growth of the corn is a picture of how Nature works. There is first the blade, then the stalk, rising joint upon joint, then the ear, and the full corn in the ear. It is all a continuous and harmonious development, the second stage rising out of the first, and resting upon it, the third rising out of the second, and so on. No wonder that the ancients regarded the Tree as a very sacred object, symbolizing many deep truths to the wise.

The second quotation, in which Jesus sums up the Law and the Prophets in one sentence, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," emphasises the need for that higher point of view which shows us the heart of things.

The "Law of the Lord" is not a set of arbitrary rules, but is based on the Divine goodness, which outlines the best way for men to live in order to reach perfection. But if a man, inspired and guided by the living heart of the Law, which is love, or the "Heart Doctrine," made this the great rule of his life, then he would not only fulfill the whole Law, but would transcend it as far as the Spirit transcends the letter. The Apostle Paul teaches the same thing where he says that, "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." We require no law to deter us from injuring those we love. We should never think of stealing their goods, or defaming them, or lying to them, or harming them, not because we are restrained by written enactment, but because the higher law of Love, written in our hearts, renders unnecessary all outward regulations. The understanding of this gives us the clue to much of Paul's writing. And it is this inner or higher law which is the basis of Universal Brotherhood, making it a fountain of health and peace for men and for nations. And this being so, we can see how true it is, as Katherine Tingley said on the first crusade, that "Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age."

There is no more remarkable feature in human history than the wonderful vitality and individuality of the Jewish race, notwithstanding all it has suffered. And along with this we may place the widespread influence of the religion of this handful of people. The law of the Old Testament is at the basis of all law in the western world. The Prophets and the Psalms speak to a vaster audience



than any other writings on earth. And the no less remarkable thing is, that, humanly speaking, this came about through the union of Hebrew and Greek thought. Had the Old Testament not been translated into Greek about 280 B. C., and had not the New Testament been given in Greek, the Western world today, bad as it is, would probably present even a darker picture than is shown by the most backward peoples of the East. Still more, in nearly every instance, from the time of Christ to the present day, with the development, both of the textual and “Higher Criticism,” the diffusion of light and liberty has been closely connected with the revival of the study of Hebrew and Greek. But for this, how could Luther have existed? How could the Reformation have taken place? And the light and liberty of today rest on that time as the grain of wheat rests on the stalk. Luther, speaking of his translating the Old Testament, says :

We are laboring hard to bring out the prophets in the mother-tongue. *Ach Gott!* What a great and difficult work it is to make the Hebrew writers speak German! They resist it so, and are unwilling to give up their Hebrew existence and become like Germans.

I do not say that the great Guides of humanity could not have acted in some other way to help the race, but this is the way they did act, just as they used the Law and the Prophets two thousand years ago.

We have spoken of the Law as that known in the Old Testament, and the Prophets, as the Prophets of Israel; but surely the words have a wider application than this? As the sun in the heavens is the symbol of that Divine Sun whence all things proceed, so the Hebrew Law is but a type of that Eternal and Divine Law which is wider than all nations, and vast as the universe itself. What is the Great Law? It is not a mere name. It is not an empty abstraction. It is the living presence of the Infinite, the Most High. In the mighty sweep of planets and suns, and systems; in the gentle growth of a flower; in the exquisite structure of some insect's wing, too tiny for the naked eye to see—in all the myriad forms and workings of Nature, but chiefly in man, we see the presence of the Great Law, which weaves and unweaves all things. What we call the Law is but the veiling and manifesting of that Infinite Life in which we live, and move, and have our being. When we think, and speak, and act rightly we put ourselves into union with the Great Law. Emerson speaks of hitching your wagon to a star, but we can do more than that, we can join ourselves to the Infinite and Eternal. Or we can do the other thing, which many do; we can set ourselves in opposition to the Great Law by joining ourselves to what is untrue or wrong.

And the Prophets of the Great Law, who are they? The Prophet is not necessarily a foreteller of things; that is but a narrow and secondary meaning of the word. The Prophet is one who speaks for another, one who manifests or

declares another. All who reveal the Great Law are to that extent Prophets of the Law, God's Prophets. Those who declare the truths men need, and the life that men need, are God's Prophets. And when all the newspapers and writings that either ignored them or maligned them have rotted out of existence, and their very names are forgotten, these Prophets will shine as the stars for ever and ever. And not only the great Leaders, they who are found amid the hottest strife, withstanding the ignorant, the selfish, the bigoted, as Elijah withstood the Priests of Baal on Mount Carmel — not only they, but also those who in humble positions in life, patiently and cheerfully, trusting the Great Law, do the right thing, though difficult, and speak the truth in love, and act with self-forgetting charity; they too are Prophets of the Great Law, manifesting it, declaring it as a living force in their lives. And that is the ever-victorious path of the genuine Theosophist, the man who makes Theosophy a living power in his life — he is at one with the Great Law, and a Prophet of it.

From the time of Christ till the close of the 18th century the spread of light was closely associated with the revival of learning, and that meant Hebrew and Greek learning chiefly. But with the 19th century, and especially the latter part of it, a new and vaster flood of light poured over the whole world. Every department of the human mind, every domain of thought was lighted up, and invigorated with new life. Looking at the past from our present standpoint, the human mind appears to be like one waking up after a long sleep. The tendency of the Dark Ages — and many of the centuries were dark ages — was to worship the letter rather than the spirit, and to crystallize forms of thought. The Bible was fast becoming a fetich, and not a living Law. Christ was lost in the creeds and rituals of the Church, and the human mind, denied freedom of thought, was becoming the mere echo of those who ruled — man was fast ceasing to be man. The Reformation of Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, and others had done much, but it had not done enough. It had, however, roused the human mind from spiritual slavery, and made freedom of thought and unfettered investigation possible. This in the course of time awakened the minds of men to juster views of history, more intelligent views of Scripture, and wider and nobler views of all human life. With the perfecting of scholarship came the perfecting of textual criticism, that is, the finding out of just what had been written — for unless you know what a man wrote how can you know what he meant? Then followed the so-called "Higher criticism," the study of the matter itself, and the comparison of the thoughts it contained with similar ideas found elsewhere. In the midst of this a great light shone from the East. The knowledge of Sanskrit literature, the discovery of it, can only be compared to the discovery of America. This made a new science possible, the Science of Comparative Religion, and paved the way for modern Theosophy.

Science had been working toward unity in Nature, and unity among the races of men, and now it was shown that though the various families of men had wandered far and forgotten their ancient home, yet did their forms of religion contain proof that all had sprung from the Ancient Wisdom Religion. This was truly a golden cord linking all together. And as Theosophists we believe that no works on comparative religion can at all be compared with those monumental books of H. P. Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled*, and the *Secret Doctrine*—books to which the world, before long, will wake up, and wonder why it has not read them. That great light, which has its focus in Theosophy, has been shining and shining in many ways, and in many corners of the world. It has illuminated the minds of the scientific, it has kindled the fire of love and compassion in the hearts of philanthropists, great and small; it has shown its presence in the vast number of inventions; and we may reasonably believe that it will, at no distant date, kindle celestial harmonies of music and sweet voices of song—“poets hidden in the light of thought, singing hymns unbidden till the world is wrought to sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.” These are but a few of the many quarters in which the Great Light, the Great Law, shines.

We live in a momentous time. The last twenty-five years have produced mighty changes in the world of thought, and prepared the way for even greater changes in the future. As never before men are waking up to see the true relations of things. And before long many will be sufficiently awake to seek, not shams, nor shadows, but reality, the *Truth* itself—that Truth which is the only religion.

Today the minds of men are moved and stirred as never before. Carlyle says it is a serious thing when men have to try their gods. We have come to that point. In such a state of things it is a matter of infinite importance that men rely on the Great Law. It speaks in the inmost soul of man, and it speaks also through all the prophets since the world began, and may we not recognize in the prophets of today the great prophets of the past?

As it was in the days of Jesus, so it is today. The priests then made the Law of none effect by their traditions. So, today, Ecclesiasticism has well-nigh strangled Christianity. Therefore the Great Law raises up new prophets to us, and gives us Theosophy whose mission is to accomplish for Christianity what Jesus did for the Jewish Law, viz., to give it new meaning, fresh life, and a wider scope.

This is the working of the Great Law which cares for all nations and peoples, and which, in the world's hour of need, proclaims through its prophets today the necessity for Universal Brotherhood.

But what shall we say of those who revile the name of Theosophy while they appropriate its ideas, and try to twist them into the orthodox groove of

thought? Are they not doing what Rome did to early Christianity? Let us be warned by the lessons of the Old Testament, for there were false prophets as well as true. In Micah, twenty-five hundred years ago, we find these words: "The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money, yet will they lean upon the Lord and say, Is not the Lord among us?" That reads very much like what might be said today. And it was one of the gravest charges made by Jeremiah: "The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so." Yes, the sad thing has too often been, "And my people love to have it so!"

Surely it is time for men to think for themselves, and to distinguish between the false prophet and the true; and this can be done only by listening to the Divine Voice, the Voice of the Great Law that speaks from the inmost soul of man, as the Divine Voice of old spake from the Holy of Holies. In the light of that Divine Light we can recognize all external helps, and discern all hindrances too. Along the path it will be a lamp to our feet, shining more and more brightly till we reach the perfect day.

## "What Must I Do to Be Saved?"

by Bruno



**W**HAT, in reality, is the meaning of salvation? What am I to be saved from? What is meant by "I"? These are the questions that confront us when we enter upon the discussion of man's origin and destiny. And if we answer these questions rightly we shall have a clear comprehension of our duty towards God and man. In the absence of absolute knowledge we have a right, nay, it is our duty, to take the facts of life and to exercise our reason and understanding that we may solve, if possible, these questions that are so essential to man's welfare.

The time is past when men might say: "We will not trouble ourselves about these questions; they are too difficult for us; we are mere passengers; we have entrusted our safety to our guides and conductors." We have arrived at a point on our way where we realize that humanity has had innumerable professed guides who know no more than we do as to the vital and essential questions that con-

cern us. The intelligent man realizes now that he should exercise his faculties and do all in his power to obtain the clearest aspect of the truth that he is capable of receiving, and not delegate to others the duties that especially devolve upon him. For, as we advance along the line of discussion of this subject, we may learn that the light which we perceive and into which we enter will be ours, because we have earned it and have the right to it.

In whatever way we answer the question as to man's origin, after our long pilgrimage, we must realize that we have been deluded wanderers that have lost our bearing and identity. Each one may say: "The night is dark and I am far from home; lead Thou me on." The earnest yearning of every heart is to return home—to enter again the Father's house. Eons ago "spirit" descended into "matter," obedient to the law of the outbreathing and the inbreathing of the Eternal One. This is one of the meanings of the "Fall." This produced the great illusion and the heresy of separateness. From universal harmony and homogeneity came heterogeneity. From unity came diversity and individuality. In consequence of the veil of matter enveloping spirit and the development of individuality, separateness was regarded as real and not an appearance only, and the truth of the unity of mankind was obscured and lost sight of and forgotten. Each ego regarded itself as disconnected from and independent of all other egos. Sin and crime followed. Ignorance, therefore, is the cause of all our woes, and the meaning of salvation of the soul is that it has reached the state where all illusion has disappeared, and it recognizes that in essence it is one with all other souls. In other words, the soul has gained its freedom.

The reason why the great Helpers and Teachers that came among men at certain periods of the world's history were called "Saviors," was because they taught mankind the way by which the human race could rise out of the low condition in which it has plunged in consequence of the illusions of the material world. It would have been almost impossible for a soul veiled in matter to realize its divinity without the aid and direction of great beings inherently wise, who know the Higher Law. Such compassionate souls, for the sake of humanity, are willing to make the sacrifice of their peace and bliss, and voluntarily take upon themselves the pains and sorrows of human existence, to rescue men from the chains of selfishness and the materialistic conditions in which they are bound.

That men desire to be saved is made known by Humanity's heart-cry and by the responses, from time to time, that come from the very soul to the appeals of these Saviors and Helpers, who have made the great renunciation in order to redeem mankind. The deep, undying love of these Teachers of Wisdom for all creatures causes them to forego the bliss they have earned, to take upon themselves the burden of the world's sins, "self-doomed to live through future Kalpas,

unthanked and unperceived by man," that all may at last attain to freedom. Compassion speaks and says: "Can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?"

To keep the "radiant thread" between the Higher Self and the human soul unbroken, to the end of the pilgrimage of human experience, is salvation. A human soul cannot be saved against its will. So long as a soul persists in evil and continues to regard material existence as its home, efforts to redeem it will prove fruitless. Some tremendous shock, or a series of so-called misfortunes, which should be regarded as blessings in disguise, might cause such an awakening that it would appeal to its God within for aid and guidance. Without the proper disposition and the positive attitude of turning to the Higher Self for guidance, the human soul cannot be saved. To attempt to save it without such tendencies and attitude would be like unto an effort to raise one absolutely dead to life. We may readily conceive, then, how futile the shedding of blood would be to rescue a soul from perdition. If the soul persistently tended Godward—the shedding of innocent blood would be superfluous; and if it did not assume such attitude, the shedding of innocent blood would be vain.

A beautiful, spiritual and mystical truth has been materialized and grossly disfigured by the grovelling worldliness of men. Spiritually, the Divine Man is the victim of his earthly image—the subtle vehicle, for whose sins he makes atonement. It is not a question of wrath to be appeased, or offended Divine Justice to be satisfied, by the ignominious death of perfect innocence in the midst of a career most necessary and beneficial to mankind. Divine Justice, Karma, knows not wrath nor pardon. The ideal man has no wrath to be appeased, but, full of compassion, he voluntarily comes to the rescue of the fallen brother to aid him in his evolution to a higher spiritual plane of consciousness.

The qualities of compassion and brotherliness appeal to our higher nature which gives a response which is unmistakeable in approval. Is man more compassionate than God? Why should man impute to God—the source of wisdom and justice—that which he would regard as discreditable if imputed to himself? As all power is from God, so all virtue is from God. Our love of justice, our compassion, as every other human excellence, are the reflection of God. Man's intuition and reason, the brightest jewels in his crown, are rays of Divine perfection. Let us not deceive ourselves.

The measure of our woes is that of the joys that end them.

Spirit, veiled in matter, has dropped its recollection of the angel's smile and rendered human existence sad and tragical. In his struggle to be saved man loses patience and calm because of the absence of due reflection. He expects, or desires, a happy ending of every enterprise. If present gain is not the result

he thinks that the work performed has been a failure. Not believing in the pre-existence of the soul, a man has no correct notion as to ideal or true justice. Amid the contests of material existence, or, in beholding the representations of dramatic action, he expects that his conception of justice must be attained, virtue must have her reward, or the contests of life have been of no benefit except to him who has won the material reward. In conformity to the Divine plan, the misfortunes encountered in material existence chasten and refine us, and impress the truth indelibly on our souls that this is not the whole of our life; that it is a transitory state, and that our home is in the eternal. The soul would make no advance if deluded by the idea that every worldly enterprise should be crowned with success as an assurance of Divine approval. If all our worldly work had the smile of approval, we would be satisfied; we would seek for no higher state than this.

This would be our heaven—we would search for no higher object. Waterloo was more useful to Napoleon than Austerlitz — St. Helena than boundless sovereignty and a firmly established dynasty.

At the present stage of our development misfortune is essential to the soul's growth. The great poets and dramatists discovered the true path. They have not assumed to speak for the truly wise, nor have they assigned a role in tragic action for the wise man. The learned and the ignorant may play their roles on the same stage. Misfortune is a great teacher—it faces its opposite on every occasion. If it does not always triumph, yet how often does it send a thrill of disappointment through success, and cause the artist or actor to be dissatisfied with his work! He must try again. An ounce of success rests on a ton of failure. At the completion of all our laudable endeavors we need to hold on to still higher ideals that we may persevere to the end, without discouragement, in the path we have chosen.

Each one must work out his salvation with fear and trembling. We must die daily to the old and worn-out fancies and delusions, and daily and hourly rise from the dead to a new life. In this way we may be "accounted worthy of the resurrection from the dead." A sudden marvellous change in us is not to be looked for. At times we live in our emotions, and may fancy perhaps that we have experienced such a change that we feel that our salvation is sure. It is the tendency of the mind to oscillate between two extremes. Man would venture all if convinced that by making one supreme effort, he could end the turmoil of physical existence and reach salvation at one bound.

The ordinary mortal does realize his limited vision, or how incapable he is of comprehending real spiritual life. If suddenly revealed, it would be a puzzle-picture to him. We may learn by analogy how the spiritual faculties unfold. The five senses require training, and are susceptible of development and discrim-

ination to a marvelous degree. As the eye and ear are trained by practice and discipline, so are the spiritual will and other like powers quickened into activity. Reliable evidence of the awakened spiritual will is the quick response made to its requirements. Performing what is disagreeable to animal tastes and human habit to subserve a great and laudable purpose, in obedience to Divine law, is a proof of the supremacy of the spiritual will. The brutish nature awakens to the human impulse, the human yields to the Divine, man ultimately reaches the portal where he becomes more than man. No miracle of Divine grace enters into the problem. The aspirations of all Nature are toward the Divine.

“Nature well known, no miracle remains.” Salvation is a matter of growth and faith in the right. Persistent affirmative attitude in right-doing and purity of life leads to the goal. In the course of time such attitude and right action, commenced early in life, make the path comparatively plain. But the one who has gone astray in early life and become habituated to an evil course finds it extremely difficult to reconstruct himself and recombine the atoms of his life so as to form a symmetrical moral being.

There is nothing more interesting than the contemplation of the play of the irrepressible forces of the Divine with the human nature. It is, in the beginning, in some respects, like unto the conflict between the builders and the destroyers in the human organism. Then again in other respects it is quite different. In the conflict between the builders and destroyers we are reminded of a personal struggle between many organisms. The opposing forces of the Divine and human suggest an impersonal contest, like the light shining in darkness and the darkness comprehending it not. It is not like an intelligent being sinning against light and knowledge; but rather like a refractory element that is to be subdued and taught to be responsive to a higher intelligence, by the dispersion of the darkness and the comprehension of the light. That which is gross in the human is dissipated and the more subtle elements are liberated into coalescent action with the spiritual forces. Yet danger is ever present. We may find “under every flower a serpent coiled.” The experience of the soul in light and shadow teaches that we are never secure against the lurking enemy of the lower nature. And it is said that we are never more in danger of falling than when we think we have achieved a great victory. The flattering tone of the tempter, the subtle color of the temptation, when once experienced by their victim, should never be effaced from his mind. Like disease, temptations strike us in the weakest part. Appeal may be made to our hunger, to our vanity, to our pride, greed or ambition. It may come when we are physically weak and apparently unable to resist. It came to the Divine Man when his soul was sorrowful even unto death, when he said, “O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.” But the human will yielded to the Divine will.



Thus we may learn how the human nature is disciplined, how the human soul evolves and grows to be like the Divine model—how it gains its freedom and obtains salvation.

## On the Study of Human Nature

by E. M.



“HIGHER Education” is one of the ideals of the present day. We can scarcely pick up a book or a paper which does not plead for this ideal and offer suggestions that some one believes would at least aid in bringing it into realization. It is a good sign. But, unfortunately, very few have a definite idea of what higher education really means. As a result, our writers and educators, as the world goes, sometimes plunge into the dark in their search for it and reach—chaos.

The Theosophical Movement was opportune. It seems as if it were founded in answer to humanity’s heart cry for an education that would educate. H. P. Blavatsky advanced the idea that nothing short of a three-fold education, spiritual, mental and physical, would define this ideal. As a broad foundation on which to build it she brought back to men a new doctrine—new at least to that generation—the Doctrine of the Heart. For she realized that humanity’s only hope lay in education on right lines.

Today all, and more, that she dreamed of has come to pass. At Point Loma the great educational Center of which she dreamed, and which was the objective point of all her work, is established. Already students are here and are constantly coming from all points of the world. Yet this differs from other schools. Art, music, law, philosophy, all these are studied, but not in the usual way. Here they are not mere accomplishments, mere weapons with which to fight our way through that jungle which we call “the business world,” in the hope of securing bread and butter, with cake if possible. No. Here the students realize that each study is a part of life itself, an integral part. The personal view is eliminated by this ideal of preparing to serve humanity, and this is the basis, as students well know, of the true theosophical life.

To do this as it ought to be done, students in Loma-land have to look well into their own natures. They must also study others. And this gives one the

chief reason why Point Loma differs from all other educational institutions in the world. It is the great world-school for the study of human nature.

Now, as all universities and schools furnish special facilities for the study of each special branch, so in the great heart laboratory of Loma-land are there special facilities for those who wish to study human nature. Life here is simplicity itself. That alone suffices to lift off many layers of this garment of personality which we wear in common with our fellows. Then, too, the place itself is a throbbing heart center of force. It is as if we were approaching nearer and nearer the center of the wheel of life. Experiences accumulate rapidly—inner experiences—for on its surface life in Loma-land is more placid than in any other spot in the world. As there is swift ebb and flow of life forces at the heart of the human organism, so is there at Loma-land, at this heart center of the vast organism called humanity. On outer lines as well, the ebb and flow is continual. Hundreds and thousands of visitors coming from all parts of the world, bring definite instruction to those who are able to grasp it.

Those who contact them find additional opportunities for the study of human nature. Then, too, the presence of the Leader, Katherine Tingley—how much that means—the Teacher in this science called the study of character. Do we all realize that it is this which she tries to teach us? The folly she checks, the weakness she leads us to transmute into strength, our darling likes and dislikes, she quietly inspires us to make over upon another pattern, all this we understand in a way. But do we realize that one of her objects in seeking to lift us into purity and strength and joy is to so quicken our insight that we may become able to read human nature, and thus become able to help our fellows wisely instead of foolishly.

I fancy that if the gods were asked, "Who cause you the most trouble, the bad or the indifferent?" they might reply: "Neither—we suffer most from the extremist." No one, who has ever thought beyond the limits of his own yard, but has witnessed the follies of some extremist. This type exists in all places, on all lines, and his favorite hunting grounds appear to be philosophy or so-called philosophy. The Theosophical Society has suffered enough from him, although today he is pretty thoroughly sifted out. One type has gone into "self-development," or pseudo-occultism, of one kind or another. Another type of extremist has taken the pure ethics of Theosophy and made such a fetich of, say, "compassion," that he would not choke the snake that was eating his own child for fear of hurting the snake! I assure you the picture is not overdrawn.

Another worships the ideal of "patience" and "submission" till he loses all his common-sense, all his warrior qualities, and allows his soul to fairly prostitute itself to circumstances. Another fixes his vision upon a distorted idea of, say,

“duty,” with such persistence that he loses all sense of proportion and fairly nags his neighbor to desperation.

Another hangs over the ideal of “brotherhood”—or his interpretation of it—as a dog would hang snarling over a bone. The result is that all these twist their ideals into something that they are not, and never could even appear to be save to those who look at life through lenses of their own manufacture. And so it goes! And there are extremists, as well, in this study of human nature. Here and there one meets the person who has departed a bit from the sanity of middle lines. He makes “human nature” a kind of hobby. He transforms his fellow men into laboratory specimens. In a certain sense this is what we should all do, but not with that desperate and calm thirst for mere discovery that is so characteristic of the extremist. Others should be to us a mirror in which to better witness our own faults. Our motive should be pure. From it should spring an unquenchable determination to eradicate the weak spots in our own natures, an unquenchable desire to help those whom we are trying to understand in every possible way, even at the cost of our own self-satisfaction.

The extremist of this type usually invents far more than he observes. In him the philosophic insight into another’s life is quite likely to degenerate into mere curiosity. He snatches a word, a hint, fastens to it some discovery he believes himself to have made—or perchance really has made—by observing the person, and then invents whatever is needed to make out his case. Then he holds up to us the diagnosis he has fashioned of some weak spot in our nature, and affronts us with his “discovery.” Few of us are properly grateful. The reason for which is two-fold. In the first place, his diagnosis is never a true one, for his own insight is obscured by his mental attitude. And then, *even if it were*—is not our very soul outraged by the dragging into light of those things which belong only to ourselves, to the Great Teacher, and to the Law? It is as if a burglar, who by his cleverness broke into our room at night, should affront us next day by holding up to our view the jewels he had stolen, and proposed to keep; or the soiled linen he had found in the closet. We might admire his cleverness, but we could not call him highly moral nor humane, nor would we invite him to call again.

Those who have come in touch with Katherine Tingley—whether they have ever seen her or spoken with her matters not—well know she is one who can read human nature to the last narrow letter on its final page. She knows us—ah, how well! But does she fling her knowledge of our weaknesses into our faces with the air of a common thief? No. That is not the Teacher’s way. Yet she brings them to our notice none the less one by one. She stands, all compassionate, yet adamant, till every weakness is eradicated. How does she do it? We know not, for who among us can look within the depths of that current

called processes? We know only that she, in the many ways that only the mother heart could traverse, leads us to discover our faults, one by one, for ourselves. At least we think that is how it all happens, and so our self-respect grows instead of being blighted. She does not tear apart the petals of that blossoming thing called the human soul as does the extremist in this "study of human nature." The artist hand and the mother heart are never guilty of that. She lifts the blossoming thing into the sunlight, she warms it, she lets the sunlight stream into its very heart. The petals open, and by and by the heart of the flower has given up its last fragrant secret. Is there need of pruning? Then she does the surgeon's work, the gardener's work. That is a different matter. That, too, is part of the Law, and how grateful are we—as grateful as the rose from whose heart the gardener tears a parasite that was eating out its life.

The one who can faithfully read human nature carries around no signs nor labeled "discoveries" by which to announce the fact. The extremist invariably does. That is one sign by which we may distinguish the one who really understands human nature from the one who merely thinks he does. The Teacher discerns because that is a part of the position the Teacher holds. Such an one is an agent of the Law, entering your soul's dwelling with the dignity of the officer who has a right, given him by the law, to make a search. If we really want to do the right thing, if there is nothing in our domain to conceal from those who have the right to search, then we welcome this emergency and meet the dignity of the law's agent with our own. That is quite one thing and forcing one's way in without the right is quite another. It is burglary, a picking of locks, a disreputable business, to say the least.

The extremist in his study of human nature has a fatal facility for inflicting pain to no result. Yet in many cases he would not consciously do it for the world. However we are equal to our own defense if we, too, are making use of our opportunities. While he is studying us, *we may be quietly studying him*. That is a contingency on which he rarely reckons. Argument, protest, all these are useless. We do but waste our time, we would better be silent. The wiser course, and one which we will follow naturally, almost without realizing it, is to quietly abolish the pedestal on which the extremist stands. He may not know that he ever was on a pedestal. He probably will never dream that we have quietly tipped him off. But we know *because we reared it ourselves and set him upon it*. The remedy is plain. The cannon leveled in the valley can do a certain amount of injury, but it is the shot and shell from the mountain fortress that tears and hurts.

Shall we study human nature then? Aye, and deeply. But let us take account of our own humanity in the process. Let us realize that there is an infinite distinction between the grasp of the ravisher and the healing touch of the

physician. And if we long to help humanity, it is our duty, nay, we should make it the passion of our lives, to understand human nature. But let us constantly ask ourselves, "Why am I permitted to glimpse this or that secret of my friend's heart? Is it not that it may better mirror to me my own? If not, then perchance, it is permitted to me to lead my friend into the pain of its discovery that he may find the strength that is born of pain. How may I do this that the touch of my hand will heal and not merely hurt or, perhaps, kill?"

He who outrages the human body we call a criminal. But he who outrages the human soul, who attempts to drag into exposure its sacredness merely that he may say, "Lo! this have I discovered!" — What shall we name him? Extremist? The word is quite too gentle.

---

## Theosophy and Business

by Oluf Tyberg



**T**HEOSOPHY is the Wisdom of the Gods, and as such it not only reiterates the essential teachings of the founders of all the great religions of the past, but it brings with it also new tidings of hope and joy to the present discouraged humanity.

Through its teaching the student may learn to comprehend the different stages of growth through which humanity as a whole and man as an individual must pass. He may learn to understand the apparent gaps between so-called life and death by beginning to recognize himself as a divine being through whose inner and deeper side he is indissolubly linked to all that has been in the past, and through whose mind and outer garment of flesh and blood, invested with organs of sense, he is linked to all that now lives and breathes.

As an individual he is a part of the whole scheme of evolution, and as a conscious being he shares with all the rest of humanity the responsibility for all that is. Just as his individual life and condition are the harvest of the fruits of which seeds were planted in ages past, so this harvesting time becomes also the seed time, the fruits of which shall be gathered in lives to come.

Theosophy deals with facts, not beliefs; it is founded on knowledge and therefore appeals to reason, it is based on love and justice and appeals to man's nobler quality of courage, the courage to dare to do right, and it altogether

rejects appeals to ignorance and fear which, unfortunately, characterize so many of the modern systems of religion.

How many miserable sinners, now shivering from fear in some of the so-called Christian churches today, might be converted into free, whole-souled, warm-hearted men and women had they but the courage to partake even of the crumbs which fall from the bread of the wisdom of Theosophy.

The only true test for worth lies in the quality of usefulness, and this is the test which each man must learn to apply to his religion. Theosophy alone can stand this test, because it is the only religion today that clearly proves man a responsible being, *placed* by the great law of cause and effect in conditions welded by himself in past lives, which neither chance nor arbitrary enactment can modify an iota. It shows him answerable in every sense of the word, under any and all conditions, for every act and thought in life, and because it points out that duty is based on brotherhood, that brotherhood is founded on the firm rock of law; by the use of this knowledge, and only by it, may man successfully seek the royal road that leads to happiness and joy.

What is it but happiness which we are all seeking, each in his own way, each through his own self-appointed task? But it is only the few who are finding it, and those few are the *practical men of the day*. It is the practical man who has learned that happiness is not dependent on either wealth or power or fame, who knows that so-called success is more often a hindrance than a stepping-stone to happiness. True happiness is altogether dependent on conditions within, and may be present where wealth abounds or where poverty rules, among the leaders of the men of industry as well as among the humblest toilers; but wherever you find it, wherever you meet it, you stand face to face with a practical man.

All practical men, to the extent that they have found the secret of true living, are Theosophists, which does not necessarily imply that they are students of "Theosophy," for they may not even know the word, but their philosophy of life is the philosophy of Theosophy and brotherhood, as taught to the world from Loma-land, whether they recognize it or not. There is but one road to happiness, and that is the one pointed out by Theosophy, and that road leads along the path of usefulness. Witness the signs posted all along the way:

Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means.

To live to benefit mankind is the first step.

Step out from Sunlight into shade to make more room for others.

Act thou for them today and they will act for you tomorrow.

The selfish devotee lives to no purpose.

Restrain by thy divine thy lower self.

Guard thou the lower lest it soil the higher.

The way to final freedom is within thyself; that way begins and ends outside of self.

Let us try to apply this test of usefulness to business and to the business world, but in order to do this let us take a quick glance of the business man's sphere, our social and industrial life, our present civilization.

We take a great deal of pride in our modern civilization, and many wonderful things have indeed been accomplished. By the opening up of the world by means of steamships, railroads and the telegraph, the necessity and advantage of the inter-relation between the different nations have become more and more apparent, and the barriers of prejudice and race hatred are rapidly being removed, but within the nations themselves, and particularly in this country, greater changes are taking place. By the establishment of great enterprises thousands of people are learning to work together for the accomplishment of definite ends. To do this all kinds of people are needed, specialists in every line of work, men with brain and men with muscle, men to direct and men to execute, men to command and men to obey.

Thus men are brought closer and closer together, the inter-relation, the interdependence of humanity is becoming more and more apparent, more and more clearly defined, and this indicates not only the beginning of a new phase of human development, but points to possibilities hitherto undreamed of because it is a development along the path of true progress; it is working with the law and must eventually teach the world to recognize not only the interdependence that exists between all men, but also the great brotherhood lesson, that true progress cannot be accomplished single-handed, but must be by all and for all.

But it is this lesson we have not yet learned, and therefore we have presented to us side by side with the picture of material progress, another picture of mental agony, despair and discontent.

While everybody may not be willing to admit it, I think there is enough evidence to show that the world is not any happier today, for all this material progress, and the reason is quite plain, as we shall readily see.

In olden time, people fought one another for the possession of wealth and power, and the physically strong were the leaders of men. Today we do not fight each other with the spear and sword, but by means of the subtler powers of the mind; we utilize the machinery of progress, we monopolize the forces of Nature which man's inventive genius has succeeded in harnessing to gain control over one another, and so today everywhere we find the keenest minds the leaders of men.

We look up to them as the successful men of the world, admiring them for their ability to draw everything to themselves, envying their position, always hoping that some day we may succeed as they have succeeded. The greed for wealth, the ambition to rule and to shine is not confined to any particular class, but permeates the whole of the modern civilization. Nobody is satisfied, every-

body madly rushes on for more gain, for more power, for more homage, but nobody is any happier.

We call this a Christian Civilization, but forget the teaching of Christ:

What does it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

And so we have the other picture, the picture of two sets or classes of men, the successful and the unsuccessful, all madly grasping for more in their vain hope to gain happiness, only to discover that when they get what they were looking for it was not what they expected to find.

But the happy man, the practical man in the truest sense of the word, where is he?—not in this picture, but somewhere else, unobserved by the busy world—madly rushing after false gods.

It is not my purpose to merely criticise the existing state of things, nor even to point out how, theoretically, this wonderful development with its wealth and prosperity, now a burden to the few and an eyesore and a heartache to the many, might be transformed into a blessing for all. The world is already full of would-be reformers of all shades and degrees of sanity or—insanity—all busily at work trying to reform the other fellow; all seeing the mote in their brother's eye.

But I want to direct your attention to an accomplished fact, not a dreamland or Utopia, but a modern community of men and women, gathered from all over the world, rich and poor alike, people from many different walks in life, all living together in purity and happiness at Point Loma. There the ancient Wisdom Religion is once more made practical, there the Golden Rule is once more made a living fact, there all are working together, many minds, many hands, but one heart and one head.

It was for Theosophy that H. P. Blavatsky devoted a life of unselfish effort in order to present it to the world; it was this teaching that W. Q. Judge died for to save it from dogmatic interpretation and malign influences, and today it is being taught to the students at Loma-land by the great World Teacher, Katherine Tingley.

As a practical system it is neither communistic, anarchistic or socialistic; *it is Theosophic.*

Law and order rule supreme, and everything is conducted on the strictest lines of business because there even business is a religion, in marked contrast to the rest of the world, where so much of the so-called religion has been turned into business.

The business of Loma-land as I see it, is not conducted with the view of placing everybody on the same level, but to place before everybody the same opportunity, because Theosophy recognizes the different stages of development to which men have attained, through which all men must pass, and which are needed



for the sake of experience, and the student therefore knows that we shall always have leaders of men, men with brain and men without, men with wealth and men without, but in the perfect society as established there, each will be able to find his own place, his *right* place. None will suffer discontent, because there will be no inducement, no, not even an opportunity for the rich man or the brainy man to use either wealth or wit to gain advantage over others, and so at last a new and much sought-for opportunity is presented, where each man, in peace and contentment, may learn to recognize the true nobility which belongs to any calling.

My personal observation of the life in Loma-land presents a very striking contrast to me, coming, as I do, from the City of New York, which is looked upon as one of the greatest centers of modern civilization. No greater contrast is possible.

New York, with its extremes of exhilarating excitement and severe mental depression, its appalling wealth and its dreadful poverty, and add to this the racking climatic conditions existing there and it would seem as if Nature and man had combined with one another to produce the most wonderful discord. Then look at Loma-land, beautifully situated in this magnificent State of California, where Nature is balmy and equable, where the mental atmosphere is so free and pure that it seems a foregone conclusion that from this land must go forth to the world the recognition of the law of Brotherhood, and the old message sound anew, that man is a living soul.

At both centers we find the same energy at work, but while it spends itself in vain at the one place, it becomes the storehouse of force, accessible to all, at the other. At both centers men are seeking for happiness and advancement, but at the one place each is seeking it for himself, at the other they unite in seeking it for all men.

At the one center people rush daily to business, in their mad desire to gain wealth, and when business hours are over they rush on to seek further excitement in the shape of pleasure or dissipation, in order to forget business, and at last when the day is over, tired and exhausted, they rush to bed to forget all in their sleep; while at the other center all is dignity, calmness and cheerfulness. There business, recreation, work and study, music and art, all have their proper place, each complementary, not counteracting one another.

And this, I take it, is one of the "Mysteries of Antiquity," which Point Loma is destined to unveil. The beautiful relation which music and art bear to the lives of the students and their daily tasks, will soon bring about its inevitable result in creating a new and more beautiful music based on the sweetest and deepest of harmonies, and a new art more noble and inspiring than any the world is now even dreaming of.

But it is not only the men and women that are having the opportunity to learn the lessons and the blessings which come from living a practical life. A new race is being born. By the magic touch of the Leader of this work, Katherine Tingley, hundreds of children from all parts of the world, are blossoming out into youth, the like of which were never seen. Where are the theories of the modern education in the light of this system of education, based on the teaching of Theosophy—the Heart Doctrine? The modern educator deals with methods whereby the young minds may be easily contacted and influenced. Katherine Tingley deals with principles which appeal directly to the soul of the child, and develops such qualities of will, self-control and powers of concentration, that the mind becomes a mere tool in the hands of these children, ready at once to grasp all knowledge.

I have not words to express the wonderful results witnessed in these children; a new language is needed, and I verily believe that even that will be evolved in Loma-land.

It is as if the dawn of a new day was being ushered into life, a new touch to everything, to art, music, drama, language, even business itself, as there are being planted many seeds which in time will furnish plenty of food for thought for the modern business man.

It is to Loma-land that the world will have to turn to find the happy man, the practical man, the man who understands true business principles and who has the courage to carry them into effect.

But whether successful or not in the eyes of the material world, he will still be the practical man, because he has found the Key to happiness which is none other than the business of trying to make others happy.

Point Loma is destined in the very near future to be recognized as the Spiritual Center of the world, from which the "lost word" shall be sounded and to it the people of the earth will respond.

---

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

# An Old, Old Lesson

by E p o c

IN the time of yesterdays unnumbered

On the moorland lived an aged couple.  
Scant protection was their humble cottage,  
Equal quite with their scant means of living.  
Toils and wantings were their boon companions,  
Dire necessity their often caller.  
Rare their pleasures were, like angels' visits.

When the poorly-paid day's work was ended  
And the old folk, following their custom,  
Strolled across the moor in aimless fashion,  
Seeking rest in Nature's peaceful gloaming,  
In their path one eve they found a wild-rose,  
On the night air pouring forth its fragrance,  
All unseen, yet faithful to its mission.

Pleased indeed were they at their good fortune,  
Flowers were rare, including the uncultured---  
And with care, lest either root or tendril  
Be disturbed, they gladly bore it homeward.  
In new home it sent forth willing blossoms,  
As if cheering hearts by labor saddened,  
Showing sympathy in mute devotion.

Once a trav'ler, at their door-step pausing,  
Quenched his thirst and then, the wild-rose spying,  
Gazed and gazed with such pronounced attention,  
Thinking she might please her guest, the house-wife  
Kindly offered him a tinted blossom.  
(Wrongly she interpreted his glances)  
Angrily he scorned the favor proffered.

He a florist was by his profession;  
But so narrow-souled and selfish-minded,  
Wild flowers brought him only deep vexation,

Being uncontrolled by money markets;  
And his jealous heart with sordid promptings  
Envied even God the holy calling  
Of bedecking earth with beauteous fruitage.

So with rancor did he show displeasure.  
"Why on worthless weeds spend such fond labor!"  
"Sir," she answered, "'tis no weed, but wild-rose,  
Sweet and dainty." "No," he contradicted,  
"But a hybrid rank with noxious poison  
Called 'sweet-brier,' a brier whose thrust is painful."  
Thus he sought to win his artful measure.

On his way he went self-gratulating,  
While the old folk, quite cast down, sat musing  
At their door-step, sad, perplex'd and wond'ring.  
Subtle is the force of evil-speaking---  
"Should they cherish still what seemed a blessing,  
Or were stranger's words of worthier credence?"  
Thus they pondered far into night's watches.

So 'twixt fear and reason alternating,  
Mused they till the hour of midnight sounded,  
Mystic hour, when Nature, freed from silence,  
Speaks at times in tones of comprehension.  
"Foolish ones!" the flow'et sadly murmured,  
"Long I've dwelt here, yet ye do not know me."  
This and nothing more it gently whispered.

But the hearts of those two simple-minded  
Souls had listened, understood the message,  
Saw how all these days new charm were hov'ring  
Round their cottage, and how their poor flow'et,  
Be it "wild-rose," even "weed," or "sweet-brier,"  
Brought them naught but sweetness, health and comfort,  
Joy and happiness instead of sorrow.

# Emancipation

by Hester Forster



SHE was traveling alone. It was an early morning, and the huge railway car was empty. She wondered what loss that would cause to the railway company. Having dwelt only a moment on the idea, she left the company to attend to its own business.

It was so pleasant to be alone. Last night she had received bad news. The lawyers had squandered her inheritance on involved lawsuits. They seemed to possess the faculty of making a complex matter out of a simple one. The dream of luxury had vanished. What little money was left, she decided to invest in a greenhouse for tropical fruits and flowers, on the outskirts of the city. There she could work quietly, imagining that she was in the country. That was her only salvation, as she could not live without at least a fragment of Nature.

Yes, she will work now. She had not even felt sad that her great fortune was gone. After so many anxieties there was some relief that it all was settled at last definitely. Society? Of course, she will shine in society no more. They will close their doors against a pauper. And yet has she changed? is she any worse than before? She smiled ironically.

And this is America, free America? Why, even in Europe, when a nobleman loses his fortune, he nevertheless retains his place in society, at least as long as he keeps up appearances and does not engage in any work.

This last thought jarred her still more. It was not an improvement. Had she been a European, she must have renounced her present plans. What then would have been left to her? To play a fraud? She was glad she was born in America.

After this encounter with an inimical thought, the idea of work appeared to her as something most noble—as a new friend and comforter in her future days. And she loved Nature so much. She glanced out of the window and saw some children working in a garden. She heard them calling to one another—something about play—she wished to linger on the picture, but it flashed by as suddenly as it appeared.

So those children know no difference between work and play—no society distinctions—no cares about appearances ever trouble them. She felt a sudden sympathy towards them.

And her memories ran towards her own childhood—towards her own age of happiness. It seemed to her that some of the threads holding her to her troubles,

her anxieties, had snapped. She had decided—she had accepted her duty lovingly—and she was free. Never could she think with such clearness as now. Oh! how pleasant it was to feel free at last. Her thoughts were carrying her into a state of contentment—her own interior contentment, which she had not felt for so long a time—and her memories were traveling towards her childhood as fast as the railroad car that she was in.

Then these two ideas blended together in her mind, and it seemed to her that this car is carrying her, indeed, towards her childhood. Dear car! hasten, hasten! thought she. Oh! I would like to see again that old—new country so much!

The perspective of her thought was moving fast. Her immediate past receded, began to diminish, she could embrace it with one glance. She waved her handkerchief unconsciously.

“Good-bye, good-bye, merry friends!” said she mentally, and laughed. “A rich feast had we together, but my bank has crashed now, and I cannot pay my share any more. A pleasant time we had, indeed—but I shall have a still pleasanter one—in another garb, another pastime—the pastime of duty.

“I wonder if you will recognize me. Will you? Yes, of course you will; it will be in the theatre of life. But while you keep there your boxes, I shall be on the stage; does not that seem horrible to you?

“Well! have no fear! The stage will not be fictitious; it will be the earnest, eager, real stage of life—so much more interesting than a fictitious, playhouse stage. I hope you will applaud me, when I play my role well.

“You will? Thank you in all sincerity. You see, my thanks are unaffected, whether by custom, or by conventionality. Everything about me is real now. It is your boxes that are fictitious now, not the platform. It is a cause for regret that such a great gulf is fixed between your boxes and the stage. I believe there is an orchestra between us—but the little angels of music have wings—and swords too. You must beware.

“Anyhow, I send you my kisses on the wind. Now, if you dare, come out and see me. Dare to gain real happiness by effort, instead only of a semblance of happiness by dreaming of it.” . . . . .

And it seemed to her that at every station, as the car was passing, she had to say a good-bye to some of her associates. Like a panorama they were passing before her and receding, like cities full of men and women—half-sleeping, unthinking, irresponsible, caught in the net of self-created destiny, in such a gossamer, stupid, flimsy net of destiny, that surely does not require any tearing to become free from it. Why, it would simply melt like vapor before a few sunbeams of the heart-light illuminating the thinking faculty of *Man*. But to her it seemed that it was easier to overthrow those mountains with a sledge-hammer, than to make those people think. Was not it strange?

Yet could she blame them? Was not she herself not long ago in a similar condition—so vapory, so dreamy? What made it clear then? Ah! her decision of duty! her traveling towards childhood and towards its simplicity and its intuition that speaks without arguing! Surely every sunny smile of childhood is unaffected, unpremeditated. So unpremeditated thoughts, thoughts not based on argument, on custom, on conventionality, on imitation, are the thoughts of childhood. On what then are they based? Upon what do they hang?

She sighed. Again she was happy. "My thoughts shall not crawl again like worms upon all those things—timid and desperately clinging to them—but they shall be independent as when I was a child."

Indeed they were independent in her childhood. She thought then what she liked in this God's world—and nobody then dared to psychologize her, as they had done it persistently in her later years. Of course, a child is permitted to think any nonsense, even fairy-tales.

Independent she used to be in those old, happy days, unless she saw someone else unhappy. Then she wept her tears and tried to do what she could. Then she felt dependent, because her heart spoke. What a pleasant, what a sunny memory! "Ah!" she thought, "I know now on what children's thoughts hang. It is on sympathy, on heart-force, instead of argument. This is why they are brighter, why they are clearer."

"My God, my God!" exclaimed she, "I am a child again, I have escaped! Take me again into thy bountiful home, cover me with thy vault of blue, surround me with thy blossoming Nature, full of thy voices, of reminiscences of the past, of suggestions of the future, and I shall learn thy will, and do thy work. I shall pour forth thy love from my heart on all around like the rays of light from thy life-giving sun, and—and I shall not permit myself to be psychologized again."

---

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

# An All-Round Education

by a Student



ONE of the ideals which The Universal Brotherhood cherishes for humanity is to give to every child an all-round education. Proportion and balance should be maintained in all things, for they are necessary to beauty and harmony of life; and all excess and exaggeration belong to what is evil and ugly. In civilized life, as we find it today, there is no sense of proportion and people run to all kinds of extremes. Hence our life is inharmonious and our cities are ugly and noisy.

And nowhere is this lack of proportion more observable than in education. It is quite rare nowadays to meet anyone with a good all-round knowledge. This is an age of specialization.

It is of course necessary and unavoidable that people who have to work in the world should choose some special line of study and practice, in order to qualify themselves for their particular profession. But there is no reason why they should remain ignorant of everything else. In order to understand any subject thoroughly, it is necessary to have some knowledge of other subjects, for no branch of knowledge can be entirely separated from the rest.

Take the case of a doctor. Medical students nowadays begin to specialize at the very outset of their college career. Thus one young man will decide to become an eye specialist, and will direct all his attention to the structure and diseases of the eye; and, if you examine him, you may find that he is very deficient in knowledge of general anatomy and physiology. This is an instance of overspecialization, and, not only will the man be useless as a general doctor, but he will not even be a good eye-doctor on account of his ignorance of the body generally. If consulted, he will generally manage to find something wrong with your eye, because that is the only organ he can treat.

The man with a good all-round education is infinitely better off, and more useful, than the specialist. For his general ability will enable him quickly to master any special subject, which he may require to study. But the specialist is compelled to keep to his beaten track; and, even in that, he is pretty sure to be cranky and set in his ideas.

Suppose you needed a handy man who should be able to stand at your elbow and assist in any kind of work you might have in hand. Would you not choose a good all-round man, with a well-trained mind and a wide range of useful knowl-

---

\* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California



edge and general resourcefulness? If you had to have specialists, you would need a large staff of them.

In education, what is most needed is, not so much actual knowledge, as the ability to use the mind. A boy who has had his wits thoroughly trained when young, might in after years easily turn his hand to anything; for he would only need a little study and practice to enable him to learn it. His intelligence would be equal to any emergency. And a girl, trained in childhood to think, to devise, and to use her hands, would in womanhood be able to write, keep accounts, cook, sew, garden, play music, paint, or anything else. But how many women are quite useless for general all-round occupations, and able only to play the piano or practise some other single accomplishment.

But perhaps the most valuable and important advantage of an all-round education, is the breadth it gives to the mind, the enjoyment and scope that it lends to life, and the usefulness which it gives a person as a member of the human family. How interesting and stimulating it is to talk and walk with such a well-informed, and handy man or woman! He is always ready with some useful hint or illustration, or some practical help; and the woman is able and ready to understand and sympathize with any enterprise man may undertake. But what use can we have for drones and bores who can talk about nothing but their own line of business, and see everything in a false light through the colored glasses of their hobby.

Society needs men and women, not machines. Machines can do the special work and go on grinding out their own particular product till they are worn out; but men and women should have broad interests and be able to send out feelers into all branches of human enterprise and thought, sharing the common life of all, and having in their hearts a corner for every one.

Let me say a word on this subject from the point of view of a student of The Universal Brotherhood. As such I believe in the infinity, capacity, adaptibility of human nature, and consider that there are no limits to what a human soul and mind can reach. It has been said that what the mind gains in breadth it loses in depth, and what it gains in versatility it loses in thoroughness. But this is one of the narrow pessimistic notions of materialism. There is no reason why a man should not be good all-round, if he is properly trained in youth, and taught to think, and devise means, and use his hands and head.

Instead of cramming him with facts and dates in history, and with rivers and populations in geography, let him be taught to read, to remember what he has read, and to discuss it intelligently. Then in after years he will be competent to quickly make himself master of any subject, as occasion may require. And so in manual training; teach him a trade, if you will, that he may earn his salt; but let him be trained to turn his hand to anything. Make a handy man of him;

for I believe that handiness is not only inborn, but can be taught as well.

With this all-round education we shall see disappear the mere drone who, as soon as his tools are laid aside, has no resource but to eat and drink, and loaf; and the bore and crank who can talk of nothing but their own line of business or ism. And, instead, we shall have men and women who are never bored, and who never bore others, who enjoy life and are useful members of society, and pleasant and helpful companions; and who are ready to lead the world on to those higher levels, that lie in store for future humanity.

---

## Personal Responsibilities

by S. C.



ONE of the great needs of the age is an increased sense of personal responsibility, and there is no greater indication of the advance of selfishness than the loss of this. We have cramped our highest duties into the narrow circle of domestic life, and even there we devolve upon others, upon school teachers, and upon churches, the responsibilities which ought to be sacred to the parent. The great world which lies outside of the home is no concern of ours, unless it be as a stepping stone to ambition, and the question which has been eternally asked through the ages — “Am I my brother’s keeper?” — we answer with a persistent negative. That question must be answered in a different way before the world will step out of the shadow in which it lies. There are duties which cannot be delegated to others, responsibilities which we cannot devolve, obligations for which no substitute can be purchased.

Even many of those among us who are most keenly alive to the needs of the world yet lack that sense of responsibility for those needs which would give an added stimulus and, we may say, an added guidance to their efforts. If there is anywhere a philosophy which can teach the one-ness of human life in terms so simple as to bring conviction into every mind, that philosophy will do more for the uplifting of humanity than any other teaching or any legislative or other authority, however it may be constituted. It will necessarily bring with it a sense of individual responsibility for the condition of the world which will enable us to look out upon the race, upon its errors and upon its sorrows, and to recognize

our own handiwork, and to accept the shame and the reproach which it must bring. There is no force in nature which can make good our claim to isolation, and the strong hand of personal grief will sooner or later tear away the flimsy veil which our selfishness has spread before our eyes in order that we may view through it with a placid and a comfortable indifference the griefs and the pains of others. There is no such joy as that which spiritual knowledge can give, but it may be that we must learn it from the tear-stained page of pain.

When a sense of personal responsibility has once been gained there will no longer be ignorance of the ways to help. There is no lack of light to the eyes which are opened gladly upon the sky. All the roads of life become plain when we see that we too must tread the paths of pain so long as there are any feet that have wandered thereon. Cowardice alone urges us to deny our personal responsibility, of which the brave recognition would be the immediate forerunner of a wave of compassion strong enough to save, and as enduring as the Soul.

---

## Educating Indians

by W.



IT is a fact much lamented by those who profess to seek the Indians' welfare that even the most complete education will not wean an Indian from the "savage" life. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to find a high school or college graduate in a teepee or wickiup. Space forbids a detailed discussion of the reasons for this, but the basis of the whole trouble is that the white man's education is wholly foreign to the Indian racial life. No effort whatever is made to teach them to be good Indians; the whole process is intended to make them Anglo-Saxons. It is an illustration of the old fable of the Greek tyrant's iron bed to which all travelers were fitted. Because the Indian cannot change his basic nature he is exterminated, either by direct violence or the introduction of the white man's vices and diseases.

True, there is very much in the Indian mode of life which could be improved, and such improvement they would gladly welcome, but it is, in the majority of cases, only superior force which induces them to submit to an education which is as foreign and repugnant to their natures as that of a Fiji would be to ours. They spend years in school and return home only to find that they

have become nondescripts; have lost their woodcraft without having acquired any practical knowledge of anything else.

Many tribes have ceased to exist, but there are still some with hundreds of members, and it is not yet too late to apply to them more rational methods of development, based on the truth that proper education consists in the developing and ennobling of the essential nature, and not in the violent substitution of something wholly different. Moreover, the Indians possess a body of knowledge and arts well worth our acquisition, which will never be possible while we treat it with contempt.

---

## The Three Abiding Graces

by An English Student



*And now abideth Faith, Hope and Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love.*—I Cor. xiii, 13

### THE FAITH OF HUMANITY

PAUL was, no doubt, well acquainted with the ever-changing conditions of his time, when, as today, the status and surroundings of both national and individual life were in a seething and tumultuous state of strife and uncertainty.

Then, as now, the welfare of the community was continually being sacrificed to the selfish ends of the individual, and the weakest went necessarily to the wall.

To one who could realize the Divine possibilities inherent in Humanity, and contrast them with the actual conditions and conduct of the race at large, the prospect must have seemed dark indeed. And yet, looking down the vista of time, the apostle was able to discern these three indestructible principles, which survive the ever-varying aspects of the outer world, and like silver streaks in the dark background of selfish and material ambition, point unerringly to the ultimate salvation of mankind.

And today it is only by means of these three "abiding" graces of Faith, Hope and Love that man can hope to regain his legitimate position in the universal plan.

Let us consider what Paul meant by "Faith," which he places first in the category as leading on to the greatest of the three—Love. For there is method in this classification. Without Faith there can be but little Hope, and true Love is the consummation of the other two.

There was in the mind of the apostle no uncertain idea of Faith, no mere sentimental wish to instill a blind belief; but he realized that pure Faith is the basis of real activity. Yet there was even in those early days of Christianity a disposition to rest on a mere theoretic Faith without any active energizing principle. For we find James saying, "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." (*James ii, 18*) And again, "Faith, if it have not works, is dead." (*James ii, 17*)

The world is full of "dead faith," and is perhaps worse under its influence than if it were altogether absent. A live body has at any rate a chance of health, but a dead one decomposes and breeds pestilence and death. In like manner a dead faith breeds an aroma of false security and indolence which not only tends to spiritual decay in the individual, but spreads a paralyzing and destructive influence on others.

There is no doubt that the vast amount of "dead faith" in the Christian church of today is responsible not only for its own inefficiency and stagnation, but is a direct cause of the spread of agnosticism and unbelief among those who can view it impartially, and note the striking divergence between theory and practice.

Where a church or an individual possesses a live faith, it is bound to manifest itself in ever-increasing activity for the welfare of others.

Thus the Faith which will become the Hope of humanity is that which is *the mainspring of action*. And it is this faith which makes successful action possible.

"All things are possible to him that believeth." Any enterprise embarked on without faith in its possibility and its ultimate success, is foredoomed to failure.

Thus the reformation of the individual, or the race, will be proportionate to the amount of living faith put into the effort. "According to your faith be it unto you."

We Theosophists have set ourselves to the task of uplifting our own nature and humanity at large. In whom, then, or in what, shall we put our faith in order that we may work with that confidence of success which will enable us to ignore apparent results and *know* that the end will be attained?

Many of us are beginning to realize that our faith is in the Christ principle within us, and are trying to exercise that Faith in the removal of mountains of evil tendencies and desires which lie in our own path. And it is in proportion as that faith manifests itself in our daily life and conduct, and in our relations

with our fellow men, that we shall inspire or evoke the faith which lies dormant in others.

Dead faith breeds doubt, but a live one ever begets new faith.

The great mistake of the Christian Church lies in the fact that for centuries it has endeavored to create a Faith in an "outside Divinity"—in a separate individual, Christ.

Men have been told to believe that *His* sacrifice has once and for all paid *their* debts; that His work has obviated the necessity for *their* efforts; and that Faith in *Him* is the one thing needful for *their* eternal salvation.

What is the result?

We have today a "Christian" civilization, more selfish in practice than heathendom. We have a "Christian" Church less true to its principles than is the Mohammedan or Buddhist. We have immense organizations of men whose faith in the majority of cases is *not proved, but absolutely contradicted* by their works.

But the Faith which is the basis for the uplifting of humanity must be founded on man's realization of his own Divinity. Let a man realize that *he, he himself* is a temple of the living God, and that the Spirit of Christ dwelleth *in him*, and he at once has a solid foundation for Hope.

Let him feel that *he* has all the necessary power at his command to make him more than conqueror, that he is, in fact, a potential god, and he will rise to his opportunities and enter upon the Path.

Men recognize instinctively the weakness of humanity and the omnipotence of Divinity, and who would remain a man when he knows he can become a god?

This is the Faith which we must evoke in every man before we can hope to raise him to his proper level.

## THE HOPE OF HUMANITY

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," sings the poet. Were it not so, we should be confronted with the appalling picture of a vast majority of our race who were either hopelessly reckless, or insane. For the effect of the external conditions of today could only be despair, unless there were an internal counterbalancing element of Hope. Hope is like Faith, inherent in varying degrees in the nature of every man.

Like Faith also, it may be either active or passive. Paul speaks elsewhere of a "lively hope." Too often we are prone to call mere empty wishes by the name of Hope.

A half-hearted desire is often expressed in the terms, "I hope it may be so"—the unexpressed innuendo being, "But I very much doubt it."

A genuine Hope is founded on Faith in the possibility or probability of the thing desired.

A doctor who says to his patient, "Let us hope you will recover," in a tone which conveys the impression that there is no hope, simply creates in him a state of mind which hinders the successful operation of the remedies given. But if he can say with assurance, "I know your complaint, and it is curable, I have given you a remedy which has never been known to fail, and I hope you will soon be well," then his faith will inspire faith in the patient, and his hope—founded on faith, will create in the sick man a hopeful mental condition which will assist him in combating his disease.

Thus our hope, like our faith, is not confined to our own hearts, but has its direct effect for good or ill upon our fellow men. And we see that a lively hope depends on a living faith behind it.

Many people hope vaguely that the time will come when all wrongs shall be righted, and mankind shall enter on an era of peace and universal prosperity—but *they do not believe it.*

Others hope that they may some day be able to conquer and restrain their own passions and evil tendencies—but *they have no faith in their power to do so.* Hence their hopes meet with continual disappointment and failure, till they die of inanition, and give place to despair.

It is our belief in the Divine potency within man, and our faith in the ultimate victory of that potency over the animal nature, that inspires us with a reasonable basis for a hope which not only changes our outlook on the future, but the aspect in which we view the present moral and mental atmosphere of the world. We are not oblivious to the darkness, but we have confidence that the Sun is still shining, and that it will infallibly rise and dispel the darkness.

We can not but feel the hideous disease which afflicts and all but destroys our common humanity, but we know that the remedy is already at work, and the cure is certain.

Thus we have a double incentive to activity. Faith affords a basis for a definite line of action, but if to Faith be added Hope, then in proportion as the Hope increases, and the expectation of the realization of our hopes draws near, so will our energy and devotion to the work be increased.

But it is most important that our hopes should be well defined, and worthy of the energy displayed. There are many who center the hopes of their lifetime on the attainment of a certain ambition, which, when attained, gives not the satisfaction that was anticipated, but simply a useless regret over a wasted life.

This will always be so when the end of our hopes is a selfish one. Like Alexander, we may conquer the whole world, only to weep that there are no more worlds to conquer.

But if the end hoped for be for the permanent benefit of others, then although the end in view excludes all considerations of our own personal gratification, yet the very effort brings its own satisfaction, which the attainment of the hope can but increase.

Let us make sure, then, that our hopes for humanity are pure and unselfish.

Further, we must take care that our line of action is the best calculated to insure the fulfillment of our hopes.

Suppose that I, here in London, wish to send a message of good cheer to Point Loma. I go to the telegraph office. There is an instrument there, the workings of which, perhaps, I may not understand. But I have faith, that by the operation of a certain little magnetic needle, a message may be sent in a marvelously short time over the intervening thousands of miles.

The result of my faith is that the machine is put in action. But suppose I simply write out the message in my own room and forget to take it to the telegraph office or carelessly put on it a wrong address; however much faith I may have in the telegraph, I do not take the right line of action to insure its fulfillment.

Hope is the wire—the connecting and directing medium, between Faith and the supreme end—Universal Love.

Let us therefore ever keep in view the end we have set before us—the Brotherhood of Humanity, and let our Hope, ever fixed on that, guide our actions into the right channel.

Comrades, the Hope of Humanity rests, more, perhaps, than we are aware, on our hopefulness.

Let our life's work be carried out in a spirit of unwavering faith and undying hope, and it shall be a stepping-stone to an eternity of Divine Love.

## THE LOVE OF HUMANITY

“The greatest of these is charity,” reads the old version; but “charity” has of late years become mostly synonymous with a somewhat useless or indiscriminate form of benevolence, and fails to convey to many people the true idea of the grace referred to, which is better expressed by the word “Love.”

It is the greatest of the three, because, though Faith and Hope may be the stepping-stones to the ultimate emancipation of mankind, it is Love—perfected and universal, which will ultimately be the basis of that emancipation.

The Golden Rules of Jesus, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind,” and, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,” are in themselves sufficient, if carried into universal practice, to insure the complete regeneration of humanity from the selfishness of modern civilization, and the establishment of a New Order of the Ages, worthy of the Gods themselves—to create, in fact, a new Heaven and a new Earth.



The injunction, "Love one another," embodies the whole, for, "Love to God is love to all mankind."

A man cannot properly love the God within himself without recognizing and loving the same Divinity, manifested in his fellow men. It is because this unifying God-principle is *not* recognized that the world is full of strife and unbrotherliness.

We look on a man's physical body, on his mental and moral attributes, on his transient earthly temperament, characteristics and surroundings, and imagine we are looking at the man.

Small wonder that we find cause for dislike, and small ground for love.

But if we can get away from this false standpoint, and catch a glimpse of the man within—a soul like unto our own, ever struggling against the bars of its prison, ever seeking to soar above its mean surroundings; bearing, maybe, in its earth-life sorrows and trials which are as much the Karma of the Race as of its own past; if we can catch a glimpse of the pure Spirit-flame, ever burning through the mist of sin and worldliness, and realize that *there is the man*—then we shall find ground only for unbounded love and sympathy.

Thus we see that true love for humanity must be based on a recognition of man's real Divine nature.

In every heart there is the germ of love, and it will invariably find an outlet and a center of attraction, either in its full purity on the spiritual plane, or in a dwarfed and distorted condition on the material plane.

The canker of selfishness has so eaten into the race that Love has in nearly every case lost its Divine universality and become crippled by being centered on personal objects, or confined to the narrow limits of a small and select acquaintance. The reason is that Love is really dual.

The aspect commonly known is 'animal love,' selfish in its ends, temporarily gratifying to the desires of the lower personality, and controlled chiefly by the animal or lower mental instincts.

The higher or 'Soul Love' is so seldom manifested because the soul-life of men is so seldom cultivated and developed.

Soul Love is impersonal, and extends to all creation, realizing the Oneness of all, not fascinated by external beauty, or killed by mental or physical defects.

This is the Love which is the key to the Golden Age.

To bring it into action, the soul must be evoked. Faith must be aroused, and must energize Hope, before the soul can spread its wings and shine forth in all its beauty—the beauty of undying Love.

A great cycle stretches from the distant past when humanity was under Love's control, to the future when again on a higher plane the reign of Love shall be renewed.

As the race descended from its high estate, plunging deeper and deeper into the darkness of selfish materialism, Faith was the only power to which the soul could cling, and few indeed were they who could retain it in their grasp throughout the ever-deepening shades. But the turning point has been passed and a new light—the Light of Hope—has dawned on the sin-stricken world. That Light is growing steadily and surely, as we move once more on the upward arc, and the consummation of that hope will be another Golden Age of perfect Love.

There is nothing forced or unnatural in the process. .

Nature, even on the physical plane, often uses a common trial or common suffering as a basis for reciprocative Love. And as man realizes that his own soul is passing through the same evolutionary processes, facing the same difficulties and dangers, and enduring the same discipline as his brother men, a link of sympathy will be established, and all will be united in a common effort for the realization of the soul's aspirations.

Thus the emancipation of humanity must be brought about from within—on the spiritual plane, and when that is accomplished, the external circumstances will right themselves.

Finally we may notice that Love is the greatest of the three, because it is *eternal*. Faith can endure only until it becomes absolute knowledge. Hope must one day disappear in its realization. But Love can only be perfected into Love.

It may change its surroundings. "Perfect love casteth out fear." Love will unify apparently contradictory characteristics. It will cure all the evils of humanity, and bring about perfect conditions of society and perfect thoughts and actions. But in so doing it will itself only become intensified.

Love is the key to the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, but each must avail himself of it to secure his own admission. Yet in so doing he will be showing to others the infinite possibilities which lie before them also, and encouraging them to enter for themselves.

Cast forth thy bread upon the waters :  
 Thy bread of Love, upon the sea of Time ;  
 Thy bread of Holiness, where nought but sin is found ;  
 Thy bread of Sacrifice, where selfish aims abound ;  
 Thy bread of Hope, for the hearts that are sighing ;  
 Thy bread of Life, for a world that is dying.  
 Doubt not, nor fear ; it shall not be in vain.  
 Rest, calm and sure, till Faith be changed to sight.  
 Thy loving gift shall fill thy soul again  
 With an ocean of Light.

# Facility of Action

by a Student



ONE of the most marked characteristics of the Great Souls who are the Leaders of the world is their facility of action. They know the right thing to do and how to do it, not only in the great events, but in the seemingly trifling circumstances of daily life and—they *do it*.

Carlyle in his book *On Heroes* gives the derivative of the word King from the Anglo-Saxon Konning, which means can-ning, able-man. "Find me the true Konning, King, or Able-man, and he *has* a divine right over me."

What is the secret of their power and strength? It is found in the key-note of their teaching, the glorious song of joy they sing, "Man's Divinity"! But, it may be argued, if all men are souls why are some so apparently incapable of doing anything that they have not spent years of study over? The secret of the strength is not in the *fact*, but in its *realization*. Man's power is inherent because of his divinity, but it has to be liberated.

The great soul in realizing his divinity has realized the vast responsibility that the knowledge brings, and in faithfulness to his trust he has learned to translate inherent capacity into ability, he has gained facility of action *by acting* and needs no spurring. The living power, "that power which is Himself," is in him set free.

Freedom! how the human soul responds to that word in spite of, or rather, because of, its bondage. "Home, sweet Home," is said to have been written by a man who had no home and the undertone of pathos that runs throughout the melody is an evidence of the heart's home-sickness. The feeling of yearning enthusiasm that the thought of freedom evokes in us is akin to it. Freedom is the atmosphere of the true home and if we were really free we should be always at home, for the Great Heart of the Universe beats everywhere, and every human heart is a part of that; the way to the One is through the many. It is not *a* home that the soul yearns for, but *home* in the Universal Heart and such can only still the longing of his life-need by *giving*—giving himself in service for the common good.

Only love can free the soul from the constricting power of selfishness. The great soul, like the hero of old, has cut off the Gorgon's head and from its blood has sprung a winged horse which can with one stroke open a spring into the Heart of Earth. We play with the Medusa's hair and if, perchance, we succeed in cutting one of its strands, we think we have achieved a great feat and waste our time in sorrow when we find the giant root is thereby strengthened. The great soul who lives to act for others allows no thought of self to break the continuity

of his consciousness. Feeling the need of humanity's suffering heart, his compassionate soul goes out in love and his whole life's thought is set on one purpose—how best to bring the sunlight of Truth to liberate the souls in bondage, his mind one-pointed receives the Light of his soul which flows out in a living stream gladdening all hearts, even though as yet they feel but the flutter of the wings of the swan of hope that bears the soul's champion to her aid.

We need to follow our Leaders in the simplicity and sincerity of their lives, doing the smallest things of daily life in the best way possible, striving our utmost with the faith in our divinity that can remove mountains. Each soul who lives his best in faith and trust helps to break the bondage of the world and joins hands with the Higher Law to fulfill that one purpose of the diamond-pointed wedge that is cleaving the darkness of Earth. We can only gain facility of action by thus acting, each moment, not waiting for some great thing to do and letting the precious opportunities *that never return* slip past. The "great," is but the sum-total of the "small." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "Whatsoever thy soul conceiveth, bring it forth."

Seeking for freedom I go to that God who is the Light of his own thoughts. A man who knows him truly passes over death; there is no other path to go.

## Latest Scientific Discovery!

by H. T. E.



PROFESSOR SCHATZ, a German "authority," says the Greek gods were merely human monstrosities.

There is much to make us think that, so to say, the gods did not create men, but men made the gods, in the sense that in early times the occurrence of a monstrous birth suggested to the people of these early times that their gods, or at least their demi-gods, might have appearances similar to those seen in the deformed products of human reproduction. . . . Polyphemus owed his existence in the Pantheon to the birth of a human (or animal) one-eyed fetus.

The Centaur is to be identified with a human monstrosity having two pairs of legs, the Siren with one having the legs united, the Gorgon with one having an imperfectly developed head, Atlas with one having an enormous excrescence on the head, and so on.

Every day shows us more and more what terrible fools those ancients were. Such childish ideas! Oh, what it is to live in an enlightened age!

# An Enlightened Employer & Journalist

by H. T. E.



IT is matter for much congratulation to England that one of its leading daily papers, *The Daily News*, has passed into the chief proprietorship of such a man as Mr. George Cadbury. The result has been a most enlightened, elevating and progressive attitude on the part of the paper, and the total exclusion of betting news and other objectionable items from its columns.

Mr. Cadbury is a leading cocoa manufacturer of England, and the April number of *The Review of Reviews* (London) gives a character sketch of this man, whose cheerful and kindly face greets us in an accompanying portrait.

He belongs to the Society of Friends, a body that still preserves much of the simplicity of character which adorned its early years, and is a direct descendant of one of the persecuted converts of George Fox. He was born in 1839, and succeeded to his father's business at Bournville, near Birmingham, at the age of seventeen. His first act was to raise the wages of his women employes to a reasonable living scale.

The description of the way in which the great business is carried on, and the magnificent advantages which the employes enjoy, is one that should serve as an example to all employers as to how success goes hand in hand with considerateness and justice:

Through rustic wicket, along a winding path, amid overhanging tree and shrub and flower, [the visitor] makes his way to the chief offices, a range of beautiful rooms, two stories high, built in the chalet style, and in the summer time running over with flowers inside and out. The wonder grows as the entrance is found to be a fair sample of the interior. The dining halls are spacious, well lighted, decorated with pictures and flowering plants. . . . Only the best food is served at cost price. The work-rooms keep up the glamor. They seem designed to make a pleasure of toil and to idealize it. Not merely in the great essentials of light and air and temperature, but in a thousand little things which reveal a constant and inventive thoughtfulness, the welfare of the worker is kept in view.

There is a retiring-room, with nurse, for work-girls who are sick. The eight-hour day is observed. There are 2300 women employed, and all are habited in white.

The general impression left on the most casual visitor is that the girls are happy at their work. The sight of the largest work-room, bright and airy and spotlessly clean, with the women all in white, cheerily busy, their faces lit up by frequent smiles, seems to suggest that labor has been redeemed from its primal curse. Yet this is a giant factory, giving employment to 3600 persons.

The surroundings are rustic and beautiful; there are playgrounds, gymnasium, baths, etc., for the men; and the grounds of the Hall form the women's playground, with rustic pavilion and cycle-house. The owner knows the lives and needs of work-people, and shows his sympathetic knowledge by providing them with things better than the mere cold cash of the weekly wage.

It is worthy of remark, as our writer suggests, that Mr. Cadbury has not confined his philanthropic efforts to writings and rhetoric. He is a *doer*, and first *did* things on the small scale in his own domain. *After* that he has taken up his pen, to wield it with the strength given by actual and practical achievements.

Bournville is Mr. George Cadbury's "propaganda by deed." It is a transcript of his character.

This is the man who has with his friend, Mr. Ritzema, taken over *The Daily News*. . . . Both men have shown by their past record that they are absolutely independent.

. . . Speaking of Mr. Cadbury, a near friend said: "He has done many big things in his time, but this of *The Daily News* is the biggest he has yet set his hand to. I expect he will put it through like the rest. He means to."

Journalists may be pardoned for thinking it easier to turn Bournville Park into a model village than to make a London daily into a model newspaper. But the habit of achievement counts for much.

## Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



THE following newspaper clipping, taken from the *Kansas City Star*, has been sent with the request that the question be taken up from a Theosophical stand-point in the Students' Column:

*To the Star:* The following article by George D. Prentice is one of the most beautiful gems in our language. I submit it for publication with the view of having some one tell whether the quotation ascribed to the devoted young Greek can be found in any Greek drama, and furthermore, is his so-called reply to Clemanthe the Greek view of immortality?—  
J. M. GREENWOOD

### SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

"Men seldom think of the shadow that falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones, whose loving smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave even

with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal of relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throngs the world today will tomorrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

“In the beautiful drama of *Ion*, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to give his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: ‘I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot perish.’ We shall meet again, Clemanthe.”

### WE SHALL MEET AGAIN

The fear of death, of parting, of “the dark valley,” is almost wholly a matter of heredity and education. It has been ingrained into the very fibre of our being for generations after generations, and the fear of death is forcibly thrust upon us before the bright and hopeful side of life can be even anticipated. Yet this fear is not naturally a part of our being—it is unnatural. When the actual parting comes, how frequently does it leave a smile on the face, and on the very threshold all fear is left behind—it is very rare that there is any feeling of dread at the actual moment of death. As Katherine Tingley has said:

“To one not disposed to take a wider view of life all the argument in the world would be unavailing. But if we could free our minds from the limitations of time and the fear of death, if we would fill our lives with unselfish service of others, we should not have laboriously to search for knowledge, it would spring up spontaneously in our hearts and we could span the very eternities with hope. To those who understand the law and work with it, this knowledge which comes from within reveals these things in an inner sense of absolute certainty that is a benediction throughout the whole of life.”

We may learn from Nature, we may learn from the children, we may learn from our own hearts. But if we prescribe beforehand what Nature shall say, if we put *our* words into the mouths of children, if we persistently stifle the voice of our hearts and refuse to let the heart-light shine within, we shall find argument, objections, doubts, but not knowledge, however much we may strive for it. For this deeper knowledge is not so much something to be acquired as a state to be realized. As Christ said,

He that doeth the Will, shall know of the doctrine.

Once, this “knowledge” of immortality was the common property of the whole human race and it will again be the possession of all men, as the simpler,

purser, life is lived again. And until then?—do we not even now have it? Is not the fainting hope of our own hearts an evidence of it, and do we not find it in the faces of our *true* friends? Yes! we shall meet again.

A new flood of light is thrown upon the subject of immortality by Theosophy in its teaching of Reincarnation (and this may explain why all true Theosophists so happily meet death). It not only assures man of his immortality, but it reveals to him the godlike power, which is his, of shaping his own destiny, working with the Higher Law, which is the law of his own being. It is no wonder that argument and “authority” should be needed to uphold the orthodox teaching of immortality—of an eternal heaven and hell; it is no wonder that men should have become skeptics in these things. Within the heart of every man is a sense of justice and only that immortality and that idea of “God” which is at the same time absolutely *just* can satisfy the soul’s longings. So Theosophy comes proclaiming again to man his divinity, his immortality, his power to rise ever upward to the stature of the perfect man, the stature of godhood. Even the scientific *facts* of evolution demand reincarnation and immortality for their explanation, otherwise they remain meaningless. Why do we go the long, hard road in our search for knowledge, or is it that we really love darkness rather than light?

Truly, as the writer quoted from states, “the fiat of Nature is inexorable” and “there is no appeal from the great law,” but that law *does not* and *cannot* doom us “to dust.” For we are not of the dust, but of the Light.

When will men realize they are not the body, but the soul? It is but the garment of the soul that fades “as the leaves of the forest;” the soul is deathless, eternal. Replace this truth for the false teaching that has identified man with his body and the fear of death will cease, it will have been plucked out by the roots. We may well bemoan modern literature if the passage quoted is one of its “most beautiful gems.” The essence of beauty is Truth. Beauty is the Harmony of Truth, but there is no truth in the statement that we “lie down in the grave,” any more than in saying that when we discard a garment *we* are consigned to a rag-picker’s heap, or to an old-clothes chest. Let us cease these false, degrading notions, let us begin to teach the children the *Truth*, that they are souls, divine, and that death is but the changing of a worn-out vesture—a brief rest, and then the taking up again of the glorious battle of life, a meeting again with all one’s loved ones on earth.

“As a man casteth away old garments and putteth on others which are new, so the dweller in the body, having quitted his old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new.”

In the new education at the Raja Yoga School, at Point Loma, it is taught that the *sine qua non* of knowledge is purity of life, and can we not look forward



to all the lost knowledge of the ancients being brought back, as the hard crusts of dogma—scientific as well as religious—are broken through and the fogs of misconception are dispersed?

Then we shall come to know ourselves as we are and to know our true friends, whom we have met—aye, many, many times and yet have not truly known them.

J. F.

## Mirror of the Movement



### **Celebration of July the Fourth at Loma-Land**

July Fourth was celebrated at Loma-land in a very delightful way. The children were all up at sunrise and had prepared a great surprise for the Leader and all the grown-ups. At 5 o'clock they marched to the Homestead, into the great rotunda, and there sang some of their beautiful songs. It was a day of great expectations in another way also. The Raja Yoga School children were to have their quarterly examination before the Leader and her Cabinet officers and older students. Mr. H. J. Baldwin, the county superintendent of schools, of San Diego, was also present, on the invitation of Katherine Tingley. The examination was held in the Aryan Temple and began at 10 o'clock. The exercises opened with singing—and oh, what voices these Raja Yoga children have—there are none others like them; such a ring and sweetness do they have that their harmony reaches to the very heart. Several speeches followed by Raja Yoga boys and girls, telling how long they had lived in Loma-land, and how they loved their school. Then came the classes, first the little tots of three years old, who can count up to a hundred, pick out the numbers and letters on a blackboard, spell words of three letters, and do such wonderful addition sums of  $3+2$ ,  $4+2$ .

The senior boys and the junior boys, the groups of girls, the different Cuban classes, all acquitted themselves splendidly. At the close of the exercises the Leader invited Mr. Baldwin to speak, and in a very few words he expressed his pleasure and astonishment at the results shown, and the hope that all the children would realize the great opportunity they had of being trained under the great Teacher, Katherine Tingley. The Leader then spoke to the children, telling them how much they can do to help all the children in the world and help to make the whole world happy.

In the afternoon an illustration was given of some of Katherine Tingley's methods that she is introducing in the teaching of music, and of the progress made by the children who are studying the piano and violin and in the special singing class. Never have I witnessed or heard of an examination where the children were so much at their ease, so contented and happy.

Professor Baldwin later said that the whole system was wonderful, and that although less time was given to the actual book and class study, the standard was very high.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in games, and then, although the children's dinner hour was passed and all were hungry, the children begged the hour might be delayed a little longer, that a part of the day's program which they had themselves proposed might be carried out. This was for all the children to go to sing outside a cottage away over the hill, where lived a man who had been ill and confined to his room for a long time. It was a merry, happy crowd that went down the hill through the Egyptian gate on this errand of love, and fifteen minutes afterward standing outside the main entrance of the Homestead, and for the moment thinking of something else, I heard what seemed to be fairy voices carried along on the breeze. I almost wondered if I were dreaming, or the magic of Loma-land were expressing itself in a new way, when I remembered the children singing far away over the hill.

The day closed with a grand display of fireworks, to the great delight of the boys and girls, and they went to bed with their minds filled with a wider conception of a peace day for the whole world, of which the American day of Independence is typical.

\* \* \*

***The Leader's Birthday  
Work on the  
Site of the School  
of Antiquity***

The festival of June 13th, commemorating the great Theosophical Crusade around the world in 1896-7, brought into clearer light the immense scope and grand purpose of that undertaking. All the progress made in the Movement since that time, together with the marked change which has been wrought in the minds of the leaders of thought throughout the world, are traceable to the seeds sown during the crusade. Great changes in the thought-trend of humanity come not from elaborate theories, but from events. The "wise ones" knowing this, create and shape events in the fullness of time, which will bring about such results as tend to elevate the human race. The "Crusade" was such an event, and its far-reaching results prove the wisdom of its creator and her love and abiding faith in humanity.

This much is said, because it becomes more and more evident that events "on the hill" are not only matters of the present, but are summaries of the past and indices of the future; they serve to unify all lines of effort, and mark the gradations of advance towards the freedom and happiness of all peoples.

Following the celebration of July 4th, came the festival of July 6th—the Leader's birthday—and the day set apart for the beginning of work upon the great Temple of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity.

In the early morning, loving gifts of flowers and tributes of gratitude were placed in the Leader's office, with heart congratulations from the comrades.

At nine o'clock all met in the Aryan Temple to witness and take part in a festival conducted by the lady students and children. The beautiful decorations on the stage and under the purple dome, the joyous faces of the comrades, the happy children and their sweet voices all breathed an atmosphere of a higher, purer life, and awakened all that was good and noble in every soul present.

In the afternoon all the students assembled on the road opposite Camp Karnak and formed in column, the Cabinet leading, followed by the young ladies' drill corps, the senior boys,

the Raja Yoga children's companies and the students. Preceding the column was a pair of powerful horses attached to a plow—the harness of the horses and the plow itself being decorated with flowers.

When all was ready, the column moved forward up the hill and along the Sacred Way to the temple site and encircled the corner-stone. The plow was driven into position at the south-east corner and the work of breaking the soil for the foundation was begun by "Father" Thurston, who plowed the first long and deep furrow in the sacred soil. Each Cabinet officer in turn did likewise, as did the representatives of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Sweden, Cuba, Spain, Australia, India, Canada, Denmark, Finland, Guatemala and Chili, and nearly all the States in the Union. Then each student in turn and even the children, were given an opportunity to put their hands to the plow as, driven by the Secretary-General and guided by steady and loyal hands, it performed its important function.

When all had thus broken the ground on which was to be built the great Temple for Humanity, the pure voices of the children were raised in songs of joy and promise.

Flowers in abundance were brought to add beauty and inspiration to the occasion, and addresses read and presented to the Leader by the Senior boys and the students of Camp Karnak on behalf of the comrades.

Rev. S. J. Neill, Librarian of the School, then spoke of the historic importance of the occasion and of the results which must follow for good to all the world. He called to mind the fact that when the Leader was on the Crusade in 1896, before anything was known of Point Loma, she had directed the comrades to turn their thoughts Westward to a Point where a light shone out over the ocean, for there would the Temple be begun in six years time. He said, "We stand today upon the place then unknown to us, and we have assisted in the breaking of the soil for the foundation of the Temple. The Leader's promise is fulfilled. From the time the land was purchased and the corner-stone laid by the Leader on her return from the Crusade in 1897, a light has been kept burning every night over the site of the Temple as a sacred symbol and promise, and every day the Universal Brotherhood flag has been flung to the breeze."

The Leader then made a stirring and inspiring speech. She said that the scenes before her recalled to mind pictures which presented themselves to her in her childhood—pictures of mountains, valleys, plains and ocean—of wonderful buildings unlike any she had ever seen. She remembered seeing great cities, temples and peoples in every phase of growth, maturity and decay.

Some of these pictures were appalling, but many were sources of inspiration. When she told of these pictures or visions to her relatives, she was ridiculed—but to her they represented a promise of the future, a truer and more real life. One day when everything and everybody seemed to be trying to turn her from her hopes, she went to the woods and wept bitterly, without knowing the cause of her tears. She questioned herself as to why she wept so bitterly, and the answer came, "These are the tears of the world." Then came the feeling that she could do much to build up a new life for the people—but not there—in another climate, a newer land.

She had days and nights of sorrow for the unhappiness of the world, but all the time she felt the urge to push on, and later in life, when she met William Q. Judge and heard his

voice, she knew that a door had been opened for her and her path made clear. During Mr. Judge's sickness, despondency at his disability and the unfaithfulness of some upon whom he had relied, would occasion him to cry out, "Oh, if I could see that in five hundred, or even a thousand years, something lasting would be done, I could die happy." She standing by him on such an occasion was constrained to speak and say, "There are thousands feeling as we do—all we have to do is to work, to energize our faith and to keep the fire burning, and the Twentieth century will bring what we so ardently desire, and you yourself will know it; the souls of men will be raised by what we can do."

She further said, "That great, that noble man (William Q. Judge) has made it possible for us to move out as warriors in the New Age. *He has made for you all a new life.*"

Mrs. E. C. Spalding, Superintendent of Lotus Groups throughout the world, and Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, Superintendent of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, also made telling addresses.

The Leader and Comrades then went by invitation of the Raja Yoga School children to witness a festival arranged by them. On arrival at the Amphitheatre a great pile of brushwood was seen piled in the center, and near it were grouped the boys of the Raja Yoga School. When all were seated, we were informed by one of the boys that we were about to witness the cremation by the boys of their "bad tempers." The brush-pile was set ablaze, and each boy approached the fire with cup, tin or other vessel containing something which represented his "bad temper"—the contents were thrown into the fire—sometimes with much effort, but with evident satisfaction at the "good riddance," and arousing much laughter both on the part of the children as well as of the grown-ups, at this unique event which originated entirely with the children, and was carried out seemingly quite to their satisfaction. The boys were afterwards called upon in turn for remarks, which they made in manly fashion.

The day's celebration concluded with drill exhibitions by the different corps under their own commanders—even the little "tots" under the diminutive Captain Margaret Hanson, 7 years of age, went through their setting up exercises, facings, marching and counter-marching in a wonderful way, and with great precision.

\* \* \*

#### **New Buildings for the Children**

A single week brings about so many striking improvements at Loma-land that one's eyes need to be kept wide open all the time to take note of them. They occur in all departments of the work, and are especially marked in the children's department. This is growing so fast that more and more accommodations are needed. Another new and larger building is being constructed to the south-west of the children's group houses, and a large two-story building with the sides of glass, also for the children, part to be used as the children's refectory and part as a club-room.

Dr. Lorin F. Wood, although busy in many ways, always finds time to assist in the beautifying of the Lotus Home Grounds, while his wife and daughter are two of the most active and devoted workers in departments of the children's work and the Raja Yoga School. Dr. Wood, it will be remembered, was, with his family, the first to settle at Point Loma, soon after the return of the Crusade and the dedication of the site for the School of Antiquity.

**Greek Symposiums  
Presented in the  
Amphitheatre**

On the evening of July 2nd, the Greek Symposia, "Hypatia," and "The Conquest of Death," were given for the first time in the great Amphitheatre at Loma-land. Oh! what a perfect night it was, it seemed as if Nature herself participated and lent her magic aid to the occasion. It was just after sunset, and a glow of

light still flooded the western sky. The effect was marvelous, and as the performers stepped out in their classical dress against the background of the canyon ridges and the great Pacific beyond, the onlooker was transported back to those ancient days. Then one by one the stars came out until the whole expanse of heaven was studded with scintillating points of light. As the soft light fell upon the speakers it was as though we were in a dream. The effect too on the performers themselves was most marked and inspiring. It was a great pleasure to watch the real joy of our artist-comrade, R. W. Machell. To act or merely to be present at a performance amid such surroundings would awaken something of the artistic faculty in the most prosaic—and what an inspiration must it not be to one whose soul has been stirred by that love of the true and beautiful that calls forth the divine creative power in the art-work of painting, sculpture, music or the drama.

All the English students at Loma-land have watched with intense interest and deep solicitude the recent events in the Old Country. They felt the full force of England's sorrow at the King's illness, and now they feel a new joy for the whole nation at the lifting of the weight of sorrow by the promise of King Edward's recovery. May his recovery be the beginning of a new day of peace and of higher progress for the whole English speaking race!

\* \* \*

**Loma-Land Comrades**

On the afternoon of July 4th, we welcomed home again Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Spalding, and on July 17th, we bade a short farewell to Brother Fred J. Dick, the old warrior from Ireland, who recently came on a short visit to Loma-land. His reports of the work in the Chief's old country were excellent, and the devotion and steadfastness of the comrades there are a great promise for the future of that ancient land. It seemed, too, as though he brought with him the heart-pleading of the whole country, and he carries back with him new hope for Ireland in the many heart-greetings from all the comrades at Loma-land, and in the trust and confidence which the Leader reposes in him. One important feature of his work and far-reaching in its results is as editor of the *International Theosophist*. Mrs. Dick who has been at Point Loma for several months, having come here as an invalid, is almost completely restored to perfect health. She will remain here and we all are looking forward to Brother Dick's return for permanent residence among us.

\* \* \*

**San Diego Meetings  
of Aryan Theosophical  
Society**

The Sunday evening meetings of the Aryan Theosophical Society at Isis Theatre evoke the astonishment of all who attend for the first time. The beautiful Theatre, the decorations, the music, the speeches—but more than all the fact that here people are trying to practice what they profess and are speaking out facts of

the *experience* and knowledge of life and not mere theories or beliefs—call forth a profound appreciation, and are sowing seeds that spread all over the United States. It is most in-

teresting to watch the development of the younger students—some of whom only a short time ago were timid at speaking before their class but now can hold the attention of the public with clear cut expression of their thoughts. After the meeting has begun it is a difficult matter to find a single vacant seat in the great auditorium.

The singing class instituted by Katherine Tingley and conducted on Sunday mornings at the Lotus Group Hall in San Diego, creates more and more interest. One of the secrets of a happy home-life is being solved and a new keynote of human progress has been struck, for when there is music in the heart, music in the life, music in the home, the regeneration of social life will have begun—and it has already begun.

\* \* \*

### **Music at the Homestead**

On Wednesday of every week is held a delightful musicale and reunion of students in the great Rotunda of Loma Homestead. The Loma-land Orchestra, the Students' Chorus and the Raja Yoga Chorus provide the main features of the evening with one or two short addresses. The acoustics of the Rotunda are singularly beautiful for all orchestral and choral effects, and the interior architecture, the great dome overhead, the grand stairway, the balcony and its supporting columns, and the pictures with their wonderful color effects, make a setting which calls forth the harmonies of the higher and nobler qualities of the human soul, and in which naught that is selfish or degrading can find a response.

\* \* \*

### **Progress of the Universal Brotherhood**

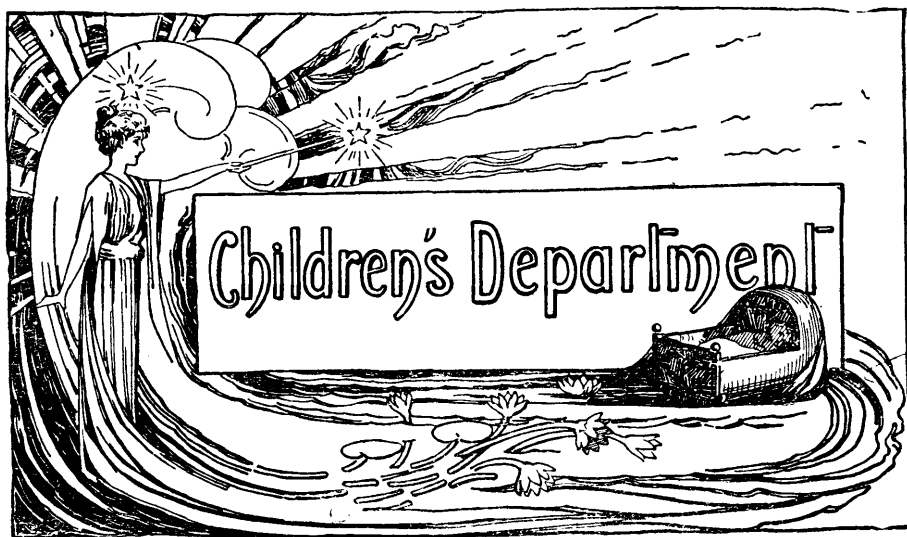
It is impossible to give to the public details of the progress of the great work of The Universal Brotherhood. He who runs may read, and he who is observant in his daily life wherever he may be cannot fail to find evidence of the great influence which Theosophy and the Universal Brotherhood are exerting on the world today. Lodge reports convey only a little of information; newspaper notices and reports, while they mirror the increased attention of the public, give only an indication of the great spread of interest in Point Loma and its activities—it is to the private letters of inquiry which came from all over the world that one would have to turn to see how deep have struck the roots of this world-wide movement for the regeneration of humanity. To report these would be impossible, but the effects are to be seen by any one in the world's life. Every mail brings with it a further appreciation of the altruistic work of The Universal Brotherhood, and a further indication of the needs of humanity and of the power of the Heart Doctrine of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood to satisfy those needs.

\* \* \*

### **The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine**

Before this issue is in the hands of our readers, this long promised work will be ready, and the students who have labored so assiduously are enthusiastic at the prospect of the good work that will be done by this book. It should be in every public and private library and every home. Every honest and inquiring mind should read it, every true student of human life should make it a study book.

OBSERVER



# The Magic Flower of the Golden City

by Uncle Starlight



## CHAPTER I

**L**ONG, long ago, far over the great sea, there was to be seen a handsome city. You cannot find it on the map, for somehow it has been overlooked. This city was so very beautiful, and the people who lived there were so happy and contented that it was called the "City of God."

I cannot describe all the beauties of this wonderful city, but some day, perhaps, you will see it for yourselves and then you will understand how much grander it is than anything you have ever imagined. And right in the center of the city, surrounded by a lovely park, stood the magnificent castle, which was the palace of the good King Lux.

Now King Lux had a son whose name was Prince Manas, a very handsome and clever prince, who knew a great many of the wonderful secrets of Nature, and who hoped one day to become king of all the country round about the Golden City. But King Lux did not wish his son to become king until he thoroughly understood all about the habits and customs, and the difficulties of the people he was to rule over, and had proven himself capable of doing his duty as a good king should.

So he told Manas to go about among the people and win their love and respect, so that when he became king he might be able to benefit his subjects. And in order to test his son's attention to little details of duty, he gave him a small portion of the castle garden to cultivate.

In this garden there grew a wonderful magic flower called the *Vita Pura*, which had many strange properties, and which usually bloomed but once in many, many years. But when it did bloom the blossom was the finest of all flowers, sweeter than any other, and as long as the plant was properly cared for and watered every day its blossom would never fade. It was in full bloom then and the king specially warned his son to watch over this magic flower, and on no account to neglect it.

Prince Manas set to work to carry out all his father's wishes, for he was a good son, and meant to become a good and wise king. He went in and out among the people, learning many things about them, and made himself generally loved and respected. And every morning and evening he carefully cultivated his garden and watered the magic flower, which seemed to grow more and more beautiful every day.

Now among the subjects of King Lux were some young men, who were very wild and selfish, and did not care at all whether other people were happy as long as they themselves could live in luxury and ease. They determined, if possible, to draw the young prince into their society, thinking that his wealth and power would prove very useful to them in their selfish schemes. So they made his acquaintance, and knowing that he was an honorable man, they put on their best behavior, pretending to be anxious to help him in his efforts to learn how to rule rightly.

Thus they gradually led him on. As they were very witty and clever, the prince became quite fascinated with their society, and soon began to spend most of his time in their company. He still tended his garden, but not so carefully as before, and after a time the magic *Vita Pura* began to look a little less healthy and beautiful. Still, knowing that as long as he watered it every day it would not die, he managed to spare just enough time every morning to keep it alive.

One morning Prince Manas woke a little later than usual, and found that he had only just time to snatch a hasty breakfast and hurry off to join his friends, who had arranged for a merry outing in the country. So he decided to attend to his garden when he came home in the evening.

It was very late when the party broke up, so late in fact that the prince did not reach his home until after midnight. Then he found it was much too dark to attend to his garden, so with an uneasy feeling in his heart he went to bed, asking his servant to call him very early in the morning.

As soon as he was dressed he hurried down to his garden in the hope that he might atone for his negligence of the previous day. But here a dreadful surprise awaited him. The garden was all pulled to pieces; the lovely flowers had been pulled up and lay scattered around, broken and dying; while the magic flower had disappeared entirely! The prince rubbed his eyes to make sure he



was not dreaming, and then, as the truth flashed upon him he sat down on a seat near by and, man though he was, he began to weep. His tears, however, did not undo the mischief, and after a time he summoned up courage to go and confess his error to the king and ask his forgiveness.

King Lux was deeply grieved when he heard the story, not only on account of the loss of the magic flower, but because his son had shown that he could not be trusted even to carry out such small duties as he had given him. He immediately went with the prince to the garden and together they searched thoroughly, but the flower was nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly they saw in the very spot where the flower had been a most beautiful fairy. The prince at once begged her to help him in his great distress.

But the fairy answered: "O, Prince, your trouble is greater than you think, for you have forfeited your right to the kingdom, since it is the law that one who is not faithful in the small duties of life cannot reign in the 'City of Gold.'"

The poor prince was more unhappy than ever, and he said, "Tell me, kind Fairy, is there no way in which I can regain my right to sit upon my father's throne?"

And the fairy replied: "There is but one way, O, Prince. You must bid farewell to your father, and leave all the joys of the Golden City, and must journey forth through the world until you can find again the magic flower. It is not dead because, in order that it should not die through your neglect, the fairies have removed it. You must never rest until you find it and then, and then only, may you return and become king of this beautiful realm."

And the prince said, "I will go."

## CHAPTER II—THE SEARCH FOR THE MAGIC FLOWER

So Prince Manas bade good-bye to his father, the king, and wandered through the City of Gold, and out of the big golden gates, away into the country, in search of the wonderful Magic Flower. He came across many beautiful gardens, full of lovely flowers, but in none of them could he find the one for which he was seeking. And though the people all looked with great respect and admiration on the young prince, yet none of them could help him; and he wandered on and on, getting more and more sad as evening came on and his search was still unrewarded.

At last, when night arrived, he lay down upon a mossy bank utterly exhausted, and fell asleep. And while he slept, the Fairy came and touched him gently with her golden wand.

Next morning, when the prince awoke, he seemed to be in a strange world. His fine garments had all changed into the coarse rough clothes of a laborer, and there he was in a small, dingy house, in one of the back streets of a great town.

Presently he found himself with a great crowd of men, dressed like himself, going out into the brickfields to work. It all seemed very strange at first, but he soon became accustomed to it, and almost forgot that he had been a prince the day before. But he still remembered that it was his chief duty to find the Magic Flower, and everywhere he went he kept up the search for it. But there were not many flowers growing in the brickfield, and he soon gave up hope of finding it there.

"Ah," he sighed, "If only I had plenty of money, then I would ride through the world, and have many servants to help me, and I should soon find the flower." But he had to keep on with his work until sunset. Then he received his scanty wages, and trudged wearily back to his little home, where he was soon in bed and sound asleep. And once again the good Fairy appeared, and smiled kindly on him, and touched him with her golden wand.

The next morning he woke in a fine mansion, and a number of grand servants came to wait on him, and see that he had all that he desired. He found a splendid breakfast ready, and when he had finished that, he had become quite reconciled to the change and forgot all about his experiences in the brickfields.

"Now," he thought, "I have all the day before me, and I will set to work in earnest. No doubt, today, I shall find the Magic Flower, and be able to return to the Golden City."

Just then several gentlemen came in to see him about some important business, for he found he was owner of a number of very fine ships, which traded in all parts of the world.

Some of these ships had just arrived from foreign ports, and others were about to sail. So the captains of the vessels, and the managers of his business, had come to receive their instructions on various matters. He spent all the morning discussing these details, and then after lunch he found there was still enough business to claim his attention until evening. The time slipped by very quickly, and then came a late dinner.

"Now," thought the prince, "I must make good use of my time." But he found he was expected to take the chair at a great meeting that evening. So he had to hurry away, and had no time to think of looking for the flower, until he returned home, very tired, and went to bed.

"Oh dear!" he exclaimed, "I shall never find it while I have such a lot of business to attend to. If I were only a nobody, such as the clerks in my office, with nothing to worry me after my day's work was done, then I could spend all my spare time in the search."

And while he slept the Fairy came again, and looking more pitiful than before, just touched him with her golden wand. The prince must have slept very soundly, for when he woke he had no recollection of what he had been the day

before, and was not at all surprised to find himself in a neat little home in the suburbs of a great city. It seemed quite natural for him to dress, and eat his breakfast and walk into the city to his office. Then he went through his day's work, and as he walked home in the evening, he determined to spend the remaining hours of daylight in searching for the flower.

But at the gate, his wife met him, and said, "I'm so glad you're home early, George"—you see even his name had changed—"I want you to do one or two little things for me in the house, and then I've promised Mrs. Smith, we'll both go round to her house and have a little music."

The poor prince sighed, and thought to himself, "How little do they know of what I have set out to do. I wish I could live alone, right away from every one, then I should have nothing to hinder me in my search." But he did as he was asked, and once again came home and went to bed, so tired that he did not even see the Fairy, as she came and laid her golden wand gently on his head.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

---

## Lotus Group Reports



### Brixton Lotus Group

This month we have the pleasure of reporting a distinct improvement in the attendance of Lotus Groups. Quite a number of new children have been coming, and the attendance of the older members has been steady and regular.

A good deal of time has been given to the rehearsal of a new play for July 2, and this work has itself evidently helped the children in many ways.

**JUNIOR GROUP**—Saturday mornings. This group has been greatly helped by Mr. Dunn, who comes over every week from Avenue Road to teach the children how to sing, and to play for them on the piano. The greatest attention is given to his music, and even the tiniest children listen as if to a voice speaking. After the singing, music and the golden cord, they have games and a short story. Stories told have been "Jason," and Aunt Esther's Letters in *The New Century*. New songs are "In a Hedge," "Thumbkin," and "Busy Blacksmith." On Thursdays we have a drill class, and for half an hour before the drill we have started a class for practice in dramatic work.

A story is told, and the children think out how to act it. We are now beginning a simple play, founded on the story of Epimetheus.

June 10, 1902

**Report of Work at Kungsholmen, Sweden**

During this month we have had five meetings with a very good attendance of children. The following is a typical program :

Warriors of the Golden Cord,	Roll Call,	Shining Little Pennies,	Recitation,	Silent Moments
(The Unity of All),	Reading of Lotus Leaflets 3 and 4,	Series II,	Rehearsal,	
Marching,	Song—"The Sun Temple"	Recitation		

The interest of the children is ever growing. They seem to catch the inner meaning of the work, and we hope the best for the future. With love and greetings from all children and teachers to our dear Lotus Mother and all the comrades at Point Loma,

ALMA NORRSELL, ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*

**Lotus Group, Stockholm, Sweden**

One of our recent programs at Majorsgatan 9B was the following :

Song and March, "Warriors of the Golden Cord"	Shining Little Pennies
Short speech by Mrs. Nystrom	Roll Call

Mrs. Nystrom told the children about the Children's Raja Yoga festival held on January 25th in the Isis Theatre, San Diego. In connection with that the children were asked to propose some Swedish historical events which could be performed in a series of tableaux. The children had many good ideas, and strengthened by those in a "Higher Patriotism," we all sang our National and our Royal Songs.

Song, "The Sun Temple"	Silent Moments	Intonation of Truth, Light and Liberation
------------------------	----------------	---

During the month the children gave an entertainment at which they performed the 2d, 3d and 4th Lotus Leaflets of Series II, in presence of parents and lodge members. The program was filled out with songs by the children and a short explanatory lecture by one of the teachers. The decorations, especially to the tableau of the mineral kingdom, were beautifully arranged by Mr. Drougge and Mr. von Greyerz. This first dramatic performance was a success, and the interest the children showed promises good for the future.

W. VON GREYERZ, GERDA NYSTROM, ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*

**Lotus Group, Malmo, Sweden**

FIRST CLASS—The children begin the meetings with the Lotus Home march, and march around the Lotus flag held by a little boy. The work for this month has been to exercise the children in giving as a drama "The Sevenfold" from Lotus Leaflet No. 9. Stories have been told. A new song, "Brothers We," has been learned. The "Silent Moments" are accompanied by music.

SECOND CLASS—The program includes the learning of some songs from "The Pilgrimage of the Soul." Miss Mansson read a story to the children, "A New Time," by Topelius, and it was resolved to give this as a tableau. The question, "What is Harmony?" was given for answering. On the 13th of the month, this class helped at the entertainment of the U. B. Lodge. The children heard the reading of "Hypatia." Then the children sang the first song of "The Pilgrimage of the Soul," and "The White Lotus." One of

the girls sang the circle song and another girl recited "Sowing and Reaping."

**THE GIRLS' CLUB**—The club meets regularly. At these meetings Miss Mansson has told and read of the two great Leaders, "Hypatia," and "Jeanne d'Arc." At each meeting the girls have sung Lotus songs and sometimes read little poems. **ANNA MANSSON**



### **Girls' Club, 3 Vernon Place, London, England**

During the past six months the girls' meeting at 3 Vernon Place, the English Headquarters of the International Brotherhood League, have been giving their attention, with great zeal, to a course of Physical Exercise, which has clearly demonstrated to their teachers the power and true hearted enthusiasm which lies behind their work as a united group. The members of the club are principally factory girls engaged throughout the day in the routine work of some of the large city factories, and have now been attending the club since its inauguration by the Leader, Katherine Tingley, in 1899. They meet together once a week for two hours, when their time has been devoted, principally, to singing, needle-work and musical drill. The girls have made their gymnastic costumes, and in the summer devoted some time to cutting out and making blouses. Readings from the **UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH** and *The New Century* have been much appreciated, short courses of simple science lessons and history, have been given to awaken a love of nature, to quicken their imagination and so to broaden and deepen the otherwise unavoidably narrow life of their daily routine. The girls have responded to these with interest and wonder.

During the summer of 1901, owing to illness of the Superintendent, and the absence from town of two most active assistants, the club was temporarily closed, but has since been re-opened at the girls' own urgent request, and has been placed in charge of a temporary committee of four ladies.

The committee has now arranged that during the month of June the meetings shall continue as heretofore, working mainly with the idea of preparing for a summer festival when the part songs and drill learned will be given as part of the program.

Further details of reorganization and development of the work in the club have been left over until the next committee meeting when the President will be in town to take the chair. It is much desired that this work shall in London, as elsewhere, be brought into closer touch with the lodge life, and become a strong channel by means of which the light may be carried out among the many women and girls of our cities, who know not the joy of a life which is Brotherhood. Signed on behalf of the Committee:

*June, 1902*

**L. A. ROBINSON, Secretary pro tem.**



### **U. B. Lodge No. 25, Cambridge, Massachusetts**

At the regular monthly meeting of Lodge 25 of the Universal Brotherhood, this month, we were assisted by the children and the hall was filled to overflowing by their parents and friends, all of whom felt in their hearts and saw with their eyes the great work that is being done by our little ones in this Universal Brotherhood work throughout the world.

After reading from the Constitution in the **UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH**, the exercises with the children, illustrated by stereopticon pictures, began with the song, "Love is One

and Liveth." The first picture was that which for so long headed the Children's Page in *The New Century*, the little Lotus Bud gazing with her hand shading her eyes, far into the future, while an older Comrade points out "The Way." While this was on the screen little May recited, "I Live for Those Who Love Me,"

For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the future in the distance  
And the good that I can do.

Then came the picture of "The Universal Brotherhood Path," while the children recited together, "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means," and then all sang,

Children of Light as ye go forth into the world  
Seek to render noble service to all that lives.

While the beautiful clouds were appearing on the screen there was a silence, and then the soft notes of the "Star Spangled Banner" were heard, as through the blue of the sky the stars and stripes began to appear and all the children sang with a will—

'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, O long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

From the flag came gradually the picture of George Washington, while Elsie told us something about this great Leader, and how he took command of the American army right here in our City of Cambridge, under the Washington Elm, which was shown to the children. Another Leader was then talked of, one who had freed thousands of people—Abraham Lincoln—and four little children sang a sweet song about his great self-sacrifice.

After this we saw the beautiful public gardens on our way to the New England Center, where we meet on the last Sunday of every month, at 24 Mt. Vernon street, Boston. Then we saw a great picture of the world and were shown where San Diego is and our dearly beloved Loma-land, and then the portraits of the three great Leaders, who have given their lives for humanity. The children recited "We Are All Notes of One Great Song," when the picture of H. P. Blavatsky came, and when W. Q. Judge's loving face was shown we were told how he loved to work for little children, and then they all recited the Precepts: "To live to benefit mankind is the first step," etc., and when the picture of the Lotus Mother, our beloved Leader, Katherine Tingley, came, they all stood in silence and sent out loving thoughts to all the children of the world, ending with the three words, "Happy, Happy, Happy!"

Then came Loma-land, to which in imagination we drove as do all the tourists, from the city around the bay; and while we were looking at the Temple in the distance and entering the Great Gate and driving to the Homestead, the tiny Buds sang with the little children standing on the veranda of the Temple, "But we'll grow to Blossoms bye and bye." Then we visited the gardens and the children's Group Houses, and last we saw a picture of the Warrior advancing along the Path of Life, which Mr. Machell painted, and which hangs in the Homestead—and all the children sang "Warriors of the Golden Cord."

Then came the "shining pennies," and a little girl sang "If I were a Voice," and told us all about what *she* would do for all the sad and suffering children in the world, and then we all sang "My country 'tis of thee."

C. H. H.