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UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY
THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT.

PHILOSOPHY · SCIENCE · AND · ART.

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF THE PATH BY
W. Q. JUDGE.



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Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley; Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, Editors.

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"Universal Brotherhood"

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The Brotherhood of Humanity, the Theosophical Movement, Philosophy, Science and Art.

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF "THE PATH," BY
WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY } EDITORS.
E. A. NERESHEIMER }

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The demonstration of these broad ideas from the Ethical, Scientific and Practical points of view will prove that there is much agreement between these systems on this topic, and that it is an underlying ground-work by means of which all Religions and all Philosophies agree also.

This magazine will endeavor to show the great similarity between the Religions of the world, in their fundamental beliefs and doctrines as also the value of studying other systems than our own.

A sound basis for ethics should be found.

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It is hoped that every sympathizer with the cause of brotherhood will endeavor to assist us in enlarging the circulation of this magazine. Subscribers will greatly oblige by sending us the names and addresses of individuals known to them as willing to investigate liberal ideas.

All writers who are interested in the above objects are invited to contribute articles.

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ZOROASTER.

COPIED FROM A BAS-RELIEF AT PERSEPOLIS. EXAMPLES OF PERSIAN ICONOGRAPHY
IN "EARLY SASSANIAN INSCRIPTIONS," BY EDW. THOMAS, F.R.S.

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UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

Vol. XIII.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 7.

THE WISDOM RELIGION OF ZOROASTER.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

"THE primeval religion of Iran," says Sir William Jones, "if we rely on the authorities adduced by Mohsan Fani* was that which Newton calls the oldest (and it may justly be called the noblest) of all religions:—'a firm belief that one Supreme God made the world by his power and continually governed it by his providence; a pious fear, love and adoration of him; a due reverence for parents and aged persons; a fraternal affection for the whole human species, and a compassionate tenderness even for the brute creation.'"

The believers in a Golden Age preceding the ruder and unhappier periods of human history readily trace in this a confirmation of their cherished sentiment. Those who contemplate religions as substantially the same in their essential principles, can subscribe heartily to the statement. Even they who ignore and repudiate the past as solely bestial and barbarous, and place everything in the future as a goal of effort and expectation, will not hesitate to accept the proposition as an ultimate attainment.

Yet that which is to be must be to a large degree something that has been,

and a rehabilitation of the old. It must have existed in idea, or it would not be evolved in manifested existence. Religions may have their Apostles, but Apostles are not the first creators of religions. For religion has its inception not from the logical reason, but in the human heart, in the passionate desire for the better and more true, for that which is superior to the present selfhood. It comes into existence as an infant child, and grows gradually, taking form and shape according to the genius of those by whom it is adopted and cherished.

When the first Zarathustra was born, Mazdaism was already divergent not only from Turanian Shamanism but likewise from the Aryan Deva-worship of archaic India. The pioneers of Iran were tillers of the soil and dwellers in ceiled houses and walled villages, while the followers of Indra and Saurva were still nomadic shepherds and fed their flocks wherever pasture was afforded, little regardful even of any respect for the enclosed and cultivated fields of their brethren. Yet at that period the two had not become distinct communities. "Hard by the believers in Ahura live the worshippers of the devas," says Zoroaster.

Much curious speculation has been bestowed in regard to the identity of the

* Mohsan who is here cited was a native of Kashmir, and a Sufi. He insisted that there was an Eranian monarchy the oldest in the world, and that the religion of Hushan, which is here described, was its prevailing faith.

Great Sage and Prophet of archaic Eran. Some modern writers have even suggested that he was simply a mythic or ideal personage described in ancient hyperbole as a Son or Avatar of Divinity, because of representing the religious system of which he was the recognized expositor. Plato more rationally styles him "the Oro-Mazdean," who promulgated the learning of the Magi, by which was meant the worship of the Gods, and being true and truthful in words and deeds through the whole of one's life. "By means of the splendor and glory of the Frohars or guardian spirits," says the *Frazardin-Yasht*, "that man obtained revelations who spoke good words, who was the Source of Wisdom, who was born before Gotama had such intercourse with God."

We find him accordingly set forth in the *Gathas*, the most ancient literature of his people, as an historic person of the lineage of Spitama, with a father, remoter ancestors, kinsmen, a wife, and sons and daughters.* The *Yasna*, or Book of Worship, declares the following: "Then answered me Homa the righteous: 'Pourushaspa has prepared me as the fourth man in the corporeal world; this blessing was bestowed upon him that thou wast born to him—thou, the righteous Zarathustra, of the house of Pourushaspa, who opposeth the devas, who art devoted to the Ahura religion and famous in Airyana-Vaejo, the Aryan Fatherland.'"

He seems to have begun his career as an humble student and reciter of the chants and prayers in the presence of the Sacred Fire, but to have been developed in maturer years into an apostle and speaker of oracles which should impart the true wisdom to all who heard. He gave a rational form to the religious thought of his countrymen, elaborated

* The father of the first Zoroaster was named Pourushaspa, his great grandfather, Hækatashpa, his wife Hvovi, his daughters, Freni, Thriti, Pourushista. The daughters were married according to archaic Aryan custom to near kindred.

it into a philosophy, and began for it the preparation of a literature by which it should be perpetuated.

Nevertheless we may not accept for him much that has been published under the name or title by which he is commonly known. Whether he actually wrote much we do not know. Generally, the disciples, and not the Masters, are the ones most prolific in literary productions. Besides, there have been many Zoroasters, or spiritual superiors, who succeeded to the rank and honors of Zarathustra Spitaman. All these who made contributions to the Sacred Oracles, appear to have received acceptance like that awarded to the Mazdean Apostle. Nor does the distinction seem to have been confined to the Eranian country, nor even to the collections of the *Avesta*. When conquest extended the Persian authority to other regions, it was followed by religious propagandism. In this way the Zoroastrian faith burst through the limitations of a single people and country, and for a period of centuries appeared likely to become the principal religion of the world. It was supreme in the Parthian dominion clear to Kabul* or further, and it extended over the Roman Empire as far as Germany and Scotland. As conquest removed the lines of partition between peoples, religion and philosophy met fewer obstacles. The "pure thought" and doctrine may have been greatly changed by the commingling with the notions of the newer receivers, as we observe in the Mithra-worship and the various forms of Gnosticism. We also find men in different countries of the East who, for their appearance and superior intelligence bore the same honorary designation as the Sage of the *Avesta*, which has created some uncertainty in later times in distinguishing the individual who was actually first to bear the title.

* The Afghan language appears to have been derived from that of the *Avesta*. Perhaps the book was written there.

The Mazdean faith has left a vivid impress upon the doctrine and literature of other religions. The Hebrew Sacred Writings of later periods treat of the "God of Heaven," and the "God of Truth,"* and contain other references significant of acquaintance with the Persian theosophy.

The *New Testament* is by no means free from this influence; the Gnosis or superior wisdom is repeatedly mentioned; also guardian angels, and various spiritual essences. The reference in the *Apocalypse* to the tree of life, the second death, the white pebble inscribed with an occult name, the procession in white robes, and the enthronement, are taken from the Mithraic worship.

The pioneers of the later Platonic School distinctly named Mithras as the central divinity. He had to a great degree displaced Apollo and Bacchus in the West, and ranked with Serapis in Egypt. Porphyry treats of the worship of the Cave, the constructing of a Cave by Zoroaster with figures of the planets and constellations overhead, and declares that Mithras was born in a *petra* or grotto-shrine.† He describes the Mith-

ras-worship as being in touch with the Esoteric philosophy, and his famous Letter to Anebo, the Egyptian prophet, appears to have been called forth by the apprehension of an endeavor to qualify or supersede it by a theurgy which was chiefly deduced from the occult Rites of Serapis and the Assyrian theology.

In connection with their expositions of the Later Platonism, the various philosophic writers, as for example Synesios, Proklos, and Damaskios, quoted selections from the Oriental literature. These have come to us under the general name of "Chaldean Oracles," but later redactors have styled them "*Tá Toῦ Ζώροαστρον λόγια*"—the Memorable Sayings of the Zoroaster.* They exhibit a remarkable similarity to the Neo-Platonic teachings, and we have the assurance of a distinguished Parsee gentlemen famous alike for his profound attainments and his extensive liberality,† that they are genuine. He declares that there is no reason to doubt that the Persian doctrine was based upon that of the Chaldeans and was in close affinity with it, and he adds that the Chaldean doctrine and philosophy may be taken as a true exposition of the Persian.

We may remark that much of the religious symbolism employed by the Persians was identical with that of the Assyrians, and the explanations given by M. Lajard in his work, *La Culte de Mithra*, plainly accepts rites and divinities from the Chaldean worship.

Many of the Maxims attributed to the Eranian Zarathustra, as well as the Memorable Sayings of the Chaldean Zoroaster are replete with suggestions in regard to

god of oracles was called *Paterus*, and his priests *pateræ*. Places having oracles or prophets were sometimes so named, as Pethor the abode of Balaam, Patara, Patras, etc.

* An edition published at Paris in 1563 had the title of "*The Magical Oracles of the Magi descended from the Zoroaster.*" By *magical* is only meant gnostic or wise.

† Sir Dhunjibhoy Jamssetjee Medhora, of the Presidency of Bombay who has written ably on Zoroastrianism.

* The name Mithras signifies truth. Falsehood was regarded as obnoxious to this divinity, and as punished with leprosy. (*Kings II. v. 27.*)

† That ingenious writer "Mark Twain" calls attention to the fact that all the sacred places connected with the Holy Family in Palestine are grottoes. "It is exceedingly strange," says he, "that these tremendous events all happened in grottoes," and he does not hesitate to pronounce "this grotto-stuff as important."

We may look further, however. The ancient mystic rites were celebrated in *petras*, or grotto-shrines, and the temples of Mithras bore that designation. The Semitic term PTR or *peter* signifies to lay open, to interpret, and hence an interpreter, a hierophant. It was probably applied to the officiating priests at the initiations, in the "barbarous" or "sacred" language used on such occasions. There was such an official at the Cave or Shrine of Mithras at Rome, till the worship was interdicted. In the Eleusinian Rites, the hierophant read to the candidates from the *Petroma* or two tablets of stone. The servants of the Pharaoh in the book of *Genesis* were sad at having dreamed when there was no *peter* to give a *petron* or explanation. *Petra* in Idumea probably was named from the profusion of its *petræ* or shrines, and the country was famed for "wisdom" (*Jeremiah xlix. 7*). Apollo the

the true life of fraternity and neighborly charity, as well as information upon recondite and philosophic subjects. They are inspired by a profound veneration as well as intuition. Every family was part of a Brotherhood, and the districts were constituted of these fraternities.

The Zoroastrian designation of the Supreme Being was Ahura and Mazda, the Lord, the All-Wise, Mazdaism or the Mazdayasna is therefore the Wisdom-Religion. The Divinity is also honored as the Divine Fire or inmost energy of life—in his body resembling light; in his essence, truth.

Mithras was the God of Truth. The Zoroastrian religion was an apotheosis of Truth. Evil was hateful as being the lie. Trade was discouraged as tending to make men untruthful. "The wretch who belies Mithras," who falsifies his word, neglecting to pay his debts, it is said, "is destructive to the whole country. Never break a promise—neither that which was contracted with a fellow-religionist, nor with an unbeliever."

As Ahur' Mazda is first of the seven Amshaspands, or archangels, so Mithras is chief of the Yazatas or subordinate angels. "I created him," says Ahur'-Mazda, "to be of the same rank and honor as myself." Mithras precedes the Sun in the morning, he protects the Earth with unsleeping vigilance, he drives away lying and wicked spirits, and rewards those who follow the truth.

Those who speak lies, who fail to keep their word, who love evil better than good, he leaves to their own courses; and so they are certain to perish. His dominion is geographically described in the *Mihir-Yasht* as extending from Eastern India and the Seven Rivers to Western India, and from the Steppes of the North to the Indian Ocean.

Although much is said about "dualism" and the corporeal resurrection, it is apparent that it is principally "read into" the Zoroastrian writings rather than properly deduced from them. Op-

portunity for this is afforded by the fact that the vocabulary of the different languages was very limited, and single words were necessarily used to do duty for a multitude of ideas. We notice this fact, by comparing them, that no two translators of passages in the *Avesta* give the same sense or even general tenor. We are often obliged to form a judgment from what is apparent.

This text from Dr. Haug's translation seems explicit: "Ahura Mazda by his holy spirit, through good thought, good word and good deed, gives health and immortality to the world." Two ideas are distinct: 1, that all real good is of and from Divinity; 2, that intrinsic goodness on the part of the individual, makes him recipient of its benefits.

It seems plain, also, that in the mind of Zoroaster, as of other great thinkers, life is sempersistent. The *Yasna* and *Hadokht-Yasht*, both "older Scriptures," declare this plainly. They recite the particulars of the journey of the soul, the real self, from the forsaken body to the future home. It waits three days by the body, as if not ready to depart forever. The righteous soul, then setting out, presently meets a divine maiden, its higher law and interior selfhood, who gives the joyful assurance: "Thou art like me even as I appear to thee. I was beloved, beautiful, desirable and exalted; and thou, by the good thought, good speech, and good action, hast made me more beloved, more beautiful, more desirable, and exalted still higher." So the righteous soul having taken these three steps, now takes the fourth, which brings it to the Everlasting Lights.

Here is no talk about the resuscitating of anything that had really died. There is recognized a continuing to live, and for the worthy one, this life is eternal, or what is the same thing, divine.

For the others, there is the counterpart, a meeting with an impure maiden figure, a falling under the sway of the Evil Mind with the probations which

this entails. Nevertheless we may not consider this Evil Mind as sempiternal, or all-powerful; else there would be two Intelligences in conflict for dominion over the universe, and so the shifting scenes of human life could be only an absurd, pitiful farce. In the nature of things, evil must exist as the correlative of good; but it is never an essence or a principle. It is always self-destroying and never permanent in any form. In most old copies of the *Hadokht-Yasht*, we notice that no fourth step is mentioned, in the case of the wicked soul; though far from righteousness, it is not consigned to perpetual hell.

The primitive Mazdean doctrine was philosophic on these subjects as well as moral, "All good has sprung from Ahur' Mazda's holy spirit," the *Yasna* declares: "and he who in his wisdom created both the Good and the Negative Mind, rewards those who are obedient. In him the last cause of both minds lies hidden."

Further we are told of the real origin of devas or devils, that those who do not perform good works actually themselves "produce the devas by means of their pernicious thoughts."

In the end, however, the Savior is to make the whole world immortal. Then the Truth will smite and destroy the lie, and Anhra Manyas, the Evil Mind, will part with his rule.

By this we are not to understand any coming crisis of the external world, but a palingenesis or restitution and regeneration in each person individually. It was a true saying in the Gospel: "This is the crisis or judging: that the Light comes into the world, and men love the darkness rather than the light; for their deeds were evil."

Both the *Memorable Sayings*, and the recorded utterances of the *Avesta* which are still preserved, abound with philosophic and theurgic utterances. Many of them are very recondite, others excel in sublimity. The following selections are

examples.

"The Paternal Monad (or Divine Fire) is: It is extended and generates the Twin. For the Dual sitteth close beside the One, and flashes forth mental promptings which are both for the direction of all things and the arranging of every thing that is not in order."

"The Paternal Mind commanded that all things should be divided into Threes, all of them to be directed by Intelligence."

"In all the cosmic universe the Triad shines, which the Monad rules."

"Understand that all things are subservient to the Three Beginnings. The first of these is the Sacred Course; then in the midst is the region of Air; the third, the other, is that which cherishes the Earth with fire—the fountain of fountains and Source of all fountains, the womb containing all; from hence at once proceeds the genesis of matter in its many shapes."

"The Father takes himself away from sight; not shutting his own Fire in his own spiritual power. For from the Paternal Beginning nothing that is imperfect gyrates forth. For the Father made all things complete and delivered them to the Second Intelligence which the race of men call the First."

"He holds fast in the Mind the matters of mind, but sensibility he supplies to the worlds. He holds fast in the Mind the things of mind, but supplies soul to the worlds."

"The Soul being a radiant fire by the power of the Father, not only remains immortal and is absolute ruler of the life, but also holds in possession the many perfections of the bosoms of the world; for it becomes a copy of the Mind, but that which is born is somewhat corporeal."

"Let the immortal depth of the soul lead and all the views expand on high. Do not incline to the dark-gleaming world. Beneath is always spread out a faithless deep and Hades dark all around, perturbed, delighting in senseless phantasms, abounding with precipices, craggy, always whirling round a miserable deep, perpetually wedded to an ignoble, idle, spiritless body."

"Extend the fiery mind to work of piety and you will preserve ever changing body."

"The mortal approaching the Fire will be illuminated from God."

"Let alone the hastening of the Moon in her monthly course, and the goings forward of stars; the moon is always moved on by the work of necessity, and the progress of the stars was not produced for thy sake. Neither the bold flight of birds through the ether, nor the dissection of the entrails of sacrificed animals is a source to learn the truth; they are all playthings, supports for gainful deceptions; fly them all, if thou art going to open the sacred paradise of piety, where virtue, wisdom, and justice are assembled."

Despite all these mentions of the Father and the Paternal Monad, no reference is made in the *Avesta* to God as a father. Nevertheless he exhibits all the qualities of a parent and protector; he gives happiness, rewards goodness, creates beneficent light and darkness, and loves all his creation.

Many of the Avestan utterances are sublime.

"My light is hidden under all that shines," says Ahur' Mazda.

"My name is: He who may be questioned; the Gatherer of the People; the Most Pure; He who takes account of the actions of men. My name is Ahura, the Living One; my name is Mazda, the All-

Wise. I am the All-Beholding, the Desirer of good for my creatures, the Protector, the Creator of all."

The *Yasna* abounds with expressive sayings, somewhat of the character of proverbs.

"He first created, by means of his own fire, the multitude of celestial bodies, and through his Intelligence, the good creatures governed by the inborn good mind."

"When my eyes behold thee, the Essence of truth, the Creator of life who manifests his life in his works, then I know thee to be the Primeval Spirit, thee the All-Wise, so high in mind as to create the world, and the Father of the Good Mind."

"I praise the Mazdayasnian religion, and the righteous brotherhood which it establishes and defends."

In the Zoroastrian religion a man might not live for himself or even die for himself. Individual virtue is not the gain of only the soul that practices it, but an actual addition to the whole power of good in the universe. The good of one is the good of all; the sin of one is a fountain of evil to all. The aim of the Mazdean discipline is to keep pure the thought, speech, action, memory, reason and understanding. Zoroaster asks of Ahur' Mazda, what prayer excels everything else? "That prayer," is the reply, "when a man renounces all evil thoughts, words and works."

Fasting and ascetic practices are disapproved as a culpable weakening of "the powers entrusted to a person for the service of Ahur' Mazda." The sins of the Zoroastrian category include everything that burdens the conscience, seeing evil and not warning him who is doing it, lying, doubting the good, withholding alms, afflicting a good man, denying that there is a God,—also pride, covet-

ing of goods, the coveting of the wife of another, speaking ill of the dead, anger, envy, discontent with the arrangements of God, sloth, scorn, false witness.

The soul of man is a ray from the Great Soul, by the Father of Light.

It is matter of regret that so much of the Zoroastrian literature has been lost. It is more to be regretted that it has not been better translated. Yet books do not create a faith, but are only aids. Men are infinitely more precious than books. The essence of the Wisdom-Religion was not lost when the Nasks perished. "The Zoroastrian ideal of Brotherhood is founded on a recognition of the Divine Unity, and does not represent an association of men united by a common belief or common interests." There is

no distinction of class or race. In the Zoroastrian writings the Frohars or protecting geniuses of all good men and women are invoked and praised, as well as those of Zoroastrians. Any one whose aspirations are spiritual and his life beneficent, is accepted, though not professedly of the Mazdean fellowship.

So much of the literature has an esoteric meaning that superficial students lose sight of, that the genuine Wisdom-Religion is not discerned. There are eyes needed that can see and apperceive. Then the symbols which materialists blunder over will be unveiled in their true meaning and there will be witnessed a revival of a religion devoid of elaborate ceremony, but replete with justice, serene peacefulness and goodwill to men.

OUR OPPORTUNITIES.

BY SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

TO look back upon a lost opportunity, and upon many such, is a possibility to most of those who have worked for Brotherhood during any large portion of the life of our Society. It is in this way that we learn all those lessons of confidence and of obedience that must be learned and well learned before success can be absolute and perpetual.

It has been well and ably pointed out that our work is in its third stage, a number which is in itself a type of completion and containing the promise and the potency of an establishment, four square, which shall stand forever before the eyes of men. Of the first two of these stages it is not necessary to speak here. Their lessons have been burned into our minds and our literature has recorded them. So far as we have been changed

by them, moulded by them, educated by them, are we able to profit by the third stage into which, with so much stress and conflict, we have entered, and in this struggle we have lost some few, who, because they could not see their opportunity, have missed it. They would travel upon no road but that which was illumined by the deceptive glimmer of the personality and of the intellect, and it has led them where it has already led thousands before.

The work upon which H.P.B. entered 25 years ago, and to which she invited our aid, was not a mysterious nor a secret work, however mysterious and secret some of its methods may have seemed. It was declared to be a work for the Brotherhood of Humanity, for the establishment of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, and this Brotherhood was

to be without any distinction whatever, neither of race, nor creed, nor sex nor caste. And from that day to this there has been no deviation. We are fighting now for what we were fighting then and the terms of our service made us then, as they make us now, servants of humanity, and not at all of Self. No one who has understood this has ever failed, nor can he ever fail. There is no other occultism in nature, no other evolution in nature, and the intellectual instruction which, in such monumental form, was given to us by H. P. B. was intended for no other purpose than to make us more fitting servants of humanity. And yet there were some who lost sight of the abiding object in the transient method, to whom service by intellectual generalship was not unpleasing, and such as these have mistaken the sharpening of the sword for the battle itself. Their place in the ranks has been filled and the tide of fight has passed onward and away. Once more the miser has been starved while counting his gold. That our methods have been changed is in itself an evidence of our leadership and of our own vitality under that leadership. Confronted by disease, the wise physician studies each symptom, each change of his patient. Each new symptom he combats with its appropriate remedy, each change finds him alert to do the right thing, at the right time. No higher wisdom is there than this. I have said that he who keeps alive within him the one great purpose of our work, can never go astray, and it is because that work is for humanity and in no way for ourselves and because that humanity is diseased with wrong thinking and wrong acting that we must follow every symptom as it arises and to each changing symptom apply the changing remedy.

If we be honest in thought and honest in purpose, how easy it becomes to see something of the great plan which underlies what we call change of method

in our work, and to lay hold of the opportunities which lie so thick upon our path. We know well that the object of occult training is not to *know* something, but to *become* something. He who places himself upon the occult path and permits himself to be whirled away by the hunger and thirst for knowledge alone, may indeed advance some little way but he is courting disaster at every step. To that *becoming*, intellectual knowledge indeed is necessary, but it is always the means and never the end, and as a means it has been given so freely. Now at the very root of that intellectual training lies the theory that Life is one and indivisible, that there is one great Life pulsating through the Universe, manifesting here in the grain of sand and there in the brain of the philosopher. I say theory advisedly, because intellectually it is but a theory and cannot become for us a fact until we have made it a part of ourselves.

When we have made it a part of ourselves by embracing the opportunities which are now put within our reach, it must show itself, not by the power of verbal jugglery, not by an added subtlety in debate, but by an ever-flowing compassion which is ever concreting into acts of pity and of love. Are we to theorize for ever, at the bidding of those who arrogate to themselves high places in the temple of occult truth, or is not the time even now upon us when we may turn our theories into knowledge and by that knowledge help the world? Which among us is so blind that in a Brotherhood supper he can see but the filling of empty stomachs. Truly the world is full of the misery of hunger and of nakedness and vice and if we can fill a hundred empty stomachs to-night, are there not twenty times a hundred at our very doors and is not the world filled with deep curses of pain and of despair? And the hundred stomachs which we have filled to-night, will they not be empty again to-morrow and what shall

be the end of it? Is it not in this way that the opportunity of our lives has come to us, that from intellectual theory we may climb upwards towards knowledge, that we may *become* that of which we have theorized?

We can talk glibly of the secret forces of nature, the play of mind on mind. We have learned it from books, we have pondered over it in our minds and we have evolved strange theories which are all our own, and that are not to be found at all in the books. Let us now, at this third stage in our history, withdraw ourselves from the fascinating contemplation of our own wisdom and apply some infinitesimal portion of it to the events of daily life and to the sorrows of other men. Do we believe in the underlying unity of life? Do we believe that evolution requires us to break down that selfish illusion of the personality which says ever "I" and would have the world say "I"? We intellectually believe all this, but we get but little nearer to that *becoming* which is occultism. And now we have the opportunity to add this coping stone of knowledge which will supersede all theory. We have the opportunity to look into the eyes of those who suffer and to see ourselves therein, so of a surety, the unity of life comes over us with a rush that is overpowering and we have learned a lesson which shall abide with us throughout the ages when the books have crumbled again into their dust. None of our theories have any value whatever, except so far as they

tend to concrete into acts. This concretion into act is the evidence and proof of that which we have *become*.

And that which we ourselves become has a necessary and certain contagion. We throw a pebble into the Atlantic and the ripples will reach two great continents. You, now, who know so much of books, learned and occult, say what will be the end of putting one little thought of brotherhood into two hundred minds whose bodies are but the playground of hunger and of cold. Here is an occult problem of so practical a nature that we are somewhat staggered, remembering the ripples on the Atlantic which follow the one small pebble. The not injudicious silence which must follow the stating of such a problem allows room for another. What then shall be the ultimate result if we can give some slight physical aid, in the name of Universal Brotherhood, to an army, with the horrors of war upon each man. What shall be the ultimate, final result upon that army and upon the nation to which they belong, when these men disband, north, south, east and west bearing the contagion of brotherhood throughout the land?

"There is a tide in the affairs of men." That tide can bear us to victory, and it can also overwhelm. Shall not great sorrow be our portion if these our opportunities pass by unheeded, and the great light of the future make all men to see our follies of to-day?

THE DAY IS AT HAND.

BY HENRY T. EDGE.

THE readers of this magazine are familiar with the idea that we are at one of those stages in human history when an old order passeth away and a new order cometh to pass. As Krishna, the Divine Word, says in the *Bhagavad Gītā* :—"I incarnate from age to age, whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice, for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness." We have heard of these epochs in the past, how they have been marked by widespread changes and so-called calamities, and how many have given them a religious interpretation and imagined that Christ, or some other religious teacher, would come in a chariot of fire and establish a temporal kingdom.

But we do not look for any such revolutionary event as the millennium or the translation of a gross of thousands of sectarians. The outpouring of radiance from the Spiritual Sun is a gradual and progressive process, instilling new life into every scattered seed of nobleness and aspiration, and cleansing away the rotten growths of decadence. Our monthly reviews and our denunciatory novels have made us sufficiently familiar with the dark and menacing side of the picture, and have never ceased to din into our ears the fact that everything is deteriorating, from silver coinage to morals and from the novel to the throne. But let us turn our eyes awhile from the "destruction of the wicked" to the "establishment of righteousness." Let us forget the birth-pangs and turn our attention to the birth, to the end that we may dispel from our spirits the gloom of pessimism and inspire new hope.

A survey of the progress of this century will show us that there is no department of human thought and activity in which the regenerative spirit has not been busy, bursting old husks and throwing out new shoots. Everything has been broadened and energized, in religion, in science, and social ideals. The result has been a large number of new reform movements which are as yet mutually isolated, but which will ere long combine, and then shall the new age dawn.

Each of the progressive movements of our day may be regarded as a separate stone in the future masonic temple, undergoing the process of cutting and dressing, and nearly ready to be fitted into its place. We do not see the future building as a whole, except with the prophetic eye of faith, but all its parts are ready. We wait only for the ground to be cleared of the crumbling old ruins which still darken our prospect and frighten us with their delusive aspect of solidity and permanence. But, like Poe's "House of Usher," these antiquated structures are rotten to the last degree, though every stone is as yet in its place, and a very slight shock will break them up. Never shall their like be built again, once they are gone, for the workshops of the world are stocked with newer and better materials and fittings for the new fabrics.

Let us enumerate some of these reforms in our ideals of human life and destiny.

In *social economy* we have begun to realize that the individual is of less importance than the community; that man has a common life and a common interest which are more important than his personal concerns. The narrow, selfish

individualism of Samuel Smiles is out of date.

In *religion* we are getting rid of narrowness and bigotry, and learning breadth and tolerance; we are letting go the husk and seeking the kernel.

In *literature* we are recognizing the wisdom of the ancients and of contemporaries in foreign lands. We have lost the old insularity.

In *science*, mankind is beginning to study its proper study—Man. We realize that man is something more than a thinking machine, and is an immortal soul with the powers and destinies of a God.

Caste distinctions are disappearing, and men are becoming men, instead of merely aristocrats and common people.

Education is being recognized as a moral training rather than as a process of mental stuffing.

All these movements are evidences of the strenuous working of the leaven of higher ideals, instilled by the spiritual fire which glows beneath the mass of our modern life. The ardent longing for that which is real and true and enduring, the universal discontent with shams, the striving for unity and brotherhood, are all manifestations of the coming of Krishna or Christ.

Just now all these diverse movements are working and struggling separately against the heavy inertia of the old order of things. Very soon the old foundations of society will be tottering and reeling, and then will come the time for concerted action among all the new movements. For they are all informed by the same spirit, though they may know it not—the spirit that breathes expansion and sympathy and light and warmth and buoyancy, and that melts and withers all barriers and boundaries.

Till that day arrives, and it cannot be long delayed, let us all continue to work in our own departments, each chiselling his own stone. Let the labor leader and the socialist still persevere in their efforts for fair and just conditions of life. Let the artist strive on to elevate his art, and bring back the soul of music to the mute harp. Let the scientist study the laws of human conduct and seek nature herself behind her veils; and let the preacher go on preaching tolerance of other people's views, and inculcating the *spirit* of religion instead of the form. Let all work as for a goal in sight and heed not the inevitable din of crumbling ruins. Let us fix our gaze on that which is fast approaching.

THE SOUL KNOWS.

BY ADELAIDE A. DEEN HUNT.

"In him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind with the Supreme Spirit, what room can there be for delusion of mind, and what room for sorrow, when he reflects on the identity of spirit."—*Yajur Veda*.

HOW well it is for us that the soul does know. How would life be bearable were it not that such is the fact? How could we possibly reconcile our own vagaries or those of our friends or of humanity at large, with the protestations, the professed creeds, or the formulated beliefs which are (seemingly) daily and hourly transgressed in action? But life as we see it is only a distorted reflection in a mirror, the personality a Jack-in-the-box whose springs are disordered, and who consequently jumps at unseemly times, in unseemly ways, because its harmony has been disarranged. But even as he who manipulates the toy, knows that the fault lies in the twisted spring, so does the soul know that a similar warping of the mental reflection of the real truth, is the occasion of all the antics in which man indulges.

Let us take, for instance, the various and often absolutely opposing creeds which have sprung from the Truth the Master came to teach nearly two thousand years ago. How could one possibly reconcile the life of his followers, so called, with their professed belief in the usual interpretation of his words, were he not aware whether consciously or not that the Soul knows; that there is something above all this turmoil of assertion and denial, viewing all with calm judgment and absolute knowledge, certain that at some hour an awakening to the Real must come. Most creeds, founded on the misinterpreted rendering of the

writings of the disciples of Jesus of Nazareth, have postulated an Eternity of bliss or woe, resultant from the action of man during a mere seventy years of manifestation, and this eternal or rather sempiternal existence they attempt to identify with the Unlimited. In Oriental philosophy, we know that eternity meant a period of such far-reaching duration that it is beyond man's finite thought to conceive. The Brahmins have a period of time which they compute at 311,040,000,000,000 years which they call a Maha Kalpa or Brahma's age, containing innumerable periods of manifestation and withdrawal. This is beyond the mind to grasp. We cannot measure the time in which the Soul evolves from the Infinite, to pursue its cyclic round, until it becomes again involved in the Infinite. Yet throughout this tremendous sweep of years, in which all experience contained within its limit, is to be gained, gathered through many personalities, on many planes of consciousness, the Silent Spectator watches and waits.

How evident that all must have a sub-conscious knowledge of this truth, or personal man would never act as he does. Had he the faintest conception of that eternity, of which he talks so glibly or with emotional excitement, his whole course of life would be different, especially if he really believed that only seventy years was his allotted time in which, by a certain line of conduct, to obtain unending bliss or to doom himself to everlasting woe. Would he have time for fads, and fashions, and follies, continually doing the thing that afforded him personal gratification, or amusing himself—like one dancing on the brink

of a precipice—at best only slightly restraining his passions or desires? Certainly not. Every moment would be spent in as determined an effort to secure eternal happiness, as is now given to securing whatever earthly advantage seems most desirable. The simple fact then is that all these assertions are, so far as man's personal conditions are concerned, mere modes of speech, and that really he does not believe them. Such an one is only aware in his innermost consciousness that somewhere, somehow, there is something connected with him that persists, that goes on and will continue to go on, let him do what he may.

Occasionally we find a person who has set himself to realize what he professes, and in such case we are apt to find the searcher after truth on these lines overcome by abject terror by a dread of having committed the "unpardonable sin," of being in torment continually, until, unless more wholesome modes of thought can be introduced, melancholy supervenes, reason is dethroned, and a certain needed experience in this incarnation is delayed.

Or take another instance in which one who has bound himself to some ascetic creed and tries to live the life prescribed. Let such an one, especially if it be a woman, be bound by the closest earthly ties to one who cannot see as she does, a so-called unbeliever; one who doesn't care for prayer (in the wife's idea an absolutely necessary means for salvation), who finds church-going a bore, and who would rather stay at home after his week's work and rest, read his newspapers or magazines, than listen to dogmas that have no possible meaning to him and whose limitations are barriers that he cannot endure. Imagine a wife or mother under such conditions. Would she have one happy moment if she really believed what she postulated? It could not be. No living soul would be willing to go into eternal bliss and feel that

another soul with whom she was closely allied was destined to eternal torment. If she really thought so, she would either be steeped in deepest melancholy, plunged in despair, or else harry the poor victim of her doubts and fears out of all benefit to be derived from his present state of existence, through striving to make him see the error of his ways.

That such conditions rarely prevail and that each believes that somewhere, somehow, by a death-bed repentance, or some unknown virtue in the beloved one, all will come right, simply points to the fact that every one is aware that the soul is One,—that we are only differentiations under certain aspects: that eventually full evolution from material manifestation must come, and all souls be one again with the Oversoul—as each drop of a river or stream finds its way to the ocean, mixes, blends, and is one with it, but is still an individual drop, imperceptible in the whole. So, after all, these professed creeds are but distorted and limited reflections of the One Truth, simply carrying with them the fact, that the higher the aspiration, the more earnest the desire to find the Christos, the sooner will man become aware of his own soul and awaken to its knowledge.

How could we bear the petty cares of life, its frequent injustice, its misunderstandings, its pain, even its physical demands and weariness, were we not sure that these were merely transitory and of no account except for the lessons that they contain, and which we must learn if we would be through with them. Nothing but the fact that we are certain of this Silent Spectator who, undisturbed, immovable as the Sphinx, views all with knowledge that compasseth everlasting truth, could enable us to endure to the end. If, however, there is a moment in the day or week when we can enter into the secret chamber of the heart and learn the higher wisdom that the immortal part of us can teach, we shall

realize that there is nothing but one point of time for us, and that point is the Eternal Now. We have nothing to do with the past. It is dead—let it bury its dead. The present contains it and its results. As for the future, that too is contained in the now, and the instant of time we are living contains the future as well as the past: consequently all we need consider is each moment as it is and strive to live that moment in its highest possibility. Thus may we attain to real perception of what life really is and means. If we could only keep this in mind how steady, how self-controlled, what forces we should be. Unfortunately we cannot or do not. The personality becomes rampant. We do not like the feel of the gad when it touches a sore spot and we flinch and rebel, though possibly, indeed we might say undoubtedly, it was the very discipline that we needed. We cross bridges continually that we never come to, we dwell on a past that we have nothing to do

with, we shrink from what we consider the false judgment of our associates, and immediately retaliate by sitting in judgment on them—a judgment, which taken only from our point of view, is probably equally one-sided, or, it may be, entirely false. We are glad or sad, depressed or elated, troubled or rejoiced, according to circumstances, quite oblivious of the fact that they are entirely of our own making and need not be if we did not wish or permit them. What a waste of energy in all this!

Why should we not then try always to realize that the Soul knows, and endeavor to attain to a state of consciousness in which this knowledge may be completely apparent to us. Thus, and thus only, shall we cease to continue in our old ruts, to go through experiences of which we have already had too many; but, by conserving our energy, so uselessly wasted, become at peace with ourselves and so be at peace with the Universe, working in harmony with it.

“One, the Arabian Alchemist Abipili, speaks thus: ‘I admonish thee, whosoever thou art that desirest to dive into the inmost parts of nature; if that thou seekest thou findest not *within thee*, thou wilt *never find it without thee*. If thou knowest not the excellency of thine own house, why dost thou seek after the excellency of other things? . . . O MAN, KNOW THYSELF! IN THEE IS HID THE TREASURE OF TREASURES.’”—*Isis Unveiled* II, 617.

THE KABALAH.

BY H. T. PATTERSON.

EVERYWHERE in nature there is interior and exterior; in material forms, and immaterial conceptions; in physics and metaphysics; in arts, sciences and religions. It is not necessary to demonstrate this; the fact is so apparent. That which is interior is so from its essential nature. In the fruit the pulp is interior to the rind or skin, the seed to the pulp. The exterior protects. The interior is that seat which contains the valuable, vital and living part. The seed or the interior can only be reached through the protective exterior. In knowledge, crude opinions surround and preserve hidden truths. Those truths are stored up in the treasure houses of wisdom. Their custodians are those whose worthiness has been proven. Only those who have broken through the barriers, scaled the parapets and overcome the warders can be trusted as defenders. At different times, and in different places, from the treasure house, have been given to the people by those whom the Pharaohs have placed in charge, the necessary grain for food and seed. The seed thus given has been implanted in the minds of the people, and from it has grown the crop, according to the nature of the soil and seed; the teachings, though never the same in form, are always the same in essence, and are always imparted by similar methods. The lowest form of dissemination is by means of words carrying associations of ideas. Back of this form, is the cipher contained in the words, which as combinations of letters are complex symbols; back of the symbol is the sound *per se*, apart from its association of ideas; back of the sound is the color which sound always produces by corre-

lation; back of the color is the numerical valuation; back of the numerical valuation the related state of consciousness.

Before written teachings came oral teachings; before oral, other forms. The Gnostics say that the superior creatures impart of their efflux to the inferior creatures when they—the inferior—adore. If we look upon adoration in its aspect of aspiration, and upon aspiration as associated with inspiration, we get a clue to the meaning of this statement. When we—the inferior creatures—aspire, then the superior creatures can impart to us of their efflux and we inspire from the higher planes. The creatures of these higher planes are the devas. In all the great religions the anagram was one of the most prevalent ciphers. Transposing the letters of the word devas we have the word vedas that highest form of instruction in which the higher imparts to the lower of its efflux. In the course of time, however, as by emanation the instruction took lower and lower forms the impartation of knowledge by efflux became the impartation by sound, the impartation by sound became the impartation by the written word, and so the devas became the vedas. This is why the vedas are spoken of as the leaves of the universal tree. They are such in their original devic form. The Upanishads are the keys to the vedas.

Looking for the interior knowledge of the Hebrews we find it not in the old testament, which is quite external in its nature, but in the Kabbalah, the key to the old testament. The story of the creation, of Adam and Eve, of Noah, of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and his twelve sons came from the East to the Jews

through the Babylonian civilization. Adam is the *ad-om*, the first, ad, and the logos, om. Adam was thus the first logos, Adam Kadmon, the Adam of Adams, the logos of logoi. Abram is taken from the Sanscrit Brahm, and the wife of Abram was Sara (Saras ?), as Sarasvati was the wife of Brahm. The twelve sons of Jacob are but euhemerizations of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the macrocosm from which we, the people of Israel, as part of the microcosm must have descended. These are, however, merely surface revelations. There are far deeper ones some of which can never be found in the Kabbalah itself, excepting with extraneous suggestion. Every letter in the Hebrew language is both a form, a symbol, and a number. Thus Aleph is the horns of a bull; Beth a House, Gimel a serpent, and so on. Also each letter has a number corresponding to it. The use of these corresponding numbers gives mathematical formulas. These are expounded in the Sepher Jezirah. Sepher is the same as our word cipher, the s-ph-ra tallying with our c-ph-r. In this system of numbers the naught precedes the enumeration. It is Ainsoph, the limitless, the boundless light, the infinite. It is in no sense creative, the true Kabbalistic teachings not admitting of creation in the sense of production of something from nothing. It is, however, that from which emanation takes place. It is from it that the Sephiroth emanate. These are grouped in triads, the upper sephirothal triad being in the Archetypal World. In the sephiroth we have the ten points of the Pythagorean triangle, the ten Prajapati of the Hindus. Only by understanding the different systems can we comprehend any one by itself; and yet the terms of one system are not translatable literally from one to the other. It is like the translation of ideas from language to language. To make a good translation more than the dictionary values of the words must be under-

stood, and much freedom must be used.

In some of the names of the creative entities there are proofs of the profundity of the learning of the old Kabbalists. The numerical equivalent of Alhim or Elohim, who created man in their image, is 13514. Considering these numbers anagrammatically, as the letters in the words devas and vedas have already been considered, we have the relationship of diameter to circumference 3.1415. This exactly expresses one of the aspects of the Elohim. It is through them that the finite is related to the infinite, the diameter to the circumference, the 1 to the 3.1415. This also is true of man made in their image. Equally interesting is one of the Kabbalistic names of God—God as revealed to Moses. Its numerical equivalent is 543. 5, 4, 3 are the basic numbers of manifestation. In plane geometry they are the pentagon, the square and the triangle. On these forms are built up the fundamental figures of solid geometry. 5, 4, 3, also gives the multiple and separate parts of 4,320,000, the maha-yuga; of 360, the number of degrees in a circle; of 86,400, the number of seconds in a day, of the 24, 27, 30, 32, 36, 40 and 45 vibrations of the musical scale, of the 12 signs of the Zodiac, of the 12 inches in a foot, of the number of degrees in the tetrahedron, the cube and the dodecahedron, of the number of degrees in the triangle, the square, the pentagon and the hexagon, and the relationship of the simplest right angle triangle which gives the most complexity in whole numbers, the one whose hypotenuse is five and two sides four and three respectively. But Moses saw God backward, or from behind, that is the 5 preceding the 4 and the 3 following. This is precisely what does happen when man seeks to know the divine or fundamental. First he perceives through his five senses the exterior manifestations, later he rises until he unites himself with the trinity, the three in one, and so cognizes the interior manifesta-

tions. Moses, himself, in numerical equivalents was 345. That is from the trinity emanated by degrees that which became the pentagon or five-fold, five-sensed man. Thus all through these old, old teachings runs the marvelous story of creation by emanation, of transmutations, of successive objectivizations. The grand cycles are changing once again, and man begins to look back to the source from whence he came. From the five, through the four, the three, the two (the pairs of opposites) he is reaching towards the one ray, and

through it towards the luminous ocean which is neither one nor many, but the shoreless ocean of infinite being from which all came and to which all must return.

The subject could be continued indefinitely. Suffice it, however, that there is in these old books, the Kabbalah, the Upanishads, the Vedas, and the rest, many a key which will unlock storehouses of knowledge which cannot be entered otherwise excepting by long, weary years of hard unremitting labor and study.

GOD'S ALMONERS.

BY E. E. BROWN.

God's almoners are we—
 Or rich, or poor.
 He gives to thee, to me,
 From out His store,
 Some gift, some sacred trust,
 That we alone
 Of all His children, must
 Bear swiftly on
 To those who watch and pray,
 In bitter need,
 Doubting, while we delay,
 If God doth heed!—
 Doubting, because the hand
 That holds His gift
 Comes not to succor, and
 The burden lift.

God's almoners! Untold
 The honor given
 To us that we should hold
 The gifts of Heaven
 In sacred trust like this!—
 Oh! let it not,
 (The deed forgot!)
 Be ours the joy to miss.

THE RED-HEELED SLIPPER.

BY W. T. P.

AN old school-master whose days of service had numbered many years, once said to me in the good old New England town of Hartford :

“Don't you think the grass grows greener here than it does in the West? ”

Who could have had the heart to say “no ” to such a pathetic question? Who is there that has been in love and does not know that the grass was greener, the sky bluer and the songs of the birds sweeter on one memorable day? Blessed day!

To the school-master, who, like an old war-horse, was resting on his laurels, the sunset of life heightened the hues of mother nature.

But, whatever may be said about the grass, I am sure the sun shines brighter, and the air is sweeter and more wholesome in Southern California than it is in the eastern states, from whence most of us have come to this veritable “land-of-sunshine.”

I am sure, too, that this was and is the opinion of a happy company of merry maidens and their chosen gallants who recently made the valleys near Los Angeles echo with their laughter.

It was a clear warm day in May, with just enough breeze to temper the ardor of the sun. For several months the sky had wept upon the dry and thirsty earth, and then, under the kisses of the sun, wild flowers sprang forth to testify to the fertility of the wooing. Wild flowers of every hue, from the sweet delicate gentian to the purple Mariposa lily. But most glorious of all were the rich golden poppies, which, like a halo, crowned the hills, causing one instinctively to raise his thoughts in reverential silence to his Maker.

As I said, it was a clear warm day and

most of the ladies who had ridden from Pasadena had laid aside their wraps, wandering with their escorts around Eagle Rock, after justice had been done to the commissary department.

Eagle Rock is a titanic relic of long-gone ages which raises its solitary back some forty feet into the air from the valley to which it gives its name, and is situated about five miles from Pasadena. It is peculiar in that it is all alone at its post of duty; no other rocky sentinel being near.

From one point of view the rock presents an obtuse angle, and upon either face is a cave, hollowed out by the action of water or by the labor of some other natural mason. At a little distance the caves have the appearance of the spread wings of the national-bird; hence the name. It is possible that the natural contour of the caves has been intensified by the chisel of man as there is a legend that one or both of the cavities, at least the more accessible of the two, was once inhabited by an old recluse, but this seems to have been after the brigands and banditti, who early infested the country, had been compelled to retire.

It is to the upper end of Eagle Rock Valley, however, rather than to the rock itself, that our attention is due. At the north end of the valley is a slight depression, flanked by hills, one of which is quite high, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country and especially of the two roads which cross each other at its base. These roads were highways in the early days when the country was under Spanish rule, or rather misrule, of the lawless banditti who roamed the land at will and owed allegiance to neither church nor state.

On the summit of the hill referred to,

at the time of which we write, was a venerable adobe building, slowly crumbling to dust, like some of the old and lamented church missions, now so attractive to all true lovers of California. The legends that hang about this spot are responsible for the christening of the adobe retreat "Robbers' Roost."

One of the party of merry-makers we left at Eagle Rock had visited the place some time previously and, much enamored of the mysterious air about the house, and captivated by the romantic name it bore, determined to carry his companions to the "Roost" for a feast of the imagination, as well as for the fine view afforded by the hill. The party in due time gained the summit. Many were the conjectures and myths that served to send the scythe of old Father Time with quickened stroke through the ripening hours. Each one carried away either a flower or a stone as a memento of the occasion, and some of those faded flowers to this day communicate their fragrance to shells and bows and dainty gloves, all talismans of an undying love. One of the gentlemen captured a piece of the old adobe.

Returning home, flushed with the harvest of the day's experience and filled with the magnetism of the sun, the company stopped at the house of a lady friend who was unable to share in the day's outing, but was much interested in all the goings-on. Before there had been time for much conversation, a gentleman of the party, whose bright black eyes, dark complexion and raven hair betrayed a trace of the Andalusian blood, with courtly bow handed the surprised hostess a piece of the old adobe, saying: "A memento of our outing, Sefiorita."

The blue eyes of the fair hostess opened wider as she questioningly took the relic. She had been in California but a short time and had never been in the section visited by her friends during the day.

She held the piece of adobe in her

right hand for a moment or so, when suddenly she startled all present by exclaiming, involuntarily apparently: "Oh!" Almost immediately she half sank into a chair, and passing her hand across her forehead said half dreamily: "What a fine view. Why it is indeed peculiar. I see as readily and as easily as though I were upon the spot, but my eyes are closed."

She paused, then continued:

"The sun shines brightly, and I see a little plastered house on a hill. A great wide porch surrounds the house, which makes it look like a great bird with wide-spread wings for I seem to be looking down upon the roof."

She relapsed into silence for a moment, then exclaimed:

"Oh! how dainty, how sweet!"

By this time all in the room had gathered around the speaker, who, half-reclining, half-sitting in a large easy-chair, seemed like one entranced. It was instructive to note the features of the various persons in the group. Upon the faces of some was written eager expectancy; others seemed puzzled yet curious; others again were sad and sympathetic, feeling solicitous for the health of their friend; a few seemed incredulous, but all were interested, and more or less excited. Only one of the gathering was quiet and cool, seeming to understand the situation. There was a chorus of cries: "Go on! go on! tell us what you see."

For a moment the hum of voices seemed to disturb the lady, Alice, and she hesitated but tightened her grasp upon the piece of adobe.

"Hush!" commanded the dark-eyed gentleman, "be quiet." Then lowering his voice, he said gently: "What is it Alice?"

A deep silence fell upon the company which was broken after awhile by Alice saying somewhat abstractedly:

"Oh! I see such a beautiful creature. She is like a fairy, but surely a human

being. Her dark eyes are large and lustrous, with long silky fringe and delicately arched brows; her cheeks are soft and plump like a rich peach ripened by the sun; her cherry lips half parted, reveal two rows of dainty pearly teeth. She moves like the breeze, quickly but softly; now she stands at the edge of the porch, shading her eyes with one of her dainty hands, upon the long, supple, graceful fingers of which sparkle many jewels. She stands intently gazing down the road. Yes, she's Spanish, surely. Her short silken skirts rustle in the air, changing color with every motion; her beaded bodice is of black velvet and over her shoulders is loosely thrown a black mantilla. Her dainty feet are encased in a dear little pair of slippers with high red heels." She said all this somewhat in the manner of a somnambulist, adding somewhat more spiritedly: "Now she turns; her eyes sparkle like diamonds—; Oh! she's gone!"

"Ah! Come back, come back, he cried in grief!" quoted the funny-man in the corner with a long drawn sigh.

"You be still," hoarsely whispered his next neighbor, accompanying his injunction with a nudge in the ribs, from his elbow.

Miss Alice drew one hand across her forehead, clutched the fragment of adobe held in the other, and continued, scarcely noticing the interruption:

"There is a company of men in the front-room which extends across the entire house; they are seated around a long table, eating and drinking. They are dressed gayly like Mexicans or Spaniards, and all are armed. Queer-looking fire-arms and knives are scattered over the room. Some one seems to have given an alarm, for many of them are scurrying to the windows or loop-holes in the walls commanding a view of the road from which a cloud of dust is rising."

Another pause, then Alice said: "Everything is black: I see nothing."

There was a rustle in the room as some of the ladies shifted their positions and a murmur arose from the company, which was silenced by a quick, sharp, glance from the dark-complexioned gentleman, who rising, held up his forefinger significantly.

Once more silence, but after a few moments Alice resumed: "Yes, I see now. It is night, and very, very dark, but there is a faint light. Yes, it comes from the flickering rays of a lantern, which seems to be opened and shut, alternately. It is beginning to rain. There are the forms of two or three men, black and shifting. They seem to be standing on the edge of a deep gorge or cañon, and behind them the outlines of the little plastered house, seeming wavering and unreal. The men have picks and spades; they are digging a hole. The lantern is now on the ground; its light rests on a large box. Well, well, they are dumping trinkets and jewelry of all sorts into the hole. Many rings and pins set with sparkling jewels— Oh! a man draws a knife; the blade strikes another man under the arm; he falls backward down the chasm—Ugh!"

With this last utterance, a shudder shook the speaker and she stopped short suddenly, as though stunned; nor was she subsequently able to resume.

The conversation now became general and animated. The conversational-storm being accompanied by flashes of wit and peals of laughter. The company had plunged head first into the realms of the mysterious. Each one seemed to feel, like Hamlet, that "there are stranger things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

Many explanations and more conjectures followed, until the sun rang down the curtain of the night, behind which the party set out for their respective homes.

Some time later two of the gentlemen of the party impressed by the words of

Alice, and filled with a love of adventure and novelty visited the old adobe.

Probably the stories current about "Robber's Roost," some of which they had heard, had fired their imagination and gave the color of probability, or at least of possibility, to the words of their lady friend. But whatever the motive, it is true that the boys, at an early day, secretly visited the ruins with pick and spade, and selecting a spot which seemed to answer the description in their mind's eye, began to dig for the buried treasure.

They dug and dug, but no gold, no silver, no jewels rewarded them. Still, their search was not entirely without result of interest, for much to their surprise and delight, they unearthed the remains of a dainty slipper with a high heel, which in their eyes, was red.

Contenting themselves with this trophy they returned to Los Angeles.

Some days afterward one of the "boys" carried the slipper to Long Beach, at which place he had been informed lived an ancient Mexican, who was familiar with all the old legends of Southern California.

He found the native of Montezuma to be a veritable patriarch, as wise as he is old, and as gentle as he is wise, for he still lives, and if rumor is to be credited, he will soon round the century post, without signs of impending dissolution. But, while the venerable Mexican was willing to speak, he could talk but little English and our friend knew "little Latin and less—Spanish." However, an interpreter was found and with many digressions quite an interesting story was woven with the threads of memory and suggestion.

The aged man took the slipper carefully and tenderly; he examined it minutely, now brushing away some specks of dirt and now stroking it caressingly. He turned it over and over, especially examining the sole and the threads, which in places still held it to the upper. He remained silent a long time

but his thoughts, evidently, were busy. A sense of pleasure would now-and-again light his features only to be chased behind the cloud of a frown, and again burst into view, like the sun on a summer day. The ghosts of the past seemed to rise in his mind, resurrected by the sight of the slipper, and dance the fandango to the tunes of the mandolin. At last he spoke, saying substantially:

"Yes, it is so, Señor, the turn of the sole is the same; it was made by Mexican hands about the time I was a lad. It was probably worn by the divine Senorita. She for whom more than one gallant braved the poniard, and as I believe, more than one has found an untimely grave on the mesa, or in the cañon. For the jealousy of Morilla was quick to kindle, and the reaping of his wrath as sure as the rising of the sun. Few had the honor of a duel, but all alike felt the descent of his vengeance. He was as handsome as the Prince of Darkness, and twice as wicked; as graceful as the doe, and as brave as a lion; cunning as a fox and wise as a serpent. Chief of the marauding band that once held this section in fear and trembling. Fear, for their flocks and gold; trembling for their women. And yet, strange as it may seem, many were the acts of courtliness and generosity which they sometimes bestowed upon the unfortunate and the destitute."

"The 'Robbers' Roost' to which you refer was the last stronghold which they possessed in this neighborhood. The Señorita, whose slipper you have found, was said to be the niece of Morilla, but I doubt not they bore a more tender relation to each other. The Señorita was as beautiful as the dawn and as proud as a queen. Her word was law with the robber chieftain.

"As the robbers grew bolder the situation grew more aggravating to the settlers. Still, the Americans kept coming; the town kept increasing in population and, as the city grew, the ranches were

taken up. At last the ranchers determined to make war upon the banditti, thus stopping the predatory incursions. But it was a long time before any headway was made. Law was slow to make its way into the defiles, where the mountaineer was as much at home as other wild game, and he poised upon the peaks as secure as the eagle in its eyrie.

"Many times and often the settlers organized search parties, but old Father Time was a better marksman than the Americans. Time is a great leveler; the great adjuster. The wild mountaineers dwindled as the usurping squatters increased.

"One day in April the last remnant of the band was surprised at a carousal in broad daylight. Several of the banditti were killed and the divine Sefiorita captured; held as hostage. The settlers knew that Morilla would return if the maiden remained in the vicinity, so they lay in wait.

"In about a month he did return at night and, tying his steed in a eucalyptus grove, ventured into the adobe, which was stealthily guarded. He was taken prisoner, and without more ado a lasso was placed around his neck, the intention being to drag him to death at the heels of horses, in the morning. But Providence ordained that he should meet his death otherwise.

"Morilla possessed a fine horse—a graceful, sensitive, nervous animal, fleet but strong. His dappled, glossy coat was like silk. His delicate neck slightly arched under the restraining bit, indicating his fiery disposition, yet tractable to the firm hand of his master.

"Morilla loved his horse almost as much as he did the Sefiorita, and it was

for his horse that he thought when he saw his impending doom. He asked the privilege of a farewell caress of his horse. The men of that day were as fond of their horses as of their wives, and appreciating the animal they gave the desired permission.

"Morilla stroked and patted the velvety nose of his steed, and the horse gave evidence of almost human intelligence. At last Morilla threw his arm around the horses' neck, and, drawing the animal's head down, whispered in his ear. Almost instantaneously the horse rose on his hind legs and at the same moment Morilla swung himself into the saddle. The horse fought like a demon, pawing the air with his forefeet which were shod with light but sharp shoes. Several men fell before his wild assault. In an instant he had broken through the circle of armed men, then, like an arrow from a bow, he shot down the steep road.

"The baffled ranchers were desperate, all pity dead before hot anger. They shot the horse under the rider and Morilla's neck was broken by the fall.

"There was great rejoicing in the country at large, because of the fall of the dreaded chief, but more than one heart was sad. People whom Morilla had befriended mourned his departure.

Tears stole from the eyes of the ancient man and trickled down his swarthy cheek. He bent his gray head and was silent. Then he half-rose and gently stroking the slipper which he had retained in his hand, continued:

"The Sefiorita died young; her heart was broken, and here you have brought me her slipper—. Well, I too, will soon pass beyond."

THE TRIPLE MIRROR.

BY E. N.

WHAT to see ourselves as others see us is not always flattering to our self-love the following little dream story will show. I dreamt that I was standing on the summit of a lofty hill surrounded by a vast plain which appeared to melt away into the blue haze of the horizon. By contrast with its immensity the people scattered over it looked like pigmies. Their insignificance was rendered more marked on account of the immense size of numerous pictures (for such I took them to be) before which they stood, or knelt, in attitudes of admiration and worship. The pictures appeared supported by colossal props driven into the ground.

Wishing to ascertain the cause of such ardent and yet silent contemplation, for only one person at a time stood before each mirror, I descended the hill. I then saw that the people were of average stature.

Selecting a picture before which there was a vacant space, I hastened towards it. Great was my surprise on discovering that what I had taken for pictures were huge mirrors. All these people therefore were admiring or worshipping their reflected selves. The idea seemed so monstrous and ludicrous that I burst into a derisive laugh. Curiosity however impelled me to gaze steadily at my own reflection in the hope of discovering the secret of the apparent enchantment. I soon began to learn that I had greatly undervalued the satisfaction such self-contemplation could afford. My busy life had allowed me but little time for self-examination. This I now discovered had been a loss to me. It was evident that my previous indifference had prevented me from seeing myself as I was in reality, and that I had thus

formed of myself too mean an opinion.

I gazed with growing satisfaction upon the changes that were taking place in my appearance. My stature seemed to increase rapidly, reaching nearly to the top of the mirror. My form developed in proportion, and finally resembled in its symmetrical beauty those statues of the ancient gods and heroes created by the genius of the Greeks. In place of the sad-colored unlovely earth-stained garments planned for utility, white drapery fell around me in majestic folds, emitting light, as it were, from their lustrous purity. Mighty wings slowly uprose, each feather glowing with dazzling, ever shifting prismatic hues. My brow was encircled by a golden band in the centre of which was engraven a mystic sign. Wisdom, power, love, purity were all portrayed in the exalted expression of the noble countenance I beheld before me. If this radiant being represented my true self, then it was evident that I could have little or nothing in common with the sinful, repenting, unwise, passion-tossed humanity around me.

"I am a God!" was my exultant thought.

In this magic mirror I saw the Inner Self which is hidden to mortal view as is a pearl within its shell.

What divine beauty, what heavenly gifts were mine! How favored and protected was I by the invisible Powers! I, in outward seeming a mere man, must be in reality one of those pure spirits who rank little lower than the Sons of God and the Angelic Hosts. How worthy was I not of the veneration of meaner men, if they could but know to what heights of sublime perfection I had attained! But if a doubting world that

rejects its saviors would not believe in me, I at least could revere and adore my divine Ego thus enshrined within its temple of human clay. I fell upon my knees in an ecstasy of self-worship.

As I gazed in rapture upon the Inner Self thus revealed, becoming ever more intoxicated as I dwelt upon its growing perfections, a voice uttered the words: "Now go and look upon the reverse of the mirror."

Startled, I looked up and saw a dignified personage clad in a loose purple robe bordered with yellow. His stature exceeded that of the average man. The expression of his noble face was reposeful and benignant, his searching yet kindly eyes inspired me with love and confidence.

Taking me gently by the hand he assisted me to rise from my attitude of worship, and led me to the back of the mirror.

I was surprised to find that this was also of glass.

My disappointment was great on seeing that I had resumed my ordinary appearance. But disappointment speedily changed to horror. I wished to turn and flee, but I could not. Some force compelled me to remain and gaze in terror upon the transformation again taking place in my outer self.

What foul monster was this that presently stared at me with murderous scowls alternating with malicious grins, with my features, but distorted almost out of recognition by expressions of devilish malignity! The blackened, misshapened body writhed in repulsive attitudes. In the bloated sensual face and small fiery eyes which glowed in their deep sockets like burning coals, the lowest brute propensities were dominant.

Presently this hideous presentment of myself began to weep, twisting its features into almost ludicrous expressions of grief and despair. A sensation of pity seized me. Why should I allow myself to be overcome by emotions of

disgust and humiliation? What awful heredity, what sins of ignorance, of insanity, may not have been irresistible factors in the creation of this loathsome self? But, after all, was I so loathsome? In the revulsion of feeling consequent upon the shock of no longer seeing myself arrayed in God-like attitudes, had I not exaggerated the foulness of the contrasted vision? Were not subtle changes again taking place? I now began to discern grandeur in the lofty defiance assumed by the hitherto shrinking creature whose stature was again attaining a great height, the body growing erect and finely formed. The filthy rags fell off, revealing the richly tinted dark skin. Great wings, black as ravens' plumes, rose against the sombre background. An iron casque, surrounded by a silver serpent, encrusted with emeralds, surmounted the haughty head. Beneath the frowning majesty of the brow inscrutable eyes returned my gaze with a profound melancholy in their glowing depths.

The evil fascination gained upon me. The longer I gazed, the more awe-inspiring became this second self. All my previous disgust and horror had entirely disappeared. Filled with a perverted admiration, I exclaimed, "If I be evil I am at least great. I will rule men through their vices and appetites, their ambitions and selfishness. They shall fear, follow, and bow down to me, subjugated by my resistless power and unconquerable will, by my serpent-subtle wisdom and my lion-hearted courage. Evil shall be my god, and I myself will be as a god to my votaries. Bewildered humanity, vacillating feebly between good and evil, lacking force to choose between either, shall become my willing slaves, obedient to my mandates. Apart from their service to me, the Prince of Lawlessness, each man shall be a law unto himself. In the individual warfare that will ensue through the clashing of the elementary, conflicting passions of

envy, greed, hatred, and ambition, the strongest and fittest alone will survive."

Again I prostrated myself in a wild tumult of passionate exultation, from which I was aroused by my forgotten companion exclaiming—"Arise, there is yet another mirror into which you must gaze." Guiding me to one side of the double mirror, he pointed to a third attached to these two, but of such mean proportions in comparison that I had not remarked it. I then perceived that the mirrors formed an irregular triangle.

Again I saw myself but now as an insignificant pigmy. My familiar features, neither better nor worse than those of the average man, wore a self-satisfied smirk. This expression was however quickly replaced by one of chagrin and shame. A deep sense of humiliation filled me as I realized that, in common with my erstwhile despised fellow-pigmies, I also had been worshipping at the shrine of Self.

Turning toward my guide, I saw only on his countenance a look of compassionate interest. In answer to my confused and unspoken thoughts, he spoke as follows: "You have been shown the possibilities that lie within your own and all human nature. In your present state you no more resemble that sublime Self you perceived in the first mirror than the frail shoot pushing its way to light and life from the hidden germ resembles the monarch oak it is destined to become, if during its growth, it has had strength enough to withstand the storms that will assail it. Many trials and some joys, many temptations and some triumphs, many failures and some successes must fall to your share during the probationations that yet lie before you in your earthly pilgrimage ere you attain perfection in good.

"The lower and ugly side of your real nature was revealed to you in the second mirror. That the monster became a very prince of evil, grand in omnipotent ego-

tism, dominating the senses by a mirage-like beauty, was an illusion born of self-pity and self-conceit, for evil is intrinsically hideous and doomed to destruction. Good makes for beauty. If you finally develop the divine within you, you will also develop the beauty that is its outward manifestation. But by that time you will no longer be a devotee of self. Arrived at that period of comparative advancement you will have learned that you are but one atom amongst countless myriads, a unit in the infinite Universe, a slender ray of light mingled with numberless similar rays emanating from the Absolute. You will find happiness in self-devotion to suffering humanity. Although you will receive neither admiration nor praise, you will no longer crave for, nor derive pleasure from tributes, now so precious to self-love and to pure desire for human affection. You see yourself in this last mirror, the mirror of Truth, as it is called, as you actually are. The other two are named the mirrors of Illusion.

"You shrink from knowing yourself as you are in reality, a mere pigmy amongst others of your kind, all more or less evolved from lower conditions, but although you can raise yourself to the state of soul-development that enchanted you in the first mirror, know that, even then, you will have endless heights to climb before you are one with that Absolute Perfection which is your God. It is within your power, if such be your will, to nurse the spark of Divine Light within you until it shines forth a beacon of Hope and Life to aid your struggling, despairing, human brethren. Or you may let it blaze up in fierce, destroying flames, or let it die out completely."

Thinking that these words gave me an excellent opportunity to obtain some positive knowledge upon the vexed and much-discussed question of free-will, I turned suddenly towards my unknown but friendly guide, and, in the action, I awoke from my dream.

NEEDS OF THE WORLD.

BY VESPERA M. FREEMAN.

SOME weeks since, in a lecture before the War Relief Corps of the I. B. L., upon the care of the sick and wounded, Dr. Coryn said that the first requisite in the cure of the sick was to provide him plenty of sunlight, pure, full sunlight. Sunlight, he said, killed the germs of disease. My mind following the line of analogy ran from the one sick man in his sunlighted chamber to the sick world and its manifold woes and needs. Might not the doctor's "first requisite" be a clue to the World's healing also? Might not here be a key to the solving of all those vital problems which men for centuries past have so blindly and fruitlessly sought to understand? When one reaches that point in his evolution where the study of man himself and one's relation to him forces itself upon the mind, at first the needs of humanity seem overwhelming, innumerable, unrelated—insurmountable.

The compassionate heart aches unceasingly in sympathy with the unceasing pain and the brain wearies under the strain of endeavor to find not only some infallible panacea, but to reach to the underlying cause of which all this world sickness is but the effect. One sees that in no age has the world wanted for physicians who diagnosed the case according to their schools.

Philanthropists, humanitarians, lovers of their kind have always sought for ways and means to lift this suffering, struggling human mass above its miseries,—have sought to cool its fever and to ease its aching,—to cure its blindness and help it onward in such fashion as seemed right and best to them. Many of these have devoted themselves to the study of man's physical needs. Seeing

him worn with unceasing toil, weak from ill-feeding, foul with disease and contact with his foul surroundings, they have narrowed their efforts to this one plane and have set themselves the task of bettering his physical conditions. Others have studied man's mental ills and have thought to aid him by means of mental training and development and an universal system of education. Others again have studied man's moral and spiritual needs and have sought through fear of punishment to force him into virtue or have striven by prayer and exhortation to lift him into purity and peace.

Through all these various efforts for the world's betterment money has flowed in golden streams for "Charity,"—education has been made free and most exhaustive. Prisons, Reformatories and Churches have been built and furnished regardless of expense,—Inquisitions have been established,—Sacrifices have been made on many a strange altar and Martyrs have been stoned and crucified and burned—indeed, a trail of blood and fire is traceable all down the centuries of our era,—but the outcome of it all is far from cheering. We find to-day that men materially are not less poor and needy,—that mentally they are still diseased and blind, and that they disregard the Decalogue in word and thought and deed. Upon such showing simply, the optimist has little basis for his faith in man's Divine perfectibility and final triumph over evil.

But one may easily find the reason why such efforts fail. They do not touch the underlying cause. They deal only with visible effects. Study for example plants "wintered" in a cellar or dark

pit. Toward Spring they feel the inward impulse that forces growth—they put out leaf buds, but lacking light all growth is feeble and diseased. Later the plants seem to lose all sense of rhythm and harmony in their development, and frequently put on grotesque and monstrous forms. If now one were to cultivate such plants, digging about their roots and feasting them richly on stimulating food, were to give them water and air in full supply, and keep them pruned and trimmed and weeded carefully, and leave them still in darkness, could we expect them to grow well and strong and blossom into fragrant beauty! And so with man. Charity cannot cure sin, though it is said to cover multitudes. All material aid, however needful and just, can be but for the moment and superficial. Man's wretchedness and need on the material plane goes deeper than that plane. It is the outcome of his ignorance, but all the mental training in all the schools can never educate him into mental health and wisdom. Wanting the sunlight, plants grow colorless and misshapen and finally die. It is the same with man. His one great need is light; more light from that Spiritual Sun of which he now catches reflected glimpses. The illusion of a man's separateness from fellow-men was the beginning of his blindness and his undoing. That sense of separateness keeps him blind and ignorant as to himself, the purpose of his life, and its true goal.

The only vital question seems then to

be how to bring all men into the full sunlight which will kill the very germs of all disease, dispel illusion and heal all pain.

Happily for mankind all through the winter of his degradation there have been some strong souls among them able to see "Behind the clouds the sun still shining." These Great ones have formed a channel through which that "shining" might flow downward for the helping of the world. They have now opened a door toward the light and called it "Universal Brotherhood," and through this open door a man may if he will, enter into a fellowship of peace and joy. For only when he begins to recognize that for him there can be no separate existence, nor purpose, nor destiny, and binds himself in loving service to that greater self, which is humanity, can he know true happiness. Through this door he may reach the light and in his turn become a channel for the light. Thus will he reach true stature as a man,—"man who is roof and crown of things." Emerson says: "A man's health and greatness consist in his being the channel through which heaven flows to earth. Each man who passes through this door aids by the full measure of his strength in lifting the burden from the world, in lighting its darkness, and hastens by just so much the coming of that golden day, when the "Soul of man purified and healed puts on her coronation robes and goes forth through Universal Love to Universal Power."

A FRAGMENT.

BY ZORYAN.

SOME children, poets and mystics of recent years show by the most unmistakable signs, that they feel the coming of the new, better, nobler and wider life. *The unavoidable spring is approaching. The wide, wide spaces are opening.* Many a heart has the sensitiveness of a flower, which turns towards the sun and seems to know its ways upon the skies. A flower, which was, when a small bud, above the will o'wisps and apparitions of the night, a flower which felt the darkness of the night and knew how to sing upon the black lyre of sorrow for mankind, when it was time to do so, such a flower is now well prepared to meet the dawning day. Those who have not seen the blackness, shall not see the light; those whose heart was not lonely and deserted, as though a heart of an orphan, shall not experience the immeasurable sweetness of the universal brotherhood. For who was it longing in the night, if not that divine germ of light, which shines in darkness and which the darkness cannot overtake? Better still,—it regains in darkness its ideal purity, its invisible visibility, and when later comes the day, it takes from itself whiteness and colors, and from the night it takes shadows and outlines, and with these contrarities it paints the raiment of the day. For every color is the light shaded in its quality, and every form is the light outlined in its quantity, and stronger are the lines and shadows upon the white divine back-

ground of the world, greater is the world, more diverse, more powerful.

The blackest spot of the picture has, perhaps, the greatest meaning, if this meaning is merged in the idea of the whole scene. A whiteness without black lines is only a background and nothing more. Ormuzd is not able to create the world without Ahriman. Ahriman is the interpreter of Ormuzd and his best helper, though seemingly he is at war with his twin brother. The proud and indomitable Lucifer is yet a bright and morning star. Better still,—through this darkness and loneliness and by being itself left therein, the spirit of a man reaches that self-consciousness, which alone can show to him its immortality. Indeed, deeper and deeper we look there, more than whiteness we see in that darkness, and more than Ormuzd. In this darkness dwells an invisible whiteness, hidden in the night, and rocking, as though in a cradle, a new ideal day; in this darkness is that super-ideality, from which comes out every being and existence; there reposes an invisible power, higher than Ormuzd, there rests the infinite and never comprehensible mystery of the light and shadow, joy and sorrow, beginning and end, alpha and omega; there is the inexpressible Zeruana Akerne* before which alone we are permitted to bow our heads and which can be worshipped only in silent adoration.

* The cycle of infinity, the circle, the zero, o, which contains in it the All, the plenum, the plerôma.

THIS DAY WE HAVE LIVED!

BY EVA F. GATES.

MISS ALCOTT in a story for children makes one of her boys say he never knew his "works" were so interesting as they appeared when illuminated by the explanations of his uncle, an ingenious physician who wished to awaken in the boy a love for science.

This boy then begins to study his own mechanism, to watch his wheels go round in beautiful order and rhythm, learning thereby to take a vital interest in physiology and chemistry.

We of larger growth are also interested in our "works," both as they play in our bodies in marvellous arrangement, and in our souls, as we vaguely term the immaterial part of ourselves.

To be sure, we are not well acquainted with ourselves. We learn at school the thoughts of others as to the way our bodily mechanism runs, but we soon find that our digestion does not take place quite according to rules, and our nervous system is sensitive or irresponsible according to its own rules. We find if we are to keep our health we must learn to adjust rules to ourselves, that we must learn to discriminate and choose what is best for our bodies and their so-called idiosyncrasies.

The same with our minds and emotions. Our minds dart hither and thither grasping and combining certain ideas; holding loosely, or refusing entirely other lines of thought closely allied. And our emotions also have this curious sensitiveness to ideas, sounds and even odors. It is not altogether the result of association of ideas, for many times there has been no experience in this life to give birth to the initial ideas.

Then our aspirations toward the high-

est ideals, impelling to the greatest self-sacrifice for what we love, whether it be humanity with its sorrows and ignorance, or our country, or some individual whose welfare we yearn to assure. These aspirations seem to lift us skyward, to affiliate us with the immortals.

But we find also that we have difficulties in living up to these aspirations. Weaknesses of various kinds beset us. We would climb often but cannot for want of strength. What a mixture we find ourselves to be, and how intricate the play of our interblended natures.

Each night, when the day with its activities has ended, we take up this study of ourselves, and seek to gain an understanding of all the shallows and depths of our being, reviewing the events of the day, we see wherein we have failed to live up to the point of not too high excellence we had marked out for ourselves. We observe with surprise that during the day we have had a glorious opportunity of putting into practice a favorite and much admired ethical maxim that we had been hoarding for just such an occasion. But—the opportunity at hand, what had we done? Flustered and forgetful, we failed to remember our ardently loved maxim and did the reverse of what we should have done. How humiliating to forget! What can we do with such a nature? Why did we forget? We feel an urgent need to get at the cause of such a disaster, and "why, why," torments us. We must know about these things. To know and to control ourselves, to become a rational, self-governed being, with all our machinery under the influence of our will; with not a cog out of place, not a wheel that shall start off at its own

will, but each subservient, acting in conjunction with its fellows—this is what we desire. Some day, we feel sure, we shall succeed in regulating our "works" so they shall run obediently. Of course we shall not find it an easy task—it is an immense undertaking—but we resolve to watch our processes carefully, and govern them as far and as fast as we can.

Each night we review our progress in the task, and from the books we read, and the opinions we laboriously evolve from experience in all directions, we come to a few conclusions that help us in our endeavors.

We learn that the soul, that within us which urges us to know, to think, to feel, is a pupil in this schoolroom called the world. It seems very ignorant, yet very determined to learn. Each experience in all the range of life it welcomes because it brings knowledge. But being outwardly ignorant it makes mistakes, and is often deluded by appearances into believing that important and valuable which is a hindrance to its progress. Thus it learns to discriminate between wise and unwise courses.

Often, too, like a spectator at the theatre, it takes such an interest in the play, so identifies itself with the characters strutting through their parts, that it seeks to participate in the drama, instead of remaining at its station as spectator.

This soul of ours is in touch with the

whole universe. From the spiritual side of nature flows down all uplifting, ennobling influences; from the material side all degrading, brutalizing influences. Between two paths the soul must choose its course; it must learn to resist the pull of the lower and so gain strength to advance on the upward course of evolution. From the responsiveness of the soul to the influences of these two opposing forces come all pain and sorrow, caused by the struggle it must make in taking its way.

Term after term it comes back to this schoolroom of the earth to continue its education; adding always to its acquirements; receiving by the law of compensation just what it has earned for itself of advancement.

Regarding life and character in this fashion when we make the review of the day, of some days we can say—This day we have lived! not as a vegetable, not half awake, dimly perceiving and answering to the life around us; not as an animal roaming here and there, seeking to satisfy physical needs; not as a savage, grasping only what is sensual and can add to personal pleasure,—but as a soul, as a gainer of wisdom.

As pupil-souls then, we resolve to meet life, inquiring of each event what it has to teach us; taking from each circumstance its lesson to add to our store of knowledge, and wresting from fair and from hard experience the wisdom we have come to earth to obtain.

THE KINDERGARTEN OF THEOSOPHY.

BY MARIE A. J. WATSON.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XI.

CHARACTER, FROM AN ESOTERIC STANDPOINT.

PARACELSUS, the mystic philosopher, says: "The spiritual essence of man comes from the first emanation of God. It is gifted with divine wisdom and divine power, and if the elements constituting the normal man become conscious of the possession by them, and learn to realize that power, and how to employ them, they will become, so to speak, superhuman, and may then rightly be called divine beings or sons of God. Many, however, live and die without ever coming into full possession, or without entering into a firm connection with that divine ray of wisdom that alone can transform them into immortal human beings." Here is food for thought: unless the lower or brain mind of man is united with the spiritual ray that constitutes his upper triad or trinity, he is not an immortal being. The lower mind—however well versed it may be in regard to the external appearances of things, if it has not made this connection with its spiritual ray—is lost as an individual entity; the spirit cannot assimilate it as it is not of the spirit. The question arises, what must one do to make this connection? There is but one way: you must work for it. If your interests are devoted entirely to the physical things of this earth you can not make this connection; "where the treasure is there is the heart also," is a grain of wisdom given out to the world by one who had experienced it.

Do you question again, how do you know this is true, with what authority do you speak? The answer is, we all know certain experiences give us certain

results, and if you have not experimented on such given lines you have no good reason to dispute what to another has become a reality. Not only should the results following on spiritual lines of thought, be given out, but it should be held as a sacred duty to the race that this truth be made known. Another skeptic voice raises the cry: "Ah, but then, every crank may claim that he has the truth, giving out that his experiences are the particular things that you must or must not do to be saved." The answer again is. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The ring from the bell of truth lives on forever, the echoes of its silvery notes still come to us adown the ages, while the false, cracked tones vibrate no higher than the physical sphere, in which they were sounded, and are soon lost or drowned amidst the turbulent uproar of life's discord.

So man goes on through the long ages from one incarnation to another, acquiring character; the thoughts, the deeds that the soul has begotten outlive the brain that conceived them. If these thoughts and deeds were noble, unselfish, or impersonal, the soul weaves from such experiences the immortal robe of character. Man need not undertake to become a saint, if he acquire virtue, that indeed will be difficult enough to attain, even imperfectly.

To do our duty wherever and whatever it is, is to lay the foundation-stone of a truly great character; for to do our highest duty oftentimes requires the sacrifices of our most cherished desires. When this is the case, and one nevertheless makes an almost superhuman effort to do the duty, pain at first ensues; later on, this is abated and finally

a great peace fills the soul ; it is a well-earned bliss born from the sacrificial fires of suffering. Temptations advance in every shape to ensnare the progressing soul, and what may seem a trivial thing perhaps upon the lower planes of being becomes crime upon the spiritual planes. The soul that has entered upon the path of wisdom needs ever to be on the alert, must ever "watch and pray," as Jesus puts it, which means nothing less than the need to restrain and guide the lower nature, so only can the connection be made between the lower man and his higher nature, so only is the son merged into the father.

A man's foes are of his own household again says Jesus ; these foes are our thoughts which work themselves out in time upon the physical plane of being, for a man's actions are just what his thoughts have been. Here is a potent point where the necessity for reincarnation must strike the truly scientific mind. The ordinary mind realizes that we can think far swifter than we can possibly act. In other words, the rapidity of the vibrations on the mental plane is so far in excess of the possibility of exhausting this force upon the physical plane that it is thus self-evident that one life-time cannot suffice for the expenditure of this accumulated force with which the soul is charged, so to speak, and incarnation after incarnation is required for this conserved energy to become manifest. But to go back, if we fail in our duty, once we see what that duty is, we not only injure ourselves but some other soul linked with us, thus do our sins multiply. Our innermost God speaks with no uncertain meaning, but ever points the way clearly. It often leads up a steep, stony pathway which the ease- and pleasure-loving feet fear to tread, but courage is the watchword, a heart loving the right, and a will determined to perform that right shall and must gain the victory over self.

When we study child nature we must

conclude there is something radically wrong in our civilization. What are the characteristics of childhood before it has become deeply immersed in matter? The child is truthful ; so much so that it often tells what you would prefer kept secret. It is generous ; it will give away everything in the house until you teach it that it costs money, and you cannot afford it ; it is no respecter of persons ; it selects its playmates clothed in velvet or rags ; it is trusting, knows no fear, believes every one to be honest ; it is affectionate and loving. This is not because the child is ignorant for it often puts questions that indicate the philosopher's reasoning : " Out of the mouth of babes comes wisdom." It was a child of seven who asked if it was more of a sin to play in the front of the house than in the back, whose mother told him he must not play ball in the front but go to the rear. This is a simple illustration how the child's mind is warped as to the right and wrong. When he has learned to behave himself according to the world's notion he has generally learned to misbehave most ; he has learned to cultivate an outward demeanor that appears to be all it should be, and this false coin passes current in the conventional world of ideas as good metal for forming character.

A man, however, is what his most cherished feelings are ; if he encourages a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched thereby ; if he nurses uncharitable thoughts, his own soul will absorb the poison. If we cultivate the habit of kind and charitable thoughts, our deeds will correspond thereto, and we will inspire in others the like sentiment that dwells in our own hearts. Let us make the best use of this incarnation to build that which shall live. The oaks of the forest may fall, the mountains decay with time, the ocean shrink and grow full again ; even the earth itself may be no more ; but our character, if we build rightly, shall outlive all these.

THE LAST WORD.

BY M. J. BARNETT.

HAVE we the last word on any subject whatever? Mathematics is called an exact science. We feel that its statements are fixed beyond the possibility of change. Now, although it may be that however advanced we may become, two and two will never make anything but four. But do we know how to square the circle? No; and when we attempt to accomplish it we become lost in a fog of fractions. Yet, the circle may doubtless be squared somewhere and by some one, it is only that we have not yet attained to it. We always see further on than we can reach.

It is easy for a child looking out upon a landscape to believe that there is nothing beyond the boundary line of his vision; and he is satisfied with it; he looks for nothing beyond, while he is a child.

Could we enter into the consciousness of a dog, we might perhaps find him perfectly satisfied with his knowledge of a bone. He can distinguish a bone from any other substance. He knows how it looks, he knows how it smells, and he knows how it tastes. He can ferret it out of a heterogeneous mass of rubbish. What more could there be to know about it? To a scientist, however, such knowledge is mere ignorance, for he can tell you of the chemical substances of which it is composed. He can classify it and comment upon its qualities, and he naturally feels that his knowledge is worth having, though in truth the dog would have the best of it in hunting for a bone among rubbish. Then further on, may there not be intelligences, looking down from higher planes than the one we habitually live on, who, in applying nature's forces to matter, preside over the

kingdom to which a bone belongs, and may know just how and why it was called into existence, and possess a knowledge regarding it that would fill us with wonder and perhaps incredulity.

As much as we live in and delve down into the physical realm of nature now presented to our material senses, we may rest assured that we have not heard the last word on even the simplest form of the simplest matter, and does not this seem to testify that we must have a much longer association with matter in order to gain all knowledge concerning it. Now, since we well know that our relation to matter is not continuous, that there is a constant passing away of humanity to another sphere, we may infer that it is intermittent, that we pass away for a season of rest and then return and go on with our development, which leads us into further knowledge. We bring back with us all the potencies of past achievement and all the potentialities for further advance. Each material season, or physical life, is a season of unfolding, or evolution.

If evolution means anything, it means that we are constantly unfolding from within the mysterious recesses of our inner being, certain possibilities always in advance of our past achievement. It means that, for our humanity, which has not yet on this planet reached its highest status, the last word on any subject relative to this planet, has not yet been spoken.

Now, although we may be firmly convinced that growth means change (not change of truth but change of our view point, and enlargement of our vision) yet, as a lame man leans upon his crutch, so we, as we go onward, support

ourselves with the delusion that now, at our present stage we have the last word in our investigation and can stand on a fixed basis. Doubtless this delusion is a necessity with some of us, until we become stronger, and, learning that it is a delusion, cheerfully discard it.

After we seize upon a truth or half truth, it seems necessary for us to pause awhile in order to digest and assimilate it. And we perhaps can make it all the more a part of ourselves if for the time being we feel that we have reached the goal in our line of effort, if we think that now we know it all. We could not work cheerfully if we were conscious that our efforts were directed toward a great mistake, yet our mistakes are all steps on our way of advance. Our path of progress towards the light sometimes necessarily leads through a dark chamber that intervenes on the way, but happily for us we do not realize how dark it is until we issue forth into greater light, and then we wonder that we were satisfied with so little. It sometimes seems grievous to us that when we were searching so diligently for truth, we found error instead, but we may rest assured that when we sincerely search for truth we shall always gain a little of it even though mixed with much error, and it is only the error that drops away from us and leaves the grain of truth to be of lasting benefit to us.

We are here to learn to do our life work better and better and we need not expect to accomplish to-day that which we can be fitted to do only in the far off future. But we can always press forward after some high ideal, which we shall find ever advancing as we advance.

II.

Our highest ideals of the present will become the commonplaces of the future, giving place to a transcendentalism seemingly unworthy of present consideration. In nothing is this more true than in what we call brotherhood. We do not yet know what real brother-

hood means, but we are beginning to learn a little about it. The most unselfish deeds of to-day, which are yet far short of our present ideals, would have been regarded as quixotic and sentimental by our people of some fifty years ago. We are growing towards a realizing sense of Brotherhood, but all too slowly.

France in its well known motto blazons forth in gilded text the words: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Its people shout forth these three magic words until they become hoarse, and French hearts become kindled with an enthusiasm, easily mistaken for holy zeal and righteous purpose. Do these emotionally excited people, however, live up to their grand motto? Does any nation now upon the face of the globe live up to it? We think not.

What would it be for all members of a nation to have liberty, not license, but freedom to live in harmony with nature's laws and develop every faculty of mind, soul and body, and employ them for the highest good of all, which would be sure to result in the highest good for self? What would this be but the perfection of Brotherhood? Do kings, emperors, or even presidents of republics, bring about such a social condition at the present day? Are they wise enough, even if so inclined, or would the limiting voice of self-seeking ministry or senate permit any such broad consideration for a whole nation? But the hindrance is not wholly in the rulers, it is in all of us who compose the nation, us who make such rulers possible. Our rulers are typical of ourselves. They are the mass tone of the multitude to which they belong. We have not yet developed enough, we are not wise enough, or discriminating enough, or sincere and single-hearted enough, and above all we have not practiced Brotherhood sufficiently to be fitted for guidance by such unerring divine rulers as led the pure races of the early golden age. Such have not

yet risen up among us to become a visible head of our nation, nor will they do so until we make it possible by purity and loyalty to the divine within us. Loyalty to the highest within us will result in loyalty to the highest in everything and every individual external to us.

If Jesus were now incarnated among us in all his purity and wisdom, transcending the purest and wisest of us, would he be universally sought after to rule over and guide us? Would the seekers after gold, would the monopolists who are trampling on their brothers for gain to themselves, would the politicians who are clamoring for office, would any of them vote him into the President's chair? No. They would not approve of his methods. To go further than this, large masses of the so-called Christian Church would consider his views too Utopian for our modern civilization, and they would be so in the same way that the views of a strictly honest man would be too unpractical for a highway robber. It is we who make it unpractical for us to be led by an unerring guide.

Now, although it may be true that a man is oppressed by unjust legislation, that, as in some countries, just as he begins to unfold a certain talent he is pressed into a demoralizing public service, or, as in our own so-called free country, when he is doing his very best to advance in his line of industry, some monopolizing fiend steps in and destroys all result of his effort, or, as in myriad other ways, his dominating fellow beings with their superior power deprive him of freedom to develop in his own way. All this may be true, yet at the same time he is free on higher planes. He is morally and mentally free. He can think what he likes and he can strictly obey his own conscience. He can live up to his highest convictions of right as applied to existing conditions, and if conditions are so bad that it is difficult

for him to do so, it is partly his own fault. He is one of the units that make up the mass which is moving in a wrong direction. He is one with all his fellow beings and responsible for the conditions of all with whom he is related in life. Let him set up a counter force and he will be sure to neutralize some of the badly directed energy, and in time, by attracting others to his centre he will change the trend of the whole mass. It is thus that all reforms are worked,

As for equality and fraternity, they are one and the same thing. We consider the brothers of one family all socially equal, though one may be handsome and another ugly, one may be a lawyer and another a carpenter, one may be rich and another poor, one may be upright and another just now in a degraded condition. Can we not enlarge our area and thus take in the whole human family?

The several tones of a musical chord are all of equal value though one is high and another is low. One falls upon the ear with more and another with less rapid vibrations, yet they are equally important to the harmony of the chord as a whole. Monotone is not harmony, neither is it pleasing if continued for any length of time, in fact it is destructive in its tendency, as may be exemplified when harping upon one tone of an instrument at length breaks down a solid piece of masonry. Sameness is not the kind of equality that we want, nor is it permitted by divine law in our present varying stages of evolution. What we need is to be perfectly aware of the differences that exist among us as members of one human family, and yet be able to practice brotherhood, so far as we at present can understand it. Patriotism is a noble virtue and an immense advance on the method of each one for himself, but it refers only to our own nation, to a small part of humanity, and is at best only an extended selfishness. It is true that it takes us on the way to something still

nobler, and that something nobler should now be our ideal. We have not yet lived up to it, but we are beginning to do so. The unselfish deeds of to-day, which are yet so far short of what we can now conceive of, would have been regarded as quixotic and unpractical by our race of fifty years ago. We are growing towards a realizing sense of Brotherhood, but all too slowly. The present time offers us a rare opportunity to extend our limited brotherliness until it embraces the whole human family. It offers an opportunity to make every effort tell for the good of all, to recognize the fact that all of our fellow men, however

variously developed or undeveloped, are of equal value in the grand economy of the Universe, and, whether friend or foe, whether in the front or rear of evolution's army, all are our brothers and entitled to equal consideration with ourselves.

If we desire freedom for ourselves let us work for the freedom of all, and if some do not seem ready for it let us help to make them ready. Let the desire for Universal Brotherhood and Freedom well forth from our hearts in vital currents of force until there is not one unjustly dominated or oppressed nation to be found on the globe.

"The will acts through the organs commonly called the five senses, which however are really one: the faculty of *sight*.

"Touch like the taste, the hearing, the smell, is an *aspect* adapted to the changes in matter which man can seize in its two states—transformed and not transformed.

"All things which through *Form*, occur in the domain of the only sense—the faculty of seeing—can be reduced to a few elementary bodies whose principles are in the air, in light or in the principles of air and light.

"Sound is a modification of the air; all the colors are modifications of air and light; every perfume is a combination of air and light; so the four expressions of matter related to man, sound, color, perfume and form have one and the same origin. Thought, which is connected with light, is expressed by the word which springs from *sound*. When substance is absorbed in a sufficient Number, it makes man an apparatus of an enormous power which is in communication with the principle itself of Substance and acts upon organized nature just as great currents absorb small ones. Volition sets in operation this force independent of thought, and which by its concentration, obtains some of the properties of substance, such as the rapidity of light, the penetrating power of electricity, the faculty of saturating bodies; to all of which properties, we must add intelligence.

"But in man there is a primitive dominating phenomenon which rejects all analysis.

"If man is resolved into principles, we find perhaps the elements of Thought and Will; but we always find ourselves powerless to solve the problem,—the X against which we have knocked in vain. This unknown quantity is the *Word* which burns and consumes those who are not prepared to receive it. It creates substance forever and ever."

—BALZAC, *Louis Lambert*.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

BY WILLIAM SCOTT.

HERE are but three reasons that can be given for our existence here. (1) That the purpose of our existence is the enjoyment of life. (2) That we were sent here by some one who had the power, for his glory and pleasure. (3) That we are here for the benefit of the soul, in order that it may learn the lessons of life by experience and become wiser. There is a fourth position, but it cannot be called a reason for our existence, viz., that we are here by chance, which is simply another way of saying that we are here for no purpose at all. This position damns itself; for if things happened by chance everything would be chaos. Things would happen one way to-day and another way to-morrow, and there could be no certainty of anything. But every change that we know of is the effect of an equal cause. Never is the effect greater than the cause, nor the cause greater than the effect. Everything in nature that we know of is governed by this invariable law of cause and effect. There is nowhere any room for chance, and the hypothesis that we are here by chance may therefore be cast aside as untenable.

That we are here for the enjoyment of life is equally inadequate as a reason for our existence, for it is contrary to the facts. If the enjoyment of life is the purpose of our existence, then many of us have sadly mistaken our calling. To tell them that they are here for the enjoyment of life would be but a mockery to a vast proportion of humanity, who are continually beset with the tortures of cruelty, starvation and disease. Even the happiest existences are constantly threatened by adverse experiences that thwart enjoyment, and many have no longer stopped with Shakespeare to debate—

“Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.”

Nor do they, in the language of Burns impatiently long for
. . . . “death! the poor man's dearest friend,

The kindest and the best.
Welcome the hour my weary limbs
Are laid with thee at rest.”

But they have decided with Sophokles that—

“Not to be born is of all the best,
But by far the next best is,
If one is born,
To return thither whence he came,
As quickly as possible.”

For in the United States, according to the Bureau of Statistics for 1894, 13,000 people in the short space of 12 months arrived at the conclusion that life was not worth living, and promptly despatched themselves whence they came without delay. That is, about one person in every 5000, every year, deliberately prefers suicide rather than endure the tortures of existence, to say nothing of the numbers who have arrived at the same conclusion, but have taken no action in the matter. To tell such that they are here for the enjoyment of life would be the bitterest of irony. The hypothesis that we are here for the enjoyment of life is therefore contrary to the facts. That we have been sent here by an all-powerful being for his glory and pleasure is equally incompatible with the existence of all this misery and suffering if viewed only on the surface; unless we assume that the being who

sent us here is a fiend with a morbid desire to witness torture and sorrow, and to ascribe such propensities and tastes to the beneficent ruler of the Universe smacks of blasphemy. This theory must also be discarded as untenable and totally inadequate to account for the facts.

That we are here for the purpose of the Soul; that it may learn the lessons of life by experience in order that it may become wise is the only reasonable theory of existence that has yet been given. Christ sounded the keynote when he said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." The whole secret lies in *overcoming* the world, which can only be overcome by overcoming ourselves, that is, to understand the laws of nature and to cooperate harmoniously therewith. We may break the laws in trying to understand them and in the breaking there is suffering, but the result is wisdom.

All nature exists for the purpose of the soul, and for no other purpose. It is without beginning and has no ending. It is the permanent, conscious, subjective existence which periodically reclothes itself in objective garments in order that it may gain knowledge by experience. It constantly alternates between the two states of subjectivity and objectivity. The states of objectivity are periods of accumulation, and the subjective states are periods of assimilation. During the objective states it accumulates knowledge by experience, in the subjective states that knowledge is assimilated and incorporated into its consciousness. It then becomes instinct, intuition or wisdom. Every new experience adds to the complexity of the Soul. Life after life it becomes wiser and wiser, rising higher and higher in the scale of evolution. Æon after æon it passes through kingdom after kingdom, rising from infinite ignorance and ascending to infinite wisdom.

We thus find ourselves in the midst of a series which has neither beginning nor ending, so that there is neither whence nor whither, for all is an eternal becoming. Before the soul can leave one kingdom and pass into another it must have learned all that is possible in the kingdom which it leaves, for until it has reached the highest possible point of one kingdom it would be utterly unfit to enter the rudiments of the next kingdom above it.

The whole kosmos is one, just as the human being is one. There is a correlating consciousness in the human organization which synthesizes the Physical, the Astral, the Vital, the Sensational, the Psychical, the Mental, and the Spiritual principles into one harmonious microcosm. That correlating consciousness directs every physical atom to its proper place in the organism, and whenever there is disorder in any of the parts it immediately sets to work to restore harmony. In the macrocosm there is a corresponding synthesizing consciousness which directs every atom in the kosmos to its proper place, and wherever there is disorder in any of its parts it immediately sets to work to restore order. All resistance is opposition to the correlating consciousness of the Universe and produces discord. Whoever produces discord must bring back into harmony the discordant force which he set into motion.

This is Karma. Christ understood this law when he said, "Resist not evil." Resisting evil is as much opposition to the synthesizing consciousness of the Universe as the commission of evil, and brings as much discord; and Karma's demand for harmony is equally imperative. Indeed all evil is the resistance of evil. This is quite different from saying that evil should not be heeded. It only means that evil should not be hated. Hate of every description produces discord.

Only love can produce harmony. The

Universe is one, hence separateness is a delusion. The most vicious criminal as well as the saintliest master, is yourself and myself, and we ought to regard the evil act as if yourself and myself had done it; or as if it had been committed by one who is truly beloved, and as Shakespeare says—

“Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds.”

When one has understood the philosophy of non-resistance he will not feel that the Universe will go to wrack if he does not assist in catching thieves or in hanging murderers. Indeed, no one but a murderer can be a hangman, for the very act of hanging is murder. No one but a thief can catch a thief, for he steals the body of the thief. No one but a fraud will pursue a fraud. His ethics are in no way different from the ethics of the detective or the tax collector, for he puts himself forward as the law of purity and justice, which is the worst kind of fraud. “Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.” This is what Christ meant when he said, “Let the dead bury their dead.” Let the crooked attend to the crooked, you walk in the straight path. Let the discordant be discordant, for discord is separation and death, you dwell in harmony with the eternal principal of the Universe, which is love, and it is only through love that discord and hate can be overcome and harmony, peace, and joy can be established. This is how Christ overcame the world.

It seems hard lines to have to turn the other cheek to the smiter, but nothing is more certain than that it is eminently practical if we had but fortitude and courage to do it. But, what is more to the point, nothing is more certain than that we shall have to learn to do it before we can get away from here, or before we can get out of the cycle of re-birth; for every time that we hit back

we set a discordant force in motion which we shall have to harmonize. We must give life for life, eye for eye and tooth for tooth, and we must get blow for blow and slander for slander whether it was done in self-defense or in any other defense. We must give measure for measure and service for service, we must pay the exact price for everything that we get. Nothing can be had for nothing.

The Universe is one and we can only be harmonious when we live in harmony with the whole universe. There is no other way to escape evil. When we resist evil we perform evil, for it is to produce discord with a part while endeavoring to maintain harmony with the rest. It is to divide the universe into two warring factions. And we are here, not only to live in harmony with all, but to live for all.

It is said that the beings above the human Kingdom are, in a measure, the correlating consciousness of the Kosmos, that is, they take part in the formation and maintenance of solar systems. How incompatible is the idea of discord or partiality with the nature of such beings. To associate hate or jealousy with them would be the very climax of absurdity. They not only understand the laws of harmony but they have become harmony itself. They have not only learned how to live for all but they have become all. This is what we are here for,—to learn to become planetary spirits; and before we can become such we must get rid of discord and *become* harmony. “Deep seated in the heart of man is the conviction that love and mercy are facts lying very close to spirit and should be the law; that ‘compassion is the law of laws,’ and that the universe rests on—

“ ‘A love so limitless, deep
and broad,

That men have renamed it
and called it God.’ ”

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

What is the theosophical idea of the continuation of the life of a child who dies? Does it reincarnate as a child-soul in another life?"

THIS question, an answer to which was given in last issue, recalls the discussion raised by Mr. C. C. Massey and others when the doctrine of reincarnation began to be taught in the pages of the *Theosophist*. The first distinct teaching of this tenet by H. P. Blavatsky is probably on page 3 of Vol. I of that magazine, in the number for October, 1879, where she writes:

"Theosophy believes also in the *Anastasis* or continued existence, and in transmigration (evolution) or a series of changes in the soul, which can be defended and explained on strict philosophical principles; and only by making a distinction between *Paramatma* (transcendental, supreme soul) and *Jivatma* (animal or conscious soul) of the Vedantins."

This was followed by other articles, in which reincarnation of the individuality was explained and enforced. The distinction between *Paramatma* and *Jivatma*—the individuality and the personality—the immortal spirit and the astral monad—was, however, overlooked by some readers; and it was insisted that the teaching in *Isis Unveiled* was contradicted by these later writings. The crucial text in *Isis* is in Vol. I, p. 351, and is as follows:

"Reincarnation, *i. e.*, the appearance of the same individual, or rather of his astral monad, twice on the same planet [in the same cycle—see below], is not a rule in nature; it is an exception. * * * Thus, in cases of * * * infants dying before a certain age * * * the immortal spirit and astral monad * * *

must try a second time to carry out the purpose of the creative intelligence."

This is said by H. P. B. in the *Theosophist* for August, 1882—Vol. III, p. 288—to contain an error in printing "planet" where "cycle" was meant. The French Spiritists, under the lead of Allan Kardec, were teaching the *immediate* reincarnation of the *personality* before *Isis Unveiled* was written; and what is said in that work refers to that kind of reincarnation. It almost seems, in the light of subsequent events, that the "mistake" was necessary, in order to bring out and emphasize the distinction between the true doctrine and the erroneous teaching of the Spiritists. Further explanations may be found in *Lucifer*, Vol. III, p. 527; *The Path*, Vol. I, p. 232; *Key to Theosophy*, p. 191; and *Theosophical Forum*, first series, question 182 (No. 37, July, 1892), question 203 (No. 40, October, 1892), and question 259 (No. 52, October, 1893). The first quotation above, from the first number of the *Theosophist*, is in an article headed "What is Theosophy?" which is reprinted in *Five Years of Theosophy*, p. 497 of first edition.

From this it appears that while as a general rule the personality never reincarnates, still there are exceptions, one of which is the case of a child dying in infancy. Not that all children who die are immediately reincarnated, but that some are. It depends on whether "the reason has been so far developed as to become active and discriminative"; see *Isis* I, 351. A child-soul (*personality*) may reincarnate at once; and there are instances where it seems to have returned to the same parents.

G. A. MARSHALL.

Is suffering essential to evolution ?

I believe not. I believe evolution to be eternal ; suffering temporary. But is this temporary suffering an unavoidable condition ? Or is it abnormal—out of place ?

As compared to the highest, that which is high may appear low. As compared to the lowest, that which is low may seem high. Passing from a temperature of one hundred and sixty degrees to that of one hundred and thirty, one may experience a feeling of coldness. Going from sixty to eighty may give an impression of warmth. If one is not in a supreme condition, by contrast, it may seem to be unhappiness. If one is in utter misery and reaches a less miserable condition, it may give them the sensation of happiness. In evolution there must be contrasts—so, in one sense of the word, there must be misery.

Now let us pass to the current acceptance of words. A large part of the suffering in the world is due to crime. Is this crime necessary ? Think of it ! Murder, rape, theft, cheating, unbridled lust ; not to speak of the subtler—perhaps more dangerous—villainies. If progress is not possible without this crime, then the concurrent misery is unavoidable. But, if the progress can take place without the crime, then, also, it can go on without the misery. Have we not learned enough ? Have we not suffered enough ? Is it not time that we ceased to follow the hard and cruel way ?

H. T. P.

Evolution is an unfolding, it is the growth of the essence that is the heart of

all that exists, the coming forth from the centre. Ought there be suffering with such ; should any growth, any progress be painful ? I do not think so. Ideal growth is gradual, slow and gentle. What makes it otherwise ? Obstacles on the outside ? Yes ; also hardness of the covering.

If we look to Nature for an answer she will show us both easy growth and stormy. Some of her fruits grow gently from the flower, a gradual unfolding and fruition, others cover themselves with many burrs requiring a heavy frost to shake and crack them. If we watch the two kinds in their season, and day after day, we shall mark the growth of beauty in the one fruit, the touch of color, the mellowing as it ripens ; while in the other time brings hardening, a coating rough, thorny or unpleasant until at last in all impatience Nature will send her frost, and were we there we could hear an ominous cracking among the tree-tops.

So it is in human evolution. If we work with Nature ; let her deal with us as she will, and she will gradually, gently mould us into her serener moods and our very growth will be unconscious to us. Instead of that, by resisting her, by substituting what *we wish* to be our nature and what we think should be our growth, and we then find the fight grow harder and the obstacles greater. Oftentimes what we term Nature is not so, but a false image we have made that is distasteful to us and that gives us pain and troubles, requiring more than one hard frost of hardship and privation to knock it down and crack it open.

E. D.

YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

THE SQUIRRELS AT HOME.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

IT was my fortune to spend the summer of 1897 at the home of a friend in a Western college town. Among so many homesteads, thickly surrounded by trees, extending from College Hill to the middle of the town, it is not wonderful that many creatures that usually live in the woodland came and lived near the houses. In the country around there are not many trees where they may build their nests and forage for their families, so they have forsaken savage for civilized life.

High up in a tall maple at the southwestern corner of the house was a little hutch tenanted by a mother squirrel of decided points of character. When I first came there, at the beginning of June, she was about to turn a family of young ones, four in number, out into the world to shift for themselves. I soon learned to watch her. She was very clever in foraging for supplies. I am sure she never used any such word as *yours*, but only *mine*, and was very greedy.

More than once, later in the year, I saw her bring home ears of corn taken from the fields a goodly distance away, and they were nearly always well "shucked," with very few husks left, by the time she brought them to her nest. She would dismantle a sunflower for her young ones, leaving it looking most dismal, and like the naughty boy that we used to read about in the spelling book, she was often found in the apple-tree stealing apples.

One afternoon in June I watched with much interest her encounter with a wren. A pair of these little birds had made a nest near the porch at the back

of the house and were busily engaged in rearing their young and in pecking the many, many little insects that infested the shrubbery. It was hot, and I was sitting on the back porch, when along came the half-tame old mother bunny, looking for whatever she might find in the way of forage. She had just passed by me when the parent wren, hardly bigger than a humming bird, attacked her with a desperate fierceness. The squirrel seemed at an utter loss how to defend herself. A single bite would have killed the little wren, but she had not the wit to give it. She tried to run away, but every attempt was made fruitless by the incessant attack. She ran up a little tree that stood near by, but that seemed only to expose her more completely. The furious bird drove her back to the ground. She didn't know what to do. At last she managed to make her way to the gate at the eastern side of the house and escape. The victorious wren came back to her nest to make sure that all was safe. A few days later a party of little wrens came out of the nest and flew away. I saw them no more.

The juvenile squirrels seemed to live a real holiday life. Day by day, morning and evening we used to feed the little family. It was an entertaining sight to see the little rogues ask without speaking. There were three of us and we used to take our chairs under the chestnut tree. The squirrels were sure to know when we were there and would quickly come as near to us as in their half-tame condition they had courage. Then standing up on their hind legs they waited in mute appeal. We would throw

to them broken pieces of bread and they would run forward to get them and then retreat to a safe distance to eat. This performance would be kept up till their hunger was satisfied. Then they would run about and play, hopping from tree to tree, never losing their foot-hold or missing a branch.

Often when we fed them they showed great greediness or perhaps it was forethought. Not wishing to eat the morsel at the time, the little animals would go away to find a safe hiding place, and would bury it there, carefully scratching over the spot to make it look like the surface around as though no treasure were hidden there.

In the autumn they used to hide chestnuts and other nuts in this way, and sometimes they would forget all about them and the nuts would sprout and grow up into trees.

One of these squirrels afforded us much amusement by his lively spirits and his originality. We called him the "acrobat." He gave us many performances on his own account, capering, see-sawing, turning somersaults and making a great variety of other curious movements. Not another of the group equalled him in these topsy exhibitions.

Our entertainments, however, were for a time interrupted. One hot afternoon the mother squirrel gave her attention to the expelling of the youngsters from the parental hutch. Suddenly there was a great commotion in the branches. The young squirrels were chased from tree to tree, and from bough to bough, without any time to rest. One by one each of them was hurled from some high limb to the ground, and was so stunned as to be unable to move; presently, however, recovering sufficiently to get up and wander away. One of them made an attempt before the overthrow to get to the hutch, but met such a reception from the old Bunny as never to try it again.

For many days we missed our little pets and half thought that in animal

style they had stolen away to die. One by one, however, after some days, they appeared again and in due time they all came to their meals as before. But they were far less gay, our acrobat was long in recovering his former reckless vivacity. They were all more staid and serious.

One day a tiny baby squirrel showed itself at the entrance of the hutch and soon afterwards another and another. There were three of them and they ran up over the roof of their house. They were not long learning to engage our attention. At first they were very timid, but their mother was a good teacher and soon had them coming to the ground for their rations. The chestnuts were now formed and she would pull them from the trees even while green and milky, then take them out of the burrs and feed them to the little ones.

We were often much amused to witness an obtrusive pair of jays watching their opportunity to share in the repast. They were bold, expert and entirely unscrupulous. Again and again, when one of the squirrels was stupid and didn't see his morsel of bread, a jay, quick-eyed, would pounce upon it and fly to a safe distance to eat it—then come back again to repeat the theft. The astonishment displayed by the outwitted squirrel on these occasions was ludicrous. The jays were saucy and very quick and impudent.

Later in the summer a pair of woodpeckers came. Their nest was on the grounds of a neighbor, but they would come to us to be fed. The red-capped father bird would fasten himself on a tree, watching a chance to seize a piece of bread and hurry home. Once or twice he came into collision with a squirrel but not much harm was done on either side. After two weeks he brought some young woodpeckers to the place. They were at first very awkward at flying and stupid at feeding. The parent birds

had to teach them, and it was by no means an easy task to show them how to pick up a crumb. But they finally succeeded, and the fledglings learned to come and call for their crumbs quite regularly. They would scream to attract our attention as if they thought it was our duty to supply their wants and feed them.

One Sunday afternoon we found the father bird dead under the chestnut tree. How he came to his end we never

learned. It may have been in battle, it may have been from a school-boy's missile. Even in death he looked gorgeous as when alive, his red cap was splendid. We picked up his little body and buried it.

October had begun to cast the leaves when I left the west and so I had to say goodbye to the squirrels and birds. But I hear they are still at their pranks, and perhaps I shall some day see them again.

THE PILGRIM AND THE GREAT BEAST.

BY HEMAN C. COOKE.

Once upon a time (all good stories begin that way) in the land of Maya, a weary Pilgrim was wending his way along a lonely road toward a wished-for goal. He plodded on for many long leagues with his head bowed in meditation. Suddenly he looked up. The road ran between two very high and precipitous hills. And in this pass, sitting upon its haunches, was an animal of fabulous dimensions. It was of such enormous size, that it completely closed up the way.

The Pilgrim was in dismay. He knew the country was infested with these creatures, and in fact he had caught glimpses of them at a distance, but had never been so close to one of them before. He had heard, also, that one of their peculiar habits was to thus obstruct the paths of lonely travelers.

The Pilgrim cautiously crossed and recrossed the road in the hope of being able to get around the great brute, but without avail. He stooped and looked to see if he could not, unobserved, crawl through under the enormous body; but there was no room whatever. He looked up at the mountain-like shoulders that towered far above him. He had no ladders with which to scale them, even had he dared to.

Then the Pilgrim expostulated and argued long and eloquently that he might be permitted to pass on his way. But unmoved the beast gazed at him in silence. In his great desire the Pilgrim flung himself upon his face in the dust, and long and earnestly prayed to the great beast to permit him to pass.

But no answer came from the monster; neither did he move. He only stared at the Pilgrim with a stony, sphinx-like gaze, as he had done from the first.

"Alas," said the Pilgrim, arising, "I erred in prostrating myself before this unfeeling beast. Entreaties and prayers are useless. My goal lies yonder; I cannot abide here; I will not turn back. Better, a thousand times better to nobly perish while pressing forward. I will persistently strive toward my desired goal, and fling my frail form against this gigantic beast, though he be bigger than the hills on either side."

Then the Pilgrim seized his staff and with high resolve and undaunted will strode forward—right at the beast, whose name was Doubt.

But, O wonder of all wonders! He met with no resistance whatever, but walked directly *through* the great beast as he would through any other shadow.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

THE BROTHERHOOD HOSPITAL AT MONTAUK, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

IT is hardly six weeks ago that our Leader sent out the War Relief Call to all members of the International Brotherhood League and formed the War Relief Corps. But the history of those few weeks will stand out in flaming letters in the records of Brotherhood, of the Society, and of the Century. It was another Crusade, another re-telling and re-living of true Brotherhood, reaching the hearts of thousands of our soldier boys and awakening in them an answer that will echo all through the land.

From all over the country came the response to the Call, and nearly every local I. B. L. organization has aided in this noble work. In a very few days after the call had been sent out supplies began to come in and the Aryan Hall at the Headquarters, 144 Madison Avenue, New York, was soon transformed into a receiving, packing and shipping office.

It would be impossible in these columns to give a full report of the work done by our Leader and her War Relief Corps at Montauk, L. I.; for details the reader is referred to *The New Century*, published weekly at this address. All that we can do here is to give a general account, with a few of the many interesting incidents that occurred at the Camp.

On August 19 and 21 visits were made to the Camp at Montauk to make preliminary arrangements and to see what was most urgently needed. On August 23d Dr. Coryn, K. Lundberg, B. Harding and an assistant, Wm. McCormack, went as an advance party to pitch camp, taking with them a very large tent, medical and general supplies for immediate use. On the next day our

Leader, accompanied by Mrs. Mayer and F. M. Pierce, went and were almost immediately followed by Miss M. S. Lloyd, Miss I. Morris, of Brooklyn, and Dr. W. H. Dower, of Syracuse. Tents and supplies were taken and placed on the ground before permission was obtained for a site for the camp. When all was ready to put up the tents permission was readily obtained from Major Beach, of General Wheeler's staff. The tents were pitched on the road leading to the main camp from the railroad station, and near a branch of the road leading to another part of the camp. As it afterwards proved, no better site could have been chosen for the work that was to be done. It was about 300 yards from the railroad station, and nearly all the troops as they came into or left camp had to pass our tents. It was a march of from one to three miles from the station to the various divisions of the camp—not a long march for strong, vigorous men, but almost interminable to the worn-out, exhausted soldier boys who had come in those deadly transports from Cuba or by rail from Tampa and other camps in the South—too long a march for some who, though eager to keep up with their comrades, were forced to fall out of line or would fall prostrate in the road. These our workers would rush out to help, bringing them into the tents and giving them nourishing food or medicine when needed. To hundreds of such boys the International Brotherhood League tents have proved a blessed resting place. Many of them were utterly unable to proceed further, and would be carried by our people to the hospital tent and kept there to be nursed back to life and strength. These and several sick sol-

diers sent down from the camp and some brought up from the trains soon filled the hospital beds. And all day long boys would come, singly, or in twos and threes, to see the doctor or for aid. Many a time one who had been given medicine by the doctor would come back next day with a sick comrade to be treated also, and so the news of the International Brotherhood League spread through the whole camp. Truly our little cluster of tents was an oasis, a haven of rest, like a home to the boys we took care of.

A day's programme would be somewhat as follows: Naturally all rose early; even those who had been on watch-duty all night could not fail to be stimulated into new life by the glorious early morning air. We had seven tents, and the doors of all these were flapping open in the fresh breeze by six o'clock. Then followed an hour or two's work before breakfast, the washing and feeding of the patients administered with a little chat with each. Usually Mrs. Tingley herself made an early morning visit to them all, and left every one with a smiling face, much the better for her cheerful visit. Then came breakfast (a great institution!) usually, for the workers, bread, often without butter, and coffee, and after that the soldiers from the last transport from Cuba would begin to be passing our tents, or a number on furlough would march past from the camp to the depot. Many of these, whether coming from Cuba or leaving camp, would be actually ill; others deady tired and worn. All these the workers quickly learned to mark. Some were brought in, perhaps to stay the day or a few days. To others iced lemonade, milk, cocoa, beef-tea, or other suitable refreshment and restorative, was brought. This, with the cleaning and freshening of the tents, the attention to the needs of the sick, the medical visits, and the invalid cooking, made up the morning. One or two were detailed through the

hours of the day to drive about the camp in a two-horse conveyance which was exclusively devoted to the free transport of those soldiers who were too weak or ill to walk from the camp to the depot, or *vice versa*, and to picking up those who fell exhausted by the way. It had on both sides the title of our organization "International Brotherhood League," and became widely known in a few days throughout the whole camp and at the depot. By the afternoon the rough work had been done, and the workers were free for lighter occupations, chatting with and reading to the sick, making the tents more comfortable, communicating with the military and naval authorities, writing out reports of cases and letters to the relatives of the sick, etc., etc. The tents were closed early in the evening, and after the sick had been finally attended to and those who could, had dropped asleep—some were delirious and could not sleep—a watcher for each occupied tent took up his place, and for an hour before bedtime, the rest with Mrs. Tingley gathered about one of the large open camp-fires which we lit at night, and had a great talk on all things in earth and heavens. It was necessary to maintain a sick-watch all night, and we took spells of two hours each. It was a little trying to be waked up for this purpose, but one had one's reward. Looking out from the tent into the night, one heard everywhere the hum of the night insects and the wash of the waves; whilst now and then a voice from one of the boats in the offing lying clear-cut in the moonlight, sounded musically across the hills. From the hill-tops the camp lay out under the stars, thousands of white tents, some faintly lit from within, some only reflecting the moonlight; between them the occasionally visible dark figures of the sentries. All this, the silence, the peace, the hum of insects, the white sheen on the water, the perfect sky, the dotted tents, the peculiar sense of myriad

sleeping life, made the two hours' vigil an experience never to be forgotten. To this must be added the indefinable something that gathers about a place where the practice of Brotherhood is real and constant; where the harmony of the workers is complete; and where the relief of suffering is a manifest and continual outcome of all the work done. Truly the atmosphere of this little International Brotherhood League Camp was unique, and to breathe it became an education to every one of those whose privilege it was to share in this great work.

The workers learned much during their stay, not only of men, but of the history and management of the war. They made a practice of having a short and friendly chat with every soldier who presented himself at the tent doors, and thus fully availed themselves of a unique opportunity.

As was to be expected there were many difficulties to be overcome and also considerable opposition from some quarters, but in all cases our Leader's watchful care and wise forethought brought success along all lines. One great difficulty was in getting supplies from New York. Although but five hours' distant from the city, in some cases supplies sent by express did not reach the camp for a week. Each of the workers had his or her own work to do. Dr. Dower, of Syracuse, was the physician in charge. He made a great sacrifice to come, but responded immediately to our Leader's call and left his practice in Syracuse. Dr. Herbert Coryn, who only a few weeks ago had arrived from England, was Dr. Dower's chief assistant. He was at the camp from first to last and was our Leader's right hand man, rendering invaluable aid, working night and day. Mrs. Mayer was at the camp a great part of the time and helped in the nursing. Miss M. S. Lloyd worked early and late nursing the sick and preparing nourishment and delicacies for them, never thinking of herself but al-

ways of others, and often not getting time to eat. As our Leader said, "She was a typical *Sister of Compassion*," and then at night she would be always ready to write letters for our Leader on the typewriter, or help in other ways. Miss Isabel Morris, of Brooklyn, soon endeared herself to the sick boys by her gentleness and good nursing, and her constant watchfulness and care. Burcham Harding's work was to attend to the commissary department and to look after supplies, transportation, etc. Kurt Lundberg lately arrived in this country from Sweden was at the camp all the time, helping in a thousand and one ways, in nursing or putting up tents or doing special work. He was our Leader's special Courier to General Wheeler and other officials. The name of General Wheeler was almost hourly brought up by the workers with expressions of gratitude for the recognition he had given to our work and the aid he had rendered. It seemed as though K. Lundberg and Dr. Coryn had come over just in time. They both found places which needed them. Thomas F. Seele from Boston responded immediately to our Leader's call. He is a great worker and never seemed to tire though he had the strain of night nursing one of the most serious cases, in fact the only patient who died in the I. B. L. hospital. He also attended to the laundry work. Another indefatigable and brave worker and who filled the important part of chief of the kitchen, was William McCormack, an assistant from E. 14th St. Mission, New York. Some time ago help had been given him at the Mission and though it might have seemed doubtful that he had been benefited permanently, yet the Camp life showed that it only needed the opportunity to bring out his sterling qualities.

F. M. Pierce and H. T. Patterson, members of the General Committee of the International Brotherhood League, divided their time between their duties

in the city and work in camp, working untiringly and as always helping our Leader to carry out her plans. Miss Bailey and Miss B. Ljung, both from Boston, came to camp when there was a great strain on all the workers and rendered invaluable assistance. George D. Ayers, of Boston, also came when there was a great strain on all the workers and gave great help in many ways, doing important work for our Leader in seeing various officers, etc. Others who came for three or four days and helped in the nursing or in the thousand other things that needed attention were R. Crosbie, of Boston; W. A. Stevens, of Buffalo; and R. Leslie, J. H. Fussell, and S. F. Hecht, who paid flying visits from Headquarters.

From beginning to end the work was planned and inspired by our Leader. The most active and indefatigable of all, always seeking to help others, she inspires in all the same desire to help. We cannot yet tell how wide and far reaching will be the results of the work at the Brotherhood Camp, at Montauk, but they will send a message of Brotherhood throughout the land. Our Leader took the greatest care of the helpers and workers in camp so that all kept in excellent health though naturally all felt the strain and experienced great fatigue.

Although the centre of activity was at the camp at Montauk it would have been impossible to carry on this work had not the ready response come to the War Relief Call from all the local I. B. L. organizations all over the country. The New York Headquarters at 144 Madison Ave. was a busy scene during all this time. The cases sent by our unselfish and loyal workers from the various I. B. L. local organizations had to be unpacked and the articles needed for immediate use repacked and sent off to camp, the other articles for later use among the refugees in Cuba or Manila had also to be packed separately to be kept until needed. At this work Mrs. A. Deen Hunt was kept

busy from morning till night assisted by J. H. Fussell, Mrs. Kramer, Mrs. Freeman, S. F. Hecht, Miss Bernstein, Dr. Emma Wilcox and Dr. Rose Winkler.

A general report of the work at the Brotherhood Camp has been sent by our Leader by special messenger, who also goes in connection with future work, to President McKinley and is given below, showing how enormous a work has been done.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 15, 1898.

REPORT OF RELIEF

Afforded at the International Brotherhood League Hospital, Camp Winkoff, Montauk, Long Island, to the soldiers of the various regiments there encamped.

This Hospital, consisting of seven tents, was erected on August 23d, and removed to its new location in New York on September 13th, having thus been in operation for three weeks. The whole work of erection and removal, all the nursing, cooking and medical work, were done entirely gratuitously by members of the League, several of whom volunteered their services, as physicians, others as nurses (some lay, some professional) and still others as workers in various other departments of activity.

We acknowledge with pleasure the almost uniform courtesy and aid extended to us by the officials of the army. In particular, our most grateful thanks are due to General Wheeler and his staff, whose interest in the work was untiring and without whose aid we could only with the greatest difficulty have surmounted the many obstacles that were in part incidental to the situation, and in part *placed in our way*. We have further to extend our special thanks to Assistant Adjutant-General McClelland of General Shafter's Staff, to Quartermaster Major Knight, and to Major Duval of the Commissariat department. But on almost all hands our

work was recognized as of immense value to the welfare of the army, and as filling a gap which would otherwise have been painfully unoccupied.

This work consisted of several important branches of activity.

(1) The giving of rest and nourishing food to exhausted soldiers. Many, just convalescent or thought to be so, leaving camp on furloughs and on their way for the depot (in some cases a walk of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles) were, by the time they had reached our Hospital, utterly exhausted under the hot sun over the rough sandy roads, and, but for the rest and refreshment which we were able to give them, would certainly have either fainted by the time they reached the depot, or would have become too ill, on their arrival in New York, to proceed to their destination. Some of them stayed with us a few days, some longer.

Our workers were many times sent to the depot at midnight, provided with food and restoratives, for the succor of soldiers arriving by late trains, and left behind too weak to go on, and so having to remain all night at the depot. Many of these were brought back and housed as accommodation permitted.

Others again, landing from Cuba at the wharf opposite the depot, exhausted by the terrible privations of the ten days' sea journey following upon the arduous and deadly stay in the Cuban climate and the labors incident to the management of the war, were required to walk from the landing place up the hills to the camp. Many of these dropped from exhaustion on the road near our Hospital, and to these we extended the same aid and shelter as in the former case. For all of such needs, wine, milk, fluid meats, etc., etc., were invariably kept ready for instant use.

(2) The second division of our work lay in giving dispensary medical assistance to all who applied for it, combined or not, as necessary, with rest and food.

Thousands of the soldiers there en-

camped, tainted with the malarial and other fevers incidental to the climate they had left, to the privations of their stay there and the journey home, though ill enough to enter the already overcrowded general hospitals, yet dreading to do so, came to us for medical treatment. This and medicines were provided for many hundreds.

(3) We soon found that many of those who collapsed near our hospital were very ill and in a few hours manifested definite disease—dysentery, some form of fever, etc., etc. These, of course, we retained as indoor patients. They received the most careful feeding, nursing, and medical assistance; they were kept cheerful, prevented as far as was possible from dwelling upon their memories of the horrors and privations from which they had suffered; and finally, save in one case (the solitary death that occurred in our hospital) brought through to such health and strength as might enable them to return to their regiments (the effort made to do this in the face of real illness was often heroic), to go to their homes, or to be shipped to other hospitals of the International Brotherhood League, that their places might be filled by more urgent cases. It was a curious coincidence, that of these patients a considerable number belonged to the "8th Ohio," the regiment known as "McKinley's Own."

(4) A certain number of surgical cases were also attended to. These comprised injuries casually received on the road; some due to wagon collisions; ivy-poisoning in Cuba, and other injuries to the feet.

AS TO NUMBERS.

We had first to last about 60 patients dangerously ill, whom we cared for in hospital tents. From these and from the general hospital we sent about 75 to two other hospitals of the International Brotherhood League. We extended outdoor relief, help, food, rest, and medicines, to about 9000 soldiers.

In transporting soldiers, not only from our own tents, but from the general hospital to other of the League hospitals, and in particular to that at Bridgeport, we helped the congestion at the general hospital.

It should be added, that for soldiers too weak to walk we maintained a carriage constantly in operation. This was kept at work partly in transporting soldiers from the depot to the camp, and *vice versa*; partly in picking up and taking to their destination soldiers found exhausted on the road; partly in carrying literature, restoratives, etc., to places where they were needed; and partly for the use of our own messengers in the discharge of their duty.

Although treated with scant courtesy in attempting this work by one or two officials holding authoritative posts on the medical staff, we received, throughout, the most kindly and cordial aid from General Wheeler in command of the camp.

In conclusion we may venture to hope that our labors have really done something to lessen the misery, the starvation, and the disease which the war has entailed upon so many thousands of our comrades in the army.

(Signed) KATHERINE A. TINGLEY,
PRESIDENT.

On Sept. 6th some of the patients in the I. B. L. camp were taken to Bridgeport together with about 45 sick soldiers whom General Wheeler sent from the general camp. The following accounts are taken from the *New Century*:

BROTHERHOOD CAMP,

MONTAUK, L. I., Sept. 5, 1898.

The International Brotherhood League of Bridgeport, Conn., in response to a call for help from our Leader, set to work at once and in a short time transformed their League Headquarters into a hospital with accommodations for twenty-six. The appointments and comforts could

not be excelled. Mayor Taylor of Bridgeport secured from the transportation company a transport with accommodations for carrying seventy-six patients to Bridgeport to be placed in the Brotherhood Hospital, which is under the auspices of the International Brotherhood League, and in the City Hospital.

Mayor Taylor wired Mrs. Tingley that he would send the transport on a twenty-four hours' notice, if she could arrange to have the soldiers ready. She at once communicated with General Wheeler, who agreed to send forty-five sick and invalid soldiers. In addition to these, others will be sent from the Brotherhood Hospital, which Mrs. Tingley has charge of, to complete the number. Mayor Taylor was notified to this effect and at the time of writing this the transport is tied up to the floating dock, where she arrived this morning, and an ambulance is passing full of soldiers to be placed on board.

The transport, "City of Bridgeport," is commodious and airy and was fitted out by the Bridgeport I. B. L. with new cot-beds, mattresses and bedding, together with medical and sanitary appliances for the sick. Mrs. Tingley begged Mayor Taylor to take charge of the transport and she with one of the Sisters of Compassion, Margaret Lloyd, will accompany them. The boat will leave at noon Tuesday.

Sept. 7, 1898.

While deaths have been so frequent everywhere in the camps and hospitals, it has been the lot of those who fell under our good Leader's care, even when taken in a state of collapse, to recover. But one death has occurred among those of our boys whom she has succored. The soldiers were placed on the I. B. L. transport for Bridgeport, and those who had been under Mrs. Tingley's care begged and pleaded with her not to forsake them. It is needless to say that she protected them and placed them safely in

the I. B. L. Brotherhood Hospital, at Bridgeport, and after nursing one of the most serious cases most of the night, she made a rush visit to New York, summoned her helpers to meet her at the station that no time might be lost, and within an hour was on her way again to Montauk.

Among the patients taken to Bridgeport was Sergeant James Faircloth. Word was sent down by one of the officers of his regiment that he was seriously ill in his tent. He was visited by one of the Sisters of Compassion and was brought to the International Brotherhood League tent to be nursed, and later on was taken to Bridgeport. When the International Brotherhood transport arrived at Bridgeport and he reached the I. B. L. hospital he saw a picture of our Leader over one of the beds. He was one of her special protégés and missed her, as she was not in the hospital at the time. But as soon as he saw her portrait he said: "Put me in the bed under that picture and then I know I shall get well." Though having seen her but a few times he had felt the influence of her presence and had learned to appreciate her work. This touching little incident is but one of many giving evidence of the trust and hope which our Leader inspired in the hearts of the soldier boys. She had given little purple souvenirs to all the boys in the I. B. L. Camp and when they changed their clothing at the Bridgeport I. B. L. Hospital these were inadvertently taken away. The boys almost too sick to speak called out for them and wanted to have them with them, for they heard that our Leader was going to say Good-bye, and they wanted to keep the little souvenirs in memory of her.

On one of the first days in camp Chas. A. Hawk of 16th Infantry, Indianapolis, Ind., who had just obtained his furlough was coming down over the hill full of glee at the thought of going home and

seeing his mother as he afterwards told us. But when near our camp he was seen to stagger, then he sat down to get breath, one of our workers rushed out to help him and brought him into the tent. He proved to be too ill to proceed on his journey so we took care of him in our hospital. Several times he became delirious and would live over again all his awful experiences of the campaign in Cuba, in the trenches before Santiago. He would sit up in bed and cry out against the Spaniards and call out with bitterness against the Cubans for failing to help, then falling back exhausted, forgetting all and crying out only Mother, Mother, Mother. One night there was a severe storm, many tents in the military camp were blown down; our own tent was threatened and rain came down in torrents. Our Leader, Mrs. Mayer and Dr. Coryn had all they could do to keep him from getting wet, holding canvas over his cot, the only light was one candle, and it seemed as though Hawk was dying. It was a terrible experience, but next morning he improved and began to gain strength and has since been able to return home. Out of all those whom we cared for only one died, Dr. Guy Kosht of the 8th Ohio. When he was brought to the hospital his case was so serious that he was placed in a separate tent that he might have special care and not disturb the other patients with his delirium. Two special nurses were provided, but all our care could not keep him alive, he died just as his regiment which had broken camp were marching down the hill to the station to take train for Ohio.

The boys often asked for things they would like and these would be given them if in accordance with their treatment. Sometimes, however, we would not have what they asked for and apparently no chance of getting it; but it several times happened that next day the very things came which they had asked for.

Indeed our tents were just like a home to the boys and they would ask about the International Brotherhood League and the work we were doing. They seemed charmed with the idea of Brotherhood which we gave them and as they got better and able to get about, wanted to help also and would go out to tell others of our work and bring in those who needed help. They were brave boys, all of them, noble heroes!

There were no real impositions—and only one case that at all looked like one or where there was the slightest doubt. This man applied for help at 2 o'clock in the morning, standing outside the tent and calling out: "Strangers! Help!" Some did not want to take him in, feeling a little suspicious of his appearance and peculiar manner. But our Leader said, take him in. So he was given a night's rest but in the morning he disappeared. If he came with any evil intent, he was disarmed by his reception and kind treatment.

At one time some people commented on our Leader's getting the feel of things, but certainly true it is that she got at the hearts of the boys and gave hope and courage to them all.

All the work that has been done and which has been helped by our members all over the country brings the thought: suppose the members instead of responding heartily and immediately, suppose they had stopped to quibble as to whether it was the right time for this work or the right way to set about it, many a poor soldier would have starved and died. But the ready response came, workers came forward and supplies were sent, and life and hope and strength has been given to hundreds.

In spite of the newspaper reports, which rather under- than over-rate the true state of affairs in the army, and among the brave heroes in the ranks, no one who has not actually seen the suffering of these brave boys can appreciate what they have had to endure—not only

from the actual war and the suffering incident thereto—that they could and did bear bravely and willingly, but the awful and peculiar suffering that they endured *after* the war and in this, the richest and most prosperous country in the world. The following, which appeared in the *New Century* signed by our Leader, should be read by all, and we therefore print it again here:

"MONTAUK, L. I., Sept. 5, 1898.

"More work being done, more assistance rendered, more sick cared for; such is the brief general record of the Brotherhood Hospital at Montauk. Changes are continually taking place in the camp itself, some regiments leaving camp, all the men receiving furloughs, other regiments taking their place; but no cessation of activity, no diminution in the number of army wagons driven back and forth, or the ambulances or the men passing our tents; no lessening of the need for help; no change in the silent appeal that goes forth from the hearts of the thousands of brave heroes in the ranks, speaking in the eyes, in the hot hands and fevered brow, in the weariness of their marching. With an energy that is heroic, with a persistence that is sublime, they bear up. Yet what must it be to sick and fever-stricken men who have aroused their last energies to keep up, so as to go home with their regiment, to be in readiness to march at 7 o'clock in the morning, to be kept waiting all day, to be marched down to the railway depot in the evening only to find that the last train for the night had left! Yet that is but one incident in a whole chapter of what—blunders? mistakes? accident? mismanagement?—or what?

"Is it any wonder that many of the boys sink down not simply exhausted, but discouraged, hopeless, despairing? Quite true, a soldier must be prepared to meet all hardships—in war, yes! and our boys never flinched even at the three and four days which some of them spent without food in the trenches before Santiago.

"But one may well ask, is it true that America was victorious; is it true that America, the land of Freedom, fought to bring freedom to suffering Cuba and to bring succor and relief to the unfortunate people of that unhappy isle? A soldier must be prepared to meet all hardships, and so we bring our soldiers and our sick home in transports such as the 'Concha' and the 'Mobile'; we bring them to a camp hardly more than one hundred miles distant from the metropolis and richest city of this rich and mighty America only to find 'some one had blundered.' Yet

'Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.'

And America has let them die, not from wounds obtained in glorious battle, not even from the sickness that they may have contracted in Cuba, and would willingly have endured, but from after-neglect, and red tape; from lack of proper care and nourishment and nursing, which would have been inexcusable even if America had not been victorious.

"There is much talk of fixing the blame here, or fixing it there, but in the end the blame is America's, and yours and mine individually as well as collectively. Does not the whole of America claim the victory? Then let the whole of America meet the responsibility and awake ere it is too late—aye, and it is getting very, very late—to honor her soldier boys, not with medals and parades, it may be, but with tender care and loving sympathy, and as a mother welcoming her sons home."

The Lodges all over the country are preparing for the Fall work and in talking over this our Leader has said we should be careful whom we encourage to come into either the I. B. L. or the U. B. Those who are in full sympathy with our work will come to us of their own accord and if we strike the true note of Brotherhood, the work of Brotherhood will go on all around and be taken up

on all hands. Some of the members are apt to make a mistake in thinking that it is essential for the progress of the work that they should induce and encourage some important person to join the organization and so they seek to get the name of some politician or other popular man or woman to, as they think, give weight to their undertakings. There is a danger in this, for oftentimes such people, while not intentionally wishing any harm to our organizations, place them second to their own personal ends and use our platforms for that purpose and to obscure the name of the organization, the Universal Brotherhood or the International Brotherhood League as the case may be. All work done by the Universal Brotherhood or the International Brotherhood League is to be so known and to be exclusively under the control of those organizations and their proper representatives. We beg that all members will carefully read the Constitutions of the Universal Brotherhood and the International Brotherhood League in order to avoid falling into this error.

I here repeat the words of our Leader that all International Brotherhood League local committees should in every way protect the League and in no cases permit our cards or the name of our organization to be used for the purpose of collecting money in any other manner than is authorized by the Finance Committee, and that the only authorized agents for receiving money for any I. B. L. work are the following and no others should be recognized:

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It is very important at this time to accentuate this matter, as some members have ignored the directions sent out by the Finance Committee and have acted without authorization.

The experience at the camp at Montauk will be of great service to the workers in any future work at Santiago or Manila. Active preparations are being made by our Leader to go to one or both of these places where the needs of the soldiers and the native refugees are most urgent.

The War Relief Work is still going on at the Headquarters, 144 Madison

Avenue, where some sick soldiers are being nursed and trains are met and assistance given to the soldiers whenever possible, on their way through the city. At the time of writing eight of those who have been in the International Brotherhood League Hospital at Bridgeport are expected to reach New York *en route* to their homes and will be met and given rest and refreshment.

RECORDER.

The Aryan Lodge at Headquarters, New York, will begin on Tuesday, Oct. 11th, its weekly closed meetings and Sunday, Oct. 16th, the evening public meetings.

Following the suggestions of the Leader and official Head which were published in the June issue of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, the subjects to be treated will be embodied in a syllabus and embrace an outline of the Esoteric Philosophy beginning with "Origins"; followed by "The fundamental Postulates of the Secret Doctrine"; "Evolution and Involution"; "The Sevenfold constitution of the Universe and man"; "Threefold Evolution: Monadic, Intellectual, Physical"; "Rounds and Races"; "Unity: Basis of Universal Brotherhood." Each of these subjects will be studied for a period of several consecutive meetings and an endeavor made to present them in the simplest form possible, so as to enable all the members to get a correct grasp and become familiar with the fundamentals of Theosophy.

Part of each meeting will be devoted to the Heart Doctrine, and above all to the consideration of the subject: "to demonstrate that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in nature."

A special feature this season will also be made of having good music at the beginning and at the close of each meeting; this will be arranged by a committee appointed for that purpose.

The Sunday evening public meetings will be conducted on the plan of questions and answers, it being proposed to solicit questions prior to the meeting to enable students to come prepared with comprehensive replies.

E. AUG. NERESHEIMER,
President Aryan Lodge.

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