

“ There dwelleth in the heart of every creature, O Arjuna, the Master—*Ishwara*—who by his magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve mounted upon the universal wheel of time. Take sanctuary with him alone, O son of Bharata, with all thy soul; by his grace thou shalt obtain supreme happiness, the eternal peace.”—*Bhagavad-Gita*.

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ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

I.—CHILDHOOD.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

“THE heart of man only remembers what moves and impassions it,” says the hero of our story. The popular taste never looks to details in history, but only to the men who have associated their own history with these facts. History, as a book, is a dead thing, but when personified in a living person it becomes itself alive through and through with his vital forces. Sympathy is the key to memory. The sketch of a career is interesting from its epic and dramatic features, from what the actor has experienced, from the toil, vicissitude and anguish that he has encountered. The reader contemplates all these as though actually enduring them, feeling that he likewise under similar conditions might do the same things. We may be preached to till we acquire an impervious insensibility; we may attend to lessons till we are ready to drop them in utter disgust, but when we have a living person for a model who is of like passions with ourselves, we are never weary.

It is for this reason that the actor on the stage charms us more than the preacher at his desk, that the novel is read in preference to history, and the biography delights us beyond other literature. We seem to ourselves to be on

a similar plane with the person of the story.

Lamartine has admirably fulfilled these conditions. He was born when the storm was rising that should change the whole face of things, shake all existing institutions and the very ground on which they stood, break up the old arrangements of society, overturn the throne of France and involve all Europe in commotion.

His family was of a rank sufficiently high to distinguish its members from the neighboring community, and its representatives had attained honorable position in the public service. His grandfather won the cross of St. Louis at the battle of Fontenoy, and was made a captain of cavalry. He afterward married a wealthy heiress, and became the father of six children. The mother was thoroughly loyal to the ancient customs and the careers of the sons and daughters were shaped accordingly. The first-born son was the inheritor of the family property, and was expected to marry and maintain the establishment. The younger sons and the portionless daughters were required to live single. One daughter became Canoness at Salles and took the vows, and the other two were placed in convents as inmates. Con-

vents were the asylums of that period for girls of rank for whom there was no other sufficient provision. The second son, in spite of his profound repugnance to the profession, was designed by his parents for a priest.

The third son was set apart to the army. Perhaps he, too, might obtain the cross of St. Louis, become a captain of cavalry and be dismissed with a pension. He could go back then to his brother's house and vegetate. He would take charge of the garden, dress his hair, play with the children, make one at a game of chess or backgammon with the neighbors, living as a domestic slave, contenting himself with existing, loved perhaps, but overlooked by everybody, and so passing his life unnoticed, without property, wife or children, till infirmity and disease should banish him from the drawing-room to the solitary chamber where hung on the wall the sword and helmet long laid aside. Then a day would come when it would be announced in the mansion: "The Chevalier is dead."

Such was the career marked out for the junior son of the family. He accepted it regretfully, but without a murmur. His mother was a tenacious adherent to the social regulations and these in the old France were like the régime of caste in India, and apparently as irrevocable as the ancient laws of the Medes and Persians. A new contingency had arisen. The young man had formed an attachment and the eldest brother had determined not to marry. This was made a plea in his behalf, but it was of no avail. The suggestion that the cadet of the family should marry was monstrous. It would extend the family link into obscure branches which would be a crime against the blood. The mother was unyielding, and the young man was hurried away to his regiment and anticipated destiny.

M. des Roys was intendant-general of the exchequer of the Duke of Or-

leans. This nobleman, the first prince of the blood, was always an innovator. In his Palais Royal, the reformers of government, the philosophers of the new age, and men of science, were frequent guests. Among those were Franklin from America, Edward Gibbon from England, Grimm and others from Germany, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Buffon, Raynal, Sieyès, Necker and other thinkers, artists and scientists. Madame de Genlis was the governess of his children. The wife of M. des Roys was their undergoverness, and the generous Duchess permitted her children to share the lessons and pastimes of the young princes and princesses. One of these was Louis Philippe, afterward King of the French.

The young girl, Alix des Roys was one of these children. She listened eagerly to the discourses of the illustrious visitors, and though always a sincere Catholic, she became a devoted admirer of the writings of Jean Jaques Rousseau.

At the age of sixteen she was appointed by the Duke to the Chapter of Salles, where the sister of Lamartine's father was Canoness. This situation has been described as "an elegant and agreeable transition between the Church and the world." The members were permitted to spend part of the time with their families, and though men were generally excluded, canonesses received visits from their brothers. In this way the young captain had met Alix des Roys. The sister encouraged their attachment, but it required all their constancy to sustain the long years of parental opposition.

Opportunely for their wishes, French Society was undergoing a radical transformation. The arbitrary caste-regulations gradually gave way, and the obstacles to their marriage were finally surmounted.

The husband was no longer young. He was thirty-eight, and still held his command. His regiment of cavalry was

as his family; he knew the names of all the officers and members, and was adored by them all. Every year he devoted a season to hunting. He was like an oak casting off his age and renewing his strength, till past eighty years, preserving his body sound and his teeth entire and perfect to the last.

Alphonse Marie Louis de Pret de Lamartine was born at Mâcon in Burgundy on the 21st day of October, 1790. The Revolution was then in progress. His father was still in the army, and was afterward placed with the Royal Guard. He barely escaped the massacre of the tenth of August, 1792, and immediately made his way with his wife from Paris to Mâcon for safety.

The other members of the family were partisans of the Constitution of 1791. The Abbé Lamartine was a personal friend of LaFayette till death separated them; and the grandfather had entertained Mirabeau. It should be borne in mind that the great movement in France was not in its inception any uprising of the multitude. "It was not the Commonalty that made the Revolution," Lamartine avers; "it was the nobility, the clergy and the thinking men of the nation. Superstitions often have their birth with the common people; but philosophies are born with those only who constitute the head of Society. Now, the French Revolution was a philosophy."

The populace, however, came uppermost, and presently those who had first promoted the movement for the renovation of the social and political system, became the objects of its rage. The father of Lamartine was imprisoned at Mâcon, where, by the kindness of the jailer, he was afterward placed in a room of the building that had been an Ursuline Convent. The old grandfather now over eighty years old, the grandmother also aged and infirm, the two uncles and three aunts were arrested as *suspected*, and conveyed in a cart to Autun and there placed in confinement.

The wife and infant Lamartine were left at the family mansion under the surveillance of insolent soldiers. Her condition may easily be imagined. "It is no wonder," says Lamartine, "that those whose birth dates from those woful days carry a shade of sadness and an imprint of melancholy in their disposition."

She employed numerous expedients, remarkable for ingenuity and discretion. The place where her husband was confined was across the street in full view of the mansion. She was not long in obtaining a sight of him. She would hold up the infant Alphonse to his view and then bestow her caresses on the child as representing the father. She wrote a message in letters of a size large enough for him to read, telling him of her plans. She also learned to shoot with a bow and sent arrows into his window. To this a thread was attached by means of which she supplied him with messages, paper and ink. In this way they carried on a correspondence. She furnished him with a file, which enabled him to make a passage out of his prison and spend hours in her company.

She, however, strenuously opposed his wish to escape. It would have consigned the jailer to certain death, and all their opportunities had been due to his lenity. The Lamartine estates would be confiscated and the other members of the family would perish on the scaffold.

She took the matter in hand in her own way. Procuring a pass from the Revolutionary Authorities at Mâcon, she repaired to Dijon, to lay the case before Citizen Javogues,* the Representative of the Central Powers. She took the little Alphonse with her. The official received her courteously, made her sit down, and set the child on his knees. She made a gesture of alarm, fearing that the infant would fall.

"Do not be afraid," Javogues ex-

The Republicans of the Revolution discarded all titles of rank, and adopted for themselves that of *Citizen and Citoyenne*—Citizen and Citizeness.

claimed; "the Republicans also have children."

Little Alphonse quickly gained confidence, and began to play with the official's tri-colored scarf. This greatly pleased him, and he added:

"Your child is too good for an aristocrat's son. You must bring him up for the Fatherland, and make him a citizen."

He made her such encouraging assurances as were in his power, and intimated that there was hope that her husband would be set at liberty. How far he kept faith in this matter is only to be guessed. Any official notice of the prisoner would have been the signal for condemnation and death. But he was "forgotten."

Eighteen long months passed in this way. The Ninth of Thermidor came, and Robespierre himself perished. The Terror ended, and the prisons were opened.

The mother of young Lamartine hurried to Autun with the joyful news. The aged couple returned to their own home, where shortly after, they died peacefully.

The new laws had abolished primogeniture and released from the vows of poverty. The family estates were to be divided equally among the six children. But the father of Alphonse refused to accept his share. A little estate had been given him at Milly on his marriage, which yielded an income of about five hundred dollars a year. A word would have made him richer, but he adhered stubbornly to the rule of the former order of things, and acted accordingly.

Despite an increasing family and narrow financial circumstances, he lived contentedly. It was always necessary to maintain simplicity and carefulness in expenditure. His wife, though accustomed to elegance in the Orleans household, conformed cheerfully to the new conditions. One day as she pointed out their little holdings to her son, she said: "They are very small, but if we know how to adapt our desires to our conditions, they are large enough."

The house was plain, the furniture barely what was necessary, and everything was in humble style. Here Lamartine spent twelve happy years. His parents were his first teachers. He was not set to tasks, but was ingeniously led to receive instruction as a favor. "I saw them reading," he says, "and I desired to read. I saw them writing, and I asked them to help me make my letters. It was all done as play, at spare moments, with smiles, badinage, and caresses. I thus acquired my taste. I set myself at work with short and amusing lessons. It is true that I made slow progress in this way, but it was without remembering how I was learning, and without a severe look to make me apply myself. I advanced without being conscious of going forward. My thought, always in communication with that of my mother, was developed, so to speak, in her bosom."

It was as he describes, like being again gestated in a new term of existence. In this way his early years went on till he was taken away to live the "*vie putride ou tout au moins glacial des colleges*"—the putrid or at least the freezing life of colleges.

Madame Alix de Lamartine was not anxious that her son should be precocious. His attainments were not compared with those of others of like age. She aimed to make his childhood happy, develop an affectionate temper and religious conviction. Herself instructed at St. Cloud, in company with the young princesses of the Ducal House of Orleans which stood at the very summit of the social order in France, she bore in mind that her own family was in a more lowly condition. In her judgment it was of little account whether a person was a prince or a common laborer, but whether he was what he ought to be.

She endeavored to regulate his passion for reading. He had such books as the *Holy Bible Abridged and Expurgated*, La Fontaine's *Fables*, Tasso's *Jerusalem De-*

livered, the works of Fenelon, St. Pierre, Madame de Genlis.

"My education was a philosophic education at second hand," he remarks; "it was a philosophic education corrected and tempered by motherhood." . . . "In a word the unconscious instruction which I received was never in the form of a lesson. It was the action of living, thinking and feeling, which I performed under her eyes, like her, and by her." In short it was an education flowing naturally after the manner of Pythagoras, as described by Rousseau. It had as a groundwork the greatest simplicity in clothing, and a rigorous frugality in diet. She taught kindness to animals, and he was always gentle to them, and his caresses were eagerly sought by them.

The killing of animals for food was held by her in aversion. She considered it one of the faults of our human condition, a curse on man either from the Fall or his own obdurate perverseness. "She believed and I believe with her," says Lamartine, "that these habitudes of hard-heartedness in regard to the gentle animals, our companions, our helpers, our brothers in labor and affection here below—that these slaughters, these appetites for blood, the sight of quivering flesh—operate to brutalize and harden the natural impulses of the heart. She believed and I believe with her, that this food, though apparently more nutritious and strengthening, contains in itself stimulating and putrid qualities which inflame the blood and shorten the days of human beings."

She referred to the inhabitants of India, so numerous, gentle and religious; to the shepherd population so vigorous and healthy, and to the laboring folk who worked hard and lived long and blamelessly, and yet did not taste flesh ten times in their lives. She kept her son from eating it till he left home for college. She did not argue the matter, but relied upon instinct as better than reasoning.

A countryman at Milly presented him with a lamb. He was in love with it at once, fed it and took every care necessary. It grew up finely and would follow him everywhere like a dog. One day the cook remarked to his mother that the lamb was fat and ought to be given to the butcher. Young Lamartine could not conceive what a butcher was, and when he was told, he was not willing to believe that anybody would be so cruel. A few days later his mother took him to a slaughter-house. What he saw there filled him with pity and horror. He could not look upon a butcher as much different from the executioner at the scaffold.

From that time he refused to eat flesh, until in later years he was obliged to do it by the usages of society. He adhered to a bloodless diet. "My health was not less firm nor was my growth less rapid," he declares; "and perhaps I owe to this regimen that delicacy of touch, that exquisite sensibility to impressions, and that serene gentleness of temper and disposition which I have preserved to the present time."

His mother took the greatest pains to instil into his mind the religious sentiment. "Her system was not an art; it was a love." She believed with humility, she hoped confidently. Like an obedient Catholic, she read little, and believed without attempt at reasoning.

In her speech, action and example, she taught piety and benevolence to her children. She inculcated benevolence to the poor, especially to those who were suffering from disease. She herself studied medicine and administered remedies with her own hands. Her children were employed to collect medicinal herbs and prepare them for use. Her name was a household word for leagues around, and they were known as "the children of the Lady." They were her almoners.

Young Lamartine was by no means innocent of pranks. He went out of

autumnal days to the mountain in company with the boys that took charge of the flocks. While the sheep and goats were feeding, the lads would go to a gorge out of sight of the houses, and there build a fire and eat their dinner. Sometimes there were chestnuts that had been left on the trees. These they would bring to the ground with stones skilfully aimed, and then roast them to add to the repast. Perhaps one of the number would find some potatoes in a neighboring field. These were promptly placed in the hot cinders, and when thoroughly cooked, were eaten while still smoking. The seasoning consisted in the elation of spirits at having found them, and in the charm of the stealing.

When young Alphonse had attained the age of ten, it was decided that he must learn more than his parents were teaching. In Bussières, the next town, there was a little school kept by the parish priest and his assistant. They were men of the former period. The priest was old and left most of the work of teaching to his assistant, the Abbé Dumont. The mother of the latter was their housekeeper. Dumont had belonged to the great world, and had a secret sorrow of his own. He had the tastes of a gentleman, the ways of a soldier, and the manners of the Court. He had been familiar with them all. To his mother he was gentle; to his principal, respectful; to his pupils, supercilious. He was passionately addicted to hunting. Lamartine, who afterward knew him more intimately, thought that he grudged the time which he bestowed on the pupils.

There was little discipline and little was learned. Lamartine had been sent there to study Latin, but acquired only two or three declensions. The pupils wasted much of their time. They skated in winter, swam in the summer, attended social entertainments all around, and sung serenades. "I spoke the country dialect like my native language," says

Lamartine; "and nobody knew by heart as well as I did, the simple folk-songs which were sung in the open fields, or under the window, or at the door of the stable* where the engaged maiden lay."

This state of things created much dissatisfaction at home. The youth was sadly behind others of his age in mental attainments. The older uncle ruled the family with an imperious will. He cared little for book-learning, but he feared that the motherly tenderness was sapping the virility of his nephew's character, and insisted that he must be placed where he would receive training in company with young men. The mother pleaded the dangers which beset students in public institutions of learning. On this account she had sought to prolong the period of childhood. The father, who concealed an exquisite sensibility under a cold, external demeanor, was also reluctant to send his son from home. Nevertheless, he took sides with the two uncles. It was a stormy season in that household.

The mother finally yielded. It was not, however, without much procrastinating, and many tears, that this was accomplished. A long search was made for a school where religious principles were inculcated as well as learning. Finally one was found at Lyons which, it was believed, met these requirements, and thither the mother accompanied him.

Young Lamartine himself was from the first dissatisfied with all that he saw. It may have been a natural result from the abrupt breaking from home-life, but it seems also to have been intuitive. "I entered there," he says, "as one condemned to death enters his last prison-cell. The counterfeit smile, the hypocritic caresses of the teachers of that school, who for the sake of money, at-

* Americans are not always aware that in Continental Europe the stable for animals is part of the abode among the poorer inhabitants.

tempted to imitate the affection of a father did not deceive me. I comprehended that all that show of affection was venal and mercenary. My heart was broken for the first time in my life, and when the iron grating was shut between me and my mother, I felt that the honeymoon of my former years was gone—never to return.”

He found it worse than he had feared. He was sensitive to the slightest harshness, or coolness of manner, and he had never known fear except that of giving pain to others. He had been rudely transferred into a collection of some two hundred children, all of them strangers and very many of them untruthful and vicious. His teachers were repulsive in manners, ill-tempered and selfish. Their more pleasant utterances sounded insipid to him, and did not hide their lack of feeling.

He regarded them as his jailers. He was repelled and disgusted by his fellow-pupils. He spent his hours of recreation alone and moping. Everything added to his depression of spirit, and thoughts crowded upon him to end his sufferings by suicide. He meditated day and night upon means to lay down a life that was only miserable.

Months passed in this way. He finally determined to escape. He was long in devising plans. Pretending one day that he had thrown his ball into the

street, he contrived to get outside the place. He hurried to the woods upon the banks of the river Saone, and there sat down to mature his plans. He knew that his father would receive him unkindly. He decided to make his way back to Milly, and ask an asylum of a countryman who knew and loved him, or else hide in the kennel of the watchdog at home. He had lain many hours with the animal and was on the best of terms with him. He would then communicate with his mother who would placate his father.

He then set out with three francs in his pocket. He reached a little village six leagues from Lyons, and stopped for dinner. Here he was overtaken by the principal of the school accompanied by a policeman. They seized him, tied his hands, and in this plight exhibited him to the villagers. He was taken back and placed in a kind of dungeon. The principal alone visited him there, endeavoring to make him repent of his offense. This continued for two months. Young Lamartine was like many persons apparently yielding and timid, abounding with an unsuspected reserve of firmness. He was finally sent home. Everybody there reproached him but his mother. She had her way this time, and he was not sent back to Lyons.

Thus ended the first period of his childhood.

THE VOICES OF A STILL NIGHT.

BY MARY KONOPNITSKY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH BY V. A. H.

AS a murmur of the ocean and as the rumbling of thunder, thou speakest to me, O stillness of the night! Thy stormy breath plays with the hair of my head; thou strikest into the corners of my house. My spirit hears thy call, as though of a roaring lion in the wilds, and my heart burns in me when thy voice is speaking.

As the buzzing of a golden bee, thou speakest to me, O stillness of the night! As a whisper of growing grass, as the tinkling of the sand of the desert, and as the rustling of a leaf that sways in the wind. The breath of the life of the whole earth breathes in thy sigh. . . . And my heart stops in me, when thy voice is speaking.

I.

I will tell thee what is the secret of happiness, O my heart! Die for that which has the face of death and utters a groan of pain for a passing life; and do not sow thy grain for the harvest of the grave.

I will tell thee what is the secret of happiness, O my heart! Revive for that which endures for aye above death and sorrow and above all illusion; and let thy trembling anchor fall, where is the peace of the depths, and where the silence reigns.

II.

Gain for thyself the seeing faith, O my spirit! Let not slavish fear oppress thee! Rend the veil, by the movements of which thou now surmisest that there is hidden an ever-living power. Cross the threshold of the mystery; lift thy eyes and behold the divine truth of the world!

III.

If thou hadst once been weeping over this suffering world and wast a brother to the sad ones of the earth, it is possible now that there will open for thee, through the multitudes of shadows, the gates to the paradise of hope, blooming all over with azure celestial flowers! Thy soul is there divinely calm; it breathes out the light of peace, which the Angel of the Future gathers ray by ray in its alabaster urns; and even now, above this gloomy world, a dawn of a clear day begins to shine, as a purple lustre of a morning moon.

IV.

In a robe of innocence clothe thyself, O my spirit! and in a robe of freshness. As over the virgin mountain-snow, which has not been touched by the vernal sun, are the silver-blossomed pure sasâna-flowers, such aromas must thou gain, and such a snow-broidered raiment, O my spirit!

V.

The weakness of hate is this, that upon its skies it sees neither sun nor stars, neither the iris nor the purple of the dawn, neither the grand cloud of a summer storm, nor endless milky garlands of the starlit skies,—it sees naught of these but only the veil of self,—a huge and empty shadow, which so envelopes it, as the torture of an eternal night.

And the power of love is, that upon its skies it never sees itself; but in the morning or in the twilight of eve, there unfolds before its enraptured sight, worlds of endless brightness, roses of the suns, deep azure of the starry fields,

white lunar asters of the garden of the skies, silver alabasters of the urns, wherein the altars of the soul burn their eternal fires . . . and upon its shadow it looks as upon a mirage.

VI.

And when thy path thou liftest from the high-ways of this earth, ascend into the clearest azures, and stop not on the threshold of a phantom-cloud!

And when thou soarest from the nests of earth take an eagle-flight towards the sun itself, and be not stayed by the fiery sand of meteoric dust.

Let thy track be towards the highest light. . . . So aims a lark its winged course towards the brightest dawn.

Scan with thy eye the farthest span of space; scorn those goals which lie too near; and leave for the weak ones of the earth the timid step into the future.

And have no fears, though there be no mileposts on the way, where thy will is set so straight and free. . . . A bird knows whereto it has to fly in its migration.

And the spirit is as the waters of the rivers: both the traveler and the path. It needs no one to lead it, it finds the current of its own.

VII.

Keep thy soul at peace, as a still and quiet lake, that the depth of the skies may find its reflection in thee; and a flower of the shore see again in thee its vernal beauty; and that cloud-boat travelling on the blue with its taut sails and hiding at times the sun; and that sun emerging from the cloud, shining so radiant above the earth, sweet and refreshed by the rain!

Lull thy soul into the endless harmony with the silence of the world, which seems to buzz as a golden bee. That which is divine, is reflected on thy wave; that which is earthly, lies on the bottom deep. When thou art still, the radiance of eternity is burning upon thee; but when a stone of passion falls into thy waters, the blackness of thy deeps

will appear, the blackness of the soil and mud.

VIII.

Advance, O valiant soldier, and do not question whereto the dawns are leading thee through their ruby-gates, and where will thy golden-azure star emerge aflame from the gray mists into the eternal skies, shaking off her dying sparks into the ocean of the ever-silence. The path which will lead thee out of all ways of life, out of all experience of man, out of the whole horizon of the heavens and of the earth, out of thy own self through the threshold of the azure light, that path lies neither before thee nor behind, nor on any side; it is not deep, neither is it before thy sight, and it is neither near nor far.

Advance boldly, and when thy last battle is won, thou wilt find thyself upon this shining field, walking with such ease among the globes of the world, as now, when on a morning in May thou didst walk the meadows as a child and pluck its blossoms.

IX.

Desire nothing for thyself, either in the heavens or upon the earth, O my heart! Strive not after that which can be grasped in thy hand, and is taken away from others, that it might be in thy house, O my heart! But above all the treasures of the skies and of the earth and above all actualities of life, desire that inheritance, which may be shared with thy brothers. Desire infinitely that which can be, as a flame, divided among millions and millions of fires,—and yet exist undiminished and entire. Desire that, which, as the ocean, can not be shut in a room, neither put in a box, but above which forever burns the blue light of the eternal dome of the heavens.

X.

Beware lest thy heart permit its shadow to fall upon the path, the shadow of thy own desires and trembling fear, and to

cover it with a pall of gloom; for then thy feet will be in terror rooted to that darkness. The sun of spirit will not reach thee then, neither will it disperse the shadows of thy pain and joy of earthly, carnal substance. These shadows will then grow to a giant size, obscure thy path with overhanging mists, cut it in twain and fork it in thy eyes, mislead thee, and deafen with the whispers of an evil doubt, and thou wilt fall, and thy feet not enter into the house of silence.

XI.

Though thousands of miles would part thee from thy brothers, if thou shouldst call to them, thy voice will not be lost; but over rivers, steppes and mountains it will fly with faster wings than any bird, and nothing will it stop upon its way, till by a mysterious whisper or a piercing cry it will, with thy language, speak in their hearts.

And though a message thou wouldst send with only a thought, it never will be lost; but passing o'er the oceans many a league, flying through the great spans of this wide world, as some liquid flame, it will fall at the threshold of thy brother's dwelling, as a dove sent out with a far message, and will beat there with its pinions by day and night, till his door will unclose at last.

For between thee and him throughout the heavens and the earth there is open a vibrant way for the shooting stars of thought, a road of our common mental atmosphere, sensitive to the faintest whispers, which fills all space, and penetrates all time and distance; and, by its mysterious movements, heart to heart it brings, and lips to listening ears; and though it seems to be a void, in it there calls and lives the spirit.

XII.

Seek for the moment which will make thee a sower—in the desert; free—in captivity; smiling—in pain; silent—in the storm; full of hope—even when defeated; a king—amongst the ruins; and holy—though thou failest. Thy

angel shall then appear in the fires of the dawn of infinity. The divine balance leans towards thee for a moment; and as though by a miracle, thy spirit for that moment is not thine, but of the Great Soul. And it is a moment of thy coöperation with the immortal labor of the spirit of eternity! Even for a sinner there may be such a moment. And what, if he is condemned, if he has a scaffold for his bed? That one moment of his life is saved. And when his body shall have dissolved to dust, his soul as a bee upon a flower, will alight upon this single moment, and drink from it the honey-dew of divine dreams, in the morning of an undying brightness.

XIII.

Do not curse, my soul, thy failures and thy errors; they are steps of the ladder which thou must climb, if thou wouldst lift thyself from the dust of earth to the sunny skies. . . . Jacob, the shepherd, had to dream a stairway for the angels!

XIV.

Dost thou fear death, as some cruel executioner? Make thy own the life of the world; tear down and destroy those walls, with which thou hast fenced thyself from the rest of nature! In the immensity of the worlds feel thyself with thy own kin, as though in thy father's home; and as thou walkest from a chamber into a chamber thus pass through the worlds, pass through existences, and say: "I step from life to life," but not:—"Death changes me."

XV.

That which thou hast loved and for which thou hast suffered, will appear to thee in new angelic robes, O my soul!

The still, fragrant breeze shall bring to thee thy loves and hopes, and the mists of thought will bloom, as meadows, into a rosy tint, and into a tint of blue, O my soul!

It is thyself, in thy silent meditating eyes, that breathest these bright glories, paintest these glad hues, O my soul!

Till at last extending thy arms into the air, thou wilt be carried with thy own sigh through many ages of an endless spring of May, among the flowers which were conceived and born from thee, O my soul!

XVI.

When all the threads, which were spun by the heart on earth, are broken; when the pink fingers of hope drop the wilted rose; when the night of life sits

down, all veiled in a cloak of dusk, and sings a song of nothingness,—then are drawing near the white swans of day, and the ear of the wheat of light is coming to its ripeness.

XVII.

Sweet is this wisdom, which is not censured by the sorrow of the human kind, and which makes life and death to grasp their hands in the vernal joy of ideal concord.

SELFLESSNESS AND SELFISHNESS.

BY N. S.

THERE is one word that expresses all good, and one word that opposes it. The great—all powerful—up-lifting and up-building word is Love! It is Harmony! There is a light and warmth, a shadow and coolness, a joy and rest even in the word itself. There is a tumult and a calm, a combination of the forces that is indescribable.

Love is rooted in eternity and its threads that focus in the present are so powerful that when the clouds and the corruptions of life are wiped away, revealing the natural self, that self is God-like.

The opposing power and word is Selfishness. All evil, meanness and crime, all lust and wordliness are traceable to selfishness as its cause. Ambition, jealousy and the innumerable ills

of life are the outgrowth of selfishness. But this evil is sham. It is on the outside. Behind all, and underneath and rooted in the past is Love. Covered up with rust and rot is the divine spark that we all worship! Underneath is the beauty that fires love and devotion! In the heart of hearts is that Harmony of Eternity, Love!

A kindly thought, a loving deed, is life-giving, and revivifies even a dying spark; it helps to burn away the dross, and lift the life one step nearer the desired end.

We are always surrounded by affinities. If we will hold *Love* in the heart, Brotherhood in the mind and help with our hands, we shall be surrounded by angels and a glorious golden light.

THEOPHRASTUS PARACELSUS TO HIS FRIEND JOHN WINCKELSTEINER.

TO the honest and wise man, John Winckelsteiner, of Friburge, his most intimate Friend, and dear Brother, Theophrastus Paracelsus, wisheth all health.

It is most fit that I should (most intimate Friend and dear Brother) satisfy your friendly and daily requests expressed in your frequent Letters to me, and seeing that in your last Letters you do earnestly and courteously invite me to you, if it were convenient (I cannot dissemble with you), yet by reason of many hindrances I cannot; but as for your other requests, viz., that I should give you some clear Instructions, I cannot deny you, but am constrained to gratify you therein.

I know the honesty of your mind, and that you do willingly hear or see anything that is new or wonderful in Art. I know also that you have spent a good part of your estate and life in it. Because, therefore, you have expressed much good will and Brotherly fidelity towards me, I cannot forget either, but am constrained to be thankful, and if I never see you more, to leave a Brotherly Legacy to you and yours, as a remembrance of me. For I will not here only answer but clearly instruct you concerning those points only of which you have asked me, but will also dedicate a Book to you, which I will call *Of the Nature of Things*, and will divide it into nine little Books. In this Book I will satisfy all your requests, and further those you demanded; although haply you will much wonder and perhaps doubt whether all these things are true that I shall write. But do not so, yea believe them not to be speculations and theories, but practical and proceeding from experience. And

although I have not tried all of them myself, yet I have them from, and have approved them by others, and I know them by that kind of experience, as also by the light of Nature. If in some places you cannot understand me what I shall say, and in some processes require of me further explication, write to me privately, and I will declare the matter more clearly, and give you sufficient instruction and intelligence. Although I believe you cannot well misunderstand what I shall write, seeing I know you are so well qualified or gifted by God with Arts and a good understanding.

Moreover, you have known my mind and meaning, and therefore will quickly and easily understand me. Now I hope, and do not doubt, that you will respect this present work, commended to you, and esteem of it according to its worth, and not at all divulge it, but keep it in great secret for your self, and yours: as indeed, it is a hid and great treasure, an excellent gem, and precious thing, which is not cast to swine, *i. e.*, Sophisters, and contemnners of all good natural Arts, and secrets, who are worthy neither to read them, much less to have, know or understand them.

And although this book be very little, consisting of few words, yet it is full of many and great secrets. For I do not here write out of speculations, and theorie, but practically out of the light of Nature, and experience, lest I should burden you, and make you weary with many words, etc. Wherefore most dear Friend, and loving Brother, seeing I have wrote this book out of love to you alone, and to no body else, I beseech you that you will keep it as a thing of value, and a great secret, and not let it go out

of your hands as long as you live, and at your death, bequeath it in like manner to your children, and heirs, that they also may keep this book secretly, which also I shall particularly desire of them, that they will not let it go out of your family at any time, and be made public, so as to come to the hands of Sophisters, and scoffers, who condemn all things, which are not agreeable to them, and, indeed, detract from them; these are pleased only with what is their own, as, indeed, all fools are wont to be, whom their own toys only please, not anything which is another's, hating all kinds of wisdom. Where-

fore, they account wisdom as folly, because nothing doth them any good, they know the use of nothing.

As one workman cannot use the instruments of another so a fool can use no weapons better than his own stick or boughs; and there is no sound pleasanter to him than the ringing of his own bell. Wherefore, most dear Brother, be you faithfully admonished, as I have entreated you, and do what I have informed you, which I hope you will, and yet shall do what is right and well. Farewell, with the protection of God.

Dated at Villacum, in the year 1537.

Printed in London 1674.

“THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.”

BY HENRY B. MONGES, JR.

“O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence—
. feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused
And in diffusion evermore intense,
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.”

—GEORGE ELIOT.

PAIN and pleasure, who can say where one begins and the other ends? Could one—and some very few can—stand the ultimate of either, they would find a point in which pain in its intensity becomes pleasure, and pleasure, pain.

Pleasure and pain, good and evil, male and female, positive and negative are the phenomenal aspects of the two forces in the Universe endeavoring to become balanced; there is an ever seeking for the line of least resistance—the seeking for the point of rest.

As long as the manifested Universe

exists, this state of unrest will exist; but speaking relatively, man can seek and find this point of rest in regard to this plane. By the force of the spiritual will residing in himself, he can focus these two forces—make them balance, and thus reach a high point in the scale of evolution.

The ordinary individual has no conception of such powers, and if he has, does not possess the strength of character to put them into execution. Few understand the complex nature of man, which, while complex, is also very simple—in the latter aspect, *i. e.*, simply considered, man is “god and beast.” Few have as yet, even intellectually, been able to distinguish between the inner and the outer man, and still fewer are able to realize it actually. Until one is able to distinguish between himself and his body, so long will he be like a leaf blown about by the wind, unable to control either itself or the wind.

Man stands between these two forces, suffering, enjoying, intensely, deeply affected by both, unable to control either, living in the senses, unable to distinguish between the real and its phenomena. Yet this suffering and enjoying are a means to an end. So surely as one enjoys seeing only the external, the form, so surely will he, from reaction, suffer pain; he enjoys through the senses, merely a channel, thinking that they are the enjoyment itself, and the form, the cause of the enjoyment—a grave error which eventually causes pain.

The inner man, seeking to contact the outer world, becomes entangled in the myriad sensations that present themselves through the senses, and thus not only loses sight of his own inner being, but fails to perceive the inner being of the object he sought to enjoy. It is good to enjoy through the senses, not in them; to enjoy the soul in the form, not the form itself—then, and then only, can man experience real joy free from pain, and every added enjoyment will become more intense, a drop of the "ambrosia of the gods"—not a stupefying process as is the case with the sensualist, who finally kills all capacity for enjoyment by the dulling in of the Soul nature, and thus sinks into misery, suffering and pain.

The Soul, the real man, would enrich itself with knowledge on all planes, and it must learn by experience many times repeated, until it knows its lesson by heart, and when at last it has learned to distinguish between the real and unreal, the permanent and impermanent, the soul and the form, then in proportion to its realization of this truth, will be its capacity for real enjoyment.

Is it selfish to wish to enjoy? If one can reach that point where there is no desire for joy, then existence for that individual ceases.

Every act, voluntary as well as involuntary, is accomplished by an effort of the will—the involuntary processes are

to us now unconscious efforts, but each had to be learned step by step and repeated until it became unconscious. We had to learn to breathe, to circulate the blood, to digest and assimilate food, by a conscious effort of the will, just as the child learns to walk and the bird to fly—until at last, after ages, each of these processes becomes what we call involuntary. Could we at any time withdraw the will from that effort on its part to perform involuntary actions, that process would at once cease. If we really ceased to desire to live, that moment we would do so: saying that one wishes to die and really desiring to are different things. The fact that one continues to live and to carry on the functions, even where there is great pain and suffering, shows that there is still pleasure in living, though it be full of pain; therefore *existence is joy*, and is selfish only when the motive for existence is for individual advancement and attainment; it is unselfish when it is for the good of the whole of which it is a part.

Virtue if worshipped in itself as an end will not lead to the goal. The anchorite who shuns pleasure as something evil, is as far from the goal as is the sensualist who burns his life away in the gratification of passion—each are the extremes of selfishness and can only be continued in until the Soul finally rebels and then extremes meet, and the path of peace is before the weary soul.

The road to Hell is as hard as the road to Heaven—in the worst character there is always that Spark of the Oversoul, dimmed though it be, but not entirely obliterated.

The selfish man seeks the road of pleasure, sense enjoyment, fancies himself separate from his fellows; he is told that he is travelling the broad, easy road to Hell. Let him who says it is easy, try the journey—nature is kind—she will not let her children cast themselves into the burning furnace unless they fight long and strong. Pain, sor-

row, death are her agents and strong indeed is he in his selfishness who can overcome them.

Some who talk loudly, would gladly try the lower path, but indolence and fear hold them back.

The man who would attain the heights, must be able to enjoy deeply and strongly but must also be able to refrain from that enjoyment in sense gratification, must be able to be intense in love, in hate, in passion, but also be able to be master of these capacities, and not be their slave; then will his nature, his life, partake of the godlike, the impersonal—he will become a vehicle for the manifestation of the divine.

He who begins to aspire, to sacrifice the selfish longings, lights anew the spark of divinity within himself. His faults stick out in all directions like quills of the porcupine; he hates himself—can see nothing but his own faults and evil doings and they also appear more evident to those around him. The deeper the aspiration the hotter the fire of trial becomes; the animal becomes more beastly in its endeavor to control the god within.

From long flights in the soul realms the soul returns to earth and to the fierce struggles of lust and passion.

The man—always dual—becomes more evidently so. The good and evil in him fight for supremacy, and sad as it is the way is strewn with many who have fallen prey to the beast of self. Others and stronger ones reach the goal; they were equal to the power they invoked, for potent is that power one calls up when he demands the right to step out from the ranks and lead the way, and all the shafts of the enemy are trained upon him.

The scum always rises to the top in the boiling pot and must be thrown off ere the liquid is pure and clear—the greater the heat the faster the dregs rise to the surface; so with aspiration, producing self-sacrifice—where the motive

is pure—all the latent faults as well as the virtues, come to the surface more or less rapidly, in proportion to the intensity of the aspiration and consequent sacrifice.

This power to sacrifice the gratification of our personal wants has been the aim and teaching of all the world's saviors, and not only their teaching but exemplified in their lives—the true and only method of teaching;—sacrifice of the personal desires to the great Self of all things.

In all ages, every individual who has stepped to the front has had this power—the fruit of experience and pain—to a greater or less degree. All true leaders and pioneers of higher thought have attained to it and this self-sacrifice is to them a spontaneous, unconscious, involuntary act, as unconscious to them as breathing is to us, attained only by long and repeated effort through ages of time until it has become unconscious.

Much so-called sacrifice is not sacrifice at all, because of the conscious effort on the part of the individual in having performed the act, and the want of spontaneity. It is however, the stepping stone, the first step in conscious willing which will eventually become unconscious and involuntary. What at first required great effort and perhaps pain, becomes easy and a pleasure.

Glance down the long vistas of time—of such as we have written records—some events are merely historical data, recorded only for reference and comparison—events that but for the carefully written records would be lost and no one be a whit worse off for the losing; but there are events in history, in the history of all ages and peoples that have lived, which will live whether they are written or not. These events and the actors themselves—symbols for all time—live in the consciousness of the world, in the consciousness of the whole human race, indelibly written in the soul of things. No change, political or social, can affect

their immortality. They seem as alive and vital as truths to-day as on the day they were enacted. They seem to have being—immortal being! The poets and bards have sung them in their myths and legends. I speak of those occurrences that stir the hearts of the coldest, that make the blood course more freely through the veins and make men eager to imitate them—those deeds performed through sacrifice to the Self; of individuals who were willing to offer themselves on the altar of unselfishness, willing to give all that was considered most dear, even to life itself—spontaneously and wholly. These acts are recorded not only in books and legends but in the hearts, minds and souls of the whole human race,—1st, because the actors were and are a part of the whole, 2d, because these acts were an expression of the “soul of the world,” the “divine man” residing within everything, and thus they gained not only individual immortality for themselves but what is greater brought the whole of humanity a step nearer the goal.

All will have, or have had, opportunities for some great sacrifice. Few, very few, know the opportunity when it presents itself and turn it to account, but let it slip and then perhaps centuries will elapse ere another one is gained. Unless we watch and pray for light the hour may pass us as a thief in the darkness.

Man and races of men, toil through great hardships and peril to gain the mountain height and when the first height is reached, fancy that it is all to be striven for, that it is the time to rest—failing to look upward into the distance where peak on peak rises to the eternal blue of heaven. They are blinded by the success of having reached so great a height and blindly stroll down into the easy valley, losing the golden opportunity to reach greater heights at the time when they were strong and hardy, and accustomed to peril and toil. Still, in reaching even the lowest peak, they

have left marks on the steep sides of human life through self-sacrifice, which will guide the next weary traveller and perhaps enable him to reach greater heights.

Thus civilizations rise and fall and individuals leave their shining marks on the pathway of life.

Great and vast are the multitudes who have beaten down the path, hundreds who have lived and died, to the world unknown, giving their lives on the altar of humanity—swelling the great symphony of life—leaving behind a new hope, invisible as yet, to the on-coming host, building a living bridge with their souls over the great chasm of selfishness and separateness, cutting with their hands and feet till they bleed, a pathway to the entrance of the “mystic portal”—writing messages of warning and swelling the great “song of life.”

We may read the names of many, many turned out into the darkness, or what appeared darkness to the scoffers—beaten, scourged, crucified, yet un-murmuring, pitying the ignorance of those who beat them—who knew not what they did.

Bring your Soul in accord with the Souls of others and human testimony will not be necessary to prove to you who are the Saviors of the Race.

To us in the western world there is no figure so prominent or familiar as the lowly Nazarene—humble but majestic in his humility—truly a King. Many such had come before him, many have come since—some we know well. Their lives speak the great lesson to be learned.

The World is a great Orchestra and choir, and each one of us a living instrument that must be properly tuned or be cast out.

The strong have reached the mystic portals—some have passed through, behind which as a vast choir all the good they have done bursts forth in a great symphony—“the gladness of the world”—each instrument of well tempered

metal, each string of well proven strength—proven in the great fire of self-sacrifice, of renunciation, of the personal to the impersonal, of the individual to the Self of all.

Each planet sings its song whirling through space and all make the music of the spheres.

I think a quotation from the little book entitled "Choir Invisible," by James Lane Allen, will complete my idea, which was inspired by the reading of that book.

"Have you ever thought how much of life can be expressed in terms of music? Every civilization has given out its distinct musical quality; the ages have their peculiar tones; each century its key, its scale. For generations you can hear nothing but the pipes, during other generations nothing but the lyre. Think of the long, long time among the Romans when your ear is reached by the trumpet alone.

"Then again whole events in history come down to me with the effect of an orchestra, playing in the distance; single lives sometimes like a great solo.

"As for the people I know or have known, some have to me the sound of brass, some the sound of wood, some the sound of strings.

"Only—so few, so very few, yield the perfect music of their kind.

"The brass is a little loud; the wood is a little too muffled; the strings—some of the strings are invariably broken.

"Martin Luther, he was a cathedral organ, and so it goes. And so the whole past sounds to me; it is the music of the world; it is the vast choir of the ever-living dead.

"Plato! he is the music of the stars.

"The most we can do is to begin a strain that will swell the general volume and last on after we have perished."

OUR PYGMY BROTHERS.

BY F. M. G. CAMP.

ACCORDING to that eminent man of science, M. de Quatrefages, the pygmies or dwarf tribes of the human race may be divided into two great divisions — the Eastern and the Western. The Eastern comprises all those tribes found among the South Sea Islands and on the Asian Continent and in Japan. The Western, those of Africa. Of the two divisions the Eastern is somewhat better known, owing to the efforts of the English traveler — Mr. Man. This gentleman resided among the Mincopies, the dwarf tribe found among the Andaman Islanders, for a number of years, and his observations are largely utilized by M. de Quatrefages in his work on "The Pygmies."

What Mr. Man did among the Mincopies Mr. Hahn did among the tiny Bushmen of South Africa. The testimony of these two men in particular refutes the generally accepted opinion that all these dwarf races are a little less than human, and scarcely superior to the ape. In his work, M. de Quatrefages collects an enormous array of facts to prove the contrary. The true pygmy, he declares, should not be confounded with the men of short stature (a very common error*); nor with hairy peoples; nor with the negro proper. For though black, and having kinky and woolly hair, they have none of the other racial characteristics of the true negro; they are a smooth-skinned and hairless people as to body, and the Eastern pygmies are generally remarkable for well-proportioned stature and good features. The skulls of all are broad

*The average height of the true pygmy is from 36 to 38 inches.

rather than long; jaws very slightly—if at all—prognathous; hands and feet very small and delicate. All these and other points, taken along with their primitive ideas and customs stamp them, according to M. de Quatrefages, as "truly human—true *men*,"—and thus entitled to our brotherly interest and sympathy. We will let his facts speak for themselves, presenting the most important.

RELIGION.

Among the Mincopies [Andamanese] there is a universal belief in a Supreme Being. Here are their own terms describing this belief, as translated literally by Mr. Man:

"Although He resembles fire, He is invisible.

"He was never born and He is immortal.

"By Him were created the world, all things animate and inanimate—except the powers of evil.

"He is angry when one commits certain sins, and full of pity for the unhappy and miserable and sometimes He deigns to help them. It is He who judges the souls after death, and pronounces for each of them its sentence."

"His name is *Puluga*. He dwells in a great stone mansion in the sky; when it rains he descends to gather food—grains, fruits and seeds. It is from the hands of *Puluga* that we receive all that supports us.

"*Puluga* himself never kills the guilty; He points them out to a class of bad spirits called *Chol*.

"*Puluga* is not alone in His palace. He lives with a *woman of green color* whom He has created for Himself, and

who has two names, one of them signifying 'Mother Eel.' By her he had a son who lives with his parents and is their prime minister. There are many daughters. They bear the name *Morowin* (spirits of heaven). They are a kind of good angel or power. Besides these are many spirits of evil—self-created, that have existed from time immemorial.

"The *chol*, however,—executors of Puluga's vengeance, have a totally different origin—a common ancestor, *mainchol*—a man, who perished miserably after committing the crime of stealing a pig killed by one of his fellows. 'He lives on the *invisible bridge*' between earth and heaven, and he and his descendants are under the form of black birds with long tails.

"The sun and moon figure as secondary deities among the Mincopies. They do not appear to worship them, but (like the Bushmen) honor them with certain observances. The Bushmen also celebrate the rising of the Pleiades with something like a religious festival. Though both divisions of the Pygmy race do not appear to worship trees or rocks, yet they seem to attach significance to certain localities legendary or traditional. Moreover, the Bushman hails the rising of the sun by a few moments of silent meditation, paid in a solitary spot, just before dawn.

"Among the Mincopies even Puluga does not appear to be the object of any external worship. He is sometimes prayed to as the '*Giver of Life*,' and during a tempest He is recognized as a sort of Thunderer or Jove, and the leaves of the *Mimusops Indica* are sometimes burnt in his honor or as a propitiation."

MORAL NOTIONS.

"These little negritos," says Mr. Man, "have moral notions similar to our own, and their conduct is generally in accord—*when not contaminated by intercourse with the whites*.

"Rape, seduction, and unnatural vice

appear to be unknown among them. Adultery is very rare. Marriage is strictly monogamous—and usually happy.

"Lying, theft, murder, adultery, etc., are all regarded as crimes which arouse the wrath of Puluga. The children of both sexes are carefully looked after as to morals. They have what they call a 'guardian of the youth.' Boys and girls, husband and wife—all have equal rights. A father calls his son 'He whom I have begotten.' A mother calls him, 'He whom I have borne.' This in itself shows an intelligent conception of parentage.

"The rights of property are strictly respected. *Hospitality* is one of the characteristic virtues of the Mincopies. Children from the most tender age are taught to respect guests and friends. In each family there is constantly kept an amount of food for visitors who may arrive.

"Of course they have their share of human weakness and sometimes quarrel and fight among themselves. Charges of cruelty to shipwrecked strangers have a basis of truth, but the fact that they have always suffered at the hands of invaders, pirates, thugs, etc., has made them unduly suspicious of newcomers. Once treat them fairly and they lay their enmity aside. Cannibalism is *not* practised among them. It is the last resort of desperate starvation—and rare at that.

"Their social state is communal. The influence of chiefs is principally moral. They have wise men, and a sort of magic is practised by the latter. . . . As a whole the little people are honest, kindly, industrious, morally upright, and governed by religious ideas which are in part as lofty as any held by their more civilized brethren."

NATURE OF MAN: THE OTHER LIFE.

According to the Mincopies man is a triple being, constituted of body, soul and spirit, the latter two invisible. The

spirit is black (with them a good color) and the soul, red. "From the former proceeds all good, from the latter, all bad." "The soul quits the body in dreams—the sleeper being conscious of what it, the soul, sees and does." They therefore pay especial attention to dreams.

"At death the soul and spirit are separated. The spirit goes to heaven where it continues all its earthly occupations. The soul being guilty of all the wrong doing of the man, goes to a sort of purgatory, a place of punishment which however, does not endure forever." Their purgatory is ice-cold, and queerly enough is located above heaven. Between earth and heaven is an invisible bridge of rushes."

REINCARNATION.

"If the dead person be a child under six years of age, its soul and spirit do not separate. They betake themselves to a certain locality—subterrene, and are placed under a fig tree, the fruit of which serves as their food." They return to earth and are again reborn. "Every woman who has lost a little child looks for its return as the soul of her next child, and if that child be of the same sex, she is sure it is the same one and gives it the same name.

"The Mincopies have some vague teachings that their early ancestors could take on the form of marine and terrestrial animals. They have traditions of a Deluge. A very interesting tradition connected with it is that after the deluge one of their ancestors returned from the subterrene world with *the gift of fire which he had stolen from Puluga*.

"The world, the Mincopies regard as

flat. It rests upon *an immense Palm Tree*. Its roots are below the earth.

"There will be a general resurrection, which will be ushered in by an earthquake brought about by Puluga. The Palm Tree which supports the earth will be broken; the earth itself *will turn*. Then all living will change places with their deceased ancestors. For the latter a new life will begin like the present—but sickness and death will have disappeared, *and there will be no more marriage*.

"Experiments in education show that the Pygmies are capable of great intellectual development—on a par with the average white. The language of all is of the agglutinative order, and very rich in words. But every little tribe has its own language differing from that of adjacent tribes as much as Russian does from English. This separation as to languages occurred after the deluge—by order of Puluga."

The pygmies of the Philippines, are called *Aetas*. Such first-hand knowledge of them as we possess shows them similar to the Mincopies in character and disposition. But contact with the whites has caused them to degenerate sadly. So with those also in all the other parts of the world where they abide. Disease, moral and physical, has set in to their undoing. Soon, like the Tasmanians and other South Sea Islanders, they will pass away as a race and the world will know them no more.

As they are, the Universal Brotherhood Organization embraces them in its intent, and as an integral part of humanity, we owe our pygmy brothers our fraternal interest, sympathy and service.

WILL AND IDEA.

EXTRACTS CONDENSED FROM BALZAC'S "LOUIS LAMBERT."

TRANSLATED BY HARRIET GREEN COURTIS.

THE next day after dinner we started for a walk, our goal being the celebrated castle of Rochambeau. We walked rapidly until we reached a little hill from which we could see both the castle half way up the mountain and the winding valley where the river ran sparkling through the gently sloping meadows. A beautiful landscape! so full of charm! My companion cried out suddenly, "I saw all this last night in my dream!" I asked him if he might not have come here in his childhood; my question startled him, but after thinking awhile, he answered in the negative. From this strong impression analogous to some phenomena of sleep known by many people, he later deduced a system resembling Cuvier's in another order of things—*i. e.* seizing a fragment of thought and building upon that basis a whole structure. Seated upon an old oak trunk he said to me, "If the landscape did not come to me, which is absurd to think of, I myself came here, to it. If I was here while I was sleeping quietly in my bed, does not this fact prove a complete separation between my body and my inner self? Does this not attest to some locomotive faculty of the mind? or to an effect equivalent to the change in location of the body? Now if my soul and my body could leave each other in sleep, why should I not be able to separate them while awake? I see no middle term between those two propositions. But to go farther into details: Either these facts are brought about by means of a faculty which makes use of

a *second* being for which my body serves as an envelope, since as I lay in bed I saw this landscape,—and this idea upsets many systems;—or, these facts took place either in some nervous centre, whose name is unknown to me, where *sensation* arises, or in the cerebral centre whence come ideas. This last hypothesis raises strange questions. I walked, I saw, I heard. Motion is inconceivable without space, sound acts only in angles or over surfaces, and color is caused by light. If during the night, with my eyes shut, I have seen within myself colored objects, if I have heard noises in the most absolute silence and without the conditions for the formation of sound, if, in a perfectly motionless state I traverse space, there must be internal faculties, independent of physical, external laws. Material nature must be penetrable by spirit. How is it that man has not thought that these events during sleep prove a double life?

"If there is not a new science in this phenomenon, it shows enormous powers in man, and also a frequent separation of our two natures. I have at last discovered a proof of the superiority of our latent senses over those that are apparent! Man is duplex! Sight and hearing are the sheaths of a marvellous tool perhaps."

After a pause, with a doubtful gesture, he went on "perhaps we have not in us these two natures. We may be simply endowed with hidden and perfectible qualities whose exercise, whose development, produce in us two phenomena of activity, of penetration, of vision hither-

to unnoticed. In our love of the marvelous, a passion created by our pride, we transform these effects into poetic creations because we do not understand them. It is so natural to deify the incomprehensible! Ah! I confess I should weep over the ruin of my illusions. I long to believe in this double nature of man. Will a new knowledge prevent? Examination of our unknown faculties implies an apparently materialistic science, for the Spirit employs, divides, animates substance, but does not destroy it." This day's thought led to a treatise on the Will, just as the electric sensation always felt by Mesmer when his valet approached him, proved to be the origin of his discoveries in magnetism hitherto hidden in the depths of the mysteries of Isis, of Delphi, or of the Cave of Trophonius. His ideas began to extend to grand proportions; he separated scattered truths and brought them together; then like a smelter, he fused all in one group. His philosophical speculations ought to admit him among the number of those great thinkers who appear among men to reveal principles of a coming science, whose roots grow slowly to bear some day rich fruitage in the domain of intelligence.

He held that the word *Will* served to denote the centre whence *Thought* evolved, or to speak less abstractly—the mass of force by which man can reproduce, outside himself, actions which make up his external life. Will and Thought are the two generating powers, Volition and Idea are the two products. Volition seemed to him to be the *idea*, having passed from an abstract to a concrete condition, from fluid to a solid state, if one can express by such words, subtle perception. Thus Thought and Ideas are the movement and acts of the inner organism as Volition and *Will* are those of the outer man. He often asked himself whether the principles of electricity did not enter as base in the very

fluid from whence rushes forth ideas and volition; whether the human hair which becomes discolored, fades, falls and disappears according to the different degrees of decay, or by the crystallization of thought, whether it did not form a system of electric capillarity either absorbing or exhaling. If the fluid phenomena of our Will—a substance procreated in us and so spontaneously reactive at the Will of unknown conditions, were more extraordinary than those of the invisible fluid produced by the voltaic pile upon the nervous system of a dead man.

Whether the formation of our ideas and their constant exhalation were less incomprehensible than is the evaporation of the imperceptible atoms of a grain of musk which loses no weight by the action?

Whether—allowing to the cutaneous system a defensive, absorbing, exuding and tactile purpose—the circulation of the blood and its apparatus does not answer to the transubstantiation of our Will, as the circulation of the nervous fluid responds to that of Thought?

Finally, whether the influence of these two real substances does not result from a certain perfection or imperfection of organs whose conditions must be studied in all their phases?

These principles established, he classed the phenomena of human life in two series of distinct effects, and demanded for each of them an especial analysis. After admitting, after long observation, two separate motions in all creation, he named this antagonism, which is vital: Action and Reaction.

He said: "A desire is a fact accomplished in our *Will* before becoming so externally. This the totality of our volitions and of our ideas constitutes Action, and the totality of our external acts is Reaction. Nature has delighted in having a double design in the different constitutive apparatus of her creatures, and the double action of our organism

supports by proofs of daily occurrence these deductions relative to Action and Reaction.

The *inner* being—the active one—the hitherto unknown species—designates the mysterious ensemble of little fibres to which are due the different powers—not yet completely observed—of Thought and Will; in fact this unnamed being, acting, bringing everything to a conclusion, accomplishing all before any bodily demonstration, this inner self should not, conformably to its nature, be subjected to any of the physical conditions by which the visible man—the external being—is hindered in his manifestations. Heaven perhaps is the survival of our perfected faculties, and Hell, the abyss into which our imperfections fall.

In the centuries between Christ and Descartes, between Faith and Doubt, why not explain the mysteries of our inner nature by a divine intervention? Of whom, if not of God himself, can the savants demand reason for an invisible creature, actively and reactively sensitive, gifted with such extended faculties, so perfectible, so powerful under certain occult conditions that often he is seen, by means of phenomena of vision or of locomotion, to annihilate space, that is, its two modes of Time and Distance, the one intellectual and the other physical space? Again the past is reconstructed, either by the power of retrospection or by the mystery of a palingenesis quite like the power a man may exercise of divining by the covering, lineaments, roots of a grain or seed—its former blossoming time with all the varieties of the tints, the perfumes and forms; and finally, sometimes he may be able to divine the future, either by discernment of first causes or by a phenomenon of physical foresight.

Other men less poetically religious, cold reasoners, charlatans maybe, enthusiasts through the brain, at least if not the heart, recognizing some of those isolated phenomena, consider them as

true without seeing them to be radiations from a common centre. Each person wishes to convert one simple fact into a science. Thence arise demonology, astrology (judicial), sorcery, finally all divinations founded on essentially transitory accidents which vary according to temperaments, at will of circumstances still entirely unknown. But from these learned errors, church trials and lawsuits to which the martyrs succumbed, resulted splendid proof of the enormous power of the inner being (astral), translator, which can isolate itself completely from the outer reactionary man, break its envelope, cause its walls to fall before the all powerful sight of this inner man; then by use of another faculty, can seize in the brain, in spite of its thickest circumvolutions, the ideas which have formed or are forming there, as well as the past of the consciousness.

Following step by step, the effects of thought and of will in all their methods, a crowd of phenomena can be explained which justly have been considered incomprehensible. Thus sorcery, the possessed, second sight, demoniacs of all kinds, can be explained so naturally that this very simplicity seems the stamp of truth.

The marvellous gifts of powers which the Romish Church punished by the stake were the result of certain affinities between the constituent principles of *Matter* and those of thought, which proceed from the same source. The man with a hazel wand, finding springs of living water by its aid—obeys a certain sympathy or some antipathy unknown to himself. Phenomena of *sympathies* have rarely been verified but those feelings which arise from thwarted or opposed affinities have been very fortunately noted whenever they occurred to celebrated persons.

Erasmus had fever from the smell of fish, Bayle fell into convulsions if he heard water running, Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water cresses; all

these three antipathies arose from aquatic substances. Marie de Medici always fell ill on seeing a rose, even a painted one. Tycho Brahe fainted if he saw a fox. Bacon was always ill during an eclipse of the moon and could not be said to be alive even, yet when the phenomenon had ceased he rose and felt no inconvenience or effect afterwards. A logical and simple deduction from the principles of the Swiss Dr. Mesmer, caused my friend to see that *Will*, through some movement of the inner being, might collect itself, then project itself outside even upon material objects. So the entire force of a human being might have the property of reacting upon others, penetrating them with an essence foreign to them, unless they defend themselves against this aggression. *Will* and *Thought* are living forces in a way visible and tangible.

Sometimes in the midst of calmness and silence when our inner faculties are asleep or when we fall into a reverie contemplating external things, suddenly an idea darts, passes with the rapidity of lightning through infinite spaces into which our inner sight gives us vision. This brilliant idea, like a will o' the wisp, never returns. It is an ephemeral existence. Often, the idea instead of springing up with force and dying still-born, begins to peep forth—it balances itself in the unknown limbo of the organs that give it birth, it develops, becomes fruitful, grows in its youthful grace and commands the admiration at last that carefully elaborated works excite. Sometimes ideas come in swarms, one leads to another; some ideas are a complete system like a sort of blossoming. Everything in us and without, proves the life of such creations that I

call flowers. Their production as object of man, is besides no more astonishing than that of perfumes and colors in the plant. *Perfumes are ideas* perhaps! Thinking of the inexplicable and invisible mystery of the constant transformation of our fluids into horn which takes place at the line where our flesh ends and the finger-nail begins, we must admit that nothing is impossible in the marvellous modifications of human substance. Do we not notice in *moral* nature phenomena of motion or weight like those in *physical* nature. Waiting—to choose an example all can sympathize with—is tiresome only by the effect of the law in virtue of which the weight of a body is multiplied by its velocity. The burden of the feeling of fatigue which waiting produces, is increased by a constant addition of past sufferings of the kind, to the pain of the moment. To what, if not to an electrical substance, can we attribute the magic by which *Will* enthrones itself so majestically in a look, beating down all obstacles, at the command of a strong soul? The current of this kind of fluids is the occult minister to whom are due the fatal or benevolent efforts of the arts and of passions, whether the intonations of the voice, rude, suave, terrible, blood-curdling or seducing by turns—vibrate in the heart, in the entrails, or in the brain, at the pleasure of our will;—again all the delusions of touch, whence proceeds the mental transfusions of artists whose creative hands evoke nature after many passionate studies; then the infinite gradations of the eye from the absolute inertia at first to the most terrible of glances. God loses none of his rights. Material thought adds new grandeurs to our conceptions.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY G. A. MARSHALL.

IF it be true, as Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll has said, that Washington has become to the American people only a steel engraving, it is high time that those who have the welfare of the country at heart should bestir themselves to revive and arouse a living memory of his life and character. Let me first call your attention to a short quotation from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*:

"It was more than appropriate that he who had been the mainspring of the war, and had borne far more than his share of its burdens and discouragements, should end it with the campaign of Yorktown, conceived by himself, and the surrender of Cornwallis. The war was then over, but the Commander-in-chief retained his commission until December 28, 1783, when he returned it to Congress, then in session at Annapolis, Md., and retired to Mount Vernon.

"By this time the canonization of Washington had fairly begun. He occupied such a position in the American political system as no man can possibly hold again. He had become a political element, quite apart from the Union, the States, or the people of either. In a country where communication was still slow and difficult, the general knowledge that Washington favored anything superseded argument and the necessity of information with very many men. . . . On resigning his commission, . . . he was able to do what no other man could have done with propriety or safety: he addressed a circular letter to the governors of the States pointing out changes in the existing form of government which he believed to be necessary. . . . He might have had a crown if he had

even been willing. The army, at the end of the war, was justly dissatisfied with its treatment. . . . His influence, and that alone, secured the quiet disbanding of the discontented army. His influence was as powerful after he had retired to Mount Vernon as before his resignation. He was in constant correspondence with public men in every part of the country. . . . The current of events leading into the Annapolis convention of 1785, and the final convention of the next year [in which the Constitution was framed], show Washington's close supervision at every point."—*Enc. Brit.*, Stoddart ed., vol. xxiv., p. 410.

Such is the estimate by a foreign writer of Washington's character, position and influence at the close of the war of the Revolution, and during the time of the formation of the Constitution. This estimate is a lofty one; let us recall briefly some of the events of his life, and see if it is not just.

He was the son of a Virginia planter; and although one biographer has traced his genealogy back to Odin, it cannot be satisfactorily shown beyond the emigration of his great-grandfather to Virginia in 1657. His boyhood life was like that common in the colony among families in easy circumstances. "Hunting, fishing, plantation affairs, and a little reading made up its substance. His education was but elementary and very defective, except in mathematics, in which he was largely self-taught." At the age of sixteen, he was appointed surveyor of the vast Fairfax estates, and followed that pursuit three years. At nineteen, in anticipation of the outbreak of the French and Indian war, he was

appointed adjutant of the Virginia troops, with the rank of major; in 1753, when barely of age, he was made commander of the northern military district of Virginia; and his gallant conduct in leading the troops that began hostilities gave him such distinction that in 1755, at the age of twenty-three, he was commissioned Commander-in-chief of all the Virginia forces. In 1758 he commanded the advance guard of the expedition which captured Fort Du Quesne. "The war in Virginia being at an end, he resigned his post, . . . and settled at Mount Vernon."

"His life for the next fifteen years was that of a typical planter, a consistent member of the Episcopal Church, . . . a strict but considerate master, and a widely trusted man of affairs. . . . His diaries show comparatively little reading, a minutely methodical conduct of business, and a wide acquaintance with the leading men of the country."

He was modest and unostentatious, and did not seek personal advancement or push his claims for place, but he kept closely in touch with all public events, and he was repeatedly elected to the Virginia Legislature. He was one of the delegates from Virginia to the Continental Congress in 1774; and after the battle of Lexington he was selected as Commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the United Colonies. He refused a salary, but accepted payment of his expenses, of which he rendered a strict account. He was commissioned May 19, 1775; reached Cambridge July 2 in that year; employed the autumn and winter in organizing and disciplining and equipping the army, and in March, 1776, he drove the British army out of Boston. "From that time until his death he was the foremost man on the continent."

The colonies were poor, unaccustomed to act together, and jealous of each other; the congress was without authority to enforce its requisitions for men or money; and the different sections were

settled by men of different traditions, habits of life, and purposes. Personal as well as local ambitions and jealousies must be met and overcome. Nothing but the weight of his personal character, made effective by constant correspondence and earnest appeal to the leading men of the several colonies, enabled him to keep alive the love of liberty among the people and sustain the flagging zeal of his discouraged followers. The same personal influence enabled him to disband at the end of the war his unpaid and ill-clad troops, and send them without mutiny to their homes.

He retired to Mount Vernon, to be again called out in 1785 to attend the convention to form a more perfect union, which resulted in the formation of the present constitution. He was offered a crown, but refused it; he was active and influential in the foundation of the Republic, and with reluctance accepted the presidency in the new government; he wished to retire at the end of his first term, and insisted upon doing so at the expiration of the second.

Always reluctant to take office, either civil or military, he was zealous, painstaking and efficient in every official duty after it was once assumed. Impelled by the force of circumstances, and in virtue of his towering and overmastering ability and influence, he held really, though not in name, a dictatorship from the time of his commission as commander-in-chief in 1775 to the time of his election to the presidency under the constitution in 1789. He was in very deed "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens."

Where shall we look for the secret of his power? Was it in his magnificent physical development? He stood six feet three in height, and had a frame and form proportional to his stature; but we know that many well-built giants are noted for nothing above the reputation of a John C. Heenan. Was it in his intellectual acquirements? He was al-

most entirely without scholastic training and the lore of books and teachers; his training was in the school of experience, a school which he shared with a multitude of pioneers and frontiersmen who have shown no such ability. Was it in a direct spiritual intuition, a gift from God as the Father of spirits? He never manifested any such spiritual qualities; and in fact devout spirituality is not generally considered a stepping stone to military or political preferment. Nor will the fact that in him was an unusually perfect balance of the three factors, of body, soul and spirit, furnish a sufficient and satisfactory explanation of his greatness. If any choose to believe that George Washington was created and endowed with his superlative qualities by direct, miraculous intervention of Almighty God for the special purpose of establishing a free nation in America, it is only necessary to say that the character thus created was worthy of its creator. This doctrine of special creation has been and doubtless still is held by many; but the trend of opinion now is toward looking for the explanation of all events in the operation of natural forces working in obedience to immutable laws. This does not mean to dethrone Deity and to deify Law, but to consider that God is, as the apostle puts it, "without variableness or shadow of turning," and that Law is only the manifestation of Divine Order in action.

Especially is much stress now laid on the law of heredity in accounting for individual characteristics. Evolution has come to be the generally accepted doctrine of the origin of humanity as well as of all else in nature. Undoubtedly Washington inherited his large degree of physical perfection from his physical ancestors—but is there anything in his known genealogy that will account for him as a native, untaught intellectual giant? No; and in this he is not unique. In the greatness of his manhood—an

equal and uniform greatness in all qualities of mind and heart—he is unique; but not in the utter inadequacy of his ancestry to account for that greatness. We need only recall the names of Lincoln, Franklin, Shakspeare, Milton, and many others who, so far as mental heredity is concerned, are as utterly without visible ancestry as was Melchisedek of old. That there is a genuine heredity of mind and spirit as well as of body we may well believe; but it is a heredity whose course is, figuratively speaking, mostly under ground, and only comes prominently into view when a great man is raised up to meet an extraordinary occasion.

The whole truth in regard to this complex, triple heredity of body, soul, and spirit is not yet discovered. Glimpses of part of the truth have been caught, and profound theories of survival of the fittest, of atavism, etc., have been enunciated, but these do not account for all the facts. Larger and juster views may perhaps be reached by comparing the observations of men of different times and of different nations and races. Students of mythology agree that many of the personages worshipped as gods in the several pantheons are the exaggerated representations of divinely endowed men, who by their superior powers wrought deliverance for their people, or led them out into a higher and better life.

In the Hindu mythology perhaps no manifestation of deity holds a higher rank than that of Krishna, the friend and counsellor of Arjuna in the civil war which in so-called prehistoric times resulted in the overthrow of usurpation, the uplifting of the nation, and the restoration of the rightful claimant to the throne. Indeed, the similarity of the name and of several incidents in his life led many to suppose, when the Hindu records were first rendered into English, that the life of Krishna as there given was merely an adaptation of the biography given in the gospels of the founder

of Christianity ; but later investigations by the best Sanscrit scholars carry these records back many centuries before the Christian era. Krishna is worshipped as a god by millions of people in Hindustan, and the date of his death, the 17th day of February, 3102 B. C., is commemorated as the beginning of the black age of misery and iron. But Krishna himself is represented in the great epic which gives the history of the war just now referred to as saying that his wisdom was not a divine gift, but was the result of the training and experience gained in many previous lives as a man on earth. This feature of evolution sounds strange to our ears, but it was a common belief among the nations of antiquity, and is still maintained by a majority of the inhabitants of the earth. It is implied in the expression of Horace, "Late may you return to heaven," in his ode to Augustus Cæsar, the ruler of the Roman world in its Augustan age of highest glory. It is also recognized in the writings of several of the Christian fathers. Taken in connection with the fundamental law of evolution, that every effect presupposes a cause, or rather a combination of many causes, it seems indeed the most natural thing in the universe that a man who has improved the opportunities of many lives, who has, as Browning puts it,

"Given up [him]self so many times,
Gained [him] the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the
climes,"

should follow the "gossamer links" of the higher heredity "out from the shores

of the great unknown," and in a noble form prepared by a suitable physical heredity, take the helm and pilot a struggling nation into the safe harbor of higher privileges and greater opportunities for the development of humanity. Such a man was Washington; his body received the possibility of manly perfection from his ancestors; that body was merely a recombination of material elements under the laws of material development; but it is incredible that the real George Washington, the imperial soul that informed and controlled that body, and conducted the American colonies through all the discouragements of oppression, selfishness, jealousy and treason to independence under a free and stable government—it is incredible, I say, that such a soul began its existence on February 22, 1732, and reached the zenith of its power within three score years and ten. No; George Washington claims and holds a place in the ranks of those great souls who have

"Gained the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the
climes,"

and reappeared upon earth from time to time gaining new experience and helping the upward march of humanity. Human nature shows an infinite possibility of growth, expansion and perfection; and George Washington, unapproachable as he may seem to be in virtue of his supreme ability as a leader of men, and yet more in virtue of his self-sacrifice and altruism, furnishes a model toward which we may all strive to attain.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

BY HERBERT CORYN.

THE Delphic injunction "know thyself" implies the possibility of the achievement, and there is no one with so little time and power that he cannot go some way upon this path. Each of us has to look into himself, and each is helped by learning from others what they have found in their attempts. Each soul will find parts of itself that are beautiful and parts that are hideous, and it is necessary to face them all. It is easier to deal with the baser ones when we have thoroughly exposed them. The classifying is not easy; some of the parts cannot be instantly labelled "good" or "bad"; there is a mixture, and it is subtle. Some of the parts seem to have a consciousness and independent life of their own; they argue or appear to be pained when we label them "bad"; they take subtler forms and creep in closer; sometimes they masquerade under the guise of some virtue. A man may decide that the wish to go to theatres is bad and must be killed. But it may refuse to die and thus explain itself—"I am not the wish to go to the theatre for myself, but that I may raise the tone of theatrical performances and benefit the people." The members of the "Church and Stage Guild" might perhaps look to this little point. All the lower wishes are infinitely tricky. It is much simpler for the Demon to imitate the Deus or add a small percentage of Deus to himself than to reverse himself and become the Deus. So we have to work firmly, carefully, and honestly. Then we get the help of the higher parts, those that see in truth.

Some of the old writers prayed to the Lord that he would be adjutant, before they entered on any philosophical inves-

tigation. They said "may the sight of *That One* who is vision itself be also our sight." We could not do better than imitate, raising the same petition, if our dissection is to be solemn and real. The naked truth about our lower nature is seen long before we can fully act upon what we see. There need be no discouragement in that. For a long time after we know the good we do the evil things as usual. Knowing the fiend to be the fiend, we yet obey. No one is strong enough to erect a dead wall against which the forces of old habit shall at once wreck themselves utterly.

Let us enumerate at random a few things discoverable on dissection and state a few problems that come up for solution.

Suppose a man sits thinking over something that excites high feeling and takes his consciousness to its highest levels. His cigarette is half burned through as he meditates, and the long ash is bending over. He finds that whereas one part of his consciousness remains loftily occupied, there is also a part which from time to time says trivially to itself "How long will it be before that inch of ash falls off?" It is concerned for the welfare of his trousers and takes precautions that it shall not fall there. Then perhaps comes a whisper from another dark corner of consciousness—"How far above the common run of men am I!" So, although he is really in a state of high feeling, part of him is in a state of vanity, part occupied with the welfare of his trousers. Which are *his* thoughts and feelings, or are they all his? And where are the separate parts of him, so to speak, to which they can be traced?

Or suppose our man is rather addicted to alcohol, and is trying to give it up. In the morning, it may be, he has no trouble. But in the afternoon he is suddenly swept away by the impulse to have some. He resists; within his consciousness are two contending forces, and after awhile he is led, against his wishes, his legs actuated by an enemy, towards a place where alcohol is obtainable. It would seem that human consciousness is the battle-field of many entities, distinct and often contending.

I once knew a woman who began to imagine that her children were ceasing to care for her, but intermixedly with this she knew that their affections had not changed. Then she thought, whilst simultaneously knowing that it was not true, that they were plotting against her. The fight went on for months, but at last *she* gave way, and *that* in her which suspected the plots quite absorbed her consciousness and blotted out that which knew that her children loved her as of old.

So it looks as if there were *at least* two beings in each of us; a higher, who should be onlooker at the impulses, thoughts, and doings of the lower, but who often or usually gets drowned or self-forgetfully absorbed in these; and a lower who is the seat of sensuality, vanity, suspicion and the lower aspects of consciousness generally, and who interpolates trivialities when the higher part wants to think worthily.

This was Arjuna's problem. "By what, O Krishna, is man propelled toward offences; seemingly against his will and as if dominated by some secret force?" And Krishna answers, "It is passion, the enemy of man on earth," treating it thus as distinct from, though present in, man.

The problem is pictured in Wagner's drama, Lohengrin. The human soul, Elsa, is communing in divine rest with Lohengrin, Lohengrin standing here for the spirit of the soul, its inspiration and

the prompter of its "dreams"; just as sometimes we lay down some high book and stay awhile, floating on the wings of thought. *Yet at that very moment* in the darkness without the chamber, Ortrud, representing the dark elements in consciousness *below* the human soul proper, is plotting an evil to ripen in the immediate future and overthrow the union of Elsa and Lohengrin.

The seeds of our conscious failings are often sowed in the fields of unconsciousness. Happily it is the same with the seeds of good. Lohengrin, Elsa, and Ortrud have each their level of consciousness. When we are most utterly at peace with our better nature, the forces of evil *within us* may be making ready for their most completely victorious attack, called by us "the reaction." Often two currents are to be felt. Let some calamity be impending, say a bankruptcy. We may give our "whole attention" to some other matter, but all the time we are conscious of an uneasy background, a cloud over the heart, as if some one muttered ceaselessly "bankruptcy, bankruptcy." The undercurrent may not always be so unpleasant. For instance we occasionally become aware that for the last ten minutes we have been dimly hearing a phrase of music or a melodious line of poetry, and, in addition to our proper color of consciousness, it has a subshade of the color of the phrase of music.

The lower thing or being, in consciousness, seems to be always watching us. You say a neat thing in conversation. You hear it echoed in your mind; then that other tenant, in the basement, adds on his own account "That was rather clever; how neat a conversationalist am I." If you accept that, if you, the thinker, take up that wave of self-approval into the permanent structure of your self-picture, you are lost. It will have to be painfully dissected out by the sharp, slow knife of karmic circumstance. Just as mistaken, from the same

lower source, and more paralyzing to our work, is it to accept the thought, I am a complete failure, useless, ignorant, uninteresting, unimportant. Humility and vanity are two poles of the same vice, the hooking of the soul down to the level of a false self-estimation.

But whence come these things? What is this which against *our* wish is vain and snarlish and suspicious, which is sometimes insane and irritable and selfish, forcing us where we would not go; this evil conscious echo who waits outside the divine chamber of thought, shooting malodorous vapors through the keyhole; the promoter of reactions of jealousy, of ambition; the trifling elf who skips about disturbingly in the deeply thinking brain; who reminds us of calamities to come and makes memories ferment into fruitless and paralyzing remorse; who fears, who hates, who doubts where *we* know; who is full of passion; who may lead on his victim to insanity, suicide, or murder?

Perhaps if we studied this creature or nest of creatures the path would seem a little less formidable. It is sometimes formidable because of a number of injunctions written in many places, all of which begin with the words "kill out," or "give up." It is hard to be told that in order to live spiritually it is necessary to give up all that was hitherto accounted pleasurable, and to kill out that which enjoyed the pleasure. Moreover it refuses to be "killed," and cannot recognize that it is the same creature whose obviously evil courses we have been considering. What will be left when the "giving up" and "killing out" is over? Will *anything* remain to have, or will anything remain alive to have it? There are hearts that well-nigh stop beating at the mere prospect.

Let us try and restate the case. It is just as well to have the shadow out in full view. To classify pleasures as innocent and sinful is usual, especially in the churches. It makes life very easy.

Drink deep of the pleasures that are innocent, in their proper degree and place; be honorable, and sin not, as men count sin; be religious in talk and thought at the appointed times and places; be kindly. So run the injunctions of the churches. By so doing you will lay up a sufficiency of treasures in heaven; and you will not have denied yourself a reasonable amount of pleasure on earth. This is doubtless a fairly easy programme, but if all men held to it, life would be a much better thing than it is.

It is however by no means a life of "giving up" and "killing out." If we are asked to explain *these* hard sayings, what answer have we? If then, these and all similar emotions, distract the attention of the soul from its proper aims, they must be "killed out" and "given up." The saying is hard and we resent the inference. But when the process comes it may not be so painful as it looks at first. Preliminarily it may be noted that the tunnel we are actually going through is never so black from within as it looked from outside before we entered it. And secondly, there is the continued tendency to grow out of pleasures and thus to make the "giving up" superfluous. But some amount of conflict is inevitable, at some point. We all gain the wish to work at our best, and to grow to our utmost. This may not come at once. We preserve for a long time a degree of compromise, turning back from time to time to the old methods of pleasure; some of them "innocent," some of them less so, some of them positively approved and enjoined by the common judgment. But throughout the times of work and of aspiration the soul has been growing in power and wisdom, and of this the due recognition comes indirectly.

First is the sense of incongruity between the old pleasures and the new levels whose attainment has begun.

Then begins the suspicion, ripening to knowledge, that the work and the aspiration is the feebler for each recurrence to pleasure. Then the pleasure begins to feel *wrong*, and the rift in consciousness widens apace. Two warring elements are declared; one, longing for the pleasure the more keenly that it is about to be denied it; the other, engendering at last a sense of positive guilt when pleasure is allowed a place amidst our aims. These two are henceforth irreconcilable, and the candidate faces his own dual nature. Now may come his revolt, a fully chosen relapse upon the lower levels of his nature, or some disastrous attempt to blend sensuality and spirituality. Putting this aside, there remains henceforth nothing but a fight till one of the combatants is destroyed, a fight that for a long time turns now this way and now that. The theatre of the fight is the mind; the candidate is himself the general in both camps, and the armies are the upper and lower desires. All these have to be studied, and the whole of the study is done by each upon himself. Wisdom in shilling manuals will not suffice.

The mind will continue to deal with any subject upon which it is placed, until disturbed, just as a cannon shot will continue to move in a straight line till something pulls or pushes it out of that line, or interrupts it. In the case of the mind, the disturbing factors are the desires, and because of these the mind remains but a little time quiet upon anything.

Being in touch with the body, we are all of us in touch with the life of matter, for the life of the body is the life of matter at its vividest. The life of the body sums up the other kinds of matter-life, and also transcends them. As food and as air and otherwise, the matter of the

planet constantly circulates through it, and all the forces of matter constantly play in it. Speaking from a deeper standpoint, for all matter is conscious in its way, we learn and know concerning the consciousness of physical (including astral) nature by that complete set of samples of it that exists in our own body.

Let us look at another possibility. The mind is not only open to influence from below, but also to influence from above. But from above comes, not pictures, but something much less defined, a subtle inspiration, a wave, a formless vision or feeling of possibility. "Thou too, if thou wilt, canst be immortal." Such waves come to us all, even when we are but casually thinking. They are inspiration, undefined promise, sight of possibility, half realization of the unity of men, a far off view of the life to come on earth, a pressure outward of the fire of Brotherhood, a breath from the Over-soul.

These things are not of the mind, but they come for a second down into it and awake divine desire; as the others come *up* into it and awake fleshly desire. And unless these two, the divine and the fleshly, came from consciousness, they could never be known by and appeal to consciousness. Above and below the mind are two unending, unmixing rivers of consciousness, and the mind of man is their meeting point. And for each mind comes the conflict; which of the twain shall be desired in full. If the upper alone be finally desired in full, then will come wisdom concerning upper and lower and of the lower, due use in appointed ways according to the wisdom; but if the lower be finally desired in full, then the mind becomes clouded, at last inchoate, dissolved away from its selfhood and lost to humanity.

MUSIC.

BY EDWARD C. FARNSWORTH.

JUDGED from the standpoint of the occultist, music in its essential nature is a subject whose full elucidation would demand an investigation into, and explanation of, some of the greatest secrets of microcosmic and macrocosmic life.

It is therefore with some feeling of incompetence that I shall endeavor to present what, at best, is a poor and incomplete statement of facts lying at the surface; leaving unexplored many veins of thought whose following out would certainly lead to rich and varied results.

In early days, much greater significance was attached to music than obtains in our own time, notwithstanding the enormous development this art has reached both in structural form and polyphonic complexity since the era beginning with Sebastian Bach.

To the wise among the ancients, music was not to be separated from Mathematics and Philosophy; they formed an inseparable Trinity, whose final expression was Unity. And because of this interblending, each contained within itself the full explanation of what the others demonstrated. The modern science of Acoustics shows that every tone represents a mathematically fixed number of vibrations. When sounded as single notes, as chords, or combined with all the contrapuntal skill of Bach, or the knowledge of subtle tone relations displayed by Wagner, the seven, or possible twelve, notes of the musical scale represent a conglomeration of figures that should delight any mathematician. The relation of music to mathematics is thus hinted at.

Science has shown everything in the material universe to be in a vibratory

state; color for instance represents a higher vibration than audible sound. It has also been shown that color is sound though inaudible to us; and we may add without stretching the conclusions of modern physics that all vibration is sound. Ancient wisdom declares the manifested,—not merely objective,—universe to be made up of vibrations and their mutual contacts; thus declaring the universality of sound.

Philosophy was to the ancients no single department of knowledge, leaving religion to be the plaything of dogmatists, for it synthesized in one grand harmonious whole the Trinity of Science, Religion, and Philosophy. The relation of music and mathematics to philosophy becomes apparent if we consider that each deals with vibrations, and that the manifested universe is vibrating life and being. The great universal truths of philosophy were perpetuated by the Mathematicians in various symbols, and it has been said the Arabic numerals symbolize, especially in their original form, long forgotten truths made public only within the last quarter of this century.

Having by way of introduction briefly indicated the mutual relations of music, mathematics and philosophy; I shall proceed directly to more particular conclusions as to the important part music plays in our human development. That music does play this important part was fully realized by the old philosophers, consequently a theoretical knowledge at least, of the art was an indispensable preliminary to admission into the highest of their schools.

It was known to those qualified to impart wisdom, that an appreciation of

harmonious sounds and a technical knowledge of their mutual relations, was no mean aid in bringing the student into sympathetic vibration with the great harmonious laws of being; quickening his perception of those spiritual laws and conditions of which the material plane, the objective Universe, the field of modern scientific research, is but a distorted and deluding reflection, and subject as such to radical change should man's power of cognition suddenly be enlarged or diminished.

It was the conception of Pythagoras that the planets speeding on their circular paths represented, each in its totality of vibratory force, and gave utterance to, some particularly sound. These tones in their varied combinations produced, for beings capable of perceiving them, the "music of the spheres." This is derided to-day by some, and yet, that branch of science dealing with sound is working unconsciously toward the same conclusion.

The ancient Chinese, Hindus, and some others, understood the seven and twelve divisions of our diatonic musical scale. It was also known to ancient wisdom that each note of the seven is capable of seven sub-divisions, making the total number forty-nine. Moreover, the occult relations of the minor and major scales each to the other were known, and that the seven and forty-nine divisions corresponded to other septenaries—some secret—in nature and man. But the twelve notes of the chromatic scale are sufficient for practical musical effect.

Could we, while acknowledging the universality of sound, extend the domain of our observation beyond the limits of the physical organs of hearing, we should undoubtedly know the varied harmonious forms of nature to be the outward expression of an euphony having its origin in the beneficent laws guiding the atoms in their evolutionary progress. The humble flower, with its perfection of color and symmetry of design, is a

revelation of harmony, an unheard musical idyl or lyric; or perchance it is some delicate instrument unnoticed in the rush and sweep of nature's mighty symphonic crescendo; but in those quieter, serener moments when the roar of brass and the roll of kettle-drums has ceased, its peculiar penetrating power finds a way to the heart, there revealing its own individual message. The potent if inaudible voices made manifest to the eye in the beauties of cloud and sky; in the manifold marvels of budding spring-time life; Summer's mature growth; Autumn's ripening realization of earlier promise; and even Winter's season of recuperative rest—all sing their song to the inner ear.

The winds, whispering their secrets through the dancing leaves; the artless calls of forest birds; waves wheeling landward, breaking on the sandy shore, or encountering in full course some defiant rock or promontory—all are vocal in that universal chorus. These heard and unheard voices repeat with ever varying rhythm, polyphonic device or subtilely graduated effect, one theme,— "The essential underlying unity of all things." But, "while this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

It becomes the specific province of music to interpret these voices of the world around us, but its power would be unfelt in human life, did not man, as the microcosm, synthesize within himself at least potentially the Macrocosmic whole. If the great mathematicians of the past perpetuated universal truths through glyph and symbol, appealing therein to all future time, it becomes the province of Modern Music to bring home to the very heart, in a manner particularly adapted to our own day and condition, the old, always new axiom reiterated by Sage, Philosopher and Poet in every age—the mutual interdependence of each and all, and the consequent necessity of brotherly feeling and practice.

Music, of all the arts, most completely brings about that mental state, that touch of nature which, as the poet philosopher says, "Makes the whole world akin."

Modern Music! What visions of beauty, what enchantments spring to life before the potency of those magic words? Hark! A practiced hand indeed touches the keys; the mighty organ responds in tones of ever growing complexity. Surely it is he, the great master of fugue, the humble, unostentatious Leipsic Choir-master. Now Heaven and Earth are singing in prophetic tones Hallelujahs for a regenerate world. 'Tis "The Messiah," the great Oratorio, we hear, and its culminating chorus. A feeling as of perpetual youth, of gladness and spontaneity lays hold of us. Why should we not rejoice with Father Haydn at "the marvellous work" while "the heavens are telling the glory of God"? Now there is a peace and calm in the air, the landscape takes on richer color, glowing in a purer light than Earth's sun has ever shed; for the spell of Mozart's versatile genius is over all; but as we listen to his limpid notes of diamond purity, scintillating from Opera, Mass, and even the humble peasant dance, we feel a strange mesmeric power drawing us to diviner beauties; visions of Edens yet to be, wherein no sophistry, no serpent guile can harm, for the necessary fruit of the tree of knowledge has strengthened us: bitter experiences have we known, but we have learned the true lesson of life,—compassion for all.

"The scene by the brook," a simple pastoral scene!—hear Beethoven, sublime Master, in this new Eden he has pictured for us; Man, the lord, realizes his true position as guide and helper to those lower forms of life he was wont to believe existed simply for his own convenience. Alas, these glimpses of Edenic bliss are only glimpses, and a deep mysterious yearning has seized us,

a longing with Schumann's Mignon to return and make once more our own that land where the citrons grow—the Fatherland, as it was to Schubert's wanderer, heartbroken, for his mortal eye shall ne'er again behold his childhood home; to us, the imperishable sacred land where the first race in the purity of ignorance started on its evolutionary way around the world.

Hush! let us listen still more intently, for we may even then lose the elusive quality of this most unique yet searching voice, in its sinuous chromatic windings. Chopin, if thine was no Organ tone, it was nevertheless a revelation of subtle evanescent beauty—the bloom upon the morn-awakened flower.

But while we stood so rapt, oblivious; dark clouds have gathered overhead. That harsh reverberating thunder must be the din of battle. Woden and all the warriors of Valhalla have met their ancient adversaries upon the long fore-told and fatal field. But no, the world still moves, for we hear at intervals the gentle cadence of some shepherd's pipe, mingling its artless joy with the weird grief-laden chant of the penitent pilgrims seeking the sacred shrine at Rome.

Having thus very briefly characterized the different epoch makers in musical history, from Bach to Wagner, I would say in concluding that the creative Musician should, like the Poet, keep himself in constant sympathetic touch with nature. Thus will he, understanding in his inner being her hidden ways, be better fitted for his office as interpreter. How can he more surely bring about and preserve that harmonious condition so necessary to his mission, than in the practice of unselfishness? No selfishness or partiality is displayed in the working of nature's laws. The fructifying shower softens the sun-dried soil and completes the conditions necessary to the germinating seed; but it recks not who shall be the harvester. Deep in

the human heart a seed lies buried, though too often the soil, dried and hardened by the fires of passion and selfishness, refuses to yield, and the imprisoned seed helplessly awaits the beneficent rain of sympathy and compassion.

Modern Music with its infinity of rich and varied effects is more potent, it seems to me, than the idealized forms of sculpture and the painter's art, and even the inspired language of Poetry, for these all convey to the mind conceptions of conditions more or less fixed, while

music whispers of the spiritual, of what is beyond our finite, form-limited conception. Thus it reaches the inmost heart, quickens into life the germinating seed, and softens the reluctant soil with its harmonious rain. Who can tell what that mature growth will be when, at the close of the great day—the seventh round and seventh race completed—the perfected humanity of this globe, shall stand by the shore of the calm unfathomed waters, the boundless ocean of the unknown.

FRAGMENT—INTELLECT AND INTUITION.

BY ADHIRATHA.

IT is always difficult to know what we are doing, and more difficult yet is to know how we do it. The thousand and one functions of our body take place without ourselves being conscious of having given the necessary orders, nor do we know how these orders are given and executed. The reason of it is that our thoughts are on a different plane from our instinct, and the latter can only be understood when we become conscious on the plane of instinct.

The action of our intellect is thinking. This comprises observing, coördinating and concluding. Now, what is a conclusion? It is a supposed fact on the thought plane. Thus we start from real facts and arrive at supposed facts, either by going backward by considering the real facts as effects and trying to find the causes, or by going forward by considering the real facts as causes and trying to find out the effects. When we start from supposed facts instead of from real ones, the thinking lacks a real base and is less sure; but if we once start from a given fact, our conclusions become realities for us and also causes for new conclusions, and so forth. By

“real” I mean that of which we are sure of having taken place.

We thus see that thinking is a process by which we try to establish a tie which connects two facts of which one is a reality and the other a supposed fact. We call the tie between facts “Karma,” and thus thinking is a search after Karma, and correct thinking must be one with the law of Karma. Thinking takes time because the physical modifications in the brain, by which thought-images become conscious to us, require time to take place.

Intuition is something like thinking with the difference that it takes no time, and thus cause and effect are simultaneous. Intuition therefore is the absolute knowledge of the law of Karma, and for the intuitive faculty time cannot exist whereby cause and effect are separated when thought of.

Of our thinking we mostly know only a series of brain-pictures, but how these pictures are really connected we do not know. This connection is also intuition as it absorbs no time. We instantaneously jump from one image to another across an unthinkable abyss. We could

not think if we had no intuition, because our thoughts or mind-pictures would be without connection. Now, if we arrest the modification of the thinking principle and stop with the last mind picture without adding a new one, then if we can do this, we are on the intuitional plane and live outside of time and consciously within Karma. Nothing of it can be expressed in time and mind, and therefore it is incomprehensible to the intellect.

It is easy enough to form mind-pictures, but by intuition alone such pictures are formed which follow each other in true karmic order, and by even a little intuitive faculty the thinking is immensely intensified.

A word about instinct. We say that animals have instinct, because naturally, without thinking, they do the right thing according to their species. This is simply the result of their obedience to laws and orders provided for them by the devas who preside over them respectively. They could not think of doing otherwise, because they have not yet the faculty to think. Even we, when mindless, act the same; for instance a person during sleep-walking will pass the most dangerous places without hesitation, where when awake and in possession of

his mind, he would never dare to pass. But we had to give up our obedience to our (let us call them) instinct-devas, in order to develop our thinking principle, just as we have to give up the latter for the time during which we want to concentrate on intuition. But of course no step of the ladder can be left out, and unless we have done with our mind plane we cannot rise to the plane of intuition. Far be it from me to say that we have to live in intellect or dry-reason alone, before we can get ready for a higher plane; we know that Manas (the principle of Mind) has a double aspect and that the real intellect is the higher Manas, which overlaps already into Buddhi (the principle of Intuition).

Man cannot go back in development, and when he has reached the buddhic plane, he cannot possibly lose his faculty of free will and begin again, like the animal, to blindly obey some presiding deva. Thus, even on the plane of intuition he has a choice, and Buddhi must then necessarily become to him a duality. What these conditions may be we cannot even guess at; we can only think with rapture of a condition which awaits us, in which we shall have an absolute knowledge of cause and effect without the least hesitation or doubt.

THE VEIL OF MATTER.

BY W. E. GATES.

TO raise the veil of matter and to understand the hidden meaning of sacred books—how great an undertaking, for those who did not even know that aught was hidden. And yet who can look back over the century now closing without seeing an unfolding comprehension on the part of the world, which would seem most truly to bear witness to our having been at school,

guided all unconsciously to ourselves in courses that lead to this unveiling.

One of the first distinctions drawn between the ancient and modern materialistic methods, was that the former did not seek to impart a formal instruction, but rather only offered a key, which the student must use and try himself. And men forthwith wondered where that key could be found, what it was like, and

what sort of a door it unlocked. But many became interested in the ancient philosophy now again presented to the world and the interest grew, and with it came new (to us) ideas, ideas which men perforce had to treat and consider in a different manner from the old classifications and labelings, and in the handling of which men learned new methods, and had to break out of many habits of mind, abandon many hard and fast conventions of thought. Knowledge came to be seen as different from learning, form (mental and physical) as one thing and reality another. Old ideas full of meaning and value in the life of the race, long buried and encrusted till they passed for dry nothings, came again to life and influence.

Nothing could show this more clearly than a study of the language of to-day compared with that of fifty years ago. The enlarged vocabulary required by our increasing dominion over material things is not more wonderful than the expanded circuit of ideas now involved by the words we use, fifty years ago as latent and unrealized as were the telephone or X-rays. Almost every distinctive word in the realm of philosophy and sentiment has suffered some modification, in every case in the way of greater manifestation of the underlying reality behind the "fleeting show." The very words "fleeting show" mean a great deal more to us than when we then used them—mere counters, for we thought the matter that composed the "show" was

anything but fleeting. It begins to dawn on us that a show "shows" something, and that all of nature is worth something, mirroring and working out a great conscious life within.

"Religion" is no longer a thing of form, the expression of the bondage—as by chains—of man to some god imposing his *fiat* law upon him; it begins to connote the inter-relation of real planes of consciousness and activity. Brotherhood is ceasing to be an unscientific, unbusinesslike sentiment, and is becoming an actually sufficient reason for conduct, more and more a recognized fact in the universal economy.

And the greatest wonder of all would seem to be the additional raising of the veil of matter which is involved in the evidence accumulating through it all of a guiding, helping hand, leading the human race by the infiltration of ideas which necessitate the use of divine methods of study and develop divine consciousness by their very presence in our minds. Who would have believed that the great nineteenth century, the most physical and materialistic in thought of all, would so unveil the divine, give reality to consciousness, show a unified evolutionary progress inside the manifested, and suggest to human beings that each one's soul is the real working part of him, his actual conscious self, while what he has regarded as his self-centre is only a make-believe, the protégé of the real.

THE SOKRATIC CLUB.

BY SOLON.

THE summer vacation was over and members of the Sokratic Club were coming back to the city. But though many had been away and the meetings had been discontinued, the members who had stayed in town had been more active than ever along practical lines of Brotherhood work. As was my habit I dropped into the club on Saturday afternoon to see who was there and found Dr. Roberts, Mrs. Miller and Miss Holdy.

Dr. Roberts had just come back from the country and was asking if the interesting discussions in which the Professor used to join had been kept up. He said how helpful it had been to him in his profession and every part of his life. "It has given me such an insight into character that the whole world has taken on a new aspect."

Mrs. Miller.—"I think those little discussions were beneficial to us all, it showed me, at least, how much we can learn if we are only observant and try to get beneath the surface of things. If we do this we can learn not only from our own experience, but from the experience of others."

Just then the Professor came in, and after greetings and exchange of news, a discussion sprang up between him and Miss Holdy and the Doctor, which I reproduce here. Mrs. Miller and I took the part of listeners.

Miss Holdy.—"Professor, I have so often heard you say that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, but have never been quite able to understand in what sense you mean it. I do wish you would help me to understand it."

Dr. Roberts.—"Yes, Professor, and I join in Miss Holdy's request. I cannot see why you put forward the statement

as being so important and fundamental when the very opposite is at the same time true, that non-brotherhood, or if you like to put it so, enmity and hatred are also *facts* in Nature. As I recently heard a friend of mine say in discussing this statement, death is also a fact in nature. No one will deny that Brotherhood may be found practiced by some, and that in the lives of some there is a sincere attempt to attain to the realization of this high ideal. Perhaps it may be found completely exemplified in rare instances, and this would then be, as you say, a fact in Nature."

The Professor.—"I am very glad that you, Miss Holdy, and you, Doctor, have brought up this matter, for I esteem it of the highest importance, and I think that spreading broadcast the knowledge of Brotherhood as a fact in Nature will do more than anything else, more than any legislation or reforms or preaching or charity to lessen the misery in the world and to bring sunshine and happiness into the lives of all the sorrowing ones of earth. But pardon me, Doctor, I am using the statement as though completely understood by you, whereas you have asked me to explain my meaning."

Dr. Roberts.—"Yes, Professor, that is what I would like to hear, for I cannot see that the knowledge of the fact that a state of Brotherhood exists among certain people, whether few or many—it matters not—will have the effect you anticipate, offset as it is by the greater fact of the manifest unbrotherliness also existing in the world."

The Professor.—"The question turns on what is a fact in Nature. You will agree with me that there are different classes of facts; such as, Washington

was the first President of the United States; the earth revolves in an orbit around the sun. Each of these is particular, but there is a third class that is universal both as to sphere of operation and duration; absolutely independent of time and space; inherent in the nature of things; a *sine qua non* of the manifestation of Nature herself. In other words, it is not only a universal fact but a universal law. Such a fact and such a law is Brotherhood. Such a fact is a fact in Nature, inherent in Nature and a fact of Nature. Neither death nor unbrotherliness come in this category."

Dr. Roberts.—"Why not death Professor? I don't follow you. And I should certainly call the fact that you mentioned, *viz.*, that the earth moves around the sun, a fact in Nature."

The Professor.—"Of course in one sense both of these are facts in Nature, *i. e.*, taking place in the realm of Nature. Nothing can, in fact, act outside of Nature. I will try to explain a little further. Death does not come within the same category as Brotherhood, for the reason that death is not to be found on all planes of existence, whereas Brotherhood is on all planes. There is no death on the higher planes of being, it is only to be found on the lower and may even be overcome by man on these lower planes. Indeed, I believe it is the destiny of the human race as a whole, in the future, though perhaps far distant, to conquer death."

Dr. Roberts.—"You are taking me beyond my depth again, Professor, and I must beg you to return once more to more material things. How about the earth and the sun? Let us touch solid ground once more and deal with scientific facts."

The Professor.—"Yet, after all, Doctor, it may be found some day that what I have said about death is scientific although not as yet found in your science. But as for the sun and the earth, the fact I mentioned is in a different category

for this reason, conceded by your science that both the earth and the sun had a beginning and will pass away. Yet this relationship, expressed by the earth revolving around the sun, is in a deeper sense and taken as a type, a fact in Nature and in the same category as the fact of Brotherhood; indeed, it is an expression of the fact of Brotherhood."

Dr. Roberts.—"Well, Professor, you astonish me more and more."

Miss Holdy.—"Professor, I wish you would define Brotherhood. I think I know what meaning you give to it, but I want to understand you fully. Don't you mean by Brotherhood that we are all as intimately connected and related as are the members of the same family, or as are the different parts and cells of the body, so that what affects one, affects all?"

The Professor.—"Precisely. That is a very good definition, Miss Holdy. And, Doctor, you know Newton's statement of the law of gravitation, that every particle of matter attracts every other particle with a force depending on mass and distance. Now, that statement is nothing more nor less than a statement of Brotherhood on the purely material plane. Displace one particle of matter in the Universe and the whole Universe is affected and a readjustment must take place to preserve equilibrium. If you could entirely remove or destroy one particle you would shatter the whole cosmos and reduce it to chaos. That is strictly in accordance with modern science, if you please. But modern science has not been able, perhaps has feared, to assert the same law in respect to the subtler thought-world and to show the same interdependence and mutual relationship existing there. And yet they have attempted to solve the most difficult part of the problem, thus making it the more strange that they should have neglected the more obvious part. I mean the Brotherhood that exists through the mind and heart."

Dr. Roberts.—“But, Professor, so many are *not* brothers and even those belonging to the same family are brothers only in name and not in fact—*i. e.*, not brothers in mind or heart—which is directly contrary to your statement.”

The Professor.—“I think we should draw a distinction between Brotherhood as a fact, and brotherliness arising from a recognition of the fact and a striving to act in accordance with it. Because two brothers are enemies, they are none the less brothers, though there be little brotherliness between them. And I feel sure that the surest way to bring about a true brotherliness is to teach the fact of Brotherhood.”

Miss Holdy.—“But what did you mean, Professor, when you said that the Brotherhood that exists in the mind and heart is the more obvious part of the problem?”

The Professor.—“Simply that the strongest ties that bind people together are those of the mind and the heart and also that it is through the mind and heart that the masses of the people are most easily affected and also through the pas-sional nature. It is on this outermost plane of matter that we find the most differences and yet Science has recognized the intimate relationship existing between all force and all matter. Only a simple consideration is needed to recognize the much closer links that bind us together on the inner planes of the mind and heart.

Dr. Roberts.—Do I then understand you to mean that Newton’s statement of the law of Gravity applies *mutatis mutandis* to the realm of thought, and that every one throughout the World is affected by every thought and to a degree according to the intensity of the thought? Why, what an awful responsibility it places upon one!”

The Professor.—“This is quite true and it shows also that by our thoughts we aid or retard the progress of the whole of humanity.”

Miss Holdy.—“I think I begin to understand now what you mean by Brotherhood as a fact in Nature.”

Dr. Roberts.—“Yes, and I too, but the thought of the awful responsibility is simply appalling, Professor. According to that kind of Brotherhood which one cannot help but recognize once he begins to think of these things,—and the logical outcome of the proposition—every evil thought even if not carried into act by the person thinking, must go to swell the evil thoughts of the world and perhaps help to incite some poor devil, less strong than ourselves, to commit some crime.”

The Professor.—“And that poor devil is one of our brothers and so we owe it to him and to ourselves to help him and not push him farther into the mire.”

Miss Holdy.—“It is an awful responsibility, but surely the other side is true also and should give hope to everyone. Isn’t that so, Professor? I mean that in times of difficulty and sorrow, what a help and comfort it must be to realize that there is an inexhaustible store, as it were, of all the helpful, loving and unselfish thoughts of the world, on which we may draw and to which we are linked by our own efforts to do the right.”

The Professor.—“Yes. Brotherhood exists in both of these directions, it exists in all we may do or think and in all that we are. And you are right, Doctor, that the responsibility is appalling, but at the same time we must not permit ourselves to be appalled. Each of us has his simple duty to perform and nothing more, but each should remember that that duty concerns not himself alone but every human being. The duty of everyone faithfully performed will bring to him opportunity to help the sorrowing and suffering, and innumerable ways of performing true brotherly acts will present themselves. If we permit ourselves to be appalled we are hampered, but if we seek each moment to do the duty of the moment our way

will open out to wider and wider spheres of usefulness."

Miss Holdy.—"Oh, here come Mrs. Wilding and Mr. Turner. I do believe they have some news. They certainly seem very much amused. What's the news, Mrs. Wilding?"

Mrs. Wilding.—(After exchange of greetings.) "The news. Oh! only a continuation of the same old story, but it always has its funny side so that one cannot help laughing."

Miss Holdy.—"Oh! do tell us then."

Mrs. Wilding.—"But it would be a pity to break in on any discussion you may be having."

The Professor.—"Not at all, Mrs. Wilding. We have been talking on Brotherhood, but really we have come to a very good stopping place. Besides it does one good at times to turn from the serious to the more humorous side of things and flit from grave to gay, occasionally."

Mrs. Wilding.—"It certainly is humorous to us. Pity 'tis, it is not humorous to the principal actors in the little tragico-comedy. They take it seriously enough. But you tell the news, Mr. Turner, wont you?"

Mr. Turner.—"Well, it is merely another case of failing to appreciate the eternal fitness of things, and that there is sure to be a mix up if one seeks for fame while trying to do this work for Brotherhood. You know the practical Brotherhood work the Sokratic Club is doing all over the country, and how much has been accomplished through its united efforts and following the course laid down by our Leader. Well, to make a short story of it, a few in a little town in a neighboring State, who had never taken any very active interest in the work, suddenly conceived the idea that here was their chance—or rather one person particularly did so and the others fell in with his plans. But unfortunately for themselves and for their local work, they wanted everything to run their way

without regard to the rules of the club or its work throughout the country. Whether this man wanted to make political capital out of it or not, is not for me to say, but he certainly overreached himself and the whole thing will probably work out the exact contrary of what he expected."

Mrs. Wilding.—"Yes, and not content with that he turned around just as some few others whom we know, and attacked our Leader. It is pitiable, indeed, but we can't help but rejoice at the way our organization has been safeguarded. When will people learn that they cannot do real Brotherhood work if at the same time they are seeking fame and self-glorification?"

The Professor.—"And yet that man, for I know whom you mean, has a good side to his nature and generous impulses, and after all this is his opportunity even now if he only has sense enough to climb down. True Brotherhood work is a more serious matter than many think, and those who wish to help in it must be willing to lay aside their personal ambitions or else they will get some pretty hard knocks."

Mr. Turner.—"But how foolish such people are to think that it is a personal matter. Our Leader doesn't defend herself—though we would ever do that—but seeks merely to protect the work and cares only for the work. When will people learn that no obstacles can withstand the work of the Universal Brotherhood? Surely people will soon learn the wisdom of putting aside and rising above their little personalities, and living in the pure sunlight of unselfish work for others."

The Professor.—"Until that is done, no one can know what the joy of life is and what glorious opportunities lie before the human race. But that day is fast coming and we all can hasten its approach."

Dr. Roberts here said he had a patient to see, and the party broke up.

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

If Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, why do we see so much cruelty, the stronger everywhere oppressing and living upon the weaker; birds living upon insects, beasts upon other beasts, fishes upon smaller fishes, man upon all; and even so much unnecessary cruelty, as when a cat plays with a mouse before killing it?

BROTHERHOOD is a fact in Nature just as health is and so also un-brotherhood and un-health are facts in Nature. The conditions of brotherliness and healthiness are the result of living in harmony with the law of brotherhood and the law of health while the conditions of un-brotherliness and un-healthiness are brought about by violating the law of brotherhood and the law of health, as the case may be.

It is a well recognized fact that any infraction of the law of health results in inharmony and antagonism between the different organs and functions of the body, for such infraction is always due to the undue absorption by one organ or function of more than its share of the powers of the whole organism and then each other organ or function must struggle to gain its own proper share. "Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means" but helping one's self to more than one's share is un-brotherhood.

The cruelty and oppression that is to be found in the animal kingdom seems to negative the fact of brotherhood and so it truly does in a sense for it asserts the equal fact of un-brotherhood.

But it does not negative or disprove the *law* of brotherhood, quite otherwise. The struggle to maintain any one of the *partial* brotherhoods—which are each species and race of beings—is a demon-

stration that a law, universal in its application, really exists. If we are to understand the wherefore and the why of these things we must seek for the law underlying the apparent facts.

Man as the highest physical being dominates—if he realizes it or not—the kingdoms below him in the scale of evolution. The physical and mental matter that has become impregnated with his qualities and tendencies is thrown off by him all during life and during the decay of the body after death. This matter is in part absorbed by the bodies of those entities evolving through the animal kingdoms and is built into their animal and mental bodies and thus it is that the animals reflect to a greater or less extent the qualities and tendencies with which man by his power of thought has impregnated the material that they are obliged to make use of.

Cruelty, oppression and tyranny are things of which the animal as such has no conception; man alone conceives them and gives them birth. The cat that chases and cruelly tortures the mouse but reflects on its plane the far greater, because more intelligent, cruelty of the man who cruelly chases with dogs trained by him for that purpose, the timid hare, whose long spent agony of effort to escape a cruel death on the course, is hailed as furnishing fine sport to the cruel instincts of perverted men. And so also the bull-fight, cock-fight, fox chase, pigeon match.

And the slaying of one class of animals by another and feeding upon them, may not this have been brought about by perverted desires? There seems to be no good reason why one animal should feed on another, and this all

seems to have been brought about by diseased conditions.

Perverted desire has brought about a condition where the One Life must needs manifest in a certain way and one that causes pain and sorrow, but there was no *a priori* reason for such a state of things to be. *After* the diseased condition has been established it is absolutely necessary for the salvation of the individual that the Life energy shall eat up or burn out or throw off that diseased condition, so that after it has been eliminated or transmuted, the healthy condition may be reestablished.

Just so with the apparent cruelty and suffering in the whole animal kingdom. Humanity (one whole) has introduced into the animal kingdom, of which it is a part, a diseased condition. The Life energies of the whole must work through and transmute this diseased condition into a healthy one, and the process brings pain and suffering to the whole animal kingdom.

The cruel animals are the progeny of man's cruelty, and he is the greatest sufferer from their cruelty though he never saw one of them.

The loathsome animals are the progeny of man's loathsome qualities. Vermin are also his offspring, products of his sin and folly, torments and parasites that must teach him of his follies, until he transmutes his diseased qualities into healthy, living matter. Slowly mankind begins to recognize all this, and by sanitation seeks to prevent diseased causes producing filthy conditions that may breed disease germs.

The Life essence will always manifest, but mankind can establish the method of its manifestation on this Earth, or at least in the animal kingdoms and when he recognizes that he is Lord of all flesh, and that all flesh is one and en-souled by One Soul, of which he is but a larger part, and that the law of Brotherhood is the Law of Compassion, the law of mutual dependence and inter-

dependence, then he will do even more than he is now doing to make this "Law of Love reign king of all."

M. H. BRIDLE.

There are several ways of answering this question: (a) by asking another—in what way is the cruelty referred to in the question inconsistent with the fact of Brotherhood? Such a question confuses ethics with physical facts—what ought to be with what is, the Ideal and Real (philosophically speaking) with the objective and actual. The idea Brotherhood connotes that of an essential unity in which otherwise diverse or apparently diverse things unite. The idea Brotherhood also connotes an *ideal* to be aimed at—the harmoniously working together of all the brothers in the Brotherhood in carrying out the purposes of the Brotherhood. But the very fact that this is an ideal carries with it the further fact that the ideal is not yet actual in objective life. Where or when was it found, outside perfected beings, that brothers never quarreled? When objective nature shows everywhere the harmony of an ideal and therefore *real* as distinguished from an *actual* Brotherhood the "Peace which passeth all understanding" will be everywhere and the reason for objective life will have ceased.

(b) All that seems cruel is not so in fact. Essential cruelty is not consistent with essential harmony. And if there were not an essential harmony underlying the world's apparent disharmony, the great forces of nature would produce such a clash as either at once to destroy all things or else (what amounts to the same thing) to bring all movements in life to a standstill. The mother often seems cruel to the child in correcting transgression, and mother nature is continually teaching by objective illustration that "the way of the transgressor is hard." The Great Mother acts and can act only through her instru-

ments, and oftentimes those instruments appear to be cruel when not in fact so.

(c) There still must remain numberless cases of actual cruelty, whether resulting from ignorance or deliberate intent, being unessential to the question and answer. Reflection however will show that this is necessary for the present, and instead of being inconsistent with the idea of Brotherhood being a fact in Nature it is an essential part of the process so far as present outward life is concerned. The *Gita* says that all actions are stained with faults, and one can see that this must be so. The Infinite only is perfect. And the Infinite never is wholly expressed. All expression is limitation and all limitation is imperfection. Cruelty from this point of view is only a phase of imperfection.

All nature is partly conscious, but even the whole of nature *in action* does not reach completed consciousness. Imperfect consciousness is, to the extent of that imperfection, ignorance. From ignorance come various forms of fault, cruelty among them.

Again, if we ask ourselves which is the most perfect universe, one in which good things and creatures are ground out mechanically like good sausages from a machine, and in which consequently there is no more intelligence from the beginning to the end of the process than is found in the sausage, or on the other hand one in which there is intelligence and free will, we must prefer the latter. But with the freedom of choice must come the opportunity to do wrong, and in many cases wrong action results and therefore in some cases cruelty.

An essential Unity is necessary to make a Brotherhood, but equally necessary is an apparent outside diversity. Otherwise there would be only one thing—not a Brotherhood of *things*. In the most perfect form of Brotherhood of which we can conceive there must be an increasing intelligence on the outside, a continual

evolution from the less perfect into the more perfect forms of life, and a learning from the results of imperfect action to look to the light in the Heart and to the Great Heart of all things, there at last to learn that we are all linked together, that Brotherhood is a fact in nature and that helping and sharing is what *Real* Brotherhood means.

G. D. A.

The proposition does not justify the query in this case. There is no relation between the "If" and the "Why." One could as logically ask, "If Death be a fact in Nature, why are we not all dead?"

The answer to both questions would be "wait." In due time we shall all die, and the day will come when such problems as why unreasoning animals, reptiles and insects fail to comprehend the universal brotherhood of humanity will cease to perplex anybody.

If *men* have not yet learned the truth regarding their spiritual relationship, we may naturally conclude that it is because they have not progressed far enough, and we may therefore regard charitably the inferior animals who also prey upon each other.

Besides, a Fact is not necessarily an active Law. Furthermore it is not argued that Brotherhood is universally *recognized* as a fact in Nature. Few such facts are widely discussed among the lower orders of being. And the inferior animals are not always warned even by instinct. It is both a fact and a law in Nature that contact with fire is destructive to insect life, yet it is seldom that a prudent consideration of that truth deters a moth from flying into a flame.

It is now a generally recognized fact in Nature that all life should be held sacred from wanton destruction; yet we heedlessly destroy myriads of living creatures every time we move a muscle, draw a breath or eat a meal. And most of us demand the slaughter of certain of the

superior animals so that we may have a wider variety of choice in our foods. Shall we expect reptiles to be more considerate?

Can *we* not do better than speculate upon whether or not Brotherhood is a fact in Nature? If it is not, we have the potentiality to make it so. And if it be so, as all the Saviors of men have declared, may it not be well for us to follow their example and spread the glad tidings of solace and comfort to tired and discouraged humanity whenever we can, and show in our daily life that we accept the teachings? H. A. FREEMAN.

This question is certainly at first sight a perplexing one. The cruelty in the world does apparently negative the statement that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. But if we look below the surface I think we shall find the *fact* of Brotherhood in spite of the cruelty. I do not think we should confuse Brotherhood with Brotherliness, though when understood and practiced the former must result in the latter. The former is a fact and a law of Nature, the latter is the outcome of a recognition and realization of the fact in one's individual life.

Hence I do not altogether agree with the first statement in the answer by Bro. Freeman and do not think that Death as a fact is in the same category as Brotherhood as a fact. Death is a fact of time and condition, occurring at a particular period of the soul's career—though this may vary and does vary for every individual. Brotherhood is a fact independent of and beyond time and existing on all planes and in all conditions.

I understand the fact of Brotherhood to consist in the interrelation and interdependence of all human beings, and between human beings and all other creatures; and that what affects one, affects all; that no act and no thought of any one person but affects to greater or less degree all others and helps or retards the progress of the whole. Neither

cruelty nor suffering negatives this fact of Brotherhood, nor can imprisonment or isolation prevent the operation of the law of Brotherhood. All are linked together, not one can stand alone.

However, there still remains this to be done: to bring about a recognition of the fact of Brotherhood and a conscious endeavor to act in accordance with it. Then will cruelty and suffering cease and brotherliness and love prevail.

J. H. F.

Do Theosophists believe in prayer? If so, what meaning do they put upon it? To whom or what do they pray?

Few Theosophists, I trust, believe in a selfish petition for one's own benefit, especially if to the detriment of others. The object of a Theosophist should be to make brotherhood a living power in the life of humanity. How can he do this if pleading selfishly to a higher power? No! Theosophists do not believe in such prayers; nor in prayers to personal deities for favoritism or special benefits or exceptions. What they do believe in is a steady aspiration for the enlightenment of humanity and the intense desire that they may perform their part in the uplifting of the world. They know that in doing this they lift themselves to higher planes of activity and consciousness and become channels through which the great cry of distressed humanity can be heard and through which, also, help and relief can be sent.

H. T. P.

I think every man in some sense believes in prayer, for I take prayer to be a putting forth of one's energies to attain a given end, whether that end is consciously striven after or not. Thus there is a prayer of the lips, and a prayer of the heart, and also a prayer of hands and of the brain. But surely true prayer, the highest, is a prayer of the whole life. Every spoken word, no matter how idle or how earnest, is an invocation; every

thought, every action, every desire, is an invocation. There is nothing we may do or think that does not invoke and call to our aid—or to our harm—some one of the powers of Nature. There is then conscious prayer and unconscious prayer, but usually where prayer is spoken of, conscious prayer, *i. e.*, prayer directed to some end, is meant.

To whom or what should we pray? Each man prays to that which is in accord with his own nature and his ideal. Surely it should be our aim to seek ever higher and higher ideals, even the highest, and that highest will be to express perfectly in our lives the divinity which is the root and mainspring of all life. That should be the object of our prayer; let us invoke that and all our life will become transformed into a beauty and a glory.

Some men have conceived the divinity to be outside, external to them, and so have thought of a God dwelling apart from them. Hence they address their petitions to this far-away power and all-doubtfully look for an answer, looking for aid to come from without instead of from within. Truly there are powers external to man, and these he awakes by his prayers for good or ill. But the highest power is to be found only within, in the heart of each, and in the heart of all our fellow-men. If we invoke that power, then all the beneficent forces in the Universe are ours and all the evil

forces become powerless to harm us, but transmuted become our servants for good.

What a tremendous power is conscious prayer, for it is a bond that unites the one praying with that Power towards whom the prayer is addressed, and contains within itself the seed of that which is prayed for and which will ripen into fruit according to the intensity of the prayer and the knowledge of the one praying. It will be seen then that that which determines the character of the prayer is the motive, and only that prayer can lead to good which is unselfish and says, addressing the Divine Self within: "Thy will, not mine, be done." This surely is the highest prayer and not any prayer for any particular end, though it may appear to us to be the greatest good. None of us can see all the links of our lives or read our own natures truly, and that which may seem to us good, might, if granted, become the greatest obstacle in our path. Hence it is the Good, the Beautiful, the True, we should desire, content to live each moment as it comes, knowing that all things work together for good for those who trust the Divine Self within and seek to make their lives radiant with its Light.

"Unveil, O Thou from whom all proceeds, to whom all must return, that face of the true sun, now hidden by a vase of golden light, that we may see the Truth and do our whole duty on our journey to thy sacred seat."

J. H. F.

YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

A NATURE STORY.

BY L. H. F.

IT is not every day that you meet with a soul who will let a fly talk as if it, too, had many lives. Why, if it were not for a piece of bad luck (or was it good?) I had to-day, I could not be telling you this tale.

I am not an old fly, but I have seen some queer things in my time, and heard more. When I was quite tiny an old blue-bottle gave me some of his life talk, and it was sad to hear. He said the great wingless flies who build the big nests they call houses, are hardly ever known to be kind to flies, or to take a hint from our wisest ones. Yet, he said, we never stop buzzing round, doing our best for them, eating up their bad smells and trying to warn them as well as we can.

The house I live in is not in a town, but near enough for town news to reach us now and then. It has a garden round it which we flies go in and out of all day long. One day I was so happy and skippy, as if some nice thing were coming to me, and, sure enough, I heard such a sweet singing, and flew out of the open window to find myself in a great cloud of flies. They were not strong, black fellows like me, but ever so small, with wings and bodies like fine clear gauze. I said they must be fairy flies. The sound of their wings was like the hum of a light wind in the silk harps the spiders build in the flowers. They told us they were going to tell the great wingless flies in the town that the river was nasty, and all that day our garden was thick with them.

They told me so much that I can't begin to repeat it:—Of the fate of flies everywhere, and how the big humans give neither help nor pity, but spread

traps that torture us. This I could not believe as I had never seen one thing in our house that was meant to hurt a fly. But I must get on with my tale. One of the wingless ones in our house has been ill, and as she is always good to us I stayed in her room with her, and at last a strange thing took place. She had in her hand a nice large sheet of what they call paper. It was smooth and cool for my feet, so I was putting myself to rights on it, when *she spoke to me*. I stopped just as I was with my back legs on the top of my wings, I was so startled and glad.

Then I knew that what the fairy flies said was true, and the terror of it went through me from wing-tip to foot.

After that I never went far from my friend, and as she had by her bed a cup from which she kept sipping, I thought it would be civil on my part to taste it too. And then came my bad luck. I fell in, and as she had gone back to her paper I thought I should die before help came. Just as I was giving up hope I was lifted out, and found myself resting on soft white cambric that soaked up some of the stuff, but alas, two of my legs were so stuck to each other that I could not get them free. My friend lay quite still to watch me, only now and then giving me a touch with a fine pointed thing that helped to lift the sticky stuff away that clogged my wings. Once, when she said "I think you'll come round now" she began to laugh gently as if my antics were funny. Perhaps they were, they tired me badly. At last I had to ask another fly to keep me. He came and sipped the stuff from my two helpless legs, and at last, after a long and weary

time, I half flew, half hopped onto the wingless one's pillow. I felt I must tell her what the old blue-bottle said, and the great cloud of tiny flies, and how I did not think all of her kind were cruel, so my friend said she will write down for the Young Folks how the fly helped me,

for if one fly helps another she thinks there is a U. B. for flies, and if that is so, all the children will like to know about it. That is all. Only you may be sure I am very wary now when I taste things. My friend may not be there to save me next time.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

A NEW CRUSADE.

IN the New York *Herald* of October 18th, is an appeal for help for the sufferers from the War, in Havana. The American Evacuation Commission has stated that it will be glad to aid in this work and four ports in Cuba have now been opened for the free entry of relief supplies.

Mrs. Tingley had already been making preparation to go to Cuba not later than Nov. 15th, but the need is so great that in response to the appeal for help she has decided to push forward the preparations and hopes to be able to start within a week. At the Headquarters of the League there are a quantity of supplies and these will be made ready for shipment at once.

Our Leader and President of the League has obtained recognition of the International Brotherhood League from the President of the United States and also free transportation for all supplies and workers. There are sufficient supplies on hand to begin with, but more will be needed, for the work will have to be continued for some months. This is an opportunity that all the members of the Organization have been looking and hoping for, to reach and help our suffering fellow-men and practice true Brotherhood. We know there is suffering all over the world, in every large city, but Cuba is the central suffering part of the world at the present time. It is there

that the need is most urgent, the heart cry of the whole world is in the appeal.

Our Leader will probably take with her two physicians and several nurses, and, as we who have worked with her know, she is a host in herself. But we also know that for the work to be successful, we have to do our share at this end of the line. The united efforts of all the members sent the Crusade around the world in 1896. This expedition to our suffering Brothers is another Crusade and in it we all must and, I know, we all will, share. Some have already done much to help the Relief Work already done for our soldiers at the Camp at Montauk, but some perhaps have not helped. And no matter how small may be the power of one, it is the united efforts of all that makes our work successful.

Then too we know that the aid which our Leader gives to the suffering is not merely physical aid, but it is help to the soul, reviving hope and courage in the heart and awakening new life. In this way the assistance given is not merely temporary but permanent.

At the Headquarters the War Relief Corps are more busy than ever and it will require all our energy night and day to make all the necessary preparations for the departure of the Relief Expedition. When Havana is reached it will be necessary to hire some native help. This will of course require money, and

money will be needed for other things, but if we believe in Brotherhood we know this is the best possible investment, to use our money in this way for the purpose of helping others.

Some people are apt to connect the International Brotherhood League with other organizations, but it should be distinctly understood that it is entirely separate and distinct, it is connected with no politics, no religion, no party. It is entirely unsectarian and for humanitarian purposes alone, helping all without reference to any distinctions of nationality or creed. The members of the I. B. L. should at all times insist on this.

E. AUG. NERESHEIMER.

Letters of inquiry come from members from all over the country and from Europe, Australia and India, asking about the Leader's health, and expressing anew their devotion and loyalty to her. It may not come amiss, then, for one who has had recent opportunities for observing her, to say that never has she seemed so well and so full of energy, and this despite the daily increasing rush of work. Even as long as a year ago the future of the movement appeared so great that one scarcely could comprehend all that it meant and now the work is more than doubled. And as they did then so now the members pledge their faith in the Leader and by deed and by letter show their loyalty to her, and their desire to help her in every way possible. We cannot tell how much her burdens have been lightened by sympathetic thoughts sent her by the members. But we all realize our privilege and opportunity in being thus permitted to help in this glorious work for Humanity. In this connection a letter, written by our old friend and comrade, J. D. Buck, of Cincinnati, to the Leader, less than ten months ago, comes in very *apropos*. It expresses what all the workers feel to-day. The writer came across it in looking over some old letters, and

begged permission to use it, as it touched a deep chord of feeling. It was intended to have published it in the Search Light, but at the last moment it was mislaid. Here it is, in part : —

DECEMBER 23, 1897.

As the holiday season draws near and the old year fades into history, I want to express to you my deep sympathy and appreciation of the heroic work you have been doing since Judge put off his armor and joined the Immortals. I have wished a thousand times that I could have been nearer and helped to bear the burden. You have undertaken herculean tasks and at great odds and worked with entire forgetfulness of self. What the results may be neither you nor I can know. I am sure not only that you have done your best, but no one has or can do more.

It may seem a trifling thing to say how firmly my heart has upheld you, but I want to say it. I only wish the saying of it may convey to your weary body and overtaxed energies one little ray of comfort. It requires a brave soul, a Lion heart to stand in the front of such a battle and take all the poisoned darts aimed at the Great Work. To know that this is realized and appreciated may make the task a little lighter.

Different as your work has been I hold it in my heart, and you as the great promoter, side by side with H. P. B. Not idly and as a mere sentiment do I wish you all the compliments of the season, but from my heart of hearts do I send you love and sympathy, confidence and support. May you be strengthened from the Great Fountain of Life and may your work prosper. May the Great Ones bless and keep you in unwearied courage and in perfect peace.

Sincerely yours,

J. D. BUCK.

Sunday, October 9th, was a great day for the Bridgeport Local Centre of the

International Brotherhood League. Following the work done in the I. B. L. hospital in caring for the sick soldiers, who through our Leader's efforts had been sent to Bridgeport, and in which work the citizens had so generously helped, our Leader determined to hold a public meeting in order to acquaint the inhabitants of Bridgeport more fully with the aims and objects of the League.

Dr. Herbert Coryn, K. Lundberg and B. Harding went on an early train Sunday afternoon to Bridgeport, taking with them the Crusade flags, and they and Mrs. Butler, the Misses Hall and Miss Whitney—who had also gone from New York—decorated Varuna Hall with flags and flowers and plants, so that it was all ready when our Leader and the others arrived two hours later. Those accompanying our Leader were Mrs. E. C. Mayer, the two Misses Fuller, F. M. Pierce, H. T. Patterson, D. N. Dunlop and J. H. Fussell.

The meeting began at 8.15 with a musical selection on piano and violin by the Misses Fuller. Mrs. Butler, of Bridgeport, welcomed the visitors, and then H. T. Patterson took the chair and introduced our Leader as the first speaker. In a stirring and sympathetic address she said that the present time was one of the greatest opportunities to get in touch with our fellow-men, especially with the heroes of the war; that if she had a thousand lives she would give them all to this glorious cause of Brotherhood. The other speakers were J. H. Fussell on *The Necessity for an Organization*; Dr. Herbert Coryn on *The Divinity of Man*; Mrs. E. C. Mayer on *Woman's Work*; B. Harding on *Brotherhood and the War*; F. M. Pierce on *The Meaning of Brotherhood*; and D. N. Dunlop on *The Hope of the Future*.

The hall was crowded. Circulars giving a brief account of the work of the I. B. L. and the Constitution were distributed as the people entered the hall.

The circular is as follows:—

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD
LEAGUE,
To Advance the Cause of Human Brotherhood.—Branches Throughout the
World.—Unsalariated Officers
and Workers.

The International Brotherhood League, through recent events, has been brought into great prominence in America. The very successful work carried on at the Camp, Montauk Point, L. I., among the sick soldiers, endeared it to the hearts of many thousands in all parts of the United States and we therefore offer to those hitherto unfamiliar with it some account of its work.

This League was founded in New York in April, 1897, by Katherine A. Tingley, its President for life, and during its short term of existence it has already entered upon many lines of active work. Directly after its formation it saved from starvation through its unsalaried agents thousands of famine-stricken sufferers in India, especially at Benares.

In several of the largest cities of England, including London, work among the poor has been in continuous progress, and the same is true of the branches of the League in Holland, Sweden, Ireland and Australasia. In America alone, there are over one hundred active branches, where the same important lines of work have been carried on, and in addition special Brotherhood work has been done in the prisons, for those by whom the warmth of human sympathy and encouragement is so urgently needed.

To enumerate all the special activities conducted by the International Brotherhood League would occupy too much space. The following, however, will serve as examples of some of the chief lines of work, all of which have been, and are, in full and increasing operation.

The treatment of Alcohol and Morphine inebriates; work among the children in the overcrowded districts of New York and elsewhere; the shelter-

ing of homeless and friendless women ; the establishment of a temporary summer home ("Lotus Home"), in New Jersey ; a permanent "Lotus Home" for unclaimed children, in Buffalo ; the work for the newsboys and bootblacks of Toledo, Ohio ; Brotherhood Suppers in many of the large cities in the United States, Sweden, Holland, and England, where the laws of life and conduct are taught simply, on wholly unsectarian lines. In all the countries mentioned there are also established International Brotherhood League Lotus Groups, unsectarian Sunday Schools, where thousands of children are trained.

One of the most important forms of work which has fallen within the province of the League, and upon which so much public attention has been concentrated, is the vitally needed assistance which the League was privileged to render to the sufferers from the Cuban war, the soldiers and refugees. This consisted not only in sheltering and caring for sick and wounded soldiers, but in removing from their minds the memories of the awful scenes of the recent war. To carry on this work of the International Brotherhood League three temporary hospitals were established ; one at Montauk Point, Long Island, consisting of seven tents, one in New York City, at 144 Madison Avenue, and a third in Bridgeport, Conn. The League also had a volunteer staff of representatives in Boston, New York, and other cities, to meet and care for exhausted and sick soldiers arriving at the railway stations on their outward or homeward journey ; both in New York and Boston, many were accommodated for the night at the Headquarters of the League, 144 Madison Avenue, New York, and 24 Mt. Vernon St., Boston.

At Montauk a special conveyance was provided for the free transportation of collapsed and tired soldiers between their camp and the depot. At the depot hundreds of soldiers were given food

and necessary medicines, and wherever needed, further aid was carried from the International Brotherhood League Hospital.

With one local exception, practically all the aid, monetary and other, came from the members of the I. B. L. in America and England, but few of the Centres having appealed to the public for aid in this genuine Brotherhood work. There is, however, no question that had the public been made better acquainted with this unique and direct channel through which their generous sympathy and patriotism could have found expression, greater good could have been done and many more heroic lives saved.

Mention must not be omitted of the work among the so-called savages, especially among the Maoris of New Zealand, with whom the President, Katherine A. Tingley, came in contact during her trip around the world in the interests of Brotherhood in 1896, with the result of reviving the high ideals of this ancient and noble race.

Much other work outside these lines has also been done, consisting in the relief of individual cases of need. To classify and enumerate these would occupy too much space, but the thanks of the League must be extended to many noble-hearted friends who rendered help in this and other parts of its work.

It should be noted that the officers and workers of the International Brotherhood League are unsalaried and receive no remuneration, and this, as one of the most binding rules of the organization, *effectually excludes those who would otherwise enter from motives of self-interest.*

None of the Officers hold any political office, the League is not connected with any political party or organization, nor has it any political character, it is wholly humanitarian and unsectarian.

The following are the objects of the League under which these lines of work are being carried on :

1. To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling, and their true position in life.

2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood, and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.

3. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women and to assist them to a higher life.

4. To assist those who are, or have been, in prisons to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.

5. To endeavor to abolish capital punishment.

6. To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them.

7. To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war and other calamities; and generally to extend aid, help and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.

It will thus be seen that these objects naturally fall into two groups, one of temporary application, one of far-reaching and permanent results.

Of temporary application is the last, the relief of such forms of suffering as are at present inevitable in modern life.

The other objects aim at the bringing about of a better state of society, and the development of a nobler, higher humanity. Working for the future by providing for the training of children and their education along the noblest lines, the League also works for all, of whatever age or sex or position, whose errors or misfortunes constitute their claim and our opportunity.

At the present time active preparations are being pushed forward for a relief expedition to either Cuba or Manila, —investigation now being made as to the needs in these places by the representatives of the League. Contributions of supplies and donations should be sent

to either of the following officers of the League: E. A. Neresheimer, or H. T. Patterson, and addressed to 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

PERMANENT INSTITUTIONS BELONGING TO THE LEAGUE IN NEW YORK STATE.

"Lotus Home" for friendless and unclaimed children, Buffalo, N. Y.; "The Wayfare" for friendless and homeless women, Buffalo, N. Y.; "The Do-good Mission," 607 East 14th Street, New York, for general Brotherhood work; special attention here paid to work among children.

Although the League is not yet two years old the above institutions are permanently established and in full working order.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY,
President International Brotherhood
League.
Headquarters, 144 Madison Ave.,
New York.

Copies of above circular may be obtained from H. T. Patterson, General Superintendent of the I. B. L., 144 Madison Avenue, New York, to whom all inquiries regarding the work of the League should be addressed. I. B. L. Committees and Centres will find the circular valuable for propaganda; single copies, 5 cents, 50 copies for \$1.00.

An entertainment for the benefit of the Relief Corps of the International Brotherhood League was given in New York, Thursday, Oct. 13, under the auspices of Universal Brotherhood Lodge, No. 10 (H. P. B. Lodge, Harlem).

Stereopticon views illustrating the war were shown. The views were very kindly lent for the purpose by Mr. Keith of the 14th St. Theatre, New York, and the stereopticon by Messrs. Riley Bros., of 16 Beekman St., New York, Mr. Frank Raymond of Messrs. Riley Bros. operating the lantern. Messrs. Clark & Zuggala, of New York, furnished the tickets and all the printing. Bros. Schenck and

Hermann and Mr. Falkenstein furnished most beautiful music. D. N. Dunlop, President of Lodge No. 10, described the views and gave a brief account of the progress of the war. The views ended with pictures of the International Brotherhood League Camp at Montauk, L. I., and a portrait of our Leader. The Hall was crowded and the entertainment in every way a success.

The Fall work has now fully begun all over the country, and everywhere the Lodges report renewed activity and bright prospects for the future. Many of them have written for a new stock of application blanks, and are expecting a large increase in membership.

There has been a surprising increase in membership since last spring, a steady stream of applications coming in all the time. All this will be told in the record of the work at the first annual Congress of the Universal Brotherhood Organization at Point Loma, next spring.

We have received the monthly report of the Pacific Coast Committee for Universal Brotherhood. The following is an abstract of the Lodge reports. California Academy of Sciences Building, room 30, 819 Market Street, San Francisco.

OCTOBER, 1898.

ALAMEDA, CALIF., U. B. L. No. 17.—The Lodge work goes on as usual, and a great deal of interest is taken by members and visitors in all our lectures, papers, and discussions. September showed a substantial increase in attendance over the same month in 1897. During the month three new members came into the Lotus Group. On September 15, an entertainment was given by the Lodge, and a fine literary and musical programme was presented, followed by refreshments.

DENVER, COL., U. B. L. No. 104.—The Lodge has now moved into new quarters, in a new building, No. 214 Enterprise

Block, corner Champa and Fifteenth Streets, where it will proceed with the Brotherhood work in a vigorous manner. The first meeting held in the new home was a business meeting, September 19. The rest of the evening was spent in discussing plans for the winter work.

GILROY, CALIF., U. B. L. No. 14.—Gilroy Lodge meets every Wednesday as a study class. The Lotus Group is growing and much interest is shown by the little folks; they meet Sunday afternoon.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., U. B. L. No. 62.—We have just expended \$60 in fixing up our hall; new carpet, new gas fixtures, etc. It is much more attractive and home-like. The War Relief work is going on nicely. One box of clothing has been sent and another will soon be ready.

LOS GATOS, CALIF., U. B. L. No. 138.—We have so far only adopted the regular work of the society, our membership being scattered over a large territory. We have, however, kept our meetings through the summer with varying success.

MERCED CITY, CALIF.—A Brotherhood conversazione was given here on September 8, by Mrs. M. C. Skelton.

PETALUMA, CALIF., U. B. L. No. 6.—We are keeping up the work in the usual manner.

REDDING, CALIF., U. B. L. No. 20.—Lodge No. 20 met as usual in the month of September.

SALT LAKE, UTAH, U. B. L. No. 51.—We have taken more commodious quarters in the Dooly Block. Attendance is gradually on the increase.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., U. B. L. No. 7.—The Lodge has just purchased a new piano. Instrumental and vocal music is now a feature in the Sunday lectures as well as in the U. B. L. meetings. Attendance is good at all meetings. The monthly lecture was given at San Quentin Penitentiary, September 25, by Dr. J. A. Anderson. The ladies of the Re-

lief Corps have been busy during the month.

SAN JOSE, CALIF., U. B. L. No. 4.—We resumed Sunday meetings the first Sunday in September, after a vacation for the summer. We are trying to find a practical side to all our work. We are few and arouse no excitement, but have perseverance, which will sometime show a result.

SANTA CRUZ., CALIF., U. B. L. No. 19.—Work seems to be booming here now, We had no regular Lodge studies, but took up what seemed necessary. A visit from Mrs. Bostwick of Stockton, was much appreciated. Sunday evening meetings are held in a more interesting manner than heretofore, including music and recitations, concluding with short talks on Theosophical subjects, and questions and answers. Lotus work is as prosperous as ever; the membership is large and great interest shown; plans are being laid for another entertainment in the near future. The Beginners Class has a large attendance, and genuine heart interest is felt by all in the work. In War Relief work a large box of contributions is being prepared, and the general public is being interested in this as much as possible. Mrs. L. A. Russell, one of our best workers, leaves us soon at the call of duty, and we shall miss her very much.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF., U. B. L. No. 75.—Our Lodge meetings were discontinued during the summer, but we have begun our study class again and will continue it regularly during the winter.

SEATTLE, WASH., U. B. L. No. 100.—Brother Sidney G. P. Coryn was warmly received everywhere. We are having good meetings in Seattle. It is proposed to inaugurate a system of leaflet distribution on one of the boats between here and Tacoma.

STOCKTON, CALIF., U. B. L. No. 3.—At the end of our vacation we reassembled on Friday, September 27, somewhat refreshed after the rest. We will reopen

the Sunday evening meetings at headquarters the first Sunday in October, and the regular Tuesday evening meetings will be resumed.

TACOMA, WASH., U. B. L. No. 116.—The fall activity at Tacoma has commenced. Great earnestness is shown at Lodge meetings by the members and the public meetings are well attended. We were very pleasantly surprised by Sidney G. P. Coryn, of London, England, walking in on us on September 12. That night he met the members and brought a strong "headquarters-breeze" with him.

VANCOUVER, B. C., U. B. L. No. 11.—We are happy to report progress this month. Sunday afternoon meetings are much better attended since the cold weather set in. There is a growing interest in the meetings in which we endeavor to make Brotherhood the leading idea. On September 11 and 20 we had special lectures by Brother Sidney G. P. Coryn, of London, England. These lectures and Brother Coryn's presence among us gave us a tremendous lift, and the people were all more than delighted and free in their expressions of appreciation.

VICTORIA, B. C., U. B. L. No. 87.—Brother Coryn's lectures were splendid. On both occasions, in spite of the very short notice we received of his coming, good audiences gathered to hear him speak and manifested great interest in his addresses. The Lodge has been busy in the work gathering clothing and money for the relief of the sufferers by the disastrous fire which occurred at New Westminster, B. C., on September 11, which destroyed the greater part of that city, rendering hundreds of people homeless and destitute. The relief was immediate and most liberal and came from all parts, indicating the fact that Brotherhood is fast becoming a living power in the lives of mankind. Especial credit is due to the U. B. Lodge at Vancouver, which did noble work in the cause of the sufferers.

OUR PUBLICATIONS.

HOW MEMBERS MAY HELP.

Many do not fully realize the great influence which our literature plays on the thought of to-day, and the opportunity for work in this direction is increasing all the time. This is one of the most important features of our work. Every Lodge and every member can help in this, and no effort should be spared to circulate more widely, so as to reach all classes of people, both the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD magazine and *The New Century*.

Not only are these the best propaganda publications, but they are used for the sole purpose of furthering the work, and any success that may accrue to them from increased circulation will but increase their usefulness and benefit the whole organization. The present time affords the best opportunity of doing this, and it is earnestly hoped that all members will help. The Lodges as a whole should consider this, that the work in their cities or districts may be done systematically and all newsdealers be supplied with both publications, and also the public appealed to directly. An enthusiastic effort made at the present time will bear a great harvest.

For further particulars as to special rates, etc., apply to UNIVERSAL BROTH-

ERHOOD Magazine and *The New Century*, both at 144 Madison Avenue, New York. But do not delay, the present time is the best for this work.

We much regret to hear of the death of Brother John Fitch McEwen. The members of the Youngstown Lodge of the E. S. T. passed the following resolution :

By the death of our dear Brother and Co-worker John Fitch McEwen, the Youngstown Lodge, E. S. T., feel that they have met with a great loss, and that the community generally has been deprived of a benefactor. Bro. McEwen was really the father of the local organization, the Theosophical Society in Youngstown, and although a constant sufferer he was untiring in his efforts to make practical the brotherhood of man. It was his earnest endeavor to help everyone towards that larger life leading to contentment, which is the result of a knowledge of the true science of nature and of Universal Brotherhood. His was a heart that beat in sympathy for all who were unfortunate, his hand was ever stretched out to give relief.

L. F. BARZER,

A. L. ACHESON,

NINA B. KING,

H. PARROCK,

Committee.

RECORDER.

Books are the best of things, well used ; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end, which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book, than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul. This every man is entitled to ; this every man contains within him, although, in almost all men, obstructed, and as yet unborn.—
The American Scholar. EMERSON.