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Ever the discouraged, resolute, struggling soul of man (have former armies failed? Then we send fresh armies—and fresh again). Ever the grappled mystery of all earth's ages, old or new; ever the eager eyes: hurrahs: the welcome-clapping hands: the loud applause: ever the soul dissatisfied, curious, unconvinced at last; struggling to-day the same—battling the same.—*Whitman*.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

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THE SEARCHLIGHT.

BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

"While there is one blind soul still held in the toil of drink or drugs, while there is hopeless poverty amongst us, while our laws are biased, prejudiced and unjust, while the horrors of the old torture chambers are still practiced in our laboratories, the occultist has work to do here,—for he cannot separate himself from any of these things; the meanest animal that utters a cry of pain or terror is himself. It is his duty to convert that pain into pleasure, that fear into faith—and so to destroy the evil which causes it."

The Change. With this issue *Universal Brotherhood* takes the place of *Theosophy* on the title page. The change is significant. *The Path* represented the preparatory stage, leading naturally to *Theosophy*, and the sphere now entered upon is the practical outcome of the two preceding steps. When Mr. Judge started *The Path* he stood alone, looking forward with hope, seeing the possibilities of the future. From small beginnings great things are born in the fullness of time. The work he commenced has had its result. It is ours to carry forward that work inspired by his wonderful example.

The difficulties in the way of obtaining an unprejudiced consideration for the truths of Theosophy must be removed one by one. The word itself must not be regarded as sacred when it makes more difficult the task we have undertaken. New methods must

be adopted as conditions change. We are called to be pioneers in one of the greatest humanitarian movements of the age. Personal limitations must not obscure the possibilities of the hour, and the criticism of the cynic should not be allowed to paralyze our efforts. To be in a position to do even the most insignificant thing to raise the veil which hides the divine from the vision of men should be regarded as an inestimable privilege. We should not for one moment overlook the fact that only as we are true to ourselves can we be true to our trust.

New Energy. A new energy is being liberated from the centre of life. This stream of force, for such it is, is felt at first as a mighty Niagara, rushing forward with such rapidity that it threatens to engulf everything, but as it approaches a climax it spreads out in every direction; its

currents circulate over the whole earth, and its influence pervades all things. Nothing can rest still ; all things are pushed forward by the great solar energy now being set free. Care should be taken that it is not misdirected and all personal barriers should be removed before they are ground to powder. This force acts everywhere ; the gods are its ministrants. There is no need to retire to the woods for the inspiration which it gives, for where the needs of humanity are greatest the presence of the Helpers can be felt most.

Heroic Ideals. The hero of to-day must be a hero of heroes. The ideal must no longer

be remote from life, but made divinely human, close and intimate as of old. Now is the day of resurrection ; man looking up will see the old ideals raised, and seeing live. The son of God is the son of Man.

The "Heart Touch." In the "heart touch" is the saving quality which will redeem humanity and bring about Universal Brotherhood. The word "charity" should be eliminated. In the name of charity, men and women have been treated like so much personal baggage and labelled accordingly. Out of the great heart of Nature all things proceed, and all things lead back there at last ; all worlds and systems of worlds, from the great central sun to the smallest particle in space must thrill responsive to the pulsations of that infinite heart of compassion. The great mother reaches forth to receive her own. All efforts to retard are less than insignificant. In every act which partakes of that

divine quality of infinite compassion lies concealed the potency of all the spheres. and all nature obeys the command of the one whose heart beats constantly for others.

A New Hope. A new hope is dawning on humanity as the new century approaches.

This hope is the main-spring of progression and the evidence of it can be seen everywhere ; the great heart of nature pulsates with joy, as it did in the days preceding the dawn of the dark age. Men and women who have so long borne the heavy burden of life, whose hearts have been well-nigh broken by the weight of many sorrows feel the new joy awakened by the great symphonies of harmony which are now being sounded. It is felt in the heart of man and gives rise to a constant aspiration ; it is the quality which makes him great. The golden light is shining ; the herald of the morning proclaims the message of love anew ; the ripples of the waves on the sea shore lisp the glad song ; the breeze bears it on its bosom ; the tints of the flowers convey it ; it shines forth from the stars in their sparkling brilliance ; the great blue dome above suggests it ; the birds warble it forth from every tree ; the new born babe is a complete revelation of it ; the eyes of the loved ones passing into the great beyond, impart the strength and courage of that great hope and point to a future day when they shall return again to carry on their work, for hope incarnates from age to age and where hope dwells beauty and love abide for ever.

The law is immutable, and love is eternal.

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

BY E. A. NERESHEIMER.

THIS ideal when first approached from an intellectual standpoint presents no great encouragement for the realization of its truth ; its consideration must be accompanied by the receptive faculty which lies in the heart, that feeling of natural unrestrained sympathy which arises out of the inner nature of man when not tainted by selfish motives. Even a superficial investigation, however, leads us into a labyrinth of thought in which there is no logical escape from the conclusion that somehow a unity exists between all human beings.

If we once begin to analyze the feelings we experience in our daily contact with our fellow-men ; and take into consideration the natural promptings of the heart, we find ourselves possessed of much brotherly sympathy with the welfare of others. A scene of affliction instantly quickens the tender fellow-feeling ; see how people rush to the assistance of a falling child ; how they shudder at an accident ; the unfailing pity—deep down—with the diseased ; why, who would say the world is so depraved as not to recognize this ? Only the rush for personal joys and pleasures causes us to forget it.

Let us wait. When the new religion of "Brotherhood" shall have taken root, then we will not fail in our duty and forget ; the same energy which is now active in competition and strife will be directed instead to mutual helpfulness.

Poor fools, who do not yet know that to do the most good is productive of the greatest amount of happiness. No settled belief exists in the

immutability of natural law or the unity underlying boundless Nature, hence the unphilosophic mind does not concern itself with the possible relation which it bears to all existing things. The Unity of all things is no empty phrase. It pervades all departments of nature. Even in the material world scientific researches have led to the conclusion that matter is homogeneous as *Substance*. Elements are found to be compounds, greater differentiation is discovered step by step and it is seen that by changing the molecular arrangement, one form of matter is transformable into another. This shows the underlying synthetic union in the invisible essence of matter. The separateness of mankind is analogous to this, division is apparent but not real, its union is also contained in one invisible essence—God—or the great Self which is the synthesis of all.

In the process of evolution humanity has differentiated from the great homogeneous ocean of consciousness in order that the soul may gain experience in matter ; being now on the outer circle of manifestation, it appears to be apart, but it is destined in its natural course to return to the primal unity from whence it came. The thread which has spun itself out from unity into differentiation connects each individual with the parent source, and through it with all else ; and the innate qualities of the soul—Love, Sympathy and Charity—are the manifestations thereof in man ; these reside in the Heart.

According to the Esoteric Philosophy, the race has fortunately reached

the outermost stage of realization of separateness, the time is at hand for the ascent on the return arc, the pendulum is swinging back and will bring with it an awakening towards spirituality. A psychic wave has already begun to sweep over the globe ; in its course it will rouse the latent spiritual faculties of mankind and develop intuition to a degree that will cause great changes in the Social Economy and produce a realization of our birth-right, "The Universal Brotherhood of Man."

Neither Science nor Religion, with their present-day dogmatic methods, will greatly help in the evolution of this new faculty ; a more potent and convincing agent has to be called into service to educe a revelation of the truth which is spread upon the wings of time. This agent is the power of direct perception of Truth from *within*, where all knowledge and wisdom reside. Its first fruits will be born from the blossoms of "love of mankind" ; its second ; from independence of thought and the courage to rely on one's own intuitions ; these will remove the shackles of preconceived notions and the veils which we have gathered and surrounded ourselves with on our journey through matter during many lives.

The psychic force, active now, has touched millions of people ; the spiritual fires are being lit all over the earth, and presently the soul of man will breathe freedom from its fetters and each man or woman will become conscious of his or her spiritual equality with the best of the living.

Every man is a potential God ! This is not believed by many, nor is the nobility of their calling known to them or even suspected ; cowed into subjec-

tion by custom and conventionality, they think themselves slaves still, who must obey that self-created master, or perish. How different would be the conditions of men if they had no fear of their neighbor's opinion. Fear has no place in the religion of Brotherhood ; its doctrine is founded on supreme universal justice, where every man works out his own destiny and gets his deserts according as he himself has earned them. In this there is nothing and no one to fear, certainly not our fellow-traveller, who is one with ourselves and bent upon the homeward journey towards union with the *all*.

The divine nature of man is obscured at the present stage of evolution by his material rind, and though it may be difficult to comprehend why the "Divine Self" should have surrounded itself with such apparently inappropriate vehicles of expression as we meet with sometimes in human garb, yet the knowledge of the spiritual thread which binds us to all should enable us to regard the outward appearances as only part of what the soul really is. It will be admitted that our standard of judgment is only our own state of enlightenment. *As we are* so do we see others. We have no faculty at present with which to see and judge the real man, the soul ; we may sense it when our intentions are active, but were we to see the real man and know him with all his past and realize our own spiritual inseparability from him, our opinion would be changed regarding him.

To have even a slight grasp of the subject of Spiritual Unity of all mankind induces broader views, and a more philosophic attitude towards social and individual problems ; it

opens up the latent but natural resources of the heart-consciousness from which flows universal compassion—the most potent of beneficent forces harmonizing within and without; it not only promotes a wider

sweep of moral influence but also furnishes the key to conduct and duty; it leads to a knowledge of universal laws and problems and to wisdom; for, within the heart is the corresponding centre of all Life and Light.

THE BROAD VIEW.

BY SOLON.

IT is easy enough to define Theosophy etymologically and to state that the word is made up of two Greek words Theos-God, Sophia-wisdom, and hence say that Theosophy is god-wisdom or divine wisdom. But if the matter is allowed to rest with this definition and we then put forward a number of ideas and teachings which with many pass current for "Theosophy," such as astral bodies, psychic powers, the earth chain of globes, manvantaras and maha-manvantaras, saying: "This is Theosophy, this is Divine Wisdom," we shall I think commit at least an error in judgment, if not one of fact and show our lack of common *human*, let alone *divine*, wisdom. The materialist, the agnostic, and the atheist do not recognize or acknowledge God or the divine. How may one speak of Theosophy to them? And yet we say Theosophy is for all men. The fact of the matter is we need to exercise more discrimination. We may strive to be Theosophists as far as lies in our power and may realize the privilege that is ours to be active members in the Society and to help forward the Theosophical Movement, but we do not have to loudly proclaim "I am a Theosophist, I am a seeker after divine wisdom." Nor do we need to live in the clouds and talk of astral bodies and transcendental meta-

physics. Divine wisdom concerns itself as much with the common duties of life as with meditation upon the Supreme, and, indeed if rightly understood, the latter cannot be attained to if the former are neglected. Friction has sometimes arisen in a family because of one member joining the Theosophical Society, but I venture to say that in nine cases out of ten this has been due to a lack of knowledge of the simple meaning of the word Theosophy, no matter how much may have been read about reincarnation or devachan. Universal Brotherhood is spoken of but it must be "universal," and so much attention is given to the "universal" that the particular members of one's family are *lost* in the "ocean of infinitude." The house may need cleaning and scrubbing. Some one may be hungry for a kind word or pleasant greeting, but how can one give time and energy to such trifling matters that belong only to the material plane when there is the weighty problem of how to escape Devachan or renounce Nirvana?

We are still living in a physical and material world and still have duties connected therewith. And even if you are a member of the Theosophical Society and esteem Theosophy above everything else, though your husband or wife or parent or

child may hate the very word, does not he or she esteem the Good, the Beautiful and the True? If your friend be a materialist or an agnostic or an atheist, has he no thought for the good and happiness of others? Are not the Good, the Beautiful, the True,—Theosophy? There is not a single person in the world with whom you may not talk Theosophy and

study Theosophy and yet never quarrel. Theosophy is not narrow nor bigoted, it is not composed of strange, unpronounceable names nor of fantastic doctrines. It is plain common sense, and to use common sense, to recognize it in others, and to fulfil one's common little duties in a common sense way is truly theosophical, and is true wisdom.

PRAYER.

BY Æ.

Let us leave our island woods grown dim and blue ;
O'er the waters creeping the pearl dust of the eve
Hides the silver of the long wave rippling through :
The chill for the warm room let us leave.

Turn the lamp down low and draw the curtain wide,
So the greyness of the starlight bathes the room ;
Let us see the giant face of night outside,
Though vague as a moth's wing is the gloom.

Rumor of the fierce-pulsed city far away
Breaks upon the peace that aureoles our rest,
Steeped in stillness as if some primeval day
Hung drowsily o'er the water's breast.

Shut the eyes that flame and hush the heart that burns :
In quiet we may hear the old primeval cry :
God gives wisdom to the spirit that upturns :
Let us adore now, you and I.

Age on age is heaped about us as we hear :
Cycles hurry to and fro with giant tread
From the deep unto the deep ; but do not fear,
For the soul unhearing them is dead.

FROM THE IRISH HILLS.

BY GEORGE W. RUSSELL.



IT has been my dream for many years that I might at some time dwell in a cabin on the hillside in this dear and living land of ours, and there attempt some innocent and unambitious magic, if I could do it without harm to myself or others, in a spot not too much infested by the shades. Perhaps "magic" is too great a word to use. The magician is a god whom I think of as armed with the lightnings and moving in a sphere of awful beauty; whereas I would lay my head in the lap of a serener nature, and be on friendly terms with the winds and mountains who hold enough of unexplored mystery and infinitude to engage me at present. I would not dwell too far from men, for above an enchanted valley only a morning's walk from the city is the mountain of my dream. Here, between heaven and earth and my brothers, there might come on me some foretaste of the destiny which the great powers are shaping for us in this isle, the mingling of God and nature and man in a being, one, yet infinite in number. Old tradition has it that there was in our mysterious past such a union, a

sympathy between man and the elements so complete, that at every great deed of hero or king the three swelling waves of Fohla responded, the wave of Toth, the wave of Rury, and the long, slow, white, foaming wave of Cleena. O mysterious kinsmen, would that to-day some deed great enough could call forth the thunder of your response once again! But perhaps he is now rocked in his cradle who will hereafter rock you into joyous foam.

The mountain which I praise has not hitherto been considered as one of the sacred places in Eire, no glittering tradition hangs about it as a lure, and indeed I would not have it considered as one in any special sense apart from its companions; but I take it here as a type of what any high place in nature may become for us if well loved, a haunt of deep peace, a spot where the Mother lays aside veil after veil, until at last the great Spirit seems in brooding gentleness to be in the boundless fields alone. I am not inspired by that brotherhood which does not overflow with love into the being of the elements, nor hail in them the same spirit as that which calls us with so many pathetic and loving voices from the lives of men. So I build my dream cabin in hope of this wider intimacy:—

A cabin on the mountain side hid in a grassy
nook,
With door and windows open wide where
friendly stars may look:
The rabbit shy can patter in; the winds may
enter free
Who throng around the mountain throne in
living ecstasy.

And when the sun sets dimmed in eve and
purple fills the air,
I think the sacred hazel tree is dropping
berries there
From starry fruitage waved aloft where
Connla's well o'erflows :
For sure the immortal waters pour through
every wind that blows.

And when the night towers up aloft and
shakes the trembling dew,
I think that every burning thought that
thrills my spirit through
Is but a shining berry dropped adown through
the dim air,
And from the magic tree of life the fruit falls
everywhere.

The sacred hazel was the Celtic branch of the tree of life ; its scarlet nuts gave wisdom and inspiration ; and fed on this ethereal fruitage, the ancient Gael grew to greatness. Though to-day none eats of the fruit, or drinks the purple flood welling from Connla's fountain, I think that the strange fire which still kindles the Celtic races was flashed into their blood in that magical time and is our heritage from the Druidic past. It is still here, the magic and mystery, it lingers in the heart of an enchanted people to whom their neighbors of another world are frequent visitors and a matter of course, with their own rights and place.

"What else could she expect ! What else could she expect ! It's agin all nature : it's agin all reason !" I heard a farmer cry when told of the death of a woman who had refused to let one of the "Others" turn her churn a few days before. It was the discourtesy which moved so much wrath in him, and not fear. I hardly ever hear of fear being shown, and indeed there is no reason, for the "Others" are not beings who bring terror. They mantle themselves in

an ancient beauty. I gave to a friend in the west a sketch of a faery queen draped in vaporous green and purple, with long fair hair, crowned with out-raying gold. He showed it to a man who continually sees the faeries. "Yes ! yes !" he said, getting excited, "That is one of their queens and that is her crown," and he persisted that he knew her : he knew many of these transcendent forms and spoke of many crowns.

The earth here remembers her past and to bring about its renewal she whispers with honeyed entreaty and lures with bewitching glamour. At this mountain I speak of it was that our greatest poet, the last and most beautiful voice of Eire, first found freedom in song, so he tells me : and it was the pleading for a return to herself that this mysterious nature first fluted through his lips :

"Come away, O human child,
To the woods and waters wild,
With a faery hand in hand ;
For the world's more full of weeping than
you can understand."

Away ! yes, yes ; to wander on and on under star-rich skies, ever getting deeper into the net, the love that will not let us rest, the peace above the desire of love. The village lights in heaven and earth, each with its own peculiar hint of home, draw us hither and thither, where it matters not, so the voice calls and the heart-light burns. Some it leads to the crowded ways : some it draws apart : and the Light knows, and not any other, the need and the way.

If you ask me what has the mountain to do with these inspirations and whether the singer would not anywhere out of his own soul have made

an equal song, I answer to the latter, I think not. In these lofty places the barriers between the sphere of light and the sphere of darkness are fragile, and the continual ecstasy of the high air communicates itself, and I have also heard from others many tales of things seen and heard here which show that the races of the Sidhe are often present. Some have seen below the mountain a blazing heart of light, others have heard the musical beating of a heart, or faery bells, or aerial clashings, and the heart-beings have also spoken; so it has gathered around itself its own traditions of spiritual romance and adventures of the soul.

Let no one call us dreamers when the mind is awake. If we grew forgetful and felt no more the bitter human struggle—yes. But if we bring to it the hope and courage of those who are assured of the nearby presence and encircling love of the great powers? I would hale to my mountain the weary spirits who are obscured in the fœtid city where life decays into rottenness; and call thither those who are in doubt, the pitiful and trembling hearts who are sceptic of any hope, and place them where the dusky vapors of their thought might dissolve in the inner light, and their doubts vanish on the mountain top when the earth-breath streams away to the vast, when the night glows like a seraph, and the spirit is beset by the evidence of a million of suns to the grandeur of the nature wherein it lives and whose destiny must be its also.

After all is not this longing but a search for ourselves, and where shall we find ourselves at last? Not in this land nor wrapped in these garments of an hour, but wearing the robes of

space whither these voices out of the illimitable allure us, now with love, and anon with beauty or power. In our past the mighty ones came glittering across the foam of the mystic waters and brought their warriors away.

Perhaps, and this also is my hope, they may again return, Manannan, on his ocean-sweeping boat, a living creature, diamond winged, or Lu, bright as the dawn, on his fiery steed, maned with tumultuous flame, or some hitherto unknown divinity may stand suddenly by me on the hill, and hold out the Silver Branch with white blossoms from the Land of Youth, and stay me ere I depart with the sung call as of old—

Tarry thou yet, late lingerer in the twilight's glory:
 Gay are the hills with song: earth's faery children leave
 More dim abodes to roam the primrose-hearted eve,
 Opening their glimmering lips to breathe some wondrous story.
 Hush, not a whisper; let your heart alone go dreaming;
 Dream unto dream may pass: deep in the heart alone
 Murmurs the Mighty One his solemn undertone.
 Can'st thou not see adown the silver cloud-land streaming
 Rivers of rainbow light, dewdrop on dewdrop falling,
 Star fire of silver flames, lighting the dark beneath?
 And what enraptured hosts burn on the dusky heath!
 Come thou away with them for heaven to earth is calling.
 These are earth's voice, her answer, spirits thronging.
 Come to the Land of Youth, the trees grown heavy there
 Drop on the purple wave the ruby fruit they bear:
 Drink, the immortal waters quench the spirit's longing.

Art thou not now, bright one, all sorrow past,
 elation?
 Filled with wild joy, grown brother-hearted
 with the vast,

Whither thy spirit wending flits the dim
 stars past
 Unto the Light of Lights in burning adora-
 tion.

PORPHYRY AND HIS TEACHINGS.

BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

THE distinction is due to Porphyry of having been the most able and consistent champion and exponent of the Alexandreian School. He was a native of Tyre, of Semitic extraction, and was born in the year 233, in the reign of the Emperor Alexander Severus. He was placed at an early age under the tutelage of Origen, the celebrated Christian philosopher, who had himself been a pupil of Ammonios Sakkas. Afterward he became a student of Longinus at Athens, who had opened a school of rhetoric, literature and philosophy. Longinus had also been a disciple of Ammonios, and was distinguished as the Scholar of the Age. He was often called a "Living Library," and the "Walking School of Philosophy." He afterward became the counsellor of Queen Zenobia of Palmyra, an honor that finally cost him his life. Longinus foresaw the promise of his pupil, and according to a custom of the time, changed his Semitic name of Melech (king) to Porphyrios, or wearer of the purple.

In his thirtieth year, Porphyry bade farewell to his teachers in Greece and became a student in the school of Plotinos at Rome. Here he remained six years. Plotinos greatly esteemed him and often employed him to instruct the younger pupils, and to answer the questions of objectors. On one of the occasions, when the anniversary of Plato's Birthday was celebrated (the seventh of May), Porphyry recited a poem entitled *The Sacred Marriage*. Many of the sentiments in it were mystic and occult, which led one of the company to declare him crazed. Plotinos, however, was of

another mind, and exclaimed in delight: "You have truly shown yourself to be at once a Poet, a Philosopher, and a Hierophant."

That Porphyry was an enthusiast and liable to go to extremes was to be expected. He acquired an abhorrence of the body, with its appetites and conditions, and finally began to entertain an intention to commit suicide. This, he says, "Plotinos wonderfully perceived, and as I was walking alone, he stood before me and said: 'Your present design, Porphyrios, is by no means the dictate of a sound mind, but rather of a Soul raging with the furor of melancholia.'"

Accordingly, at his direction, Porphyry left Rome and became a resident at Lilybæum in Sicily. Here he presently recovered a normal state of mind and health. He never again saw his venerated instructor. Plotinos, however, kept up a correspondence with him, sending him manuscripts to correct and put in good form, and encouraging him to engage in authorship on his own account.

After the death of Plotinos, he returned to Rome and became himself a teacher. "With a temperament more active and practical than that of Plotinos, with more various ability and far more facility in adaptation, with an erudition equal to his fidelity, blameless in his life, preëminent in the loftiness and purity of his ethics, he was well fitted to do all that could be done toward drawing for the doctrines he had espoused that reputation and that wider influence to which Plotinos was so indifferent." [R. A. VAUGHAN.] It was his aim to exalt worship to its higher

ideal, casting off superstitious notions and giving a spiritual sense and conception to the Pantheon, the rites and the mythologic legends. What is vulgarly denominated idolatry, paganism and polytheism, had little countenance in his works, except as thus expounded. He emulated Plotinos, who on being asked why he did not go to the temple and take part in the worship of the gods, replied: "It is for the gods to come to me."

When he lived, the new Christian religion was gaining a foothold, particularly among the Greek-speaking peoples, and its teachers appear to have been intolerant even to the extreme of bigotry. The departure from established customs was so flagrant as to awaken in the Imperial Court vivid apprehensions of treasonable purposes. Similar apprehensions had led the Roman Senate to suppress the Bacchic Nocturnal Rites; and energetic measures had also been employed in the case of the flagitious enormities in the secret worship of the Venus of Kotyttto. The nightly meetings of the Christians were represented to be of a similar character. This led to vigorous efforts for their suppression. Porphyry, though broad in his liberality, was strenuous in his opposition to their doctrines, and wrote fifteen treatises against them. These were afterward destroyed in the proscription by Theodosios, without any attempt to answer them.

He was equally suspicious of the Theurgic doctrines and magic rites. The sacrifice of men and animals, for sacrifice and divination, was resolutely discountenanced as attracting evil demons. "A right opinion of the gods and of things themselves," he declared, "is the most acceptable sacrifice."

"Very properly," said he, "will the philosopher who is also the priest of the God that is above all, abstain from all animal food, in consequence of earnestly endeavoring to approach through himself alone to the alone God, without being disturbed by anything about him."

This was the very core of the Neo-Platonic doctrine. "This," says Plotinos, "this is the life of the Gods, and of divine and blessed human beings—a liberation from earthly concerns, a life unaccompanied by human delights, and a flight of the alone to the Alone."

"He who is truly a philosopher," adds Porphyry, "is an observer and skilled in many things; he understands the works of nature, is sagacious, temperate and modest, and is in every respect the savior and preserver of himself."

"Neither vocal language nor is internal speech adapted to the Most High God, when it is defiled by any passion of the soul; but we should venerate him in silence with a pure soul, and with pure conceptions about him."

"It is only requisite to depart from evil, and to know what is most honorable in the whole of things, and then everything in the universe is good, friendly and in alliance with us."

"Nature, being herself a spiritual essence, initiates those through the superior Mind (*noos*) who venerate her."

Although himself believing in divination and communion with spiritual essences, Porphyry distrusted the endeavor to blend philosophic contemplation with magic arts, or orgiastic observances. This is manifest in his Letter to Anebo the Egyptian prophet in which he demands full explanations respecting the arts of evoking the gods and demons, divining by the stars and other agencies, the Egyptian belief respecting the Supreme Being, and what was the true path to Blessedness.

Although we read of no formal schism, there appear to have been two distinct parties—that of the Theurgists represented by Iamblichos, Proklos and their followers, and the disciples of Porphyry, Hypatia, and other teachers, who inculcated that there is an intuitive perception cognate in the soul, and that there may be a union and communion with

Divinity by ecstasy and suspension of corporeal consciousness.

"By his conceptions," says Porphyry, "had Plotinos, assisted by the divine light raised himself to the First God beyond, and by employing for this purpose the paths narrated by Plato in *The Banquet*, there appeared to him the Supreme Divinity who has neither any form nor idea, but is established above Mind and every Spiritual Essence: to whom also, I, Porphyry, say that I once approached, and was united when I was sixty-eight years of age. For the end and scope with Plotinos consisted in approximating and being united to the God who is above all. Four times he obtained this end while I was with him (in Rome) and this by an ineffable energy and not in capacity."

Porphyry lived till the reign of Diocletian, dying in his seventieth year. He had given the later Platonism a well-defined form, which was retained for centuries. Even after the change of the State religion, the whole energy of the Imperial Government was required to crush it. Even when Justinian arbitrarily closed the school at Athens, and the teachers had escaped to the Persian king for safety, there were still adherents in secret to their philosophy. Afterward, too, they came forth in Oriental Sufism and Western Mysticism, and retained their influence till the present time.

Among the works of Porphyry which have escaped destruction, are his treatise on "*Abstinence from Animal Food*," nearly entire, the "*Cave of the Nymphs*," "*Auxiliaries to the Study of Intelligible (Spiritual) Natures*," "*The Five Voices*," "*Life of Plotinos*," "*Letter to Anebo*," "*Letter to his Wife Marcella*," "*The River Styx*," "*Homeric Questions*," "*Commentaries on the Harmonics of Ptolemy*." His other books were destroyed by order of Theodosios.

The "Cave of the Nymphs" is described in the *Odyssey* as situate in the

island of Ithaca. The term is figurative and the story allegoric. The ancients dealt much in allegory; and the Apostle Paul does not hesitate to declare the story of the patriarch Abraham and his two sons allegory, and that the exodus of the Israelites through the sea and into the Arabian desert was a narrative made up of types or figures of speech. Caves symbolized the universe, and appear to have been the sanctuaries of archaic time. It is said that Zoroaster consecrated one to Mithras as the Creator; and that Kronos concealed his children in a cave; and Plato describes this world as a cave and prison. Demeter and her daughter Persephonê, each were worshipped in caves. Grottos once used for worship abound in Norway. Mark Twain asserts that the "sacred places" in Palestine were located by the Catholics, and are all of them caves. The initiation rites were performed in caves, or apartments representing subterranean apartments, with "a dim religious light." Zeus and Bacchus were nursed in such places. The Mithraic worship which was adopted from the Persians, and carried all through the Roman world, had its initiations in Sacred Caverns. To the caves were two entrances, one for mortals at the north and one for divine beings at the south. The former was for souls coming from the celestial world to be born as human beings, and the other for their departure from this world heavenward. An olive-tree standing above, expressed the whole enigma. It typified the divine wisdom, and so implied that this world was no product of chance, but the creation of wisdom and divine purpose. The Nymphs were also agents in the same category. Greek scholars will readily comprehend this. The nymphs presided over trees and streams of water, which also are symbols of birth into this world. *Nymphe* signifies a bride, or marriageable girl; *numpheion* a marriage-chamber; *numpheuma* an espousal.

Water was styled *numphé* as significant of generation. In short the Cave of the Nymphs, with the olive-tree, typified the world with souls descending from the celestial region to be born into it, in an order established by Divine Wisdom itself.

Thus we may see that the ancient Rites, and Notions, now stigmatized as idolatrous, were but *eidola* or visible representations of arcane and spiritual concepts. As they were once observed with pure reverence, it becomes us to regard them with respect. What is accounted holy can not be altogether impure.

The treatise on Animal Food covers a very broad field which space forbids the traversing. The point in view is of course, that a philosopher, a person in quest of a higher life and higher wisdom, should live simply, circumspectly, and religiously forbear to deprive his fellow-animals of life for his food. Even for sacrifice he regards the immolating of men or animals repugnant to the nature of Gods, and attractive only to lower races of spiritual beings.

He, however, leaves those engaged in laborious callings entirely out. His discourse, he declares, "is not directed to those who are occupied in sordid mechanical arts, nor to those engaged in athletic exercises; neither to soldiers, nor sailors, nor rhetoricians, nor to those who lead an active life, but I write to the man who considers what he is, whence he came, and whither he ought to tend."

"The end with us is to obtain the contemplation of Real Being [the essence that really is]; the attainment of it procuring, as much as is possible for us, a union of the person contemplating with the object of contemplation. The re-ascend of the soul is not to anything else than to True Being itself. Mind [*noos*] is truly-existing being; so that the end is, to live a life of mind."

Hence purification and felicity (*endaimonia*) are not attained by a multitude of

discussions and disciplines, nor do they consist in literary attainments; but on the other hand we should divest ourselves of everything of a mortal nature which we assumed by coming from the eternal region into the mundane condition, and likewise of a tenacious affection for it, and should excite and call forth our recollection of that blessed and eternal essence from which we issued forth.

"Animal food does not contribute to temperance and frugality, or to the piety which especially gives completion to the contemplative life, but is rather hostile to it." Abstinence neither diminishes our life nor occasions living unhappily. The Pythagoreans made lenity toward beasts to be an exercise of philanthropy and commiseration. The Egyptian priests generally employed a slender diet, generally abstaining from all animals, some even refusing to eat eggs, and "they lived free from disease." So, Hesiod described the men of the Golden Age.

The essay on Intelligible or Spiritual Natures is in the form of aphorisms, and gives the cream of the Later Platonism. We can select only a few of the sentiments. Every body is in place; but things essentially incorporeal are not present with bodies by personality and essence. They, however, impart a certain power to bodies through verging towards them. The soul is an entity between indivisible essence, and the essence about bodies. The mind or spirit is indivisible, or whole. The soul is bound to the body through the corporeal passions and is liberated by becoming impassive. Nature bound the body to the soul; but the soul binds itself to the body. Hence there are two forms of death: one that of the separating of soul and body, and that of the philosopher, the liberating of the soul from the body. This is the death which Sokrates describes in the *Phædo*.

The knowing faculties are sense, imagination, and mind or spirit. Sense is of the body, imagination of the soul, but

mind is self-conscious and apperceptive. Soul is an essence without magnitude, immaterial, incorruptible, possessing its existence in life, and having life from itself.

The properties of matter are thus set forth: It is incorporeal; it is without life, it is formless, infinite, variable and powerless; it is always becoming and in existence; it deceives; it resembles a flying mockery eluding all pursuit, and vanishing into non-entity. It appears to be full, yet contains nothing.

"Of that Being that is beyond Mind many things are asserted through intellect; but it is better surveyed by a cessation of intellectual activity than with it. The similar is known by the similar; because all knowledge is an assimilation to the object of knowledge."

"The bodily substance is no impediment whatever to that which is essentially incorporeal, to prevent it from being where and in such a way as it wishes to be." An incorporeal nature, a soul, if contained in a body is not enclosed in it like a wild beast in a cage; nor is it contained in it as a liquid in a receptacle. Its conjunction with body is effected by means of an ineffable extension from the eternal region. It is not liberated by the death of the body, but it liberates itself by turning itself from a tenacious affection to the body.

God is present everywhere because he is nowhere; and this is also true of Spirit and Soul. Each of these is everywhere because each is nowhere. As all beings and non-beings are from and in God, hence he is neither beings nor non-beings, nor does he subsist in them. For if he was only everywhere he could be all things and in all; but since he is likewise nowhere, all things are produced through him, and are contained in him because he is everywhere. They are, however, different from him, because he is nowhere. Thus, likewise, mind or spirit being everywhere and nowhere, is the cause of souls, and of the natures

posterior to souls; yet mind is not soul, nor the natures posterior to soul, nor does it subsist in them; because it is not only everywhere, but also nowhere with respect to the natures posterior to it. Soul, also, is neither body nor in body, but it is the cause of body; because being everywhere, it is also nowhere with respect to body. In its egress from the body if it still possesses a spirit and temper turbid from earthly exhalations, it attracts to itself a shadow and becomes heavy. It then necessarily lives on the earth. When, however, it earnestly endeavors to depart from nature, it becomes a dry splendor, without a shadow, and without a cloud or mist.

Virtues are of two kinds, political and contemplative. The former are called political or social, as looking to an innoxious and beneficial association with others. They consist of prudence, fortitude, temperance, and justice. These adorn the mortal man, and are the precursors of purification. "But the virtues of him who proceeds to the contemplative life, consist in a departure from terrestrial concerns. Hence, also, they are denominated purifications, being surveyed in the refraining from corporeal activities, and avoiding sympathies with the body. For these are the virtues of the soul elevating itself to true being." He who has the greater virtues has also the less, but the contrary is not true.

When it is asserted that incorporeal being is one, and then added that it is likewise all, it is signified that it is not some one of the things which are cognized by the senses.

The scope of the political virtues is to give measure to the passions in their practical operations according to nature. "He who acts or energizes according to the practical virtues is a worthy man; he who lives according to the purifying virtues is an angelic man, or good demon; he who follows the virtues of the mind or spirit alone is a god; he who follows the exemplary virtues is father of gods."

In this life we may obtain the purifying virtues which free us from body and conjoin us to the heavens. But we are addicted to the pleasures and pains of sensible things, in conjunction with a promptitude to them, from which disposition it is requisite to be purified. "This will be effected by admitting necessary pleasures and the sensations of them, merely as remedies or as a libera-

tion from pain, in order that the higher nature may not be impeded in its operations." In short, the doctrines of Porphyry, like those of the older philosophers, teach that we are originally of heaven, but temporarily become inhabitants of the earth; and that the end of the true philosophic life, is to put off the earthly proclivities, that we may return to our primal condition.

HARMONIES.

BY R. MACHELL.

THERE is a lake that I have seen in a land of the gods, and it is quite small, though it has a long name; its waters are just wavering ripples of liquid light, although the little lake is shallow now and full of great moss. The white lilies float on its surface like stars in the night, sweet promises of the dawn of a golden age that shall blossom again from those old roots buried in antiquity. And on the shores of this mountain lake the very rocks are radiant with the magic life that fills the atmosphere, lending fresh lustre to the blended hues of purple, green and gold, of heather-bloom and gorse and marvellous moss and lichens wrapping the rocks in soft luxuriance.

And when the sun shines there, one feels the unseen hosts hovering around in the tremulous air; their songs are the hymn of life welling up from the depths of æther, where the gods live and work. All up the sides of those precipitous mountains, on every ledge of rock, in every cleft, trees, heather and mosses cling and cluster till the rock seems bursting into songs of joy and love; so rich the spirit of life is there. And high above are marvellous caves with groves of fairy dwarfing trees at every entrance, where none but birds and those who come in dreams, or after death, floating adown the valley in their bodies of light, can enter.

Here is the resting place for weary

souls. This is fairy land, and yet it is on earth and in the 19th century.

There is another lake in a land that has fallen asleep. The sun of its glory went down in a blood-red glare of stormy hate and the hand of a fierce, wild spirit of war seems to have gripped the land and held it bound choked in the clutch of the dead Past. For around on the mountain slopes and rocky precipices no single tree or shrub is seen, but only the mosses, lichens and heather toiling bravely to redeem the curse of barrenness that has fallen on the land, and here and there dwarf clumps of gorse make golden lights amid the purple gloom, and when the sun shines there a sense of awe and stillness seems to pervade the place and the deep shadows of the mountain gorges are like the shades of destiny lingering round the battlegrounds of man's iniquities; and yet the very gloom and barrenness and the dark shuddering surface of the lake are themes of wondrous melody chaunted by Nature in a voiceless harmony. The song of battle rings among the mountains and the throbbing of the harps still pulses through the air that rushes by so fitfully; while ever from the depths of those forbidding mountains comes a deep-toned echo of the ancient hymn of Love and Life and utter peacefulness. That was the song of Nature in a golden age long past and sleeping deep within the

bosom of the Eternal Mother, till here again the dawn shall break and here again the singing of the Bards reborn shall reawaken the slumbering heart of Love in this forgotten home of Mystery. I sat thinking of these places I had visited and weaving their memories into strange fantastic schemes of color and form when an old friend came to see me, trying to sell me some Eastern embroideries; that was his trade and he knew the salesman's art and could tell wonderful Arab and Persian tales in his broken English to beguile the buyer into a suitable frame of mind for the purchase of some piece of work. I looked with interest at his stock of old embroideries till one stray piece of Japanese work caught my eye, and as he held it up there sparkled from it all the fresh, bright joy of life and breath of nature that was lingering in the memory of the little mountain lake I spoke of first. I hardly saw the pattern or the method of the work; certainly there were figures, flowers, and birds or dragons, I forget, but all the robe was just one harmony of rippling color and form that seemed to my delighted fancy to be accompanied by strange music and a perfume of sweet heather in bloom, and then I understood that in that robe I saw a truer rendering of that phase of nature, mirrored in my

memory of a mountain lake, than a picture painted on the spot by any realistic landscape painter could have given. And I began to talk of that first visit to the lake, and all my thoughts and dreams of the great gods, and he in turn told me strange stories of his wanderings and of his Sheik, his master and his mystic dreams and visions, for he hailed me as a brother dervish reverencing the Supreme as Unity in all this world's diversity. So we talked on until the daylight faded and the evening glow came through the low-arched western window of the great rambling chamber in the roof that served me for a studio, and the dark eyes of my old Arab friend glistened with tears of love and sorrow as he told how he had wandered from the Master's path, but ever seeking to return, looked forward to the great reunion of all lovers of the One Beloved and to the promised dawn that is to come after the terrible night of storm of massacre is past. These things his Sheik had prophesied to him even in his youth, and he himself in visions of the night had seen the coming of the evil days and of the promised dawn. So in the deepening shadow of the place we parted, counting ourselves the richer in our poverty for words of wisdom and each other's sympathy.

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

“ Turn to the mole which Hadrian rear'd on high,
 Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
 Colossal copyist of deformity,
 Whose travell'd phantasy from the far Nile's
 Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils
 To build for giants, and for his vain earth,
 His shrunken ashes, raise this dome! How smiles
 The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
 To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth.”

THE SECRET OF POWER.

BY DR. J. D. BUCK.

THE possession of power in man is manifested by certain unerring signs that fit to any occasion whether of action or repose, and make both action and restraint, speech or silence fitting and sufficient. We say of such, "he is the man for the time, or the place." If we notice the signs of power only on great occasions, and if they are suddenly revealed in one in whom their existence had been unsuspected, the problem is not altered. Circumstances can only serve to bring into action that which already existed within. Circumstances never create heroism; though they may give opportunity for its manifestation.

That man or woman who knows how to do the right thing, at the right time and place, and in the right way, is possessed of real power. Knowledge of the proper time for action, and the ability to act at that time, and in the most appropriate manner, with sufficient force and no more, pre-supposes also the ability to restrain action until that time, and to measure the energy required at that time with exactness. Will, power, judgment and self-restraint enter into all wise and efficient action.

In this measure of power, silence and inaction often manifest will-power in the highest degree, and the ability to wait patiently and serenely the appointed hour springs only from real knowledge.

To be able at any time to exercise or to subordinate the centres of action to the judgment and the will is the secret of power, and this is the result of self-discipline, or cultivation.

It is true that certain individuals seemingly possess this secret of power as a natural endowment, independent of cultivation, and that it is supposed to be the result of heredity and not of self-discipline. This, however, is altogether an illusion. That power should in one in-

stance be demonstrably the result of painstaking endeavor and severe self-discipline requiring a lifetime for its development, and that in another case it should be a gift altogether gratuitous would be so contradictory and so manifestly unjust as to be absolutely untenable.

When, however, reincarnation is admitted as a factor in all human development it can at once be seen that self-conquest applies in every case, and that in any case power is only so won, while heredity is given not only its full value in individual development, but it is readily understood why like egos belong to the same group, and why exceptions in hereditary traits also occur. Heredity fails to explain the secret of power, because of the many exceptions which prove the contrary. Reincarnation explains the secret of power and explains heredity also.

If, therefore, power is seen to be due to self-discipline in the growth of an individual in the present life, we are justified in concluding that where it appears seemingly spontaneous in one who has not been schooled in self-restraint it is the result of evolution in a former existence. In other words, if power depends upon self-restraint and is only so derived through the years of experience we are justified in concluding that it never comes in any other way, and it is far more logical to assume previous experience than to annul the law so clearly demonstrated and so universally operative as far as observation and experience go.

Now what is the meaning of self-discipline that broadens knowledge, deepens intelligence, quickens the perceptions, strengthens the will and is, therefore, the secret of power? How may one proceed who desires to possess power?

The point of attack is the emotions and feelings. The perturbations produced by the emotions and feelings in the field of consciousness are like the waves produced by the wind on the surface of a clear lake. Instead of one broad clear expanse reflecting like a mirror all objects above and around in its clear depths, the lake is in constant motion and its surface is broken by a thousand waves with divergent planes reflecting only broken and distorted images.

The consciousness of man is like the lake; the passions are the winds that blow; the emotions and feelings are the waves, and the broken and distorted images are the illusions of sense and time, that crowd out the permanent and the true.

In order to act with judgment and discrimination, or to withhold action wisely, one must see things as they are, and must be able to entirely eliminate the personal equation. He must be able to look events and circumstances squarely in the face and, for the time, dissociate them from himself entirely. He will thus approach the "thing in itself," and be able to estimate it at its true value.

Such a course of self-discipline is difficult to maintain, but it has not only to be persisted in, it must become automatic or habitual. It is achieved only by the few, because the many either do not think it desirable, or are unwilling to pay the price of freedom and power, wisdom and nobility of character.

It is so easy for most people to talk when they have nothing to say. It is so easy to act from impulse or excitement when we have no motive for action, just as easy as for the clear surface of the lake to be broken into ripples by any wind that blows, or into howling waves by a tornado. It is so easy to comment on the actions of others, to criticise their motives and assail their character when the whole subject is really none of our business, and we really know little or nothing

about it. It is thus that we weaken and deprave our own character, and injure others for lack of a little self-restraint and sincere honesty. It is thus that our words and actions lose all power for good, and fail to carry weight or manifest power, except for mischief and evil.

All such conduct is, in the first place, uncharitable; such as we do not like to have others exercise towards us. In one word, it is *unbrotherly*. The foundation of the building of character is ethical. It is the motive that determines action. If we really desire not only not to injure others but really to benefit them all we can, we shall find here a sufficient motive for self-restraint and discipline. This is the reason so much stress is laid on the principle of Brotherhood in the T. S. It is the solid rock upon which all ethics rest, the one true and everlasting test of conduct, and while it benefits the world and elevates humanity as nothing else can, it is, at the same time, the only means of progress, and the final test of power with every individual.

This basis of ethics is, in the first place, a matter of sentiment born in the realm of feeling, the fruit of human sympathy. It is wise, therefore, to create a universal sentiment of Brotherhood, for only so can the attention of the thoughtless, the indifferent, and the selfish be challenged, and held. But let no one imagine that Brotherhood is *merely a sentiment*. A great deal is gained when the sentiment becomes habitual, and even where the practice of the individual contradicts the sentiment, such an individual is not worse, but better for the sentiment. He who admires the sentiment and tries, however feebly, to act upon it, is bettered by just so much endeavor, though he fail in living up to it habitually.

Beyond the sentimental and the purely ethical basis of self-discipline, there is the metaphysical, the philosophical, and finally the scientific.

In conquering the passions and learn-

ing to control the emotions and feelings, there occur certain physical and physiological changes in the human organism on the well-known principle that structure and function develop *pari-passu* by exercise. Hence, the restraint, or non-use of an organ or a function tends to atrophy. The emotional realm (the sensory ganglia), dominant in the animal and in animal man will lose control and be replaced by the higher function of judgment, intelligence and will. No longer the slave of the passions and emotions, man by self-discipline will become their master.

Now by referring to the illustration of the clear and placid lake as representing the consciousness of man when undisturbed by the waves of passion, we may contrast the ripple, the dash, and the roar of waves with the utter silence of the placid lake when undisturbed. In one case the lake itself is noisy, in the other silence reigns. Here is a complete change of vibration. It is the action of the wind upon the lake that makes the noise. When there is no wind the lake is noiseless, and remember it is the passions, feelings and emotions that represent the wind. Now, clear the consciousness of man from these, that is, lay them to rest and this consciousness becomes a mirror for reflecting faithfully real images, and at the same time a sounding board for all outer vibrations. One can easily test this by the echoes so readily heard on the clear lake and inaudible when the lake is disturbed.

When, therefore, the consciousness of man is habitually held calm and serene, only true reflections are presented to the ego, and these can be examined leisurely and dispassionately. These being *true* and taken as the basis of knowledge and action, such action will be powerful and far-reaching.

The law of use and development as applied to individual organs so long familiar to physiologists is sure to govern in broader areas of development,

and to apply equally to the organism as a whole in its relation to the ego.

Self-discipline, self-development, and final mastery of man over his own organism, functions, faculties, and environment, may thus be seen to rest on well-ascertained laws of physics and physiology, and the achievement of power is the higher evolution of man.

Many persons make the mistake of supposing that self-mastery as herein outlined would kill out all feeling, sentiment and emotion, and convert man into an intellectual automaton. Is there then no difference between controlling and killing? Cannot one be pleased or amused without giving vent to roaring laughter like a clown or an imbecile? Cannot one appreciate beauty or loveliness without an insane frenzy to devour or to destroy? Self-mastery teaches one how to appreciate both beauty and ugliness, loveliness and deformity, virtue and vice, at their true value. It also teaches one to discern beneath the less perfect and the more perfect alike, the *one life*, the *one intelligence*, the *one love* that pervade the universe. It is the ability to discern this, and the action that is based upon it that is the secret of power.

The motive of all effort and the aim of evolution is to constitute man a self-conscious centre of power and a co-worker for the uplifting of humanity. If the foregoing considerations seem lacking in force or clearness we have only to consider the effect of allowing the passions, feelings and emotions to have full sway, to run riot, and dominate the individual. Hysteria, melancholia, or "emotional insanity", is the result, and there are in every community many such individuals who are practically insane, and who barely escape the madhouse. Many more are weak almost to imbecility, and to these must be added the criminal classes.

The lower nature must be dominated by intelligence and the moral sense, and self-restraint must be supplemented by

right action in order to develop real power, and this means control of the emotions, subjugation of the passions, and elevation of the aims of the individual. This is synonymous with the higher evolution of man, and the end is human perfection.

If every child were taught self-restraint

and habitual kindness to others from infancy, thus rooting out selfishness, it would be of far more value than anything else that so-called "education" could bestow, and we might presently see a near solution of all social problems, and a race of not only powerful, but humane men and women.

MIND AND EGO.

BY DR. H. A. W. CORYN.

PERHAPS it may not be many years now before the idea of a Self in nature begins to gain a hold in the minds of men, but that time is certainly not yet. I want, however, to deal with some points in the evolution of man with reference to that view. Without it, the facts of nature may easily seem to suggest a universal automatism, at any rate up to man and including man so far as a large part of his consciousness is concerned. But with it, many facts become intelligible, and we can conceive that what is automatism for an unselfconscious individual is an expression of the *will* of that great Life which actuates (in entering and passing out of) the individual; and also that to acquire Egoism, to become self-aware, is to become self-directive, to become a spark of self-knowing will, free as the whole.

When the amœba, a protoplasmic speck of ponds, is touched by a particle of food, it feels the touch, and answers by a movement that enfolds the particle into its centre. This is scientifically called a "reflex action," a term covertly but not overtly implying that it is unattended with consciousness; nevertheless when it has become much more complex, it is regarded as the objective basis of conscious mind, information not being forthcoming as to the date of the accession of consciousness. Similarly the amœba feels the light and warmth when the sun shines, moving then more actively. We may suppose that in its dim way it

has a consciousness like our own of light and warmth, and of the need for and presence of food. As we pass higher up the animal scale, this dim feeling becomes brighter and approaches mentality. The feeling and therefore the reaction differ according to whether the touching particle is or is not food. Here is the germ of reason. The creature begins to have memory of the kind of touch that a particle of food inflicts. It compares this memory of a feeling with the present feeling of being touched, deciding that as they are not alike the present touch is from something that is not food and should be left alone. The reaction of an amœba to *any* touch is comparable to the crystallizing reaction of a supersaturated solution of a salt on being touched, but no such solution could be so educated as to learn to crystallize when touched by a flaxen thread and not to do so when touched by a silken. The protoplasmic particle of which we are speaking has learned to reason. Reasoning is, radically, the comparison of two sensations. It is the more or less immediate deciding that something we now see or cognize or have in memory is like or unlike something also present or in memory. It seems to be the coexistence of three states of consciousness, and to set at naught the unproved dictum that only one state can exist at one time. But there seems no more reason for asserting that Egoism is necessary to the more complex process

than that it is necessary to the simple process of cognition. But whereas we can conceive of a physical basis to a sensation and its resulting reflex action, and even to a memory of a sensation, we can conceive of no physical basis to the comparing process. The bare *juxtaposition* of two sensations, one or both memorized, is conceivable as having a physical basis; the *act of comparison* is a process only of consciousness, not necessarily Egoistic. An Ego is a consciousness that is aware of itself, and that subhuman consciousness that can compare two states of itself in a third state need not have yet evolved the power of self-recognition. In what way should we conceive the physical basis of reasoning to exist? In a lowly organized life, every sensation probably gives immediate use to a movement. The end of a spider's leg touches a hot needle. The nerve-wave goes up the leg to the ganglia that constitutes his brain, a sort of telegraph station, and is thence reflected off down other nerves to the appropriate muscles whose contractions move the leg. All this could conceivably be imitated by a machine so constructed that a hot touch to one of its wire legs would rise as a heat-wave to a central station within and be there changed into an equivalent quantity of electricity or other force made to operate in moving the machine away by means of the necessary mechanical apparatus. This is already the feat of a locomotive engine, which moves upon contact with a sufficient amount of heat. Is the spider then a machine? In the locomotive a certain quantity of heat force, represented in the spider by the wave of nerve-sensation from the hot needle which he touches, becomes changed within the engine into an equivalent quantity of mechanical force which moves the engine, represented in the spider by the descending nerve current which moves his muscles. It seems true then that the spider *is* a machine, and that what he does can be computed and

described in mechanical phrases. If that be so, it would not be correct to speak of him as having self-will or free-will; *through* him shines the will of nature, the forces of nature flow through him, but he does not as a unit exercise upon those forces any directive power, he does not seize as it were a portion of the will of nature and make it his own free-will. And similarly it may be true that the amount of force a man takes in, in his life, in the form of food and such other nature-energies as light, heat, etc., are equal to those he puts forth as action while life remains to him. The spider is therefore a machine, and yet also he is something more. In our supposed machine the ascending current of heat is, at the centre, at once transformed into the descending electric current.

Both heat and electricity are motion of matter, like all manifested force. But in the spider, the current that ascends to his brain along the nerves of the leg does not at once descend from the brain along the nerves that go to the leg. It halts a minute in that little brain before it is transformed into the equal amount of force or motion which manifests as the descending nerve-current. We must suppose a moment in which this force, having reached the brain, is no longer motion in matter, and is become motion in consciousness, and this transforming motion in consciousness transforms or modifies the consciousness in the way that we call cognition or sensation. It is motion on a plane of the spider's being that is above his physical body, the movement of consciousness from state to state, for motion is the root of real being. Then retransformed, it again becomes physical motion in the brain and so down the nerves to the muscles. The spider therefore appears to differ from the machine, in that, half-way along the physical circuit, physical motion is temporarily transformed into, and then back from, motion of consciousness. The vague feeling of materialism with

which this statement inspires us is due to the fact that we figure to ourselves the whole process in terms of sensuous consciousness, and it would disappear if we learned to represent it in terms of immediate subjectivity. Thus conceived, all motion would be primarily regarded as motion in consciousness (of the world-self) reflected into our *objective* consciousness if of the objective planes, and motion in itself would be known as the unmanifested deity when considered apart from the thing moved. It seems, therefore an error to depict an interval of *time* (and even of space) as occurring in the transit from the platform of bodily matter to that of consciousness. The real philosophies would begin their conception of the universe above, and take it downward, having thus no difficulty in conceiving of continuous conscious life from top to bottom; the materialist begins from below, and groping in the objective with a consciousness trained only to deal with that, conceives of unconscious matter from bottom to top. Describing therefore our spider *in the terms of the latter*, but with an addition, we shall say that the spider is a machine, though part of the machine is conscious, and that so far as his little self is concerned he has no free will, being grasped body and soul by the will of nature. The consciousness of animals forms one of the necessitated links (to speak in terms of time) in physical chains of forces. There is no free-will. A physiological wave of nerve-motion rises along the nerves of his limbs or of the senses, reaches and becomes motion in his cerebral particles, "ascends" further and becomes that motion in his consciousness that is thought, memory, sensation, emotion, "then" is reconverted into nerve motion and lastly muscular motion. Of course at various steps in its progress it may unlock comparatively latent motion previously stored up. But (at any rate up to the mammalia) there may be no will so far as the animal is

individually concerned; the force flows of itself; by it he is made to feel and think; by it he moves. There may be no more will than in the terminal clock-face of an electric wire. Suppose that this clock-face had a consciousness and that the current ran up into this before returning to affect the needle, and you have an animal. It takes equal force to move the needle from the perpendicular to either side, and if you imagine that the consciousness of the plate, having absorbed the current for a moment could determine to which direction the emergent current should move the needle, you would have *man*, the *willer*; for man can direct the mode or direction of the current as it emerges from his consciousness to his brain, causing it to traverse one or another channel and effect one or another motion. This, without creating any new force; and while it is within his consciousness, he can direct it this way or that, resulting in this or that train of thought or feeling, thus deflecting or transmuting if he will an animal emotion into a better.

It would seem then that the process of pure reasoning is a reflex act or set of acts, not requiring the coöperation of the Ego. It is a chain whose unvarying links are comparable to the chain of physical phenomena. Though the data with which it is occupied *may* be given from the noetic consciousness, it is in no way noetic in essence; it is essentially determined and involuntary, and man, if he had never received any noetic or Egoistic illumination, might nevertheless have become as perfect a reasoner as he is now. The phantom "charged with animal consciousness of a superior kind" of which man once consisted, according to the *Secret Doctrine*, was capable by virtue of that consciousness alone (a determined, reflex, sensuous consciousness) of evolving the power of perfect reasoning, though the data upon which all reasoning would then have been founded would have come only from the psychic,

sensuous, cognitions. These would have led only to a line of reasoned entire selfishness of action, for a rudimentary sensation with a resulting determined reflex is on its conscious side the rudiment of an act of reasoning. Neither free will nor Ego has any essential relation to it. If consciousness is furnished with the data that two sides of a certain triangle are equal, it is a necessitated chain of reasoning that delivers the conclusion that the angles at the base are also equal. When the amœba has a touch from a speck of food and at once catches hold of it, there is a sensation and an elementary act of reasoning, like that of the spider with the hot needle, like that of the man who sees a cab coming rapidly upon him down the street, like that of the astronomer who predicts an eclipse. This is an ascending scale, no freewill is involved, *self-consciousness* is not necessary though consciousness is. All reasoning is a necessitated chain, of which each link must follow the preceding, the links being parts of a complicated machine, the psychic mind. Certain categories, and the forms of space and time, involved in the process, belong to the essence of the mind in nature, and are more or less active forms in the essence of every conscious unit that differentiates itself out of nature. Animals reason, they have the psychic mind, and in a degree the reasoning consciousness, but the animal has not yet got to the thought of itself as an Ego, and until that stage is reached there is no will. Therefore the animal is a psychic machine, bound to necessity, a thinking automaton, an expression of the will for him of nature, part of a pattern, not a pattern for himself. He is as man was in early history, bound to nature, part of nature, of the same stuff as nature, all in the chain of matter-consciousness of natural events, in the flow of automatic natural forces.

According to the *Secret Doctrine* the flood of astral lunar monads arrived upon this chain of worlds for their cycles

thereon. It may be roughly said that they had two planes of consciousness, quite unconnected. They were lives in the ocean of Life, and as composing that Life they had one common *divine* consciousness. They had also on a very low plane an individualized consciousness. They were globules of astral nature, and nature was as ethereal as they. Therefore the nature-forces flowed into and out of them, as water flows through a floating tree-trunk, and they had neither will nor Ego. These forces flowed from nature into their consciousness, becoming therein sensation; then out again into nature as the motions of their forms. Consciousness was one of the links of transit, and originated none of it. They were germs of psychic mind, astral germs, for the psychic mind (now *kama rupa*) is on its material side an astral nucleus of substance. It is so now, and astral clairvoyance is simply the conscious possession and use of that community of substance of the psychic substance and the astral light. This psychic stuff of ours on the planes of the astral light is our reasoning mind, for we saw that sensation is the germ of and begets reasoning. And sensation starts, therefore, on the astral plane and is of the astral, not physical body. We, as Egos, are unconscious of physical sensation till from the physical it has mounted to the place where we sit, namely, the astral sheaths. If it does not reach that, *we* remain unconscious of it, though the body may give forth reflex action, as where the spinal cord is injured at the neck, for example. A touch on the soles of the feet may then produce a kick of which *the patient* may know nothing, though his spinal cord does. The primordial astral lunar germs are therefore what are now our minds, psychic, astral, reasoning. Only there is now present therein what was not there at first, namely, the consciousness of Ego, and the rudiment of a noetic element. This noetic ray renders mem-

ory an active power. Hence the psychic sensations, memorized as a long train, produce that evolved Egoism in the psychic nature that is the reflection of the noetic Ego and constitutes the personal man. The psychic germ is an expression of the will of nature; and that will is expressed in the psychic consciousness as cognition and as desire, a desire leading to outward action as the means of development of points of contact between nature and itself. This desire is the parent of the organs of sense and of action. But, not realizing itself as a self, not therefore being an Ego, it cannot will, but *is willed* by nature.

We are come upon the old question of Freewill in man. Will, as distinct from desire, is of the Ego, and differs in that from desire. For desire is of the kamic, psychic nature, essentially unconnected with self-knowledge; will is of the noetic, and is in proportion to the degree of self-consciousness. The confusion of the question seems to be due to defective definition of freewill. There is no external compulsion needed to make a rocket ascend. To ascend when lit is the realization of its own nature, and it does not follow because we know the nature and can predict the ascent that we *compel* the ascent. We avail ourselves of the nature that we know to exist. There is nothing external to ourselves that can prevent us realizing our own nature once we become conscious of it. Those who doubt freewill do so because they do not understand the meaning of the word. Freewill is the necessity of realizing our nature; it accompanies consciousness of that nature, or self-consciousness; it *is* that self-consciousness, and from it flows action. What we are within, we act outwardly; if we *know* what we are within, the acts are voluntary. They are not *necessitated* by our nature, for we cannot necessitate ourselves. Self-consciousness and freewill are identical. But, it may be said, then the animal has freewill, for in every out-

ward act it out-realizes its own inward animal nature; the rocket has freewill, for in its act, ascension, it realizes its internal potency. But if, as I am maintaining, the animal is no less an automaton than a rocket and equally devoid of self-awareness, only differing therefrom in being a conscious automaton, it is not the animal who by self-directed energy realizes himself, but the world-life which *through* him realizes *itself* to the extent of animalism. The world-soul is the life of nature, and through the ascending kingdoms of nature out-realizes more and more of its latent qualities, which are infinite. In the animal it realizes its aspect as animal consciousness. But the animal, like the early human psychic germ, is only a part of the web of nature, and whatever forces of nature flow about the strands of the web flow *through* the animal and are not directed by him. But in man as he is now, the automatically acting consciousness of the animal has begun to reach the conception of itself as an Ego, and forthwith the Ego proceeds to direct his own operations. This has only begun, for ordinarily we are *acted through* by desire. The Ego has begun to be an adult, and the nature-forces still flow through it, awaking cognition, desire, and conscious reflex response; these we are *beginning* to direct, so that when they emerge from us they express *our* internal condition rather than their own nature-quality. The world-life has the will to realize itself, but when it has got so far as to realize itself in the Egos of men, those Egos forthwith take upon themselves the future work. The one life does not impose anything upon them, for they *are* it, each an aspect, and in all they do they are only carrying out their nature. Reasoning would never give nor reveal self-consciousness; it is only the product of memorized sensations, fitted upon a framework. For the attainment by yoga of full self-consciousness, psychic sensation and reasoning must both be sus-

pended; "it is the hindering of the modifications of the thinking principle."

Now come up two questions. (1) Why does the "Psychologist" deny the freedom of the will? (2) why the scientist?

(1) The Psychologist denies it, when he does so, because he fails to define the phrase clearly to himself. If by freedom of the will is meant freedom from all motives, aims, ends, and from the very nature of the Ego, then the will is not free, for freedom is in this sense the same thing as hopeless idiocy. Freedom of will is freedom to act out our nature, and to that there can be no obstacle. If obstacles exist they would be physical, psychic, or external proper. Mere physical inhibition is no obstacle, for if an act of murder be fully willed and imagined, in that imagination the act is as fully done and the murderous nature as fully realized as in a physical act. As to psychic; the evolved and reflected Egoism in the human personal or psychic nature, assimilates and acts along the sensuous nature whilst it will, whilst it regards that as its nature. For so long as it is in that consciousness, that *is* its nature, when it has become other, it conceives of itself as other, and acts accordingly. That it has at first a wrong knowledge or conception of itself is due to no external power, but to ignorance which though an active power is not an opposed force but part of the nature. An external power proper would be an external spiritual, acting hypnotically upon the essentially spiritual Ego, and these do not exist. The actions of Egos are the outrealizations of their own natures, and if we say that they are impelled by lusts or by either of the "three qualities," we mean that those "qualities" are part of their nature from which they have not yet disentangled themselves, or which they have not yet extruded, and that their actions in accordance therewith are voluntary outrealizations. If we yield to a lust, we go with it *at the very time*. But afterwards it seems to us

that we were impelled, though at the time it was part of our nature voluntarily outrealizing itself. Neither can we say that in good acts the Divine Soul of the world acts in us, for we *are* that Soul which evolves not *in* or *through* us, but *as* us. Wherefore all souls realize themselves. There is no external compelling law; whence it follows that they act freely, according to a primordial act of will which at the dawn of life before they individualized they commonly arrived at, an act of self-realizing will which operates undiminished through the whole drama, and a part of which is the production outwards of those "qualities" by which thereafter they think themselves swayed. But if we take the whole play of the "qualities" throughout the manvantara as the outrealization of the Logos, then they are the outrealization also of ourselves who make up the Logos, and they cease to act upon him who has freed himself, because to free oneself means to cease to produce them, and for him who does not from moment to moment produce them they do not exist.

(2) Why does the scientist deny free will? On more intelligible grounds. Strike a stretched wire, and you expend a certain amount of force. It is transformed in the wire into heat and vibration; from that heat and vibration it could theoretically be obtained again, undiminished, the same as you had put forth in the striking. Hold the middle of the wire at the extreme point of a vibration, and it is in a condition of rest, of stored force, and that stored force it will give up the moment you release it. Its energy is potential. The brain cells are in this same state, ready to give up energy when released. The sight of a cab coming quickly down the street liberates some of this energy and enables you to move your muscles in getting out of the way. So the theory of science is that the body and brain represent a mass of stored force. This force is added to by all the energies from food, etc., that go in to it

and is represented by unstable molecular equilibrium; the molecules, in returning to equilibrium like the vibrating string, liberate this energy again as motion, motion molecular or heat, electricity, or motion as a whole or of limbs. And this motion is liberated along the easiest path. The whole thing is a complicated mechanism and behaves mechanically. Consciousness observes, thinks, it acts, but really has no active share anywhere. Is this so? Cannot motion in molecules be transformed into motion in consciousness, which is thought, held there, and then retransformed into outgoing motion in molecules? Motion is Life; matter is objectivized consciousness, and is neither known nor knowable in any other way than in terms of consciousness. So there is no real gap jumped when in the recesses of brain the motion of molecules and cells retires deeper and becomes motion of consciousness, sensation, thought; nor when conversely this moving soul discharges its movement downward into the cell and thence perhaps outward to a limb. Therefore the mechanical hypothesis will never be established, even could it be proved that the whole of the force that went to make up a body and was throughout life stored therein exactly equalled the force expended throughout life and in the ultimate dissolution. The motion of cells is transformed into motion

of consciousness or sensation; it then passes to the Ego, who directs along which of many paths it shall return. From the Ego it redescends to the plane of sensation or our terrestrial material consciousness. On this plane it becomes a sort of mental forepicture or anticipatory feeling of the intended act. Then it finally descends to the body molecules, nerves and muscles, and the act is carried out. Of this series science only studies the first and last term, and often assumes that the first passes straight and unvolitioned into the last. But every man really knows in himself of all the other steps.

On the receptive sense-organ falls the picture, say of a coming cab. It becomes a sensation, is seen by the Ego, and he directs that the body get out of the way. Ordinarily the purely physical intelligence would be equal to this judgment and act, but the Ego is competent to direct as he wills, and if he willed suicide, for example, he could direct that the body should go further out into the exact track of the cab.

As there is but *one* Life in the Universe on many planes, and as Ego *is* that Life existing in recognition of itself, or in self-consciousness, so is this directive and selective power possible, and will is shown in self-manifestation; free because self-determined.

WHY I BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION.

BY GEO. E. WRIGHT.

THE tendency of thinking, especially in recent times, has been more and more in the direction of freedom from established forms. Some advance has thus been made, although real knowledge is still to a great degree unattained by the world at large. Intellectual development ought to be as gradual as physical, and if, as science admits, the world of matter has taken millions of years to reach its present standard, then the mind of Man should have acquired its limited capacity only through equally vast ages of experience. It may be admitted that Mind, as we understand it, came into existence long after material forms were organized, and is therefore in a cruder stage of development than the latter, but this is only additional testimony to the truth of the grand principle of evolution. Darwin showed how the same emotions which animate human beings were expressed, though less perfectly, in the lower animals, and argued from this our descent or ascent from the brute creation. But he proved herein more than he intended; he proved the evolution of Mind as well as of Matter.

If there were no restraining forces in the world of thought we might see a progress so rapid as to be unhealthy or even destructive. But there is, first of all, a conservative element in the make-up of most men which induces them to cling to recognized beliefs, to reject or even to ridicule or oppose novel theories and facts. Men of scientific acumen and learning have been known not only to condemn hastily the greatest scientific discoveries, but even to refuse them an investigation. In the field of religion this conservatism is still more strongly marked. Leaving out of consideration the masses,—the millions of unthinking, unreading, blind followers of creeds and cults,—it is truly remarkable how many

educated and intellectual people are in religious matters mere passive tools, clinging without question to the most absurd and childish beliefs.

Another important hindrance to the evolution of Mind has been the decadence of races and nations with their accumulated civilizations. Ancient Egypt had stored up in its priesthood many esoteric truths which failed of transmission to a later age. The resurrected library of Sargon shows but dimly the high state of culture prevailing in Chaldea six thousand years ago. In India the seventh school of philosophy, the Occult, is a dead-letter, except as it is preserved in a fragmentary condition by a few rare hermits in cavern and forest. Yet as evolution is not by any means a steady growth, but meets with all kinds of interruptions and setbacks, and is generally thought to proceed in cyclic fashion, owing to the frequent recurrence of old ideas, we can trace throughout all the ages the evolution of the World-Mind, in spite of human weakness and error, superstition and folly, the death of individuals and the decline of civilizations.

One of the most essential features of a rational theory of evolution is time—long time—periods that can hardly be measured by years. This is conceded by Darwin and all other writers who have adopted his principle relating to the physical development of the globe. A hundred million years are not regarded by physicists as too long a period for the atoms of the earth to arrange themselves into their present infinite variations of form. As this is a mere guess, however, it would be just as easy to estimate the time required at two hundred millions or a thousand billions of years. The only sensible method of estimating is to give no figures, but only to say that the pro-

cess of evolution must have consumed tremendous, measureless, ages. Neither Darwin nor any other recognized authority has dared to name the number of years that have elapsed since the first and lowest man evolved out of the highest type of the lower animal. It should be borne in mind that at that distant date even the animals could not have been developed to anywhere near their present stage, none having then been domesticated; consequently the first man must have been of the most primitive and savage kind—a mere freak or "sport" of Nature. Science now admits the existence of Man in the tertiary epoch of geology, which could not have been less than 250,000, and more probably was 850,000 years ago. But that admission is made with extreme reluctance, and is still regarded by many as a tentative theory. Likewise the presumption that color in races is due to climate has been fiercely combatted by the more conservative writers, who see that to admit its probability would be to raise afresh the question of long chronology. To change the color of a whole race from black to white without miscegenation would require thousands or hundreds of thousands of years. Yet if all prejudice were banished, and the question calmly considered, it must be seen that, given a common ancestry, the variations of color in human races can only be due to differences in climate, notwithstanding Darwin's argument in favor of sexual selection.

While it is true that we have no historical records dating back of five or six thousand years B. C. we do have a knowledge of the existence of civilized society at that time, with a high cultivation of the arts, to achieve which from a savage state would have required vast stretches of time. Geology points to hundreds of thousand of years. Is it not probable that during that period of gradual evolution races were born, grew into civilized communities, and passed

away; that continents rose up out of the deep, were peopled, and again sank out of sight; that mountain chains were forced up by the billows of internal fire, and were anon transformed by earthquakes into valleys and fertile lands,—and, that, through it all, though history might be lost in the obscuring mist of time, the great law never failed to work, slowly and painfully, upon the mind and soul of Man?

Materialistic writers of the present day regard mind as a mere property of the physical brain, a thought being thus considered as a vibration of the brain atoms. Regarding this inadequate theory Dr. Paul Carus, the learned editor of the *Monist*, says: "So long as we regard our bodies as our true existence, and mind as a mere function of the body, we cannot reach a satisfactory view of the world, and shall be unable to explain our deepest and holiest aspirations. Our body is transient; it is doomed to die; indeed its very life is a continuous death, a constant decay, and an incessant burning away. Yet the soul, the so-called function, is permanent. As we inherited our soul from the past, so we shall transmit it to the future. The sacred torch of mental life is handed down from generation to generation, and the spiritual treasures increase more and more with the immortalized results of our labors." This explanation, though not as precise as desirable, may be allowed to stand for the present; mind, soul and spirit, far from being identical, as is so often thoughtlessly declared, in reality may be regarded as expressing different and advancing stages in human evolution. The mind, representing the mere intellect or accumulated book knowledge of the ages, becomes soul when it has developed intuitive or original wisdom. This real wisdom is the bridge which unites the mind with the spirit, and leads up to the latter in the natural course of evolution.

Thus we find that thought is not the actual vibration of physical brain atoms, but is the message of the inner self or soul to the physical atoms, setting up therein the vibrations which produce the so-called thought-forms of recent occult science.

But in order to arrive at a clear understanding of this metaphysical subject, it is better to trace the existence of mind downward or backward to its lowliest origin. Darwin has amply proven that mental faculties as well as emotions are plainly observable in all domestic animals and in many that are untamed. Love, gratitude, terror, courage,—these and many more such emotions are found even in the lower animals, while in the lowest organisms is displayed an instinct which may be recognized as incipient mind. The beaver, the ant, the dog and the horse, as well as many other animals, undoubtedly exercise reason and judgment, and the instinct of the migratory birds is unquestioned.

It is difficult to draw the line betwixt intelligence and instinct. Up to a comparatively recent period the former was thought to be peculiar to man and the latter to the lower animals. This was, generally speaking, the attitude of the Church. The science of to-day, however, places the dawn of intelligence far down in the scale of animal development. Such animals as are guided only by instinct belong to the lowest forms; in fact, it may be observed that no creature stands so low in the scale of evolution as to be

without this inward impulse by which it is directed to do what is necessary for the continuation of the individual and of the species. Thus the primitive instinct of self-preservation, as seen in the cuttle-fish when endeavoring to escape from an enemy, gradually develops into the sexual selection of the butterfly, and thence onward through inheritance, acquired habit, imitation, and association, to the expression of the emotions, and thus on through vast ages of minute variation to the evolution of mind. Intellect is no more than the accumulated knowledge derived from experience. It would not be difficult to cite a vast number of instances, resulting from actual observation in the past, to illustrate the gradations of mental growth in the animal world, up from the indications of instinct in the feeblest insect to the self-conscious reasoning of the human being,

These facts which have been scientifically proven, together with many others which can be verified by analogy, leave us in a deplorable position if we accept the ordinary theory of birth, life and death. But taken in connection with reincarnation, they give us a complete philosophy,—complete and satisfactory. It is not even necessary to cite the argument of justice, or the doctrine of karma. I believe in reincarnation on account of all these familiar reasons, but I also believe that the scientific facts as above outlined are alone sufficient to convince us not only of the truth of reincarnation, but of its absolute necessity.

COUNT SAINT GERMAIN.

AMONG the Mystics, who, during the 18th century, were active in endeavoring to form a Universal Brotherhood League for the help of suffering humanity, none was more widely known or more justly celebrated than the Count Saint Germain. Like all true reformers he was misunderstood and reviled by the many, and only partially appreciated or understood by the few. Accused of being a spy, for which even his most bitter opponents admit there was not the slightest proof, he lived for many years the friend and counsellor of kings, to finally apparently die at the court of the Landgrave Charles of Hesse.

The literature of his time and the memoirs of his contemporaries are filled with allusions to this wonderful man and his extraordinary gifts. He spoke all languages with equal facility, and related, as if he had been an eye-witness of them, scenes and conversations which had occurred centuries before. He described people most minutely, as if he had known them personally. He understood the secrets of nature as only those do who walk hand in hand with her. To the doubting and materialistic age in which he came he gave many a sign, which they, not understanding, set down to sorcery or charlatanism. They were forced to admit the fact, however, that he understood how to remove stains from diamonds, and to perform other seeming miracles in the eyes of even the most skilled chemists. In the life of the Landgrave Prince Charles of Hesse, who was a deep student of occultism, the following statement is made :

“The Count of Saint Germain was simply a man of science who reasonably enough might have been burned for a wizard or magician in the dark ages; and was mistaken for a conjurer by the countrymen and contemporaries of Voltaire. He was especially learned in chemistry, botany, and metallurgy and understood to perfection the art of polishing precious stones. There was hardly anything in nature that he did not know how to improve and utilize. He communicated to me almost all knowledge of this kind, but only the elements, making me investigate for myself by experiments the means of success, and rejoiced extremely at my progress.” Again he says: “He was thoroughly acquainted with the properties of plants and herbs, and had invented medicines by which he preserved his health and prolonged his life. I have still all his prescriptions, but the doctors vehemently denounced his science *after his death.*”

Madame de Hausset, Baron Gleichen and the Count of Casanova all allege the fact that he never ate at any table, nor invited anyone to eat with him, alleging that his food would not suit them. He so entranced people with his conversation that in their turn they forgot to taste the viands placed before them. His famed Elixir of Life he did not pretend would renew youth, but that it would prolong life. At various periods of his life, separated often by a score or more of years, he always seemed to be about 45 or 50 years old. He is described as being of middle height and powerfully built.

In Lascelles Wraxall, occurs the following: “Differing from other char-

latans, he never offered to sell governments the art of making gold, but pointed out to them the means of enriching themselves by the employment of all sorts of economical receipts as well as great financial operations."

He is said to have played an important part in the revolution which placed Catherine II. on the throne of Russia, and Baron Gleichen cites the fact that the Orloffs paid particular attention to him at Leghorn in 1770.

Another historical fact is that, in 1777, Count St. Germain induced General Von Steuben to come over to America and offer his sword to General Washington.

He went to Germany in 1762, where, according to the *Memoires Authentiques* of Cagliostro, he initiated the latter into Freemasonry. After frequenting several of the German courts he finally took up his residence in Schleswig-Holstein, where he and the Landgrave Charles of Hesse pursued together the study of the secret sciences. He died at Schleswig in 1780.

There can be little doubt, however, that the alleged death of the Count St. Germain at the court of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel did not take place as reported. The grave was afterwards opened and no body found in it.

FRAGMENTS.

"Calming thoughts of all, that coursing on, whate'er men's speculations, amid the changing schools, theologies, philosophies, amid the bawling presentations new and old, the round earth's silent vital laws, facts, modes, continue."

"If it shall ever happen to thee to be turned to outward things, in the desire to please some person, know that thou hast lost thy way of life. Let it be enough for thee in all things to be a philosopher. But if thou desire also to seem one, then seem so to thyself,—for this thou canst."

"If thou wouldst advance, be content to let people think thee senseless and foolish as regards external things. Wish not ever to seem wise, and if ever thou shalt find thyself accounted to be somebody, then mistrust

thyself. For know that it is not easy to make a choice that shall agree both with outward things and with Nature, but it must needs be that he who is careful of the one shall neglect the other."

"Open yourself to the pain and pleasure of the world; laugh with the children, listen to the birds, learn from music and all beautiful things. Go to the bedsides of those who die in hospitals,—go into the dark alleys of the city, and do not merely give, but get to know what poverty means; go into the laboratories of vivisectors, and into the places where animals are killed for food, and realize that the torture of the innocent is an actual fact; face it all and feel it all, and recognize that the sin and shame of it are yours unless you fight against them ceaselessly."

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE SERVICE OF HUMANITY.

BY MARGARET L. GUILD.

IN answer to a question, William Q. Judge once said to the writer that comparatively few women had found their power, that although all women had it and used it, it was more or less unconsciously and that "if a woman could find her power and use it consciously she would become a tremendous force in the world." That power he defined as "the holding, binding force."

This idea of the holding power of woman is not entirely a new one; yet, as given by Mr. Judge, it took on a broader, deeper aspect as a factor potent for the good of humanity. We are accustomed to thinking of the woman as the binding influence in the family. Yet as this influence has usually been exercised to bind the family together to the exclusion of all not of the same blood we have, not strangely, failed to see that this power which is especially woman's may be exercised not only in the midst and for the help of her own immediate circle, but in the service of all humanity, and surely the great human family stands in sorer need of being bound together than ever did a group of beings joined by ties of blood.

In the "Letters" Mr. Judge, speaking briefly of the question of sex, says that the "female principle"—which he carefully distinguishes from the souls using it—represents matter and tends to the *established order*. It is this quality which makes of the average woman a conservative, trying to hold things as they are, thus forming a necessary balance to man's tendency to change. This same quality, which

now so often degenerates into intolerance, because it rules in the woman, would, if ruled by her, become the "holding, binding force" and capable of use for all mankind. The woman who is already convinced of her responsibility in this direction can most surely help on the desired end by working with other women and by giving active sympathy to women of all classes. For this force, which is hers and which rules the personality of most women so strongly, can never be conquered and harnessed to the service of humanity but by the heart.

Perhaps this broader use of woman's force has not always been possible; but surely it is so to-day. It is possible, for every mother, through the love her own children have drawn out in her, to learn to love and help childhood wherever she meets it: it is possible for every sister to realize that the needs of her own brothers and sisters are the needs of all those other brothers and sisters who go to make up the world. But, more than this, it is possible for her, and therefore her special service to humanity, to help to bind together not merely individuals but classes.

The greatest problem of to-day is not so much the wiping out of poverty and its attendant miseries, though that problem is hard enough and pressing enough; nor the obliteration of class distinctions, for these also have their lessons and uses; but the blotting out of the feelings of bitterness and contemptuous antagonism which exist between these classes.

In this work every woman can engage, no matter what her other duties. To do this she need not lecture, nor write, nor go out into the public world—though if she have leisure and talent and opportunity in those directions she can do great good there—for it is in the home that the greatest and most far reaching part of the work can be accomplished. To do this the woman has only to enlarge the work she is already doing. She now gives to her children—born and unborn, by act and word, but still more by the continual silent influence of her own conviction, a sense of love for each other and of responsibility for each other's welfare, and the sensitive minds and hearts of these little ones can as readily be given the same feelings of love and responsibility for all mankind. Though they may never have to work themselves they can be taught to recognize the dignity of labor and to see in the "lower classes" souls like their own temporarily in a different environment and working bravely, even though unconsciously so, for the welfare of others.

This work among children is of immeasurable importance because of the vast difference it will make in the thought of the next generation. And there are many others, no longer children, to whom these lessons can be given by word and act and still more

by the subtle power of strong conviction.

Our present modes of thought, from which it is so hard to free mankind, are the result of continued thinking in the direction of separateness, and can, therefore, best be corrected by continued thought in an opposite direction. This quiet steady working towards the binding together of humanity, towards the holding of all men in one common bond of brotherhood, though it may not show results in a day, or in years, must surely do so in time.

The greater freedom now accorded to woman, her, so-called, larger duties as a human being are liable to make her under-rate this work which lies most especially within her province and neglect her very special opportunity as a woman, thus bringing greater injury to herself and loss to humanity than can readily be measured.

Theosophy, showing us as it does, the human soul passing (how frequently is not to the present point) from one sex to another, also points out the corollary fact that each sex has a use and duty in the evolution of mankind and that the human being who fails to make the most of the special opportunities given by the special sex of any incarnation neglects the chief privilege of that lifetime.

BUDDHA'S RENUNCIATION.

Being an original translation from the Sanskrit of *Ashvagoshā's Buddha-Charita*.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, M.R.A.S., F.T.S.

III.

AND certain nights he remained there, bright as the lord of night, observing well their penances. Then considering the penances as vain, and leaving them, he set forth from the region of that place of penances. Then the folk of the hermitage set forth after him, their thoughts gone out to the splendor of his beauty ; they went forth as the great masters do, following the departing law, when the land is overrun by baser men.

And he beheld them, astir with their hair bound up in top-knots, as is the wont of devotees, and clothed in the bark of trees ; and meditating on their penances, he stood there, hard by a great, wide-spreading forest tree. And all the men of the hermitage, coming up, gathered around that most excellent of men, and stood there, near him. And their elder, paying all courtesy and honor, spake thus to him with voice modulated as in the holy chant :

“ When thou camest, this hermitage became as though filled and completed ; but if thou goest, it will be empty indeed. Therefore graciously refuse to leave it, lingering like the well-loved life in the body of one who longs to live. For close by is Mount Shailas, of the Himalay, where dwell masters of priestly birth, masters of royal birth, and masters of birth divine ; and from their nearness, the penances of our devotees are multiplied. And there are holy refuges around us, that are very stairways to the doors of heaven. And there

dwell masters divine and mighty masters, whose spirits are at one with the law, who are full of the spirit. And moreover this northern country is most fit for worship, since the law dwells here in its excellence. For it is not fitting for one who is awakened, to take even one step hence, toward the south.

“ But if, in this wood of penance, thou hast beheld any remiss in holy rites, or falling short of the law, or failed from purity, and if therefore thou hast set thy mind to depart, then tell it, that thy dwelling-place may be made according to thy desire. For those who dwell here earnestly desire such a one as thee, for companion in their penances, since thou hast such a wealth of holiness. For to dwell with thee, who art like the king of the gods, will surely bring us a sunrise of godlike wisdom.”

Then he, who was the chiefest in wisdom, thus addressed by the chief of the men of the hermitage, and standing in the midst of the devotees, —he who had promised to make an end of birth and death, spake thus his hidden thought :

“ Through these kindly affectionate thoughts of righteous men, fulfillers of the law, and saints, desiring to shew me hospitality, as to one of themselves, a great love and friendship is born in me ; I am, as it were, washed clean altogether by these loving words, that find their way to my heart. My passion has faded altogether away, though I have but newly sought the

law; and it grieves me that I must leave you, after ye have thus dealt with me, giving me shelter, and shewing me such strong affection; it grieves me, as though I had to leave my kinsmen, and men of my own blood.

“But this law of yours makes for heaven, while my longing desire is for the ceasing of birth and death. And I do not desire to dwell in this wood, for that the law of ceasing is apart from the activities of these penances. Yet it is from no lack of love, nor from any haughtiness towards others, that I go forth hence, from the forest; for ye all are like the mighty masters, standing firm in the law that has come down from the days of old.”

Hearing the prince's word, very kindly, of firm purpose, very gentle, and luminous, and full of dignity, the men of the hermitage honored him with signal honor. And a certain man among them, who had passed through the rites of second birth, who was smeared with ashes, of great fervor, his locks bound in a topknot, his dress made of the bark of trees, fiery-eyed, keen-nosed, and holding a water-pot in his hand, spoke to him this word:

“Sage, this resolve of thine is noble, in that, being still young, thou hast seen the evil of life. For, judging between heaven and liberation, he whose mind is set on liberation is truly wise. For it is through passion that they seek the way to heaven, through penances, and sacrifices, and religious rites; but fighting passion as the chiefest foe, they who follow peace seek the way to freedom.

“Then if thy mind be set as thou hast said, let my lord go without delay to the refuge among the Vindhya mountains; for there dwells the Saint Arâdas, who has gained the intuition

of the better way of freedom from desire. From him shalt thou hear the way of truth, and shalt even enter on it, if so be thy will. But as I see, this thought of thine will enter his mind also, stirring it with a great commotion. For beholding thy face, with nose well-formed, as of a well-born steed; with large, long eyes; full red lower lip; teeth keen and white,—this mouth of thine, and thy red tongue will drink up the ocean of the knowable, altogether. And that matchless profundity of thine, and thy brightness, and all thy well-marked gifts, will gain for thee a place as teacher of the world, such as was held by the masters, in the ages that are gone.”

So the King's son made answer once more to the sages assembled there, and took leave of them, in gentle courtesy. And the men of the hermitage returned again to the forest of penances.

Meanwhile Chhanda, the guardian of the prince's steed, very despondent that his master had renounced all to dwell in the forest, strove greatly, along the way, to contain his grief, yet his tears fell, and ceased not. And the way that he had gone at the command of the prince, in a single night, with the self-same steed, he now retraced slowly, thinking all the while of his master's loss,—the self-same way, in eight full days. And yet the horse went swiftly, but there was no fire in him, and his heart was heavy; and for all that he was decked with bright adornments, he was as though shorn of his glory, when his prince was gone.

And turning his face back towards the wood of penances, he neighed pitifully, again and again; and though hunger was heavy on him, he tasted neither grass nor water as of old, along

the way, nor found any pleasure in them. So they two made their way towards the city of Kapilavastu, robbed now of that mighty-souled well-wisher of the world ; slowly they came towards the city, as though it were empty, like the sky robbed of the lord of day.

And the self-same garden of the palace, even though it shone with lotuses, and was adorned with fair waters and trees laden with flowers, was yet no fairer than the wilderness, for the glory was gone from the grass. And hindered, as it were, by the people of the city wandering in their way, with miserable minds, the fire gone out of them, their eyes all worn with tears, they two slowly entered the town, downcast and covered with dust. And seeing them, worn, and going onward in bodily weariness, because they had left the bull of the Shakya clan behind, the townspeople shed tears in the path, as when of old the chariot of Rama came back empty. And they spoke thus to Chhanda, full of grief, and shedding many tears :

“Where is the King’s son, who should make great the glory of his race, stolen away by thee?”—thus asking, they followed him.

Thereupon he answered them in their love :

“I abandoned not the son of the lord of men ; for weeping I was thrust aside by him, in the unpeopled wood, and his householder’s robe as well.”

Hearing this word of his, the people went away, saying : “Hard, in truth, is this decision ;” nor kept they the grief-born drops within their eyes, and blaming within themselves their own greed of wealth. “So,” said they, “let us too enter the forest whither has gone the prince’s might ;

for we love not life without him, as the soul loves not the body, whose vigor is departed. This fair city without him, is a wilderness ; and the wilderness, where he dwells, is a city. The city shines no more for us, now he is gone, as the sky shines not, when the rain-clouds bind it up in storms.”

And the women, gathering round the latticed windows, cried out that the prince had come back again ; but when they saw the riderless horse, they clung to the windows, weeping.

And at the time of the sacrifice, the lord of the people prayed beside the altar of the gods, making vows for the recovery of his son, his heart heavy with great grief. And there he performed whatever rites were deemed of efficacy. And there Chhanda, his eyes overflowing with bitter tears, taking the horse, entered the palace, downcast and full of grief,—the palace that was stricken as though its lord had been captured by the foe. And he went towards the King’s apartments, searching for him with eyes full of tears. And the good steed Kanthaka neighed with a heavy neigh, as though telling the news of evil to the people.

Thereupon the birds, that dwelt among the houses, and the swift, strong steeds, that were near, sent forth a cry, echoing to the horse’s cry, woe begone at the departure of the prince. And the people, deceived into too great exultation, hurrying towards the inner dwelling of the lord of the people, thought, from the neighing of the horse, that the prince had come again. And from that exultation, they fainted into grief, their eyes longing to behold the King’s son once more. And the women came forth from the houses that sheltered them,

as the lightning flashes forth from an autumn cloud. Their garments drooping, their robes and vestures stained with dust, their faces pale, their eyes heavy with weeping. They were faint and colorless, and without lustre, like the stars, at dawning, when the red day comes.

Their feet were stripped of the anklets of red gold; they wore no bracelets; their earrings were laid aside. Their well-rounded waists were decked with no bright girdles; their breasts were as though robbed of the pearl-chains that had adorned them. Thus they look forth at Chhanda and the steed, at Chhanda, desolate, his eyes all worn with tears; and their faces were pale, and they cried aloud, like kine lowing in the forest, when the leader of the herd is gone. Then full of lamentation, the monarch's chiefest spouse, majestic Gautami, who had lost her child, as a buffalo loses its calf, clasping her hands together, fell, like a gold-stemmed silk-cotton tree, with shivering leaves.

Yet others, their beauty dimmed, their arms and bodies chilled, robbed of all feeling by their grief, neither cried, nor wept, nor sighed, unconscious, standing like statues. Yet others, heavy-laden at the loss of their lord, sprinkled their breasts, no longer adorned with sandal, with the bright drops that fell from their eyes, as the mountain is sprinkled with opals. Their faces gleamed so with bright tears, that the palace shone with the gleaming of them, like a lake, at a time of the beginning of the rains, when every red lotus flower is bright with water drops. And with their fair-fingered hands, no longer hidden under their adornments, their heads

covered in grief, they beat their breasts, with those lotus hands of theirs, as the climbing plants of the forest beat their stems, with branches moving in the wind. And striking thus their breasts with their fair hands, they were like streams when the lotuses that deck them are driven hither and thither by the storm-wind of the forest. And the blows that their hands inflicted on their breasts, their breasts inflicted equally on their soft hands. So their gentle hands and breasts pitilessly wounded each other in their pain.

Then indeed Yashodharâ, her eyes red with anger, with bitter sobbing and desolation, her bosom torn with sighs, her tears springing up from unfathomable grief, spoke thus:

"Where is my beloved gone, O Chhanda, leaving me thus in the night time, asleep and powerless to hold him? My heart is as vexed by thy coming back thus with the prince's steed, as it was when all three went away. This act of thine was ignoble, unloving, unfriendly, O base one; how then canst thou return to-day with lamentations? Cease from these tears, for thy heart must be glad, nor do thy tears consort well with such an act as thine. For through thy means,—who art his friend, his follower, his good companion and helper, his well wisher—is the prince gone forth to return no more. Rejoice, for thou hast done thy work well! Truly a man's keen enemy is better than a friend, dull, ignorant and awkward. At thy hands, who hast called thyself a friend, and through thy folly, has our house suffered dire eclipse. And these women here, how greatly are they to be pitied, that their bright adornments are set aside, the sockets of their eyes all red with weep-

ing, as though widowed, and all their glory lost, though their lord stands firm as the earth or the Himalayan mountain. And the palaces in their rows seem to utter lamentation, their doves like arms thrown up, while the doves moan incessantly; losing him, they have lost all that could console them.

“And Kanthaka, did not even he desire my destruction, since he has carried off my jewel, while the people slept, like some thief of gold? Kanthaka, brave steed that could withstand the fierce onslaught of arrows, much more a whip lash,—how could fear of the whip, then, compel him to rob me of my heart and happiness? Now base and ignoble, he fills the palace with his mournful neighings; but while he bore away my beloved, this evil steed was dumb. If he had neighed so that the people were awakened, or the noise of his hoofs, or the sound of his jaws had alarmed them, then this heavy grief had not fallen upon me.”

Hearing the lamentations of the princess, her words choked by tears and sorrow, Chhanda made answer thus, his voice broken with tears, his head bent, his hands clasped in supplication:

“Nay, princess, lay not the blame on Kanthaka, nor put forth thy anger against me!—for we are indeed free from blame,—for that god amongst men departed like a god. For though I knew well the word of the King, I was as though compelled by a higher power, and so brought the swift steed to him quickly, and followed him unwearied on the way. And the good steed too, as he went, struck not the ground even with the edges of his hoofs, as though some bore him up,

and fate kept close his jaws, so that he made no sound. And when the prince would leave the city, the gate flew open, of its own accord, and the dark night was lit up, as by the sun; so we can know of a surety that this was fate. And even after the king had set thousands of watchful guards in palace and city, deep sleep fell on them at that very hour, so we may know of a surety that this was fate. And when such a robe as they should wear, who dwell in hermitages, came down for him out of heaven, and the muslin head dress, that he cast away, was carried up instead, so we may know of a surety, that this was fate. Think not then, princess, that we two are guilty, in his departure, for we acted not freely, but as though compelled to follow a god.”

And when the women heard this wondrous tale of how their prince went forth, their grief changed to marveling; but when they thought of him as dwelling in the forest, they broke out into lamentation again. And the queen mother Gautami, her eyes sorrow-filled, grief-torn like an eagle whose young are lost, was stricken with weakness, and cried out, weeping, thus:

“Those locks of his, beautiful, soft, dark, and firm-rooted, that a royal diadem should encircle, are not cast on the ground. Can a hero of mighty arms, of lion stride, his eye like a bull's, his voice like a drum or a storm-cloud,—can such a one become a forest-dweller? This land, indeed, is unworthy of this high doer of noble deeds, for he has left it; for the people's worthiness brings forth the King. And how can those soft feet of his, the toes well joined, the ankles hidden, soft as a blue lotus, a circle

marked on either sole, how can they tread the stony forest ground? And his body, befitting well a palace, with its costly robes, sandal, and perfumes, how can that fair form withstand, in the forest, the force of frost and heat and rain? He who was gifted in birth, in virtue, and power, and force, and learning, in youth and beauty,—he who gave ever, nor asked again,—how can he now beg alms from others? He who, resting on a bright couch of gold, heard through the night the symphony of sweet music, how will he now rest on the bare earth, with but a cloth to guard him?"

And the women, hearing this sorrowful lamentation, linking their arms together, let their tears flow afresh, as the climbing plants, shaken by the wind, distil honey from their blossoms. Then Yashodhara fell to the earth, like a swan robbed of her mate, and, given over altogether to sorrow, spoke thus, her voice choked with sobs:

"If he desires now to follow a life of holiness, leaving me his consort, as a widow, what holiness is that, in which his spouse is left behind? Has he not heard of the great kings of old, his own forefathers, Mahasudarsha and others, how they went to the forest, taking their wives, too, that he thus seeks holiness, abandoning me? Can he not see that husband and wife are together consecrated in the sacrifice, that the Vedic rites purify both, that both are to reap the same holy fruit,—that he

robs me of my part in his holy work? Surely it must be that this devotee of holiness, thinking that I was set against him in my heart, has fearlessly left me sorrowing, hoping thus to win the heavenly beauties of the gods. Yet what foolish thought is this of mine? For these women here have every beauty's charm,—yet through them he has gone to the forest, leaving behind his kingdom and my love. I long not so greatly for the joy of heaven, nor is that a hard task even for common men, who are resolved; but this one thing I desire,—that my beloved may not leave me here, or in the other world. But if I am not worthy to look on the face of my lord, shall our child Rahula never rest on his father's knee? Cruel, indeed, is that hero's heart for all his gentle beauty; for who with a heart could leave a prattling child, who would win the love even of an enemy? But my heart, too, must be hard as his, hard as stone or iron, that it breaks not now, when my lord has gone to the forest, shorn and orphaned of his royal glory, instead of the happiness that should be his lot."

So the princess, weak and wailing, wept and thought and wept again; and though of nature queenlike, yet now she forgot her pride and felt no shame. And seeing Yashodhara thus distraught with sorrow, and hearing her wild grief, as she cast herself on the earth, all her attendants wept too, their faces gleaming like rain-beaten lotuses.

“EXTENSION OF PREVIOUS BELIEF.”

BY MARY F. LANG.

“NO one,” said Wm. Q. Judge, “was ever converted to Theosophy. Each one who really comes into it does so because it is only an extension of previous belief.”

All real growth is from within, and the person who appeals to us is he who tells us what we already know. He may tell us much beside that is equally true, but it does not touch us, for the simple reason that we have not already found it out for ourselves, or we cannot relate it, in any fashion to what we do know.

A reason for the acceptance of any truth is always concerned, more or less closely with a reason for the rejection of something else. One person may reject the popular conception of religion because of its entire divorce from a scientific basis, and yet not be a materialist. Another may reject materialism because of an interior asseveration of immortality on the part of his own higher nature, and yet scorn equally both emotionalism, and creed or dogma.

To either of these, Theosophy presents a philosophy which is both scientific and religious, and being both is always reasonable.

The widely diversified points of view of the persons to whom Theosophy appeals, prove its many-sided character. The fact is, there is no possible line of thought which is wholly unrelated to Theosophy—none which does not find its extension in Theosophy: hence there can be no one who would not be influenced by its teachings, could these but be presented to his consideration in the right way. And the right way

is the common sense way—the method we would adopt were we trying to convince some one of the wisdom of a given course—say in business. We would not expect, in an endeavor to effect a certain business association, to convert another person at once to our own view. We must necessarily first convince him that we are familiar with his position, before we can hope to show him the superiority of our own.

Two conditions then, are desirable in the equipment of one who essays the advocacy of the Wisdom-Religion;—first: a common-sense knowledge of Theosophy; second: a common-sense knowledge of himself.

For without the realization that Theosophy is always common-sense, one can make no appeal to the reason: and without a knowledge of man's real nature, one cannot inerrantly discern the point of contact (which also marks the line of extension) between the view of another and that of oneself. Lacking this knowledge, effort to benefit humanity must be directed in hit-or-miss fashion. That so much can be accomplished, apparently without it, proves the force of Theosophy itself. Allow this force to flow through an intelligent conscious instrument, and there is no possible limit to its influence.

What is common-sense knowledge of oneself? It is knowledge, the truth of which is affirmed by the higher nature, and attested by the reason. It is knowledge of one's real self, mental—psychic—spiritual: knowledge of the laws by which it is governed—not simply tabulation of phenomena. Any one not hopelessly im-

bedded in preconceived notions of truth, must admit the fact of phenomena not to be accounted for by the operation of so-called physical law, nor apprehended by the physical senses.

But if there are phenomena, they must be governed by laws just as orderly and just as inflexible as the laws governing physical nature. Admit the principle of Unity and it is at once clear that there is no plane of consciousness in the Universe to which man is unrelated. He must then possess faculties (potentially, if not actually) which will enable him to perceive all that exists.

Granted the existence of phenomena of the inner planes, what good will it do us to understand the laws governing them?

Reflection shows us that by far the greater part of our troubles exist in the mind. We suffer because we desire and cannot obtain, because we overestimate this, or underestimate that, because we have certain preconceived ideas with which the circumstances of our life and environment do not harmonize. It is of no use for some one to tell us we are mistaken or deluded. We know that he is the one who is mistaken.

But suppose some one comes to us who, understanding fully the operations of the mind and the laws that govern thought, can teach us to establish causes which result in removing from our mental vision the illusions that give us so much unhappiness. We then see that that which appeared to us deplorable, is opportunity for growth—for working with the Law instead of against it—for developing harmony instead of friction. And that person will have given us something far better, and far more

valuable and lasting than any material aid or change of environment, for he will have shown us how to attain tranquility of mind. We will have learned that we shall find happiness only when we are willing to relinquish our selfishness and that it comes not to us through others, nor from anything outside, but exists within ourselves.

It would be quite worth while to so thoroughly understand one's own nature and that of others, as to be able always to help them to that which is really desirable and best; to have the insight to comprehend the mental condition and the mental poverty—the mental darkness and the mental suffering of others, and to know how always to do the right thing for them—in short, to make no mistakes. A study of external nature alone will never lead to this.

Theosophy is profoundly religious. Postulating first, Unity, there follows necessarily the Divinity of Man. True religion, then, is the tracing of the link between man and Deity. It is knowledge, through interior conscious experience, of the Christ that is within each of us. And this is not only religion, but is also occultism.

The first moment of true religious experience in the life of any one, occurs when he realizes that he is something more than a wayward, physical body; when he becomes conscious of that which the Quakers call the "inner light." And this light is much nearer than we have realized. If there is the soul, and also the personality, there must exist some present relation between the two. Who can or ought to know more of the soul than the personality which it informs? Dare I take the word of any one else concerning my real Self?

The question, then, is how to proceed, if we really desire to know more of our interior nature. If, for the guidance of the personality, we have the personal mind, and if this mind, imperfect and uncertain as it seems to be in its operation, is really (as undoubtedly it is) our highest personal aspect, then it follows that only by its cultivation and better understanding will we be able to attain to a knowledge of that which is still more interior. By "knowledge" is meant inner consciousness; not imagination or speculation, but actual experience. If we believe fully that the light of the soul is within, and that the reason why that light is obscured is because of the density of the personality, our first effort must be to render the personal mind more porous to light—more pervious to the Higher Thought. We must clear away the rubbish of the personality, and we are connected with all this personal rubbish by thought. So long as thought is colored by Desire, is prompted and vitalized only by physical experience, it is clear that it cannot lift us away from the plane of material consciousness—cannot unveil to us anything that is within the personal life. For the personal life, we must remember, is an effect, the cause of which lies within.

If we really want to know more of the inner life, if we want our thought to be illumined by the light of the soul itself—we must think more about the soul, for we always know most concerning that of which we think most. "The soul becomes that which it dwells upon." If we are to find out our relations to inner planes,

material interests must be relegated to their rightful place, for "no man can serve two masters."

It is only thus that the attainment of pure thought is possible, and by "pure" is meant uncolored by personal interest. Thought that has no taint of the personality must be spiritual in its nature; must bear an intimate relation to the inner life—the life of the soul. And when one is consciously the soul, "the eyes see intelligently and regard the world with a new insight."

Simplified, this means that one may learn to let the mind use the body. It does not require the operation of the Higher Mind—the soul—to keep house or to sell merchandise, or to practice a profession, yet it is only by the use of the Higher Mind that one can really know himself. When, through self-study and concentrated thought, we shall cut asunder the personal bondage, shall clear away from the brain-mind the terrestrial dust with which we are so familiar that we do not even notice it, we will have made it possible for the real mind to shine through, and then we will have found that the real mind is an aspect of the Soul itself.

There can then be no limit to one's power for good. The Kingdom of Heaven once found within oneself, the secret of helping others is discovered.

A complete understanding of self—a knowledge, through compassion, of the needs of others—an instant recognition through "soul-wisdom" of another's point of view, and of the means by which he can be led to higher levels—this is the religion of Theosophy.

CEREMONY.

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE S. R. L. M. A.

BY THE FOUNDER-DIRECTRESS, KATHERINE A. TINGLEY, AT POINT LOMA, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, FEBRUARY 23, 1897, ASSISTED BY MR. E. T. HARGROVE, MR. F. M. PIERCE, AND OTHERS.

SYNOPSIS OF REPORT.

AFTER a selection of music Mr. Hargrove said: "We have met to-day to take part in the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Temple for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. I simply wish to point out the solemnity of an occasion which in former ages brought people together from the ends of the earth. I would incidentally remark to the people of San Diego that it seems strange perhaps that Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, the Founder-Directress of this school, should have selected this spot, never having visited the west coast of America; should have pointed out the exact location where the building was to be erected, and should have come herself only after all the preliminary arrangements had been made under her direction. It should be clearly understood that this school is under her direct supervision; she is the Founder-Directress, and those of you who get to know her better will soon appreciate why this is so, and why she meets with such hearty support. I need simply say in conclusion, that this spot, beautiful, as it is, as a picture of nature, will be made still more beautiful when this building is erected—a building which will be worthy of the objects of the school and worthy of its neighboring city, San Diego."

The Foundress approached the stone, which had been raised, and placed a purple-covered box in the opening underneath; then laying the cement

with a silver trowel, she said, while soft music was being played:

I dedicate this stone, a perfect square, a fitting emblem of the perfect work that will be done in this temple for the benefit of humanity and to the glory of the ancient sages.

The sacred word was sounded as the stone was slowly lowered into place.

Assistants then brought corn, wine and oil, in silver vessels, to Mrs. Tingley who scattered the corn and poured the wine and oil over the newly laid stone. Other assistants brought forward symbols of the four elements, which she in turn cast upon the stone, saying:

Earth, the emblem of man's body; air, the emblem of man's breath; water, the emblem of man's inner self; fire, the emblem of man's spiritual power.

Fire was lighted upon the stone by Mr. Hargrove, who repeated:

May these fires be lighted and may they burn forevermore.

The Beatitudes from the New Testament were then read by Rev. W. Williams, following which Mr. Hargrove read the following passage from the Bhagavad Gita:

"Those who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead nor for the living. I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be. As the lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein

infancy, youth, and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same. One who is confirmed in this belief is not disturbed by anything that may come to pass. The senses, moving toward their appropriate objects, are producers of heat and cold, pleasure and pain, which come and go and are brief and changeable; these do thou endure, O son of Bharata! For the wise man, whom these disturb not, and to whom pain and pleasure are the same, is fitted for immortality. Learn that He by whom all things were formed is incorruptible, and that no one is able to effect the destruction of that Divine Spirit which is everlasting."

Quotations from the Sacred Scriptures of the World were then read by various assistants.

Proclus declares: "As the lesser mysteries are to be delivered before the greater, so also discipline must precede philosophy."

Hermes said: "As is the outer, so is the inner; as is the great, so is the small. There is but one eternal law, and he that worketh is one. Nothing is great, nothing is small in the divine economy."

St. Paul said: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of the living God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you."

In the Upanishads we read: "There is one eternal thinker thinking non-eternal thoughts. He though one, fulfills the desires of many. The wise who perceive him within their Self, to them belongs eternal joy, eternal peace."

In the Bible we read: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna; I will give to him a white stone, and in that stone a new

name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

In the Hebrew Scriptures we read: "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

A Chinese sage has said: "Never will I seek nor receive individual salvation; never will I enter into final peace alone; but forever and everywhere will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout the universe."

In the Orphic Mysteries it was said that "When the eyes that are below are closed then the eyes that are above are opened."

The Chinese scriptures say: "Conquer your foe by force and you increase his enmity; conquer by love and you reap no after sorrow."

Confucius said: "I only hand on, I cannot create new things; I believe in the ancients, and therefore I love them."

In the Indian Scriptures we read: "There is no other object higher than the attainment of the knowledge of the Self."

Montanus says: "The soul is like a lyre and breaks into sweet music when swept by the breath of the Holy Spirit."

Zuñi prayer: "This day we have a Father, who from his ancient seat watches over us, holding us fast that we stumble not in the paths of our lives. If all goes well we shall meet, and the light of his face makes ours glad."

Emerson said: "The law of nature is to do the thing, and you shall have the power; they who do not the thing have not the power."

A noted teacher has said: "Scrupulously avoid all wicked actions,

reverently perform all virtuous ones. This is the doctrine of all the teachers."

In the ancient Scriptures of Persia we read: "Profess good thoughts, good words and good deeds, and reject evil thoughts, evil words and evil deeds."

The Bible enjoins us to "mark the perfect man and behold him that is upright, for the end of that man is peace."

The Buddhist scriptures say: "Attack not the religions of other men, but seeking whatever may be beautiful in those religions, add that truth and that beauty to thine own, to the glory of thine own life, to the glory of thine own religion."

Miss Anne Bryce then read. "Preserve harmony in your own soul and it will flow out to all others, for its effects are more powerful than you understand, and more far-reaching. Sink all thought of self, all personal ambition, the small jealousies and suspicions which mar the heart's melodies, in love of the work and devotion to the cause. Listen to the great song of love, compassion, tenderness; and losing yourself in that, forget these passing shadows. United, harmonious, your power is limitless; without these you can do nothing. See to it then that your tone in the great instrument be pure and clear, else discord will result. Behind all sin and suffering—shadows, these—lie the divine harmonies of reality. These seek and finding lose not."

Mrs. C. F. Wright.—"The divine harmony of the World-Soul surges through our hearts in mighty waves will we but listen. In hours of meditation seek it, listen to it, it fadeth never, and a power and peace

will be yours unspeakable, divine. From this knowledge rises knowledge of things spiritual, the gift of tongues and the healing fire. This is the song of life in which all nature joins, for reaching the heart of nature we reach the heart of all and read therein the most sacred mysteries of the ancients. Fail not nor falter in the endeavor to hear those harmonies. Remember that the cries of suffering and pain which so plainly reach our ears are but the discords which make the music finer, discords only to the untrained ear, and some day the whole grand symphony will be yours, to listen to, hearing it first in your own heart and then in the heart of the whole world. O suffering, struggling humanity, whose eyes know only tears, whose ears hear only discord, dying and death, awake and listen! The inner voice echoes a harmony sublime. Cease your conflict for an instant's space and you will hear a promise of salvation. Peace and power are yours, peace divine and power all powerful, so your deliverance has come; the light shines out, the hour is at hand, nature calls aloud with all her voices: Humanity shall sweat and toil no more in vain, man's feet shall be set upon that path which leads to final liberation."

The Foundress then said: "You have witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the School for the Revival of Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. The objects of the school will later be described to you, and it remains for me to turn the thoughts of those present toward the future of the human race. Few can realize the vast significance of what has been done here to-day. In ancient times the founding of a temple was looked upon as of world-wide impor-

tance. Kings and princes from far-distant countries attended the ceremonies of the foundation. Sages gathered from all parts of the world to lend their presence at such a time ; for the building of a temple was rightly regarded as a benefit conferred upon all humanity.

“ The future of this school will be closely associated with the future of the great American republic. While the school will be international in character, America will be its centre. This school will be a temple of living light, and illumine the dark places of the earth. And I appeal to all present to remember this day as one of great promise, for this new age must bring a blessing to all.

Through this school and its branches the children of the race will be taught the laws of spiritual life, and the laws of physical, moral and mental development. They will learn to live in harmony with nature. They will become compassionate lovers of all that breathes. They will grow strong in an understanding of themselves, and as they attain strength they will learn to use it for the good of the whole world. Rejoice with me, then, and may you all share in the blessings of this hour, and in the brightness of the future which contains so much of joy for all humanity.”

At this point a chant was sung by those taking part in the ceremonies. Then a tone upon a bell was sounded, answered by others.

After the ceremony the American flag was unfurled to the breeze, and was shortly afterwards replaced by the purple and gold flag of the school. While this was being done exquisite music was played.

Mrs. Tingley and the Crusaders

then took their seats upon the platform and further addresses were made by Mr. E. B. Rambo, of San Francisco, Mr. James Pryse, Mr. H. T. Patterson, President Hargrove, Mrs. Alice Cleather, of London, Rev. W. Williams, of Bradford, England, Dr. Wood, of Westerly, R. I., and Colonel Blackmer, of San Diego. As Colonel Blackmer's speech deals with the influence of the School on San Diego, we give it in full :

In estimating the influence that will come to our city and its people from the establishment of a school such as this in our midst we must look for it along three lines—the material, the intellectual and the spiritual. And first, what influence will it have upon the advancement and prosperity of our city? We may reasonably expect that it will bring to us an increase of population that will be in every way desirable.

These beautiful locations lying all about us, where nature has done so much to please the eye and where genial soil and balmy skies are so well adapted to supply our material wants, will in the not distant future be occupied as homes for a broad-minded, intelligent and progressive class of citizens whose influence in the material prosperity of our city will be both active and beneficent. They will be interested in all that pertains to our growth and prosperity, and add materially to our advancement in innumerable ways.

Furthermore, Point Loma and San Diego will be heralded from ocean to ocean by the cable under the sea with the message as it flies to other shores, until in every land and in every tongue the name and fame of our fair city shall be the shibboleth that will become a

synonym of all that is beautiful, grand and ennobling.

Secondly, what of its intellectual influence? The faculty of the school to be established in the building of which we have this day laid the first foundation stone, will be men and women of intellectual ability and integrity, specially trained for this work, and here will be gathered the working tools for mental cultivation—books. Here will be stored the nucleus of a library that will in time grow to such proportions and along such lines that this will become the Mecca of students and thinkers from all lands; and our own people (and I feel warranted in saying that their number will not be few) will eagerly seek for true knowledge.

And, lastly, the influence it will exert upon the spiritual atmosphere of our fair city by the sea. Here I hope, trust and believe we shall reach the highest level in all our endeavor. It will be along this line that the most vital influence will come that shall be for the uplifting of the hopes and aspirations of us all. Human thought is the most potent factor in every undertaking. It transforms the wilderness into cultivated fields, builds towns

and cities, spreads the white wings of commerce on the seas, and puts a girdle around the earth so that thought responds to thought and takes no note of space or time.

The thought of any people determines the line of their progress. If it is solely along material lines, material progress results; if turned toward intellectual pursuits, there is mental progress, and the mental development dominates the material. When the spiritual part of man's nature is stimulated into a healthy growth, the intellectual and material activities are lifted above the grosser phases of manifestation, and progress is made toward grander thoughts and nobler lives.

Such will be the influence of this school upon our city and its people. Here shall the sign of universal brotherhood be elevated, and the torch of fanaticism and destruction, should it ever approach us and our homes, will be quenched never to be rekindled, in the atmosphere of brotherly love that will henceforth and forever flow from this centre of spiritual life and force which we have this day consecrated.



POINT LOMA.

IN DREAM OR WAKING ?

BY VERA PETROVNA JELIHOVSKY.

NOT so many years ago a party of Russian lads and girls flocked together, from all the four corners of Paris, in order to "see in," as is the custom of their country, the real New Year, that is the thirteenth of January. Most of them were far from rich, working in the great city, for their daily bread, besides attending to their various studies. So no dancing was expected, no great spread of any kind. Simply, the hostess, a motherly old lady, and her husband—the "would be magnate" he was ironically nicknamed in indication of disappointments his bureaucratic career had suffered, years ago, before he had retired to Paris to grumble at his case and make the most of his scanty pension—had heartily bidden any lonely Russian youth to spend New Year's eve with them.

All present were unanimous in wishing to spend the evening in the most Russian way. They all were preparing to write down on a slip of paper and burn it to the last particle, too, all whilst the clock was still striking midnight, the wish their hearts most desired. But in the meantime, fortune telling and forfeit games were tried and did not succeed. Most probably, because of the absence of real child element, though the ages of all the guests put together would hardly amount to two hundred. So the pastimes degenerated into talk.

"I wonder," a young fellow said, "why the looking-glass oracles should be so utterly forgotten by our generation? And the setting of the supper table for the midnight apparitions of future brides and lovers, and the best of all, the bridge oracle.* In the midst

*On the eves of certain days girls place a saucerful of water in their bedrooms, with a chip or a stick laid across it. This is expected to bring about dreams with a bridge playing an important part in them. If there appears a man on the bridge, his features will be those of the girl's future husband; if none turns up, she will have to go through life single.

of all the present crazes and fads, when people are ever ready both to believe and to disbelieve anything, the world-old oracles of antique Russia ought to have a place of honor, if only there was such a thing as consistency in this world."

"Well to my mind, it only means that Russia has still preserved some common sense," suggested another.

"Shows how much you know about the present state of affairs at home," exclaimed a future lady-doctor, a violent blush spreading all over her baby face. "Why! I can assure you that amongst the upper classes, in any city, there are more spiritualists, mediums, clairvoyants and such like bosh, than anywhere else."

"Oh, it's not this sort of thing I mean," persisted the first speaker. "I have no interest in hysterical anomalies. But take the example of our great great grandmothers and of all sorts of Palashkas and Malashkas, their faithful handmaids. Who more healthy, more normal than they? And yet what girl, in their times, did not stop nights in abandoned bath-houses and barns, where, in winter, frost reigned supreme, and all to call forth the apparition of the future lord of her days."

And at this he came to a sudden stop, his neighbor having given him a severe kick under the table.

"Why! What is the matter?" the poor fellow asked, utterly abashed.

"The matter is that Lila is present and so it is prohibited, under the penalty of law, to speak of bridges, looking-glasses and would be husbands, likewise."

"Oh, Anna! You need not speak like that. True, last year, when the impression was still so very vivid, I was so foolish as to go into a crying fit. I am ashamed of it. But, you know, that now. . . ."

And Lila Rianoff, whose diminutive person was extremely attractive and pretty, stammered, evidently at a loss for a word. Anna Karssoff, the energetic young person who had so unceremoniously interrupted the first speaker, came to her rescue.

"That now you are satisfied there will be no *he* coming after you and likewise no destruction of bridges?"

"Yes, may be," answered Lila, with a reticent smile, but there was no assurance in her voice. The general hum of many other voices soon drowned hers. The uninformed asked questions as to her adventure, the informed hastened to satisfy their curiosity, for the most part, speaking all at once and spoiling each other's effects.

After a while everybody present had heard all about it. Exactly a year ago Lila made up her mind it would be good fun to pry into the secrets of destiny by the means of two large mirrors facing each other, and two very bright lights, right and left of her, which repeatedly reflected in the glasses formed a perfect avenue of fire, lost in the distance. Gazing in one of the mirrors, Lila met with an adventure so horrible, that either talking or thinking of it made her very unhappy ever since.

"It was only a dream," the girl timidly observed, in the vain hope of averting the general attention from her unlucky pretty little self.

"A dream indeed! Who ever heard of a girl falling regularly sick on the strength of a foolish dream?"

"Also, who ever heard of a girl smashing expensive mirrors all on the strength of a dream?"

"My smashing the looking glass is a pure fancy of Anna's," said Lila, "that would be altogether too sad for my finances. In my fright I merely upset the table, that's all."

However, the desire, on one side, to hear and, on the other, to narrate grew so clamorous, that Lila's remonstrances

and timid little attempts to turn the talk into some other channel were soon hushed up. She had to subside, but she firmly refused to speak herself. So the second-hand narrative, constantly interrupted and commented upon, went on the best it could.

The two rows of fire into which the girl gazed, soon began to fascinate her, attracting her as if *drawing* her in. At times, she felt she was becoming merely a part of the wondrous space that shone and blazed before her weary eyes. At last, she forgot it was only the repeated reflection of two candles; she forgot the very existence of the mirrors. The fiery path, without beginning nor end, stretching far away into unknown worlds had absorbed her, had *sucked* her in.

Lila advanced on this path slowly and listlessly, like a conscious but powerless automaton. As she advanced the lights on the sides of her path grew dimmer and scarcer, and soon disappeared completely. She found herself in darkness, surrounded by a cold waste of snow, her heart shrinking with anguish, fear, and, at the same time intense expectation. She knew she had to get on; that there, far away, behind the veil of cold mists there lay a goal, a longed for object of her lonely wanderings.

She plunged deeper and deeper in the snowy desert, but, strange to say, not a limb of her body moved. She understood she was carried by some power far greater than her own will, a power she could neither control nor resist. But she did not wish to resist it. She knew somehow, that the power acted in accordance with an aim of greatest gravity, of life importance.

At last, she found herself on some promontory or mound, and at the foot of it she saw the rushing waters of some stream, trying to break from under the heavy coat of ice and snow. There also was a building there. But was it a mill, or a chapel, or a living house? She did not realize. Her eyes were riveted to

the heavy arch of a stone bridge, and to a lonely figure of a man standing on it.

That was all.

But the instant Lila caught sight of the man, she recognized it was for him and for him alone she had crossed the long weary desert. In her heart was joy and rapture, for that man was no stranger. In the days gone by she had suffered for him, she had loved him, she had looked to him for guidance and help. She knew all that well now, and yet how was it she never gave him a thought for even so long? How was it they were separated such endless ages full of loneliness and sadness?

The eyes of the man were turned towards Lila, with an expression of such warm affection, of such loyal devotion, that her whole being went out to him and she ran to the bridge where he stood. Not passively or inertly this time, but with a conscious effort of all her will, with the power of woman's trust and love.

Lila already reached the bottom of the hillock, she stepped on the bridge. The man stretched his arms toward her. One second more and she would reach safety and happiness, protected by one stronger, wiser, better than she.

But what is this terrible noise, the clinking of swords and armor, and the clatter of horses' hoofs? Mounted men canter to the bridge, they tear the girl from the arms of the one she loves. Did the bridge cave in under the weight of the fighting, shouting, angry people? or was she pushed off it? For a moment she hung in the space, catching to something hard and stable, then her arms grew too weak to hold on any longer, her grip relaxed, the cold air whistled in her ears, and she abandoned herself to her fate.

"Needless to say," laughingly said Lila, trying to look altogether unconcerned and composed, "it was not the balustrade of a bridge I caught hold of, but my own-dressing table. And, please,

do dismiss the subject. The whole business was a dream and perfect nonsense. But I do not like to recall its sensations. It was horrible, unspeakably horrible, to be sucked in by this road of fire. I imagine a man sinking in quick-sands must experience something similar."

A group of medical students of both sexes went, at this, into a discussion about the reality of sensations produced by unreal things. The names of Charcot and Richet were pronounced, experiments over hysterical subjects at the Salpêtrière, were described.

But the youngest of the party, a delicate looking little girl, with dreamy eyes, persisted in clinging to the previous subject.

"Lila, do tell me," she said, "what was he like, this handsome stranger of yours? Did he also fall into the river? Do you think you would recognize him, were you to meet him in real life?"

"Meet him in real life? God forbid! Was such a calamity to befall me, I don't know what I should do. I would hate the man, I would run away from him, I would hide myself somewhere," half seriously, half in jest, answered the elder girl.

"Why, how inconsistent you are. Did not you wish to see your husband when starting the whole business?"

"Honestly I did not. I did it all for sport, intending to make fun of the credulity of others. But I tell you seriously, dear, were I to meet a man in the least reminding me of my dream, I would consider it pure devilry. And nothing on earth would induce me to make a husband of such a man."

Both girls laughed. But Lila's nerves were so shaken with either the too vivid recollections, or with all the chaffing and laughter, of which she was the object for the last half hour, that she nearly jumped when a loud ring resounded in the ante-chamber.

(To be continued.)

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

RIGHT SPEECH.

Although words are one of the chief means for the communication of thought and the interchange of ideas, they are at the same time often the greatest barriers between people. The right use of words is a very important matter and one cannot be too careful in using them, but, after all, words are only a channel or means of expression of the ideas that lie behind. I do not think we understand sufficiently the distinction between the letter which killeth, and the spirit which giveth life. Often in our conversations and discussions we will stick over the meaning of a word and knowingly and wilfully refuse to understand another because of a single word. Yet if we think a moment we know that nearly everyone is in the habit of speaking more or less loosely and a word will sometimes be used with different meanings almost in the same sentence. As students we ought to consider these matters, and I think we have it in our power to overcome the fault in ourselves, learning to express ourselves more clearly and at the same time to understand others better. It is largely a matter of simple attention; not merely an intellectual attention, however, which concerns itself with forms, and is critical and analytical, but the attention of the heart with the larger tolerance and sympathetic hearing which regard the spirit rather than the letter. The soul has other ways of expressing itself besides speech or any of the powers of the outer man. But the finer vibrations will not be recognized nor will the spiritual un-

derstanding be opened unless the attention of the heart be given and we are able to detach ourselves from the outer form. I think that one of the necessary steps in this direction is simplicity and sincerity in speech. These are certainly not characteristic of the speech of to-day. I think we talk too much and allow ourselves but little opportunity to develop that silent speech of the heart which needs no words and which concerns itself with realities and not appearances.

OPPOSITION.

DEAR BROTHER:—I have often been much perplexed to find an explanation for the opposition which is invariably raised by some against any new plan of work that may be proposed. This has occurred so often in our branch that I sometimes wonder if ever we shall be able to attain to our ideal of Universal Brotherhood. There is nearly always some one who almost glories in raising objections to every new idea put forward, and who will not even give the matter a fair trial but condemns it immediately.

President, — Branch, T. S. A.

The above is not an experience peculiar to any one Branch of the Society, but is common to many, and indeed, has been the experience of the Society as a whole since it was founded in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and others. I think the root of the whole matter is selfishness and vanity. Very often opposition to a new idea or plan is merely a cloak for opposition to the person who originates it. In fact, in nearly every case it arises from personal feeling and not from principle. This earth, and especially in this Kali Yuga, or Iron Age, is the battle ground for the opposing

forces of light and darkness. Every effort made towards a higher and nobler life arouses the opposing evil forces which may be dormant in our own natures and in the natures of those around us. Not until we have called forth the very highest powers in ourselves shall we be able to conquer our own lower selves and when we begin to work with Nature and take that higher step to become one with her, we shall have to face the greater opposition of all the evil powers seen and unseen.

Universal Brotherhood may seem far off, but a fuller realization of it is much nearer than is generally thought. The opposition we meet with should not discourage us, for it is often the index of the intensity of our own efforts towards good.

This is a time of fighting, and we cannot expect to find peace and calm on the battle field, but these exist always within our own hearts and we may find them there if we will but look for them.

Much of the opposition we have to meet is not wilful, but is rather the expression of an ungoverned personality and comes from those who have not learned to discriminate. They, however, will have to suffer for their ignorance. But it is sad to think of the Karma of those who wilfully and knowingly oppose the work, whether through personal ambition or from any other motive. The true way to meet opposition is to follow principle and duty and to keep our highest ideals ever before us. No opposition can stop the Theosophical Movement, and we can but look with pity upon those who, in their folly and conceit, pit their puny selves against the irresistible power that guides the Movement forward to a successful issue.

FUTURE ENVIRONMENT OF THE VIVISECTOR.

EDITOR UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.—Many people do not realize that they are capable of thinking. To them thoughts are mere intuitions, which are scarcely above those of the dumb animals. There are comparatively few human beings who think in the deeper sense of the word. Yet we all believe that man is a thinker, and many suppose that his thoughts are the causes of his bliss or misery.

Will there be a future state, where those who have been deprived of the opportunity of thinking here, by their work and their associations, may think uninterruptedly?

Theosophy teaches that the soul rests after death, and that the countless thoughts which could not be even entertained during life, are thought out on the soul plane.

Should this happen to the vivisector, one would suppose this condition to be anything but blissful. The thoughts which would crowd upon the disembodied experimental researcher would be of two classes: those which were the outcome of his vivisections, and those, even more speculative ones, which relate to what he might have done, had not his victim unluckily died.

If we believe that after all this stored up potentiality of thought has been exhausted, the soul is once more attracted to earth—to an environment which so nearly resembles itself that it can give it the further evolution it needs; shall we suppose that the soul of the vivisector will be drawn back to a vivisectional environment; or that the uninterrupted contemplation of its former experiments will have purified it from any desire to recommence them?

ANNA SARGENT TURNER,
Secretary New York State Anti-Vivisection
Society, Saugerties, N. Y.

The above letter raises several questions of interest and value to students, and for that reason is printed in the Students' Column. Perhaps the most important question is the *particular* one in regard to the after state and future environment of the "Vivisector," and this may properly be considered first. Have we sufficient

knowledge to enable us to state what will be the future environment in any given case, or what will be the particular result of any given act? I do not think so. Our lives are not simple but complex. What is apparently a simple act done with a single motive is almost without exception the result not of one simple cause, but a whole chain of causes, and if the motive be analyzed it will almost certainly be found to be very complex, with a host of modifying factors. This is a matter that can be tested every day by anyone. Let anyone, for instance, consider his desires which in most cases govern his motives, even where they are not entirely mistaken for them. He will find that his desires are not one, but many, pulling in many different directions, now one predominating, now another.

An illustration will perhaps make the matter clear. Consider a river, the destination of whose waters is the ocean. Speaking generally, we might say that a stick floating down the river would also ultimately reach the ocean, but we do not know into how many currents and eddies it might be drawn, or whether it might not even become stranded on the bank. Every eddy, every breeze—and these changing all the time—every turn in the river would have to be taken into account, in order to know the exact course and destination.

The illustration may not be a complete one, but it serves to show how the thousand and one eddies and strong currents of desire turn us from the broad stream of life which the soul would have us keep, and which would at last bring us into the ocean of infinitude.

A more complete illustration is af-

forded by the proposition known in *Mechanics* as the "polygon of forces," viz., that if any number of forces act on a particle, the resultant force may be determined, if the direction and intensity of all the forces be known. But unless *all* the forces be known the resultant cannot be determined, and it must be borne in mind that in the problem of life we have to deal with living and ever changing forces.

It must not be forgotten that the soul is dual in its nature, that while on the one hand it contacts matter and is involved in the material and sensuous world, it is still in essence divine, and so long as the divine nature is not wholly obscured, *i. e.*, so long as there remains one aspiration, or one spark of unselfishness or kindness, just so long will there be promptings, however much misunderstood or even unnoticed, towards a higher and nobler life. This power of the soul, in which resides free-will, is the most important factor in life, and while we may unqualifiedly condemn vivisection, yet I do not think we are in a position to say that those who practice it are wholly depraved. Consequently, if the state after death be the outcome of the thoughts of the present life, it will—in the case of the vivisector—reflect not simply those thoughts connected with vivisection, but also whatever thoughts may have been good and noble. It was taught by the ancients that the soul passes through *several* states after death, some of which reflect the evil side of life, and others the good side. This will be discussed later.

Since in our present state of knowledge it is impossible for us to know all the factors that influence any one life, we cannot say that any particular

environment will be the result of any given act or acts, but granting the general proposition that for every cause there is an equivalent effect, we may rest assured that every act and, in a greater degree, every motive, avowed or concealed, of the vivisector as of everyone else, will have its due result and become one of the modifying factors in succeeding lives, until complete harmony be attained. In the

case of some the soul may be drawn back to almost identical surroundings; in the case of others the soul may have learned its lesson, and therefore will enter into a new environment. But, in any case, the soul is drawn to and enters just that environment which is the outcome of its past, and also provides the *most favorable* conditions for its future progress.

KARMA.

Who is wise
Tears from his soul this Trishna, feeds
his sense
No longer on false shows, files his firm
mind
To seek not, strive not, wrong not;
bearing meek
All ills which flow from foregone wrong-
fulness,
And so constraining passions that they
die
Famished; till all the sum of ended
life—
The Karma—all that total of a soul
Which is the things it did, the thoughts
it had,
The "Self" it wove—the woof of view-
less time,
Crossed on the warp invincible of acts—
The outcome of him on the Universe,
Grows pure and sinless; either never
more
Needing to find a body and a place,

Or so informing what fresh frame it
takes
In new existence that the new toils
prove
Lighter and lighter not to be at all,
Thus "finishing the Path;" free from
Earth's cheats;
Released from all the skandhas of the
flesh;
Broken from ties—from Upadanas—
saved
From whirling on the wheel; aroused
and sane
As is a man wakened from hateful
dreams.
Until—greater than kings, than gods
more glad!—
The aching craze to live ends, and life
glides—
Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless
joy,
Blessed Nirvana—sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes!

—*Light of Asia.*

REVIEWS.

*The Philosophy of Plotinos.**—Too great praise could hardly be bestowed upon this scholarly contribution to Platonic literature. It is not only scholarly but keenly sympathetic, and the style is so admirably condensed and clear that although there are less than sixty pages of the text it gives a luminous exposition of Platonism, Aristotelianism, Stoicism, and the teachings of Hermès, as well as of the Philosophy of Plotinos, "the last great light of Greece." Unpretentious as the work is, it is the result of ripe scholarship; and students will find it of great value, while to those who are unacquainted with the philosophy of pagan Greece it will read like a revelation. Those students of Neo-theosophy especially who have for years been dallying with the elusive classifications found in Eastern writings will find many vexed problems solved by the lucid teachings of the great Greek Master, Ammonios Sakkas, as preserved in the writings of Plotinos, his favorite disciple.

A decided improvement could have been made, for the benefit of readers unacquainted with Greek, by transferring the Greek words from the text to the bottom of each page as foot-notes; but this is of small moment, as the author almost invariably translates the Greek terms used. On page 23, a misprint renders *Eidōlon Psuchēs* "image of the body" instead of "image of the soul."

The author gives the following analysis of the psychology of Plotinos:

"Every human soul is the unity of the following seven elements:

- (1.) *Ho Theos*, The God.
- (2.) *Nous Koinos*, Universal Mind.
- (3.) *Nous Idios*, Individual Mind.
- (4.) *Logos, Dianoia*, Reason.
- (5.) *To Aisthētikon Meros*, The psycho-physical mechanism of sensation.

* Order from Theosophical Publishing Co. Price, 50 cts.

(6.) *To Phutikon Meros*, Vegetable life.

(7.) *To Sōma*, the form, body, matter.

"In presenting this scheme of psychology, we must remember that nowhere does Plotinos give us a complete exposition of it; but it may be proved satisfactorily that he holds it, since he always speaks of these particular faculties in a consistent manner. . . . We epitomize the universe, when incarnate, by having organs by which we can come into communication with every one of the Seven Realms of which the world consists. Therefore man is *Panta*, all; he is a *Kosmos noētos*, an intelligible world. The soul is not an aggregate, like a house, but a unity revolving around a centre into which it can draw itself inwards. The soul ascends to the highest heights not by addition, or adding itself to God, but by immanent union with him.

. . . In order to show forth the relation of the small universe to the large one, we must premise that each separate faculty of man, while bound by an indissoluble tie to the other faculties, exists in a universe of its own. The physical body dwells in a realm of dead matter; the vegetable soul in a realm of organic life in which organic life is possible, and so on."

The author then devotes a chapter to each of the Seven Realms; and treats of Reincarnation, Ethics, and Æsthetics in separate chapters. Although detached quotations fail to do justice to the work, which should be studied as a whole to be appreciated, the following will illustrate its admirable clearness of statement:

"The World-Soul pities us in our sorrows, and during the intervals between the incarnations the human souls are protected by her, rising to the height that is appropriate to their development in goodness. While incarnate, human souls can attain to be as blessed and powerful as the World-Soul, averting

or minimizing the blows of fortune, and becoming the World-Soul's colleague in ruling her body. Thus the World-Soul and all human souls are equal, inasmuch as they are only different manners of working of the Universal Mind; different revelations of the same life—just as one light streams in many directions."

"The human soul is not an aggregate; it is an organic unity of which God is the highest phase. We develop by simplification of soul. To enter into oneself, is to enter into God. Only with the presupposition of such a psychology can the true meaning of the famous maxim ["know thyself"] appear. Plotinus claimed to have received the conception from tradition that was secret. Philo Judæus claimed the same origin for many of his dogmas. Thus, by the purification of virtue, we rise and are delivered from the bondage of the flesh and of the world and ascend to the life of god-like men and Gods, when in beatific vision we shall see God, *Phugè monou pros monon*, the flight of the Single to the Single, face to face."

Students of Theosophy will do well to procure the book and read it closely.

The Grail for Aug.-Sept.—This number is almost wholly filled by the report of the Third Annual Meeting of the T. S. in E. (England). None of the short articles it contains call for special comment. This is the last number of the *Grail* that will appear, as it is to be merged with the *Irish Theosophist* under the name of *The Internationalist*, with George W. Russell and Herbert Coryn as editors. There is a mild sort of humor in the name of the new conjoint magazine, seeing it is to be issued from Ireland; but if the Nemesis of misnomers has pursued the *Grail* from start to finish, let us hope that the new magazine will be recompensed for the incongruity by inheriting the good karma of the *Irish Theosophist* as to literary finish and readability.—ARETAS.

*Brotherhood-Nature's Law; by Bur-cham Harding.**—This work is based upon *Lotus Circle Manual No. 1*, the outlines of the latter being filled out and elaborated; each of the twelve chapters is followed by a series of questions. Theosophists will find the book extremely useful for beginners' classes, for which it is especially adapted, filling a want long felt by workers. As it is free from all technical Theosophical terms, and contains nothing that would irritate sectarian Christians, however orthodox, it is therefore excellent propaganda material, and answers to the non-sectarian character of the Lotus Groups. It is of convenient size, containing about 120 pages, sold at a low price; and will prove a boon to workers everywhere.

Theosophia, the organ of the Swedish Theosophical Society, devotes the whole of its August number to a report of the European Convention held in Stockholm.

The Irish Theosophist for September.—With this number the "*I. T.*" closes its fifth year and its existence "as such," since it is hereafter to appear in a more cosmopolitan character as the *Internationalist*. It has "gone a-grailing," and we have a nervous dread lest its new cover, under the influence of the late *Isis-Grail*, may display the Greek-Egyptian Goddess *aneu tou peplou* or a nightmare of snakes, Egyptian tumblebugs, and other symbolical "varmint." But as the *I. T.* had its own sad experiences with such title-cover vagaries in its early days, the new dress it is to don will probably be free from such eccentricities.

In "The Fountains of Youth" Æ. mingles prose and verse after the style of the old Keltic bards, reviving many legends of the fire-fountains of semi-Atlantean Eiré. "The Founding of Emain Macha" is concluded, as also the study of Robert Browning, and a

* Published by the author, 144 Madison Ave., New York; price, 20 cts.

short passage by "Iko" completes the number.—ARETAS.

The Arena for October is a strong number, but devoted mainly to political and economic subjects. The article on "Hypnotism in its Scientific and Forensic Aspects," by Marion L. Dawson, is merely an example of a certain sort of twaddle that passes for "science" in these days. It is superficial to the last degree, basing inconsequent theories upon mistaken notions. Nearly every statement it makes about mesmeric phenomena is either inaccurate or untrue. "Suicide: Is It Worth While?" by Charles B. Newcomb, is a vigorous, cheery presentation of sound philosophy, showing how each man is master of his own destiny, and that all suffering comes from within, proceeding from the inharmonious condition of one's own soul. Says the writer: "The supreme folly of the suicide is in the delusion that by breaking the slate he can solve his problem or escape it. He may for a time attempt the rôle of truant from life's school, but, like the schoolboy, he only delays his task and complicates it."—ARETAS.

The Pacific Theosophist for September.—This number is not up to the usual standard, containing no articles that show originality of thought or treatment; yet it is interesting as light "reading matter." "Theosophy in the First and Nineteenth Centuries," by Rev. W. E. Copeland, is fluently written, and puts forward good ideas, but it is rather too sketchy for so important a subject, and many will question the statement that "neither the devout Jew nor the philosophic Greek could accept Theosophy in the first century . . . yet the Chris-

tians became learned, and Greek philosophy was replaced by Christian theosophy." Rather it was that the philosophers among both Jews and Greeks were Theosophists, while the ignorant mob pushed to the fore with their anthropomorphism and sarcolatry, and secured an æonian reign of superstition and bigotry. The brief sketch of "Theosophy and Christianity," by C. in the same number, is more convincing, but equally unsatisfactory from an historical standpoint. The "Branch Reports" show a creditable amount of activity on the Pacific Coast.—ARETAS.

Theosophy Briefly Explained,* "written and edited by various students," is another of the numerous attempts to produce a simple little book that will make Theosophy luminous to the unenlightened mind. But that book remains unwritten. The present attempt has nothing to commend it over the many pamphlets already published, and is greatly inferior to *Elementary Theosophy*. It is disorderly in its arrangement of topics, and the ideas advanced in it are not distinctly formulated. Nor is it written in a clear and earnest style; in fact its origin is more easily traced to the paste-pot than to the pen. Yet it aspires to be an elementary text-book of Theosophy such as will never be written until some devoted Theosophist rises to the moral grandeur of locking himself in a bookless room and forgetting all about Parabrahm, the X-Ray and the submerged Atlantean continent, while he writes a book in Anglo-Saxon about what he *knows* and has *heard* concerning man and the universe.—ARETAS.

* London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.; paper, 35 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

AUSTRALIA.—The Society in Sydney, N.S. W., has suffered a severe loss through the death of an old comrade and an earnest and devoted worker for Theosophy. Mrs. Elizabeth Minchen died suddenly on Sunday, August 15th. She had not been ill long and her death was quite unexpected by her friends. Mrs. Minchen was one of the oldest members in Australia and has worked year in and year out for Theosophy ever since the T. S. was inaugurated in Sydney. She will be greatly missed by many to whom she had endeared herself through her warm hearted sympathy and kindness.

Since moving into new headquarters there has been a great increase of interest in Theosophy on the part of the public with a larger attendance at all meetings, the open discussions on Sunday evenings being a great attraction. The Daily Press gives good reports of meetings.

NEW ZEALAND.—The centre of Theosophic activity is at AUCKLAND. The work of the Waitemata Centre has aroused much interest and meetings are well attended. A Taraniki paper has recently published a long article contributed by Mrs. St. Clair on the "Laying of the Foundation Stone of S. R. L. M. A. at Point Loma," and has asked for further articles on Theosophical activities in America. The Theosophical monthlies, and weekly paper, are kept on file in the Free Public Libraries at Auckland and at Devonport. The two Thames Centres are working well and harmoniously, the Lotus Groups especially doing excellent work. Rev. S. J. Neill's lectures are well attended.

ARYAN T. S., New York, has resumed active work for the coming season under most favorable auspices. Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, as President, is the right man in the right place. He has proved himself to be a great unifying force and has discovered much good material, among the members, for speakers and workers, that had not been utilized before. The Branch meetings on Tuesday evenings are now held exclusively for T. S. A. members and every member is expected to take some part in the proceedings. This plan is meeting with great success. Public meetings are held on Sunday evenings, the opening meeting of the season being on September 19th; D. N. Dunlop lectured to a well-filled hall upon "Elementary Theosophy" and was followed briefly by H. Croke and H. T. Patterson. The Branch has already taken preliminary steps toward the holding of a Brotherhood Bazaar as outlined in a circular recently sent to all Branches.

As stated previously arrangements have been made for two THEOSOPHISTS' DAYS at the NASHVILLE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION. The dates assigned to Theosophy are October 17th and 18th and it is expected that Mrs. Tingley, E. A. Neresheimer, E. T. Hargrove, H. T. Patterson, D. N. Dunlop, Mrs. Mayer and Rev. W. Williams will be present from New York; Dr. J. D. Buck from Cincinnati, and A. B. Griggs, from Providence, besides many other speakers and members from other cities.

AUGUSTA T. S., Ga., has recently lost one of its most active members, Mr. P. Desrochers who now expects

to reside near New York. Mr. Desrochers has been lately making a tour in the States and wherever possible visited the Branches and members, everywhere receiving a cordial welcome.

MANASA T. S. (Toledo, Ohio) moved on October 1st into larger headquarters at Room 61, Currier Hall, Madison Street. The first meeting in the new room was held October 5th. On the afternoon of Sunday, August 22d, Dr. J. D. Buck visited Toledo and spoke in the open air at Golden Rule Park upon the subject of Brotherhood. A large crowd gathered around

him and listened attentively for an hour. In the evening he spoke to a large audience at the Unitarian Church upon "A Practical Philosophy."

Many of the Branches of the T. S. A. passed resolutions on the death of Edward B. Rambo expressing appreciation of his devotion and work in the service of humanity.

New Branches have recently been formed in Savannah, Georgia; Florence, Mass.; Ann Harbor, Mich. Mrs. A. S. Heath of Seattle, is visiting Nelson, B. C., and through her efforts has interested a number of people there.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors:

A circular letter headed "Sanskrit Revival," dated Oct. 13, 1897, has been sent to members T. S. in A. to which was attached a notice without date signed on the front page with my name.

I beg to state that the part over my name was originally issued on February 13, 1897, when I was requested by the author of the circular to introduce him to some of our American members.

Since then letters from different parts of the country have reached me to the effect that members thought the study of Sanskrit was a part of the Theosophical Society activities at Headquarters, and in consequence they have sacrificed other duties.

I was consulted recently as to the use of my name in connection with the circular of October 13, 1897, and I then declined this with the explanation that it was contrary to my duty to call attention to, or appeal to the members of the T. S. in A. on behalf of any enterprise of a personal nature.

The use of my name therefore on the notice which accompanied the circular dated October 13, 1897, was not authorized by me.

Respectfully,

F. A. NERESHEIMER.

President T. S. in A.

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