

"If thou defile the sparkling water, thou no drink shalt find.  
"Nor anarchy, nor tyrant's lawless rule, commend I to my  
people's reverence."—ÆSCHYLUS, *Eumenides*.

# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

VOL. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 9.

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## ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

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BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

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### II. YOUTH.

THE Revolution had finally broken up the institutions of learning in France. To be a scholar was considered as being an aristocrat. "You who were beneath place yourselves above," said Danton, — "that is the whole secret of a revolution." When the appeal was made to spare Lavoisier from the general slaughter, the reply from the Revolutionary Tribunal was that "the Republic has no need of savants." The populace in power permitted only physical indulgence and decreed the noble and worthy to its own abyss. Under the dominion of Bonaparte a system of Imperial Lyceums was established which chiefly dispensed a kind of military instruction but were repugnant to friends of liberal and philosophic culture.

The "Fathers of the Faith," a Jesuit association, founded a college at Belley in Savoy, just beyond the French frontier, which was attended by sons of the nobility and burghers of France, Germany and Italy. Lamartine was conducted to it by his mother.

It was everything that the seminary at Lyons was not. "I did not find my mother there," he wrote in his journal, "but I found God, purity, prayerfulness, charity, a guardianship at once

grateful and fatherly, kind regard of one's own family, children with happy faces, beloved and loving. I was sour and hardened, and was permitted to look out for myself and to please myself. I yielded to a yoke which excellent teachers knew how to make easy and light. Their peculiar art consisted in making us interested in the prosperity of the establishment, and leading us by our own will and our own enthusiasm."

Early religious impressions were deepened into the quietude of mystic rapture. "In renewing piety," says he, "I found calmness of mind, entire submissiveness of myself, principle by which to live, love of study, the sentiment of duty, the sense of communion with God, the delights of meditation and prayer, the love of interior contemplation, and the ecstasies of devotion in the presence of God. There can nothing on earth be compared to these, except the ecstasies of a first and pure love. Yet even then the divine love has not only the intoxications of the lesser love, but it has beyond these, the infinity and eternity of the Being who is adored."

In his poem entitled *Jocelyn*, Lamartine depicts the ideal which he contemplated: the passions, the faculties, the delights and sources of our existence condensed into that divine passion and

enthusiasm, and offered to God in the springtime of life as the first-fruits, the fire and perfume of a life which had been profaned, smothered and wasted before.

He now made wonderful progress in his studies. When he first came to Belley, he was placed in the lowest classes, but he quickly made his way to the first. "In three years," he says, "I had learned the whole. Every year I won the first prizes of my class."

His personal bearing and qualities were developed and brought into full view. He grew into a youth of dignified manners, seriousness and concentration. His fellow-students, while esteeming him, were conscious of a certain superiority and treated him with deference.

Yet his earnest gratitude and awakened religious feeling did not prevent him from sharp criticism of what he saw. "I do not like the establishment of the Jesuits," he declared. "While I was being educated among them, I could perceive the spirit of seduction, arrogance and domineering which was concealed or revealed as occasion might require; and which, sacrificing every member to the body, and confounding the body with religion, practically substituted itself in the place of religion and aspired to give to a superannuated Sect the government of individual consciences and the universal monarchy of conscience itself."

Nevertheless he discriminated carefully between the institution and individuals. "I detest Theocracy," he says in his journal, "because it sanctions tyranny in the name of God and because it perpetuates it by making it sacred. I fear on account of the human mind, the influence of the priesthood in governments; but none of these considerations shall prevent me from acknowledging and proclaiming what is true. I will not be made to disown goodness wherever it is."

He never ceased to regret his mother and his home. All the while that he was at school he felt himself a prisoner

and counted the hours till he should return to liberty and the open fields. When the day came it seemed to him as one of the most beautiful of all days. He says: "After the year which was called that of philosophy, and the year following in which they tortured the natural good sense of youth by stupid and barbarous sophistry, bending it to the reigning tenets and accepted institutions, I went forth, never to return."

The return home was to Lamartine somewhat like a triumph granted to a victorious Roman general. His mother had fitted him up a room with furniture and shelves for books, and his father purchased for him a watch, a gun and a horse. He took possession of his new independence with a rapture that lasted for months. The days were given to the chase or the gallop, and the nights to social intercourse or to reading aloud from history or poetry.

There was a circulating library at Mâcon and he entered it as an Eden. He was, however, sadly disillusioned. The foul materialism of the Revolution and the Empire had filled the libraries with books of a depraved and corrupting character. He opened them but to close them speedily in horror and disgust. But romances he read with avidity. He lived in dreams of what might have been, of loves that were personified in ideal forms and above all with a melodious voice, that had been called into life by the magic evocation of authors. Tasso, Dante, Petrarch, Shakespeare, Milton, Chateaubriand, and above all, Ossian, then newly brought into notice, were such magicians, and he read their works with insatiable eagerness.

His father often entertained guests, chiefly those who had been exiles during the Revolution. The older persons would amuse themselves with chess, backgammon or cards, while the younger ones played by themselves in a corner, or went into the garden and drove the

robins and linnets from the rose-bushes, or recited poetry and pieces of dramatic composition which they were to declaim before their elders after supper.

One of these was Lucy L. the only daughter of a land-owner on the mountain-side. She was sixteen, and had been educated in Paris in a manner above her station in life. She knew languages, was expert in poetry, and was passionately fond of Ossian. Lamartine was of the same age and had similar tastes. They soon came to a silent understanding. He often escorted her through the valley up to her home, neither of them speaking, but bidding farewell with a sigh and a blush. The families smiled at their movements, not apprehending any serious result. They met at church, and Lamartine when hunting would come near her father's residence. He began to use a volume of Ossian for a medium of correspondence.

At length an arrangement was made for an interview. It was to be at night when her nurse would be asleep and off from guard. When Lamartine descended from his window to the ground, his dog was watching him and came bounding forward for caresses. He drove the animal back with difficulty. Arriving near the terrace beneath the maiden's window, he made the signal, and she responded. Lamartine climbed up and she came out to him. He declared in glowing terms his good fortune at being able to view the moonlit landscape in her company. She was replying with equal fervor, when the dog, which had followed him unobserved, came leaping forward and saluting him. Immediately all the dogs about the place set up a general barking and the girl, in alarm, hurried into the house. Lamartine went home in a state of mind easy to imagine.

The parents were now aware that it was time to act. Lamartine was sent to Paris and other places on the pretext of becoming familiar with the world.

Their plighted affection soon died out.

In his eighteenth year, Lamartine was sent to Tuscany to transact some business with a relative of his family at Leghorn. He set out full of enthusiasm which was increased by the objects on the way. The business dragged on very slowly, and he wrote to his father for permission to visit Rome and Naples. Without waiting for a reply he set out. He might be denied; but nevertheless he would have seen the places. His mother had a relative at a Convent in Naples who would lend him money to go home.

His youth, enthusiasm and ignorance of the country attracted the notice of a fellow-traveller. This was a youth a little older than Lamartine, and was supposed to be a son or nephew of the singer David, whom he was accompanying to meet an engagement at Naples. It was a three days' journey to Rome and they sought to make it pleasant for Lamartine. The young man was his interpreter at the inns, served him first at the table, and gave him the best seat at his side in the coach, letting him when weary, sleep with his head on his shoulder. He explained everything as they journeyed, gathered flowers for him and filled his hands and hat with fruit. The old singer looked on, evidently enjoying it, and often smiling slyly.

They arrived at Rome in the night and took lodgings at the same inn. Lamartine was awakened in the morning by his friend rapping at his door. Coming into the breakfast room, he looked for his fellow-traveller. A laugh from the company greeted him. There sat at the side of David a Roman girl, elegantly dressed, her black hair in tresses bound by a fillet fastened behind by two golden pins with heads of pearl. This was his companion on the journey. She blushed as she addressed him.

"The dress does not change the

heart," said she. "This adventure will serve to teach you not to trust to appearances of friendship which you should be more slow to accept; they can be something else."

She was herself a singer, a pupil and favorite of David, and assumed this disguise to avoid captious remarks when travelling with him. He remained several days at Rome, and she, resuming the dress, took the opportunity to show to Lamartine the grand sights of the city. St. Peter's Church, the Colosseum, the Francati, Tivoli, Albano. She knew how to show the best places at the best points of view, and the best hours for contemplating the remaining monuments of the Ancient Rome; as for example, under the pines by the large domes of the Pincian mount in the morning, under the grand shadows of St. Peter's at night, at the silent enclosure of the Colosseum by moonlight, the others in the bright days of autumn. There was no warmer sentiment than a calm friendship; her masculine attire, contralto voice and freedom of manner made her seem like a man, comrade and friend.

After their departure, Lamartine lived at the house of an old painter. It was quiet, like his own home, and he had no letters of recommendation to enable him to do more. The painter had a brother who had borne part in the attempt at a Roman Republic. He had been imprisoned when General Mack and the Neapolitans suppressed the movement, but was released by the French army. He adored France the revolutionary and philosophic, but abhorred the Emperor and the Empire, and regarded Bonaparte as the Cæsar of liberty.

"The proof that liberty is man's divine ideal is found," says Lamartine, "in the fact that it is the first dream of youth, and that it vanishes only when the heart is withered and the spirit debased or discouraged. There is not a person of twenty who is not a republi-

can. There is not a wasted heart that is not slavish."

Under these impressions he studied Rome, its history and monuments. Its antiquity, so far from being wearisome, was for him a topic of deep interest. He went from the ancient to modern Rome, taking notes, writing and discoursing on the subject with the family. In this way he spent the season from October till April.

Lamartine next visited Naples, to him the City of Vergil and Tasso. He arrived there the first of April. He was in company with Aymond de Virieu, a fellow-student at the college. Their fathers were with the Royal Guard on the fatal Tenth of August and succeeded in escaping with their lives. The two rambled together over the city and vicinity. The fancy seized them to engage with a fisherman. They made an arrangement with one who with a grandson lived in a humble dwelling on the shore of Margellina. They were delighted with the new experience. Both had been accustomed to the plain life of countrymen, and found it easy to live like fishermen. They were several times recalled to France, but found this life too fascinating, and did not stay.

In September there came violent storms. They had set out to fish for roaches and tunnies, off the coast of Cuma. The sea was smooth and the fishing all that they could wish. Suddenly the wind fell on them, when they were far from any shore. They endeavored to double the cape of Misena, but the storm prevented them. They were obliged to steer for the open sea. The old fisherman was familiar with peril, and calm even in the presence of death. It was night, and the grandson lighted a torch, to apprise all who saw it that they were perishing. The wind became more furious. Everything in the boat was thrown overboard, and the fisherman's entire wealth floated away on the

water. Finally they were able to reach the island of Procida and to land.

The fisherman had also a dwelling here where his wife and grandchildren were living. When the old man told the story of their danger and wonderful escape his young granddaughter, Graziella, prepared a bouquet of rosemary and orange blossoms and suspended it before a little statue of the Madonna. The two young men observed this and crossed themselves.

Next morning, before rising, they overheard the aged wife lamenting their losses and berating her husband for having two *pagans* with him. It was a punishment she said. Then Graziella protested. She had seen their act of devotion, and that the younger had a tear in his eye.

When they went down to view the boat, they found that the waves had broken it to pieces during the night against the rocks. Every one of the family wailed aloud, beating their breasts and casting themselves violently on the ground. The boat was their wealth, and was loved as a friend.

The young men gathered the broken pieces and carried them beyond the reach of the waves. They then quietly stole away and went to the village of Procida, some miles away, where they found a barque very similar to the lost vessel, and purchased it. De Virieu insisted on paying for it, knowing that his friend had little money. It could be made right in France he said. They sent two men around with the boat, and returned by land, purchasing some provisions and oranges on the way. It was yet day but they found the family fast asleep, exhausted by grief, and in attitudes expressive of their terrible despair.

They were speedily roused and the purchases of fruit and food placed at the feet of the young maiden. The old man thanked them, but his wife was morose.

"Come Andrea," said De Virieu, "a man should not mourn over what can

be regained by work and courage. There are boards in the woods and sails in the growing hemp. A day of weeping exhausts more strength than one of hard work. Come down with us to the shore with your wife and children. We are your sailors, and will help you bring up to-night the remains of the wreck. You can make from them, enclosures, beds, tables and furniture for the family. You will enjoy one day in your old age, the sleeping quietly in the boards which rocked you so long on the waves."

"They will only do for coffins," the old woman muttered.

When they came in sight of the new barque, De Virieu said: "This is yours." They all fell at his feet as if struck by lightning. They had lost everything: he had made them as rich as ever. First of all they thanked God, and then they blessed their benefactor. It was hard to believe themselves so fortunate, they were almost afraid to go on board, lest it should prove a phantom and disappear.

The lad Beppo went first. He displayed everything; they wept as they admired. Graziella bowed her head, and then addressed her grandmother.

"You said they were Pagans, though I told you they were more likely to be angels. Which was right?"

The grandmother then humbly besought their pardon and never afterward failed to trust them.

The boy Beppo affixed to the new barque a piece of board from the wrecked vessel on which a figure of the Madonna had been rudely carved. It was a custom in ancient time to bring earth from an old town to a colony or new settlement, or to place something from an old structure upon a new one to signify that the old existence was thus continued.

The inhabitants of Procida were all of Greek descent. The grandfather of Andrea was a merchant of Ægina who had emigrated because of religious persecution. Adverse fortune had followed,

till the family fell into its present reduced condition.

The stormy weather compelled the young men to remain many days. They explored the island and of nights were entertained by music with the guitar and tambourine.

Why should they leave their homes to come and row, read, write, muse in the sun and lie on the ground by the Bay of Naples, was more than this simple family could understand. They said they were poets.

"You are laughing at me," said Graziella; "you do not have your hair in disorder, and your eyes are not wild, like those whom they call poets on the quays. You do not even know how to play a note on the guitar. With what do you accompany the songs that you make?"

But to her grandmother she said: "It cannot be that they are refugees driven from their own country for some crime. They are too young and too good for such badness."

They teased her with accounts of the naughty things they had done. Their smooth faces, however, their quiet eyes, laughing lips and open-heartedness, were in such contrast with the crimes which they described as to provoke her and her brother to laughter and banish distrust.

They had rescued from the wreck a copy of *Tacitus*, the *Letters of Jacopo Ortis*, and *Paul and Virginia*. She supposed them to be prayer-books, and wondered why the young men did not become priests or monks. To undeceive her they read from the books, translating as they read. Neither Tacitus nor Foscolo created any interest. Lamartine remarks; "The sentiment of political liberty, the aspiration of men for leisure, does not descend so low among the people."

She could not understand why Ortis should despair and kill himself when so much opportunity for enjoyment was at

his hand. Whether Austrians or French ruled in Milan was little matter. Nor did Tacitus interest them. To them it seemed of little account whether it was Empire or Republic, virtues for glory, or death for prosperity.

But Paul and Virginia roused all their attention. "The note was struck which vibrates in unison in all of all ages and all conditions—the universal note which includes all in one sound alone—the eternal verity of Art: Nature, Love, and God!"

The old fisherman forgot his pipe; his wife sat as though fixed to the seat. Graziella drew toward the reader as one fascinated. It was a revelation to her. She was revealed to herself in Virginia. In that half-hour she had matured six years.

Lamartine closed the book and refused to read more till the next night. She implored him but in vain. All next day she would not speak, but she watched for the sunset. At the close of the reading no one spoke; the lamp went down, and each one stole silently away.

The stormy weather ceased. Letters summoned De Virieu home, and Lamartine returned to Naples. He took up his solitary life as before, moped incessantly, and finally fell ill with the *mal de pays*. His relative was away, and the physician who came to the convent could find no technical ailment to prescribe for.

Lamartine sent word to Andrea at Margellina. Only Graziella happened to be at home. She came with the messenger and hurried to his room with reproaches because he had not sent before. But glancing at her humble dress she added:

"Ah, I see. We are poor and you would be ashamed to let us come into this fine mansion. Yet for all that, though we were scorned by you, we would always have come."

Immediately, without affectation or shadow of a false modesty, she began

to wait upon him. She purchased oranges, squeezed the juice into a glass and gave it to him. Before going away she took a silver image of the Madonna from her neck, fastened it to the curtain of the bed and charged him repeatedly to pray to it. Then she left.

He began to mend at once. He slept sweetly, and the next day procuring a curricule he rode to Margellina. He found the family all there, about to go and visit him. Graziella clapped her hands, declaring that the silver image had cured him.

She was now employed by her uncle, the foreman of a coral manufactory. He and his son Cecco, an amiable youth, but sadly deformed by rickets, took turns in teaching her the work. She was able to earn enough to clothe the family and send her brothers to school. She took Lamartine to her room and showed him how the work was done.

As night approached he was reluctant to leave. Graziella whispered to her grandmother, who at once invited him to stay and live with them. All joined in the proposal except Graziella. A room was fitted up for him, and he remained through autumn and winter.

He resumed his habits of reading and attempted writing in French and Italian. He would read over what he had written, and throw it away. This excited the girl's curiosity. She would steal in, peep over his shoulder, and snatch away his book or pen. He would frown and affect to scold her, but she would only laugh. She asked what the book had said, whether the black lines on the paper ever stopped talking, and why he wrote at night and threw it away in the morning. Why not talk to her? She had more mind than the leaves of paper, for she could tell him what he asked, and then he would not spoil his eyes and burn up the oil.

She also began herself to learn to read and write. The affection which he had for his comrade, so he declares,

ebbed back upon her. He describes it as a similar sentiment, but more vivid and tender,—a delightful repose of the heart, without agitation, jealousy or passionate preoccupation. On her part there were exhibited no dreads, reserves or bashfulness; but she acted as a sister with a brother. They lived like two children.

The cousin, the instructor in coral working, came day after day to spend the long winter evenings. She was indifferent toward him, but he was kind and patient. On Christmas eve, however, Lamartine found everything changed. He came late to supper and found everybody constrained in manner. Graziella had been weeping and did not eat. Cecco's father had asked her in marriage for the son, promising a generous care of the family. They had accepted, agreeing that the nuptials should take place after the holidays.

Lamartine had never accounted to himself in this matter. Whether he loved her, he did not know. The thought now forced upon him of the change in their relations, made him conscious that these were more than simple friendship. "I perceived something of the infinity of love," says he, "by the infinity of sadness into which my heart felt itself suddenly submerged."

He could not sleep. He arose before the family and went away, remaining for days. He roamed about Naples, visited other places, and ascended Mount Vesuvius. Everything failed him; he returned hesitating to Margellina.

Graziella, he learned, had shut herself in her chamber, neither answering a call, coming to meals, nor working in coral. The uncle called often for his answer, the old people urged her compliance. She only replied that she would rather go to Geneva. To Catholics this threat was as awful as that of suicide. A consent, however, had just been procured, and the betrothal was to take place on the morrow. He welcomed

Lamartine back, declaring that his presence always brought them good luck.

He felt that this was not true. He went to his room and fell into a heavy sleep. Awakened several times, it seemed to him as if she had opened his door; also as if he heard sobs and smothered cries in the storm outside, and his own name pronounced with a call for help. He listened but hearing no more, supposed it an illusion.

In the morning he found the family plunged in the deepest grief. She had fled away in the night. Her clothes, ornaments and money were left, and in a little note she asked forgiveness, naming Lamartine and returning to Cecco his ring.

Lamartine found in his own room a pomegranate blossom which he had admired in her hair, and the little silver image which she had left with him when he was ill at the convent. She had, then, opened his door; and traces showed that she had spent an hour on the terrace in the storm, kneeling or lying down, groaning and weeping.

The monasteries and houses of friends were searched in vain. An inspiration prompted Lamartine to go to the grotto of Pausilippa. There he took a vessel for the island of Procida and hastened to the cabin where Andrea had lived. He knew where the key was kept; but it was not there. The door was fast, but there was a faint glimmer of light inside. He uttered her name in a low voice. A feeble cry was the answer. He besought her to open the door; he had come, guided by her good angel, to find her.

"God!" she exclaimed wildly, "it is *his* voice!"

He spoke again: "Graziellina!"

"It is he!" she cried. "I am not mistaken; it is he!"

He burst open the door. She was lying on a pile of heather, too weak to rise. She was chilled through and her teeth rattled. He chafed her hands, covered her with

his coat, put fagots on the fire, replenished the lamp, and then sat down.

Finally she spoke. In the glowing language of the South, she declared her unconquerable love for him. She would die, but would not love another. She was his on earth and God's in heaven. She was poor and unworthy; she would never ask him whether he did or would love her. Scorn her if he would, rail at her, tread her under foot, deride her as one in rags setting up for a queen, deliver her to be laughed at by everybody, yet she would say it. "If you had been in my place you would have done as I have," said she.

She had come to Procida in the storm expecting never to see him again, as one dead going to the grave. She would be a "religieuse." But the monastery was closed for the night; so she wrote to her friend there to come for her the next day. Coming to the house, she went in and lighted the lamp before the Madonna. Then on her knees she made a vow, a last vow, a vow of hope verging on despair. "You will know if you ever love," said she, "that there always remains a last glimmer of fire in the depth of the soul, even when one believes it all extinguished."

She asked the Madonna for a sign. No one knew where she was. If the friend to whom she had written should come first for her, it would mean for her to go to the monastery. But if he should come, guided by her angel to find her, she was to go with him and love him the rest of her days. To obtain the fulfillment she had cut off her hair as a votive offering.

The Madonna had performed the miracle. "She sent you," she added: "My hair is for her; my life for you."

Lamartine here remarks: "I surmised what it is to love, and took that for love. Alas! I was too young and inexperienced not to deceive myself."

They continued in discourse till the morning. Her piety and his modesty



protected both. Then came her parents for her. The friend had guessed her despair and apprised them. All went back to Naples. Cecco bravely yielded his wishes, but no one thought of Lamartine.

Graziella now feared the summons that would recall him to France. Many were her devices to detain him in Italy. She was often moody and sad, sitting in silence for hours, looking as if beyond the sea. "I see France beyond those mountains of ice," she said to him one day. "I see one who looks like you going, going, going on a long white road that has no end. He goes without turning back, and I wait whole hours hoping all the time that he will turn and come back. But he never does."

As she said this, she hid her face in her apron and would not look up. Lamartine went to his room. He attempted to read, but only wept. He never let her know it. "I was wrong," says he; "a tear from me would have done her much good."

On one occasion she was dressed by girl friends in French style, hoping that by this means he would be less ashamed of her if she followed him home. He made sport of her rudely, and she stripped off the strange attire. She sadly presaged that it was her lot to stay and die where she had lived.

When letters came to him, she would take them before he knew it and hang them for nine days or so, under the Madonna by her bed. She seemed to think that this might change their contents, and perhaps transform a summons home into permission to remain.

But the dreaded blow fell. One night in the last days of May when all in the household were asleep, a knock came to his door. De Virieu was there with a summons from his mother. "The horses are waiting," said he. "It is eleven o'clock. Set out at once, or you never will. Your mother will die in consequence. You know your family hold

her responsible for all your shortcomings. She sacrifices herself for you; for once sacrifice yourself for her. I swear that I will come back with you to spend the winter and another year here. But you must now act with regard to your family and in obedience to your mother's orders."

Lamartine felt like a man utterly lost. He packed his valise in haste, and wrote a note to Graziella telling her of his peremptory summons from his mother, and promising to come back in four months never again to leave her. He confided their future to Providence and love.

He left his purse for her parents and slipped the note under her door, stifling a sob. De Virieu pulled him away. At this moment Graziella came out. She had heard a noise. She recognized De Virieu, and saw the valise on a servant's shoulder. She shrieked and fell insensible. They carried her to her bed. The family now came to her relief. As Lamartine spoke to her she recovered consciousness. At that instant De Virieu drew him away, and in an hour they were on their way to Rome.

He had told her where to address letters to him. At Milan he found one. She was well, she said, but sick at heart, and she trusted his word that he would be back by November.

At Lyons there was another. In it were leaves of a carnation which had grown near his window. She said that she had had a fever, and that her heart ached. She went out less every day, and had been sent for change of air to the house of Cecco's sister, on a hill above Naples.

Three months now passed. Lamartine did not go back to Italy. Her image seemed often to appear to him as a regret and tender reproach. He did not forget her, but she was veiled in his life. He cherished her memory when alone; it followed him into society almost like remorse.

He thus describes himself:

“ True love is the ripe fruit of life. At eighteen, it is not known, but only imagined. In the vegetable world, when the fruit comes, the leaves fall ; perhaps it is so in human nature. I have often thought this since I counted the hairs whitening on my head. I have reproached myself for not having known the value of that blossom of love. I was only vanity. That vanity is the most besotted and the most cruel of vices, for it causes the better nature to blush.”

One night in the first days of November, Lamartine was returning from a ball. A letter and a little package were handed him, which a traveller had brought from Naples. The foreman of the coral manufactory, Cecco's father, had sent it. With a trembling hand, Lamartine opened the letter and read ;

“ The doctor says that I will die in three days. I will say adieu to you before losing my strength. O, if you were here, I would live ! But this is the will of God. I shall speak to you soon and always from the height of heaven. Love my soul ! It will be with thee all thy life. I bequeath you my hair that was cut off for you one night. Consecrate it in a chapel of your land so that something of me may be near you.”

Lamartine sat immovable like one paralyzed, with the letter in his hand. It was day when he stirred, and had strength to open the little package. There was the hair as she had cut it off in the cabin at Procida, the leaves of heather still entangled in it.

He did as she directed. But from that time, a shadow from her death cast itself over his visage and darkened his youth.

Wherever he went, he was reminded of her by innumerable incidents. When alone, her image and her memory were before him. She kept her word. She spoke to him, and he could not forget.

In 1810, he wrote : “ I have entered to-day on my twenty-first year and I am as weary as if I were a hundred. I never thought that to live was so painful.

Why ? I have been a fool. I met felicity and did not perceive it ; or rather, I did not till it was borne out of reach. I had not willed it, I let it slip. Death took it for her. Graziella, Graziella, why did I forsake thee ? The only delightful days of my life, I spent with thee in the poor abode of thy father. Why did I not understand at first that thou lovedst me ; and when I did, why did I not love thee enough to prefer thee above everything, no more to blush for thee, but to become a fisherman with thy father, and to forget in that simple life and in thy arms my name, my country, my education, and every garment of chains to which my soul was bound, which shackled it at every step ? Now it is too late. Thou hast nothing more to give me except eternal remorse for having deserted thee. And I have nothing for thee but these tears which come to the eyes when I think of thee, tears of which I hide the source and object.”

Twelve years later, Lamartine visited Naples. He sought for traces of Graziella. He could not find any, either at Margellina or Procida. The little house on the island was in ruins.

“ Poor Graziella,” he apostrophizes, “ fortunate days have passed since that time. I have loved, I have been loved. Other rays of beauty and tenderness have shone on my dark path. Other souls have been laid open to me, disclosing in hearts of women the mysterious treasures of beauty, saintliness and purity which God has animated on the earth in order that we may understand, perceive and desire heaven. But nothing has blurred thy first apparition in my heart. I have lived longer, but I am brought nearer to thee by thought. Thy memory is like the fire on thy father's boat which the distance separates from the smoke, and which shines more distinctly the farther it is from us. I know not where thy mortal body reposes, nor whether any one weeps for thee in thy own land ; but thy true sepulchre is in my heart. There

thou art enshrouded. Thy name never occurs to me in vain. I love the language in which it is uttered. There is at the bottom of my heart a tear which escapes, drop by drop, and falls sweetly on thy memory, renewing it and embalming it in me."

One evening in 1830 Lamartine went into a church in Paris. A coffin was borne in containing the body of a young girl. At once he thought of Graziella and wept bitterly. He repaired to his chamber and wrote the verses "*The First*

*Regret.*" Twenty years had passed, but the wound had not been healed.

"It is thus," he adds, "that I would by these written tears, expiate the hardness and the ingratitude of my heart at eighteen. I am never able to read these verses over without adoring that new image which constantly brings up for me the transparent and mournful waves of the Bay of Naples, and leads me to hate myself. But souls on high forgive. Hers has forgiven me. You also must pardon me. I have wept."

## THEORY AND PRACTICE.

BY VESPERA M. FREEMAN.

FROM the foundations of the world, before literature was, all great Truths have been orally transmitted and finally embalmed in Legends. These legends speak an Universal language, for the truths conveyed are universal and each man hearing, receives and comprehends according to his merit or the degree of his development.

We find in the Legend of the Holy Grail as retold by Tennyson with all the magic art and flowery setting possible to modern language, one of these old truths which at this time specially seems to press forward for recognition and assimilation. One asks here:

"What is this phantom of a cup that comes and goes?

For on a day she sent to speak with me.

And when she came to speak, behold her eyes

Beyond my knowing of them; beautiful

Beyond all knowing of them; wonderful.

Beautiful in the light of holiness.

She said,

Sweet Brother, *I have* seen the Holy Grail.

For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound

As of a silver horn from o'er the hills Blown—and the slender sound

As from a distance beyond distance grew

Coming upon me. Oh never harp nor horn,

Nor aught we blow with breath or touch with hand

Was like that music as it came; and then

Streamed through my cell a cold and silver beam,

And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,

Rose red with beatings in it, as if alive, Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed

With rosy colors leaping on the wall: And then the music faded, and the Grail

Past, and the beam decayed, and from the walls

The rosy quiverings died into the night.

So now the Holy Thing is here again  
 Among us, brother ; fast thou too and  
 pray  
 And tell thy brother knights to fast  
 and pray,  
 That so perchance the vision may be  
 seen  
 By thee and those, and all the world  
 be heal'd." \* \* \*

" Then leaving the pale nun, I spake of  
 this  
 To all men ; and myself fasted and  
 pray'd  
 Always, and many among us many a  
 week  
 Fasted and pray'd even to the utter-  
 most,  
 Expectant of the wonder that would  
 be." \* \* \*

" Then on a summer night it came to  
 pass,  
 While the great banquet lay along the  
 hall  
 That Galahad would sit in Merlin's  
 chair.  
 And all at once as there we sat, we  
 heard  
 A cracking and a riving of the roofs  
 And rending, and a blast, and over-  
 head  
 Thunder, and in the thunder was a  
 cry,  
 And in the blast there smote along the  
 hall  
 A beam of light seven times more  
 clear than day :  
 And down the long beam stole *the Holy  
 Grail*  
 All cover'd over with a luminous cloud,  
 And none might see who bare it, and  
 it past.  
 But every knight beheld his fellow's  
 face  
 As in a glory, and all the knights  
 arose  
 And staring at each other like dumb  
 men  
 Stood, till I found a voice and sware a  
 vow."

One great difficulty always presents  
 itself to me, when I attempt to deal with  
 any *single* subject. I can never find a  
 good beginning point where *that* subject  
 may be wholly detached from any other.  
 Live tendrils cling and pull in every di-  
 rection, showing more clearly with every  
 effort that nothing is anything in itself  
 but only *is*, as it is part of something  
 else. Its meaning lies in its relation to  
 other things. Cut off its clinging tend-  
 rils, separate it by force from its rela-  
 tions, you find its horn of meaning,  
 mutilated, dead. There are no begin-  
 nings. All beginning is assumed. There  
 is no detachment. All things are but  
 parts of one thing.

I will not try then, to find a begin-  
 ning. I will not try to separate one thing  
 from another, but just tell you clearly  
 as I can, what I have been thinking  
 lately about theory and practice in their  
 relation to the moral health and conse-  
 quent happiness of all mankind. That  
 the sorrows of the world are grievous, is  
 but too well-known. I need not stop  
 and try to picture them ; they show too  
 plainly and speak too loudly for them-  
 selves. Their daily burdens seem too  
 heavy to be borne by those who have no  
 true theory of life—no light—no guide—  
 no refuge—no sure goal.

All those who have passed beyond  
 this condition, who have won through  
 even to that point of vantage where they  
 know that there is light and help, if they  
 are *men*, must feel constrained to give  
 what aid and cheer they can to those  
 who still are in this greater stress and  
 darkness. How is it then with those to  
 whom the message has been given to  
 "fast and pray," and pass the word on  
 to the brother knights that they too "fast  
 and pray," so that the Holy Vision may  
 be seen again by men and all the world  
 be healed?

Always in learning anything, first  
 comes theory—basic rules—formulas.  
 Then follow examples to demonstrate,  
 explain and prove. Then certain ques-

tions or problems are put to the pupil which he must analyze and adapt for himself, to that particular rule or formula under which it properly falls. That is, he puts into practice what he learns in theory. It seems clear to me that in such practical application of theory the benefit lies. I will not say *all* benefit—but much of it. Let us suppose for instance that music were left to theory and all its strings were dumb; that artists studied light and shade, color and form and picturesque effects, leaving the canvas bare; that men learned in navigation were to sail no ship across seas to its happy destination; that men knowing seasons, soils and seeds were never to sow nor reap; that no miner, mine, no builder, build, no potter turn his wheel.

In short, suppose no knowledge were applied. Could benefit and progress come from theory alone? What a naked world we should find it and sadder than it seems even now. And after all, is the knowledge our own and can we hold it unless we put it to the test of use and *prove* our right? The very meanings of our words are lost if we neglect to keep them well applied and used. A word repeated, parrot like, soon turns into an empty form and stands for nothing, or like a house dismantled, shelters unworthy tenants. Look at the words: Religion, Brotherhood, Faith, Love, Justice. What have these come to stand for, to the world at large! Have not the most atrocious crimes *all* been committed in these sacred names? Nothing is truly ours except through use. No song of bird, no scent or bloom of flower, no poet's thought is ours or can remain and help us, unless we seize upon its meaning and relate it to ourselves and apply it in our daily lives.

We have been studying a great and beautiful philosophy. I should say *the* great philosophy, since there is only the one in reality. Its basic principles appear self-evident truths. It satisfies

the mind and gives the key through use of which the complex problems of existence may be solved. Understanding even the outlines of this Philosophy, the Chaos which the world presented, falls into perfect order, governed by perfect law. Now comes this question of theory and practice.

Our burdens have been eased through even this partial understanding. Shall we now study further detail and hurry on for more relief and greater freedom, or shall we put to use what we have learned in helping others? *Can* we go on and leave these others who have no understanding of life or why they suffer, to sink under their heavy loads or struggle on unhelped? I do not think we can. I think the only path to greater knowledge lies through our effort at application of what knowledge we already have. For the keynote of our philosophy is that all men are simply different presentations of one thing. That the Soul of all Humanity is the One Great Soul manifesting itself to itself, through the medium of matter in individualized centres and forms, for a purpose of Its own. Here is the true basis of Religion, of Brotherhood, of all ethics and of moral law and of the proper conduct of Life. If this be true, then the real aim and purpose of each man must be the same. That is to learn to understand and consciously carry out in his own particular way the purpose of the one Soul. There can be no conflicting interests, no opposing duties, no good for one that is not good for all—no unequal gifts or unmerited awards. There can be no injustice in the Soul. The only way a man may gain or merit a reward lies in his conscious obedience to the impulse of the Soul. And the reward he gains is only a more enlightened understanding and an increased ability and power to work more surely toward universal ends.

We are all here for each other—each for all. We are object lessons for

each other, but what we learn or what we gain is equally for all—no other gain is permanent—it is Dead Sea fruit. We must rise and fall together as we advance through fiery trials and crucifixions of earthly life to a common destiny. This doctrine, of course, is nothing new. It has been repeated from age to age. It is the underlying meaning in legend and fairy tale, in the folk lore of every people, in the old tragedies and in the great world epics.

At the Centre of his being every man recognizes its truth, but he is not helped if he lets it pass as theory and does not apply it in his life, nor can he help others; until he in some measure delivers himself, he is powerless to deliver others.

The trouble is, so few *believe*. The pity is, there is so little *Faith*. Even the good knight Percivale lacked faith enough to carry him safely through his first trial. After he had made his vow and started on his Quest he said :

“Thereafter the dark warning of our king,  
That most of us would follow wandering fires,  
Came like a driving gloom across my mind.  
Then every evil word I'd spoken once  
And every evil thought I'd thought of old  
And every evil deed I ever did  
Awoke and cried ‘This Quest is not for thee.’  
And lifting up mine eyes, I found myself  
Alone and in a land of sand and thorns.  
And I was thirsting even unto death  
And I, too, cried ‘this Quest is not for me.’”

Man holds himself too cheap, seeing and recognizing the truth he is ready to yield when difficulty presents itself.

He will not see that in the very struggle lies his opportunity; that

strength and courage and all noble qualities develop and strengthen only through his efforts to overcome these evils in his nature and in the adverse circumstances of his life. He is still too ready to cry out “this Quest is not for me.” But the Quest is, indeed, for every man at every moment; by different paths perhaps, but the same Quest.

Into his daily life, into each word and thought and act must enter the recognition of this living truth. No question of right or duty or propriety in our relations with each other, no matter how great, no matter how small, but will fall into its proper place and find its answer if we simply apply this test: “Will it help on or will it obstruct the purpose of the Soul manifesting through me?” If it help, it is right, if it hinder, wrong.

This is the only path toward happiness, for true happiness is the conscious approval of the Soul. It has nothing whatever to do with outward conditions and environments, with the so-called failures and successes of life. The individualized Soul, the real man, is swathed round and in a way imprisoned in material forms while on this earth. He has a body and a physical brain and senses and organs, which he has assembled for himself that he may carry on his investigations in matter. It is in this contact with physical nature that the trouble lies—also the opportunity.

There is an element of delusion inherent in Nature. She is full of temptations. She is all the time trying to lead a man up into some mountain to show him some shining possession or other, and saying to him “All this will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.” The senses say to him “you certainly are separate from these other men.” The mind reports to him that his good is separate from the universal good—that he certainly can gain riches and fame for himself—that the body must be fed and clothed and taken care of and

that it must not be overworked or lack sleep or risk illness for anything but his own pleasure—that he must compete for possessions and place and power in order to exist. It insists that the present life is all the life he knows and that he must believe nothing he cannot see proved. All these combined efforts on the part of Nature more or less involve the man. He imagines he is identified with the mind that doubts and hesitates and with this brain that reasons and speculates and with these senses that make false and faulty presentations and with the body that feels heat and cold, hunger and thirst. Thus is the man beguiled and bound and loses command of his own servants in his own dwelling place. Then does he need a trumpet call from some good brother that will rouse him to exert his strength in battle. For he *must* fight or quit the field. He must win free and take command or the purpose of his life can never be accomplished.

Identifying himself with the soul alone what doubt or fear can reach him? What evil thing can touch him? What good, either of beauty, truth or love can miss him? These passing shadows which the lower nature casts upon him cannot affect him permanently. They cannot affect us now if with our whole heart and mind and strength we work on steadily until Brotherhood is recognized in the world for what it is and humanity is humanized. This is the proper application and real use of what philosophy we already have,—and for the present it seems enough.

“Fast and pray,” the message came to Sir Percivale. Brothers, let us too fast and pray. Jesus said “Watch!” *We* have been told “Work!” The words do not matter,—the meaning is the same in all. Let us then fast and pray and watch and work, “that the Holy vision may be seen again of men and all the world be healed.”

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“A great difference exists between the Theosophical Movement and any Theosophical Society. The Movement is moral, ethical, spiritual, universal, invisible, save in effect. A society formed for Theosophical work is a machine for conserving energy and putting it to use. . . . Organized theosophical bodies are made by men for their better coöperation, but being outer shells they must change from time to time as human defects come out, as the times change, and as the great underlying spiritual movement compels such alterations. One can see that to worship an organization, even though it be the beloved theosophical one, is to fall down before form, and to become the slave once more of that . . . which the T. S. was meant to overthrow. Some members have worshipped the so-called T. S., thinking it to be all in all, and not properly perceiving its *de facto* and piecemeal character as an organization. . . . H. P. B. herself declared that it were better to do away with the Society rather than to destroy Brotherhood. . . . We have not changed the work of H. P. B. but enlarged it. . . . It is not Theosophy, nor conducive to its spread, to make legal claims to theosophical names, symbols, and seals, so as to prevent, if possible, others from using them. Those who do not know true Theosophy, nor see the difference between forms and the soul of things, will continue to worship form and to sacrifice brotherhood to a shell.”

August, 1895.

W. Q. JUDGE.

# THE REBIRTH OF BEAUTY.

BY H. T. EDGE.

JUST before the death of our great Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, there appeared in *Lucifer* one of her thundering editorials, entitled "Civilization the Death of Art and Beauty." In it she referred to the desolation of landscapes by smoke and refuse-heaps, the meanness of modern architecture and decoration, and the dreary, prosaic, and desecrated aspect of modern life in general. Surely, in this swan-song of hers, she struck one of those key-notes which she was sent to strike, and which it is the duty of her pupils to echo. Beauty is one of the age's departed glories that it has to win back, for ugliness is a thing of evil.

Modern ugliness is the expression of internal discord and gloom, and cannot be altered until harmony is felt in the souls of men. Artificial attempts to produce beautiful forms only lead to greater incongruities; for scenic and decorative beauty are like human beauty—not to be won by cosmetics, but the symbol of a healthy vitality within.

It is said that the beautiful has been sacrificed to the useful, but never was worse blasphemy uttered. As if the truly useful could ever be dissociated from the truly beautiful! But "useful" and "beautiful" have come to have quite different meanings nowadays. Nearly all our "useful" things are ugly, and very many of our beautiful things are useless to us. But this is only because we have lost that canon of art and construction which can produce objects that combine the greatest utility with the greatest beauty. Surely this canon is of universal application; if it is recognized in bridge-construction, why could we not also make our grand-

pianos and steam-rollers beautiful? But this is a question for artists.

The first essential to beauty is harmony or concord. In music, painting, sculpture, architecture, this principle is obvious. In Nature, whether in her mineral, plant, or animal kingdoms, harmony is preserved. But civilized humanity is like an orchestra in which each instrument plays a different tune. The members of our human choir must be trained to have one ear for their own part and one ear for the general effect, or they will get out of time and tune. Which of our great money-makers ever has an eye to the effect which his doings will have upon society generally?

This exclusiveness, pushed to extremes, may become very ridiculous, even to our hardened eyes. For instance, we often see two semi-detached houses with a common portico, one half of which is painted red and the other half green; or two members of the same family in church, one turning to the east and the other to the north. Sights like this make one say, "Verily, unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age."

To achieve beauty, then, we have to practice harmony. We may as well begin at home, in our family circle. We can make the experiment of living henceforth with a view—not to our own personal interest—but to the general harmony. To try to fit in to the general pattern, instead of shouting our own favorite note regardless of other notes—this will be a first step in the direction of practical harmony. This harmony does not mean subjection to prevailing prejudices, for harmony is not the same as unison.



There is need to welcome back the old mystic idea that every family, as also every community, has a special Over-soul of its own, apart from the souls of the individual members thereof. We speak of the "family interest" and the "commonweal," but the ideas are not concrete enough to furnish strong motives for collective action. If we could look upon a family as an actual conscious being, of which each member is a part, the motive for harmonious action would become more real. Such a being could be invoked in cases of disagreement among the members, and thus the family would become a unit and its parts would be in mutual adjustment. I have taken the family merely as a type of communities in general, and the same principle applies throughout.

It is in Individualism and Selfishness, therefore, that the cause of ugliness lies; nor will beauty reign again in our

midst, until harmony rules our lives. Æsthetic movements, artistic, musical, or what not, will fail, as they have failed, unless the basic truth of soul-harmony is made their foundation-stone. In default of this, they fall an easy prey to the harpies of greed and sensualism. Lovelier far a cottage, where love reigns, than the most æsthetic mansion that rots in stifling atmosphere of selfish seclusion.

Oh! let each of us who loves beauty keep his great, angular, jarring personality muzzled, and blend unobtrusively with the mass. Let us not ask the beauties of Nature to degrade themselves by clustering around our personality in some isolated palace-prison. Let us devote our humble life to the endeavor to sing in tune in whatever choir we may find ourselves. Thus we may do our part in restoring that lost harmony which is the soul of beauty.

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Whereby, however, as we often say, shall one unspeakable blessing seem attainable. This, namely: the Man and his Life rest no more on hollowness and a Lie, but on solidity and some kind of Truth. Welcome the beggarliest truth, so it *be* one, in exchange for the royallest sham! Truth of any kind breeds ever new and better truth: this hard granite rock will crumble down into soil, under the blessed skyey influences: and cover itself with verdure, with fruitage and umbrage. But as for Falsehood, which, in like contrary manner, grows ever falser,—what can it, or what should it do but de cease, being ripe; decompose itself, gently or even violently, and return to the Father of it—too probably in flames of fire?

—CARLYLE.

# THE VANISHERS.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

(Selected)

**S**WEETEST of all childlike dreams  
In the simple Indian lore  
Still to me the legend seems  
Of the shapes who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,  
Never reached nor found at rest,  
Baffling search, but beckoning on  
To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,  
Through the dark of lowland firs,  
Flash the eyes and flow the locks  
Of the mystic Vanishers!

And the fisher in his skiff,  
And the hunter on the moss,  
Hear their call from cape and cliff,  
See their hands the birch-leaves toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green  
Twilight of the clustered pines,  
In their faces rarely seen  
Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow  
On the slopes of westering knolls;  
In the wind they whisper low  
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine!  
Thou and I have seen them too;

On before with beck and sign  
Still they glide, and we pursue.

More than clouds of people trail  
In the gold of setting day;  
More than gleams of wing or sail  
Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,  
Gleams and glories seen and flown,  
Far-heard voices sweet with truth,  
Airs from viewless Eden blown,—

Beauty that eludes our grasp,  
Sweetness that transcends our taste,  
Loving hands we may not clasp,  
Shining feet that mock our haste,—

Gentle eyes we closed below,  
Tender voices heard once more,  
Smile and call us, as they go  
On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine!  
Let us walk our little way,  
Knowing by each beckoning sign  
That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still, with baffled feet,  
Smiling eye and waving hand,  
Sought and seeker soon shall meet,  
Lost and found in Sunset Land!

BY M. L. GUILD.

I HAVE never spoken of it without raising a laugh and the assurance that, as one bright woman put it, "My *forgettery* is all right; it's my memory that needs training."

Ah, indeed? Is it truly so? Let us examine ourselves a moment carefully, honestly. Most of us will then be obliged to acknowledge that, difficult as we find it to remember when we wish, it is still more hard and often impossible for us to forget at will. As a usual thing we remember because we cannot forget and, *vice versa*, forget because we cannot remember. Rarely are remembrance and forgetting, as they should be, acts of direct volition on our part. This is most true of forgetting because, though we often wish, sometimes vaguely, sometimes bitterly, that the unpleasantness of the past might be wiped out, yet the actual need of it has not been pressed upon us, as has that of remembering, by the loud-voiced calls of physical existence. To remember is needed if we would get on in the world; to forget concerns, we think, but our heart's repose. So as usual the harsh insistence of the outer drowns the gentler pleading of the inner and we struggle and strain in our efforts at a one-sided development, forgetting that all one-sided growth carries within it its own destruction.

We look wistfully at Mr. A., a splendid man of business with every detail of his vast undertakings at his fingers' ends, and we covet his marvelous control over his affairs, due we think to his splendid memory. Control! Poor Mr. A.! He does not see any more than we do that he is the veriest slave on earth. Control his business? Not he! It is the business that controls him, and that

like some evil genius haunts him day and night. He may lock the door of his office; but his business walks home with him. It dines with him, and if after dinner he smokes a cigar, hoping to quiet himself, the scent of it recalls one smoked by Mr. B. when making a new business proposition, and away the tired brain goes, over and over details and figures. For hours, perhaps, after he has gone to bed he tosses, reckoning, planning, calculating, and when at last his eyes close the brain dreams on. Yet the next day he accepts at the office some envious compliment on his wonderful memory, feeling quite sure that he deserves it. Does he? Ask his family and they will tell you, if they are not too loyal, that his wife has always to remind him of their social engagements, that it is never safe to give him a letter to post or to trust him with an errand: he will surely forget. In other words the man has no memory at all. What seems a memory of business matters is simply an inability to forget them; for they have possessed his whole nature. He is simply possessed by the spirit of business and what seems like a memory of business details is in truth, but an inability to forget them.

But a business life is so full of strain! Yes; but the same conditions belong to almost all men. Take Mr. C., a musician. We laugh at and excuse his absent-mindedness as only a proof of genius. "He has such a wonderful musical memory." He has nothing of the kind. He as much as the business man is controlled; controlled by his music which will not leave him and which like the other's ledgers haunts him day and night. He does not remember

his music; he simply cannot forget it. Try him. Ask him to put one little tune out of his head. That particular tune will ring in his ears all night.

And so it goes with all of us, whether business man, scientist, musician, or woman of fashion, we remember only those things which have taken possession of us. The brain-cells change and move, open and close, and like the biograph give forth over and over the scenes of the near or far past while we perforce sit still and watch; watch, in renewed agony at past woes or regretfully at past joys, but always watching. Yet are we machines that we should thus tamely submit to giving forth the impressions on any cylinder that may be shoved into us? No; we are human beings with the divine gift of free-will, and the holy mission of continuing our evolution by "self-devised and self-induced effort." But evolution means betterment; and betterment means change; and so we find one who knew whereof he spoke saying:

"Memory is the great foe to occult development."

Not the true memory, the ability to remember; but the false memory, the inability to forget. Not memory in the sense of deliberate retrospection for a distinctive purpose; but the automatic and often unwished-for reviewing of the past. The former is usually helpful; for in it we retain our will and consciousness, and are able to learn from it; but in the second we lose our present self and become once more the toy of the emotions and passions of the past, retarding our growth. None of us would deliberately seek out the man or woman who, we knew, was going to do that which would anger or distress us. Yet we sit still and allow the denizens of our waking dream-world to arise again and again before us, stirring up each time, and with no fresh cause, the sorrow or anger that their originals had aroused in the past. We are so indignant at

past wrongs (which we then deserved or they could not under the Great Law have come to us) that we continually re-inflame them upon ourselves; like a kitten that has bitten its own tail and bites it again in anger at the tail. Or it may be it is the happiness of the past that we dwell upon; and, because we surround that past with a glory that does not belong to it, the memory of it brings sorrow instead of joy, makes the present seem blank and mean, so that when perforce we arise from our dreamland we find ourselves enervated for the present.

And all because we have not mastered the Art of Forgetting; because, indeed we have not realized that there is such an art and that it is but the other half of the true Art of Memory which consists in an absolute control of our brain-cells, in compelling them to give forth at our bidding, and only at our bidding, the impressions made upon them. This is easily seen; for the man who cannot remember at will is usually the man who cannot forget; in other words the man who has not his brain in his own control. Nor is this materialism; for there is none possible in Theosophy. The control of the brain-cells, like that of the cells of our entire body, is possible only because, after all, they are not blind matter, but evolving entities with a consciousness and memory of their own and, because of that, capable of answering to our higher mind and consciousness and will. It is one of our duties on the great ladder of evolution to stretch down and help these lower intelligences to develop; and, so perfect is the law of compensation, so absolute the interdependence of all nature, that only thus can we develop ourselves.

The past, the whole past, both near and far, must be forgotten, as it can be, deliberately forgotten; else while we sorrow or rejoice over it the present too becomes past and we have gained nothing from it.

But shall we not in thus forgetting

lose the lessons of the past? Lose? We can lose nothing that truly belongs to us. Forgetting does not mean wiping out the past, for that cannot be done; but only closing of our own will the doors of the cabinet that holds its records. No impression is ever wiped out as is shown by the visions of the dying and the dotage of old age prattling of that which belonged to childhood. As for the lessons of life; learning them does not consist in an intellectual recognition of them, but in assimilating them and making them part of our own nature. If this were not so the Law would not throw the veil of oblivion over our past lives and send us with clean tablets into each fresh incarnation. Let us of our own choice do for the little past of this one life what has been done for us with the ages that have gone by.

But besides helping us in our own growth, the Art of Forgetting serves us greatly in our dealings with others.

Does one come to us, and because of the influences of time, place, and his own temporarily weakened will, tell us that which we know in stronger mood he would not have revealed? Forget it. It can be done. If we do not, he too will remember and, if he be not of a generous

nature, shame of himself will presently turn to dislike of us. Our own forgetting will help him to do likewise. Is it an act, weak or wrong or foolish, that we have witnessed? Forget it; and the actor will also. But if we remember, then will he too; with shame, then anger, and close himself against us so that we shall find it very difficult to help him.

Concerning our own actions too is the Art of Forgetting necessary in our dealings with others. As long as we remember our past, so will they. But if we have the strength and the courage to forget it, both the bad and the good, the failures and the successes and, resting neither on the thorns nor the laurels of the past, free ourselves from that past and live in the mighty present; then will our friends too forget that which has been and take us, as they should, either better or worse, as we now stand. For these human hearts that surround us are kindly in their depths and ready to agree that, as has been said:

“The Past! What is it? Nothing. Gone! Dismiss it. You are the past of yourself. Therefore it concerns you not as such. It only concerns you as you now are. In you, as now you exist, lies *all* the past.

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### PALLAS ATHENA.

We give as our illustration a reproduction of a photograph—one of the Crusade Collection procured at Athens—of one of the most beautiful statues of Pallas Athena. This has already been reproduced in the *New Century*, but in view of the interest aroused in the Greek Drama, *Eumenides*, given by the Isis League of Music and Drama, and as some of the readers of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD do not see the *New Century* we give it again here.—EDS.

# EDUCATION, TRUE AND FALSE.

BY HERBERT CORYN.

AS we get further and further into an examination of what education really is, we shall find ourselves to be giving the word a meaning further and further from that ordinarily assigned to it. At the very outset of our study, in the definition of the term Education, we diverge from that assigned to it in popular thought. Let us, for the purposes of our study, define it as "The causing to come forth from latency of the highest qualities of the soul." Any amount of small criticisms could be lavished on such a definition. A just criticism from the standpoint of to-day, but one that would *not* be levelled at it is that education now consists mainly in ramming things *into* the pupil. That definition, however, takes the form of practical fact, never that of words.

What *are* the "highest qualities" of the soul? They are those that make for the highest kind of life, not only in him who has them, but in all whom he touches. As everybody knows, in some sort of practical way, what the highest kind of life is, we need not stop over that. In passing, and by way of negative illustration, it might be remarked that intellectual qualities, however high, are manifestly not the highest qualities of the soul, since in their completest degree they do not necessarily benefit the possessor or anyone else. They are compatible with the make-up of a fiend.

If not the intellectual, then what?

For our present purpose we may consider the elements that make up man as

- (1) Intellectual powers.
- (2) The feelings, from low to high.
- (3) Desire for feeling.

Let us consider them in order, that we may see which to educate.

(1) The Intellect. This is the power that comprehends whatever is conveyed to it by any of the senses; that analyzes and remembers and compares these data; that reproduces them on occasion, and recombines them in various ways. It is therefore, almost the sole instrument required in learning what is taught in schools: the sciences, languages, etc. It is the chief requisite of the general on the battle-field, of the chess-player, of the man of science, and of the Wall Street operator. It is consistent with any degree of moral baseness, any amount of selfishness; it does not necessarily increase the happiness of its owner or anyone about him, and it is as unreservedly the servant of evil as of good. It is therefore clear that the causing of it to grow is not education as we have defined that process.

(2) The scale of feelings. This is a scale which has probably no bottom and certainly no top. A good way down is the feeling, for instance, of hunger, or of bodily comfort. A little way higher is the feeling of physical health; still higher that of superiority, in any respect, to one's fellows; much higher are the feelings excited by high music; then those of the "ecstatic contemplation" of the mystic; highest is that of compassion or Brotherhood.

Manifestly we have here something capable of education, in our sense of the word:—"the causing to come forth of the highest qualities (that is, states of feeling) of the soul from latency." And these high feelings (such for example as that of Brotherhood) "make for the highest kind of life, not only in him who has them, but in all whom he touches." The learning of the molecular weight of Osmium, of the Latin lan-

guage, of the judges and kings of Israel, and of the capes all around Africa, does not necessarily make for the highest kind of life, admirable as may be these pieces of knowledge from other points of view.

(3) Desire. Desire is the active power, or motor, of consciousness. Desire is, in all cases, for a state of feeling. We say we desire a thing. We really desire the feeling that arises from the possession of that thing. We desire a meal, or rather the feeling of satiety. We desire a bicycle, or rather the feelings that come from owning one and from riding one. We desire the governorship of a State or rather the feeling of importance (or potential usefulness occasionally) that such an eminence inspires. And so on. It is desire that moves us to all actions, desire either *for* one feeling, or *not to have* another. Desire is clearly an educatable thing in the fullest sense of our word education.

Now arises what is almost an axiom, and one that we shall presently need. *Any state of feeling is pleasant, and will therefore be desired, that causes a rush of life unto some part of our being; this desire, once gratified, will tend to arise at decreasing intervals, and may become permanent.*

The feeling of reasonable satiety after a meal is pleasant, because it is accompanied by a rush of life throughout the digestive organs, where part of man's consciousness has its headquarters. The feeling of fear is unpleasant, because it is the departure of life *from* the organism. Pain is the feeling of inadequate life somewhere. The feelings connected with music are pleasant, because they mean an accession of vibratory life to some part of the soul's being. The feeling of Brotherhood is pleasant, because it is an accession of life to him who has it (as also to him for whom it is felt) and so on. Any of these pleasant feelings, once experienced, is desired again, and may come to be always desired. But

now for the practical part, the *method* of education.

The body is the reflector and registrar of our feelings, and conversely, our feelings reflect the condition of the body. A piece of good news makes the heart beat quickly and firmly; and similarly a quick, firm heart-beat tends to have the same exhilarating effect on the feelings as a piece of good news. A fit of anger may determine an attack of gout, and an attack of gout strongly predisposes to fits of anger at slight provocation. Every state of feeling produces a definite effect upon the body. That effect, once produced, tends to recur periodically, and when it recurs, it will reawake the feeling that originally gave rise to it. This is true of adults whose bodies are formed, whose tissues are more or less rigid with years of service. The liver, the spleen, the blood, the heart, the cells generally, are, in a measure, what the tenant of the body has made them, as his feelings constantly throbbled and vibrated out from his soul into the corresponding portions of his body. If, then, the feelings do actually thus affect the adult body, fully grown and formed, if even the hair may be bleached in a night of terror, if anæmia may result in a day or two from shock, if horror at the sight of an injury may reproduce in the onlooker the manifestations of that same injury at which he merely *looked*, how much more is this true for the tender, newly-formed and forming cells of the body of the child that is not yet born? On such cells and tissues as these, every mood, every feeling, every emotion of the mother must stamp itself with a hundred fold the force and moulding power with which it impresses her own fully-formed body. And since, in each of us, a change once worked upon the body by an emotion, say anger, tends to recur, as it does, cyclically, and to reawake in the feelings that one which was its primary cause, it must again follow that this is true

with far greater force in the plastic vital soul, new created for the forthcoming life of the child? For though it is true that no one of us, as a spiritual entity, was ever born or could ever die, yet that vital emotional feeling soul wherewith we touch body, whose emotional range is limited to the octaves of possible physiological vibration, *is* born, *does* become adult, passes to senility, and *does* go out in death. It is the terrestrial instrument of the spiritual man, the seat of common selfhood. This terrestrial self can select among the vibratory feelings possible to him those that will take him higher, or nearer to the real; or he can, as most do, drift almost passively upon the waves of sensation; upon the suggestions of his body. It is no wonder that heredity seems so utterly true, since the fashion of the child's feelings is set for him by the parent in the same way as she sets for him the inner and outer, subtle and gross, types of his physical configuration; doing this in the same way, but, by reason of the nascence of his tissues, more profoundly, as that by which she slowly moulds, from year to year, her own inner framework and subtle micro-functionings.

So education should, and can, begin, long before birth. For the tissues of the infant can be surrounded by, and moulded in accord with, faithfully registering, a garment of parental feeling that *may* be kept pure, high, serene, loving, unselfish; that may be sustained by music, by act and thought of Brotherhood, by pure and harmonious color, by contemplation, prayer, or by whatever contact she can gain with the highest written thought of others. To a body thus patterned, the registrar and reflector of all such states, comes the infant soul; and such a body from the very first, leads, helps, tempts, compels, its little tenant into the same states of feeling (in degree) as those under which the mother day by day laid down the nascent cells and added fibre after fibre

to the nerves as to a harp, string after string is added. The child's education, and one of the noblest, is far ahead at birth. *Something* of this divine work is possible for every mother, and it is for those who have thought out something of its meaning and something of its vast significance for the future of humanity to teach what is possible of it to those who have not, to those whose unceasing whirl of common duties and harassments well nigh prohibit thought.

And after birth?

Look at the way in which the de-education of a child is allowed to effect itself. During its early months and years its main business is to make perfect its senses. Running on unchecked, this process will develop a little sensualist. Not till it is almost or quite too late is the average child taught or compelled to find out that the pleasures of sense and bodily contact are bars against real life. Often, perhaps usually, he is neither taught this nor does he ever come to know it. Later on, in school life, education is competition, and the positive lesson is learned that real life consists in getting ahead of others in disregard of their interests. With these two universally permitted tendencies, sense-pleasure seeking, and self-interest seeking, adult life is entered.

All this is obviously wrong. But it is easy to prevent. Let us remember that happiness arises from the filling up with life of any of the centres of consciousness. This is as true of the higher centres as of the lower; only the lower are those first reached after birth, those connected with the senses. But from the very first the *higher* senses could be reached, and their centres allowed to open to vibrations of harmony. Music, color, form, all these could be employed from the very first, and the child could as easily be trained to have pleasure in them as in the appeals to his palate. And it would probably be equally as easy to tempt him, a little later, into as deep



an interest in the welfare of others as in the pleasures of his own senses. Thus the foundations would be laid of the noblest education, and the laying would be full of happiness; the hard lessons of Karma, later, would be anticipated and made unnecessary by true and exquisite anterior growth of soul. And about the child through all these earlier years would be the light of the parents' thought, interpenetrating itself with his nascent intellectual and sensuous being, and thus powerfully aiding, on interior spheres, the work done objectively by the influences of sound, form, and color. That "education" is painful, and that anything acquired in the early years has

to be subsequently fought with and overcome, is evidence enough that we are on the wrong track. Reversing this track, we should find that the children of future generations would grow up with every permanent centre of consciousness, that is, every divine centre, throbbing with a vibration almost unknown as yet on earth; not won by pain and tears and punishment, but ripening under the sun of quiet happiness. Children would see from the first that in the consciousness of Brotherhood were included all other of the highest forms of consciousness, and that life was only artificially and transitorily linked with pain.

## TWO STREAMS.

BY ZORYAN.

**T**WO movements arise always, when a star of hope begins to shine upon the human skies.

Both are the movements of tearing the bonds, and of a glorious feeling of the freedom gained, when a world is found beyond the senses, when a satisfaction is achieved above the burning fields of passion, when the inner knowledge has begun to blossom, as a flower of the soul awakening in her own kingdom.

But a few steps taken are sometimes sufficient to spread a cometic agglomeration into a thin thread of meteoric dust.

Who are so hastening forward, and who are remaining with the central group?

The first are those who feel repulsion to the forms left behind, who disavow the earth, which gave them birth, who drop all ties, which had taught them and, which perhaps, may be lessons unto others.

"Forward and forward" is their cry. "Drop all your nonsense" is their advice to the weaker brothers, who by being weaker are not so quick-witted. They preach the utmost simplicity and peace and try to quench the illusion by smashing it. Charming and enticingly swift are they, the advance runners of the world of hope. "Not so fast, brothers, that we may see you yet and enjoy your sight." When they turn back to answer with their enchanting smile and their cry "forward," the sky around them burns like a budding rose. But the weaker brothers cannot follow yet.

Books have they discarded, theories have they broken, the human intellect flung to the four winds (those winds, whose Karmic waves deal even with such a food, and without spurning it). They seem some angels of simplicity, not men. To help our troubles? They can do that. They say: "Harsh lessons must be taught those foolish men, who

are so stupid as to have any troubles!" Is not that a radical answer?—"How can we help you"—add they—"bothering our heads with your illusions and producing a false impression that there is any cure for foolishness except wisdom? And wisdom is: renounce the world and follow our flying footsteps, or meditate on the stern alternative of Karma to be left behind."

The cure is really so strong, that many follow them, before the last regret for earthly things dies in their hearts. Many fall back, many shoot forward. The secondary meteoric thread is following their steps. Sometimes it breaks, and the advance guard seems to be lost and lonesome for awhile.

The second are those, who enjoy also the forward movement, but their hope is so great, and their scheme is so wide as to dare the inertia of the whole body of mankind.

With gratitude they look upon the earthly friends and comrades and thank them even for their illusive smiles, which cheered them and made the journey easier, when the night was dark and thick.

They have now a chance to smile sweetly back with a smile of wisdom, and yet with a return of gratitude for the illusive help of the past, and for that love, which, who knows, perhaps, was not a phantom after all, though only phantoms are remembered on the screen.

Ay! sweet is the divine centre even in their dreams. A common centre do they feel with the weaker than themselves, a centre of the roundness of their present comet, of a new world of hope in the free celestial space, and a centre, perhaps, of a future planetary sphere, and even, after ages, of a blazing sun.

This is why they do not scorn to look on any form discarded. Illusive are the wrappings, and even their evil is illusive, and sweet is that bright essence, around which they cloud and roll. And thus they say:

"Together had we woven this bright shining spell of the appearance of the world. Together had we suffered, rejoiced and hoped in truth. Together had we sinned and together shall we rise."

And the addressed weaker brothers understand their speech. Perhaps there is not in it a loftiness of an ideal starry flight into the lonely azure atmosphere—but the sublimity of true and faithful love, what heart exists that will not feel?

Forgiveness for the illusions of their friends and a patient hand! No chances of a reaction of a "nonsense" in which the "non-sense" is hidden. The world of hope has dawned in the whole length and breadth of the illusive life for its bright inner essence.

The helping words of the true wisdom speak through a speaker, but not for the speaker alone. Thus when they sound, every angel, man and creature hears the word spoken, as though directly to his inner ear, and this they understand.

These helpers, instead of taking an independent flight, tarry yet in the illusive fields, even though their soul is free. Freedom from action for our own sake, this they find and proclaim, but for another's sake they dare to enter into a net of spells and winds of a dark stormy night, and calm the terror-stricken brothers with an assurance that all will end well, if they so wish. And they are glad to do at a time even so much.

They quicken the rising flame in every mind they touch. They send it to the uttermost limits of the earth. The blessed fire burns in flaming ribbons around the planet. The sparks descend into the deepest pits, even into places of torture, despair and shame.

To the service of the tables they attend, gathering the sorrow-stricken who crave for bread and a sweet word. To the ordered life and march of progress, even through illusions, they lend their labor. Wrapping after wrapping gently they remove from humanity's sleeping

soul, opening a way for the golden Heart-light's cheering glow.

The mazes of the intellect they do not fear, neither sound they an alarm for all to run for life, but quietly and with a wise assurance and a faithful heart they gather those who wish the light, and point the way to many and to all who are entrapped in this seemingly measureless labyrinth.

Wall after wall is broken, channel after channel is formed towards outside ; orderly movements start,—all the halls merge into a system, that by escape might profit not a handful of the alarmed few, but all the hosts of captives, those hosts who were once free among the stars of heaven.

And when all unite in the great work, a thunder is heard right in the centre of the earth, and even the laws of nature undergo a change, and all creatures rejoice at the approaching liberation.

Two movements rise, when a star of hope begins to shine.

Upward mounts the first one, driven by its own propelling force, lifting itself to the blue fields of the infinitudes, caring more for freedom than for love.

The second starts at a slanter angle above the useless inertia of the lower world, and watching with a loving eye those it leaves behind. Flying it turns to them and turns again, and makes a circle around their common centre, ever helping on. Thus in it, two forces, one propelling, another centre-seeking, tend to equilibrate, and this is what the Teacher calls the Middle Path.

More and more of rings are formed by joining new companions of the workers of Compassion. Closer become their trajectories, swifter grows the motion of their flight. Life becomes intense and bright beyond all dreams and blazes like a sun.

They will also earn their rest, but not in the far distances, where all motion dies. Attracted to the centre, revolving closer to it, though their circles will ever faster move, yet the great Peace will they surely gain, because,—before a man, a planet, or a world can reach the Realm of Silence, he must merge all his swifter and swifter lines of motion into a single point—the burning divine centre of the universal Heart.

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The best thing that hath been given to man in this world is wisdom ; the most goodly gift that can be given to him in the next world is pardon. The best disposition for him is that he should have a lively appreciation of the high and godlike character of his own nature, so that the thought may keep him from evil, or cause him to repent if he has done wrong.

—HUSHAN. (*From the Persian.*)

# BROTHERHOOD.\*

BY T. B. H.

THE Theosophical Society has always placed in the forefront of its programme, as its first and most important object, the formation of a nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood, without distinction of race, creed, caste or sex. It would doubtless be incorrect to say that this object of the Society has been entirely overlooked in the West, but it is to be feared that not a few members of the Society have accepted it as an amiable formula, to which no objection could be raised, and have turned their attention almost exclusively to the two remaining objects. And yet, without some attempt to understand the true meaning of this Universal Brotherhood, it is idle to expect that any great services can be rendered to the cause of Theosophy. It may be useful to see whether any explanation can be given of the reason for the neglect of this first object, and whether such light may be thrown on its meaning, as may render the idea a living reality to many who now but faintly grasp its significance.

In the first place it may be said, that in many enlightened Western minds, there was already a familiarity with the idea thus enunciated. Christianity has always taught the "theoretical" equality in the sight of God, of all true believers, and politically the dogma of "equal rights" is practically beyond the reach of attack. The abolition of slavery, the extension of representative government, the spread of education, and perhaps also in some degree, the influence of the scientific as opposed to the religious theories of the origin and destiny of man, have all combined to render this idea by no means difficult of apprehension, at least intellectually.

Further its acceptance in this sense has not necessarily entailed any different view of the duties and responsibilities of life. In the East it cannot be said that this is the case. In India, the stringency of caste regulations causes class distinctions to assume a very definite form, while religious hatreds, if not more bitter than with us, enter more directly into the life of the people, and interpose stronger barriers between man and man than in Europe or America. Hence an Indian theosophist must, before he can accept the first object, even in its outward form, modify to some extent his intellectual conception of the relations in which he stands to the rest of mankind, and he will in his life give practical proof of the change. In his case the acceptance of the outward form can only follow on the appreciation of the inner meaning; that which results is that his theosophy is firmly founded on the principle of the Universal Brotherhood.

On the other hand, in the West, a familiarity with the external side seems, in many cases, to have prevented any attempt to go below the surface, and to have caused men to be satisfied with vague philanthropic sentimentality, effecting nothing, and leading nowhere.

What then is this Universal Brotherhood, which is the main spring of Theosophy? and what are its results?

*Socialism* as preached in this 19th century it certainly is not. Indeed, there would be little difficulty in showing that modern materialistic socialism is directly at variance with all the teachings of Theosophy. Socialism advocates a direct interference with the results of the law of *Karma*, and would attempt to alter the *dénouement* of the parable of the talents, by giving to the man who

\* Reprinted from *Lucifer*, Vol. I, No. 3. Nov. 1887.

hid his talent in a napkin, a portion of the ten talents acquired by the labor of his more industrious fellow.

Neither is it true that in practical benevolence is the whole idea of universal brotherhood exemplified, though doubtless that unselfish and unceasing work for the good of mankind, which is true philanthropy, must of necessity be one result of it. The philanthropist may be, and no doubt often is, a true theosophist in all but name, though there is still much of what may be called unintelligent benevolence, the result of a mere emotional impulse; and again there is much that is the result of very decided and very narrow sectarian views, to which it would be absolutely impossible to apply the epithet universal. The devotion and self-sacrifice shown in many individual instances by Christian missionaries of various denominations, may be taken as fairly exemplifying philanthropy both of the unintelligent and the narrow type. They are prepared to make any sacrifice for what they believe to be the ultimate good of humanity, and in that sense are practising what some others only preach, namely true unselfishness, but they are often hampered by an intellectual inability to view both sides of the question, and fail thereby to acquire that understanding of, and sympathy with the difficulties and the wants of those whom they are endeavoring to aid, which are necessary preliminaries to any work of lasting usefulness. In a word, they too often fail to realize that unity in mankind which truly underlies all individualism. But having said so much, it must be added that an understanding of the real meaning of "Brotherhood" must entail active benevolence, that is to say, work for others in some form or other, upon every one who does not wilfully thrust aside the obligation.

Where then are we to look for the explanation, and how are we to understand the spirit which must animate all true

theosophists, if they are to realize and follow out the first rule of the Society? Not surely on the physical plane. Not by an attempt to force on the intellect as a fact to be accepted, or more truly a pill to be swallowed, a belief in similarities, equalities or identities, which have no existence. Only a realization of what truly constitutes man can help us to form a conception of what brotherhood means.

Man is a complex organism as he exists on our earth to-day. He is partly transitory, partly eternal; in one sense the creature of circumstances, in another the creator of his own environment. But the true man, the underlying individuality is a reflection of the Divine. We are able to discern physical beauty, even when clad in rags. Is it impossible that we should also recognize the beauty of the soul, though it be for a time veiled beneath a gross material body? The physical body is indeed nothing but the garment of the ego, the true man; that momentarily suited to his needs and his deserts, the livery of his servitude, which must be worn, in ever changing forms, till the moment of his final emancipation. It is then beyond the physical, beyond the intellectual man, that we must look for that fraternity, arising out of unity and equality, which cannot be found on the purely material plane of existence. The divine soul of man, in which is posited his true individuality, is the real man, the immortal ego, which, through the accumulated experience of many earth lives is marching onward through the ages to its goal, reunion with the Infinite. What matters then the outward semblance, which our senses know as man? Our æsthetic perception may shrink from the rags, the dirt, the ugliness which belong to the physical environment. Our moral nature may revolt at association with vice, with low, selfish courses of life, but within and behind all this we must endeavor to realize the continual presence

of the immortal ego, one with us, as with all humanity, as sharing the divine nature, and ever struggling, as we are struggling, on the upward path that leads to the realization of the Absolute. As Carlyle says in *Sartor Resartus*: "Mystical, more than magical is that communing of Soul with Soul, both looking heavenward; here properly Soul first speaks with Soul; for only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, not in looking earthward, does what we call Union, Mutual Love, Society, begin to be possible."

It may be objected that in some cases it is impossible to recognize even the glimmerings of those higher aspirations, which are the tokens of the presence of the soul, the immortal ego. Such cases, however, must be comparatively rare. Still there are beings—it is impossible to call them human—who have so persistently concentrated all their efforts on the gratification of their lower consciousness; as to sever the frail link which binds them to their higher selves. Then the true man is no longer present in the human form, and brotherhood becomes an impossibility. But we may in truth almost ignore the existence of this type of mankind, for even when an intellectual materialism seems to be the sole ruling principle, we dare not deny the presence of that capacity for higher things which must exist in all who can still truly be called men.

Surely then it is in this view of our relations to our fellow-men, that we shall find that guiding influence which may enable us to rise above the sordid considerations of our ordinary earthly existence. It is no sectarian belief that is here advanced; it is the essence of the

teaching of Jesus, as it was of Gautama; nor is it a mere formula, to be accepted as an article of faith, and then laid on the shelf. Once understood, it must influence all who have sufficient strength of purpose to fight their own lower selfish personalities, and must lead them to the practical realization of their aspirations towards true unselfishness and active benevolence.

But there lurks a danger even in the use of the word unselfishness. It has been the text of sermons from every pulpit in Christendom for centuries, and with what results? No doubt the duty nearest at hand must not be neglected, and it is the duty of every one to do what he can to render those about him happier. But many stop there and consider that all their work consists in the practice of self-abnegation in their own small circle. Does not the broader view of human life here set forth suggest a new sphere of usefulness, and, therefore, of duty? It is for every man to determine what he can do for the good of humanity; all are not equally gifted, but all can do something. Some theologians appear to be satisfied with intellectual study, or the development of their own spiritual nature; and neither of these two courses is to be neglected; but something more must be done. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the acquirement of knowledge brings with it the obligation of spreading it. This is work from which none need shrink, and all who truly desire to work for Theosophy, which is in the highest sense "the religion of humanity," will find the work ready to their hand, and be able to assist in bringing the Light "to them that sit in darkness."

# THE NECESSITY OF SACRIFICE.

BY HUBERT S. TURNER.

THE necessity for sacrifice in all domains of nature is shown by a study of evolution. Sacrifice, conflict and a ceaseless struggle have made the world what it is. Life began with self-sacrifice, and self sacrifice will have to continue as long as there is a single cell of life to evolve into something higher.

The most rudimentary form of life we know of is the single cell. This cell had a duty to perform, as we all have, namely, to divide itself into two. Upon this basis all evolution rests. Life here gets its first instruction from Nature to sacrifice itself in order that Life's higher aims may be accomplished. These cells in turn sacrificed themselves, dividing again, that other forms might manifest from the invisible into the visible. For centuries and centuries this continued. Then nothing but these almost homogeneous forms existed. Their period of manifestation was limited; their duty apparently insignificant. For them, what was their reward? If they had had the power of thinking, would not they have had good grounds for doubting the justice in placing them there, and the uselessness of their avocation? The great law to them would have seemed monstrous, nothing before them but death, no future, only the past to look to, which but showed the same thing as they were enduring, nothing but sacrifice, without hope of gain. Yet if it was not for the sacrifice of these, the simplest yet the most wonderful of all manifested lives, we would not have the different evolving kingdoms and the many species that we see around us.

If the cell was a complex organism it would not be so wonderful, but here we

have a homogeneous substance performing all the duties of a complex one. Truly we can learn a good deal from the cell. If we all did our duty as the cell does, this globe would soon change its appearance. The cells did not realize their own powers, that they alone were preparing the way for more experienced entities. All this was not wasted; this homogeneous substance began to show differences, the differences increased and multiplied, the apparent uselessness of the cell's development vanished. The differences continued until at last we had the mineral kingdom fully developed. By this time the vegetable kingdom appears in its rudimentary stages. Nature continued her efforts; more sacrifices, then the animal kingdom makes its appearance. Now the vegetable has to sacrifice its life that Nature's higher form, the animal, may have food to live on. The vegetable here reaps its reward in that its molecular structure is converted into the higher animal structure. As the Kabalah puts it: "The stone becomes a plant, the plant an animal, the animal a man, the man a God." Species then began to develop; these species differentiated, then we find them warring upon each other.

This apparent unnecessary sacrifice appears to be one of the necessities of evolution. The opponents of the claim that "Brotherhood is a fact in nature" harp very strongly on this warring proclivity both of the animal and the human kingdoms. Yet, it seems to me, that until absolute self-consciousness and a full knowledge of the spiritual side of evolution is reached, this is the only way nature can *force* progression. If it was not for this sacrifice we would

not have any birds, nor animal or human life. Man alone has the power of reasoning and thinking.

Nature developed this power in him through countless sacrifices and at fearful cost. This is why nature does not entirely *force* him to evolve as she does the lower kingdoms. Having developed this she expects man to evolve and to make all necessary sacrifices *voluntarily*, as he is now in a position to *know* why he should do so. Unfortunately he has not yet realized this.

Whenever we see a variation from any type in any kingdom, there we will find a conflict and necessarily a sacrifice demanded. When the increase of any species had arrived at the time when they were forced to occupy the same localities, the struggle became harder and harder, until the greatest law of Nature, "self-sacrifice" was in operation. Up to and including the present time, *that* law of conflict was compulsory on everything that lived and lives. Nature has ever been seeking "workers," the idlers she casts out as the drones are cast out of the bee-hive. It was work, or else give way to another, to await for a chance again to progress. Darwin's law "of the survival of the fittest" reigned supreme. This compelled all who wanted to live, to more perfectly adapt themselves to their surroundings; to change themselves as conditions changed; to progress.

Unless nature had forced these entities to evolve they never would have succeeded. How fortunate they had not the power of reasoning. The reptile might have been perfectly satisfied with its lot unless the receding of the waters had not compelled it to adapt itself to living on the land. It might still have been satisfied unless others of its kind warring on it had not simply forced it to protect itself some way. Ages and ages must pass; hundreds of reptiles must be the prey of their enemies before between the entity and its bodily habita-

tion there was formed a closer tie and gradually the body changed little by little until our reptile has changed to a bird of the air. Does it seem possible that the reptile could have evolved into a bird any other way?

This method of evolution looks severe until we begin to fathom nature's ways a little more deeply. View it from the standpoint that when the reptile was killed, that was the end of that particular entity and the necessity and purpose would vanish—for what could be gained?—in this case the reptiles would have always remained the same. But look at it from the view that the entity will profit by the experience it has just had and when it again incarnates its body will be different, a mere trifle assuredly, but still enough so that in the course of time the entity that was a reptile now manifests as a bird, and is safe from attacks from that source. See how the law of reincarnation throws a light on evolution and the necessity for sacrifice. This is only an isolated case, but a few moments' thinking will show that this is the only way the lower animal kingdoms progressed.

To take up our evolving reptile again, it has escaped its old enemies only to meet new ones, more sacrifices are demanded as the price of further evolution. The bird is still in the struggle for life; a continuous war with other species of birds is his lot. If he has not gained strength enough to conquer, then he is conquered and slain, and has again to appear, only the next time a little stronger. In this way our defenceless bird increases the strength and size of its beak, the sharpness and strength of its claws, its fleetness of wing, its power of endurance and keenness of sight, until at last we have after countless slaughter and sacrifice such a bird as the eagle.

It is useless to say nature might have taken another way of evolving, we know she did *not*, no other way could have succeeded. We have here an illustration of



the fate of those who idle and do not profit by their opportunities, there is one such example in the bird family that I happen to think of, there may be more. The Dodo was once a powerful bird that for some inexplicable reason had advanced so far and became satisfied with its lot, but declined to take advantage of its opportunities for still further advancement. Not caring to fly, its wings gradually grew shorter and shorter and lost their powerful muscles; contented to stand and sleep all day long, it lost its keenness of sight, its beak grew shorter, its claws contracted. Slaughter of its kind by other birds did not awaken it from its stupor. Gradually degenerating, suffering under the *curse* of inaction, what remains of the Dodo to-day?—not a single known specimen is in existence. As one of the Scriptures has it “Nature spews up the luke warm.” *Here again Nature shows us the “necessity for sacrifice,” this whole species had to be sacrificed, to save it from still further degeneration, to save it from itself.* Truly “Justice rules all.”

We find a parallel to this in the human kingdom, in those who advance so far along the “Path” that they think they have reached the goal, and instead of toiling on, stop and rest contented. They think they have done enough, that no more sacrifices ought to be demanded of them, refusing to listen to those who *know*. Then the door closes in front of them and they have to await another opportunity in a future incarnation. They, like the Dodo, have been saved from themselves. Suppose the rabbit had never been chased by its natural enemies, where would have been its fleetness of foot, its long ears to catch the slightest sound? If it had not been forced to be constantly alert it too might have thought it had reached the “Supreme,” rested, and also degenerated.

Man is the climax of life on this planet and his physical body represents the perfection of all the kingdoms of nature adapted to his needs. He has now almost

grown out of the necessity of being *forced* to evolve, yet conflict and antagonism still hold their sway over him. What a struggle man has to conquer the lower and to develop the higher nature! How many times must that lower nature be sacrificed before he succeeds; a constant struggle and conflict must be kept up all the time. What is this life to most of us but a bitter struggle, sometimes against almost unsurmountable obstacles? How hard it all seems; every bit of experience and knowledge gained only by a series of hardships? Nature is taking good care that when we do learn our lesson, we will know it well. When everything looks desperate, when you think as the *cell* might have thought, of the uselessness of it all, and the apparent injustice of life, just look back at what the lower kingdoms suffered, and how *you* profited by *their* sufferings which were really yours and how *you* will eventually profit by your present sufferings. Do a little thinking and you will soon see how necessary it is, this eternal goading onward and yearning for something better.

The restless energy we see in this country, especially lately, is but another manifestation of this same force. We are always wanting something, never satisfied, constantly seeking change and variety. This is one of the results of the schooling we have been through. Is it not this that has made this country what it is? Again, we see, if it was not for this conflict and sacrifice, man also would be liable to degenerate. We unfortunately have too many men who are degenerates like the Dodo. For years and years we have been striving to find the origin of evil. The most wonderful thing is the origin of good, not that of evil. Where and when did man get the ability to say, “this is good, that is evil,” if not in the struggle and sacrifice of the lower nature, and the higher self ever striving to manifest. Primitive man gradually awakens from his useless paths, slowly he realizes his

mission, gradually he begins to *know* what is right, and what is wrong. "Slowly the Bible of the race is writ, Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it."

Man's proclivity to fight is a relic of the lower animal self, it will cease as he becomes more spiritual, and as the necessity for it ceases. Man now, ought to have enough intelligence to evolve himself willingly, aided but not forced by Nature and her laws. Here is his necessity for sacrifice. H. P. Blavatsky says in the Secret Doctrine, "The sole purpose of nature on this globe is to evolve men; and, from men, Gods." Man from his present position having profited by all sacrifices in the past and being in a position to appreciate it, should now sacrifice himself and endeavor to assist "Humanity and all creatures" in their evolution to a higher state. He can do it or not as he pleases, the penalty for not doing is stagnation, for himself, as he can not leave this plane of action until his duty is done. Ceaseless incarnations will be his lot until by hard experience he learns Nature's great law "that by compassion and self-abnegation *only* can he progress."

We see the working of the "law" again, when anybody is strong enough to come out and say what he thinks when it is, different from what people have been in the habit of thinking. Look back through history and see what has been the price of all reforms. When a Society such as the Theosophical Society was formed with its radical change of thought, what is the result? Nature again enacts her law that "any variation of a type must be capable of sustaining itself against the old forms," we find it not only in the animal but in all domains of life. Think of the sacrifices made by the Founders of the Theosophical Society, and how we are all benefiting by them, how necessary was that movement they began, and which has now culminated in the Universal Broth-

erhood. We and all creatures benefit thereby. If it was not necessary to make some kind of sacrifice to hold up such a movement, what would be the result? If it was not for the law of conflict compelling us to fight every inch of the way it would have been the same as with the Dodo and we would not have carried it to the point we have. Events just passed through in the history of the work show the result of thinking sacrifice is unnecessary. The fate of the inactive and over-confident is always to be thrown out in every work that is along the lines of Nature. Like everything else in Nature, man has to learn by hard experience and sacrifice, consciously or unconsciously, how to properly use the powers he is developing. Yet the majority of people to-day live solely for individual gain; they have not yet learnt the *law*. All men are still under the "necessity for sacrifice," and until they learn this, the law of cause and effect will bring them again and again back to this plane of action, until at last all will realize it and fulfil their mission. How long this will be is hard to tell, though we find the beginning of this universal recognition of the law in the formation of the Universal Brotherhood Organization formed "for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures." What better opportunity can be had for all those who realize the "necessity for sacrifice." Here certainly is a chance for all to help, however little it may be. Let us keep in consideration the "cells" performing their duties as they find them however insignificant, remembering that therefrom springs the welfare of the whole and our own true development. Let us do our duty and remember the advice given in the *Bhagavad Gita* "Be not attached to the fruit of action," "the duty of another is full of danger." If we all do this, eventually the movement will truly become *universal* and everything *then* will be beyond the "necessity for sacrifice."

# TIME AND SPACE.

BY EDWARD C. FARNSWORTH.

MANY students of philosophy recognize time and space as illusory aspects of one eternal unity, each manifesting to finite conception in a threefold manner.

Owing to the limitations of the human mind, we divide time into past, present and future; but on the highest plane all time-limitations melt into one eternal Now. Our conception of space on this physical plane is the result of the imperfection of the human organs of physical sight, and therefore is restricted and imperfect. Gazing at a landscape, we say that such an object is five, ten, or twenty miles distant; our knowledge of perspective, gained from experience, helping us to guess more or less correctly apparent distances; while the child reaches for the moon as confidently as for the nearest toy. A painter, who causes that to appear near, which he intended for a distant object and *vice versa*, violates the laws of perspective.

Imagine a straight row of houses extending for ten miles across a level plain, all precisely of the same size, and fifty or one hundred feet apart. An ignorant observer stationed at one end of the line, at an angle where the houses can all be seen, might say that they grow smaller and nearer together while receding from him. Neither conclusion is true. The eye is an imperfect organ and deceives the observer, as he will find by calling to his aid a good field-glass. Now objects eight or ten miles distant appear to be close at hand; and if the glass is reversed, they seem perhaps twenty or thirty miles away. From this we gather that an eye superior to the illusions of perspective could see the last house in line as minutely as the nearest one, and it would appear to be no further away.

Similarly in regard to what we call time. Events transpiring at the present moment are mentally viewed at close contact, like the first house; those of yesterday are not so distinct, and may be compared to some house farther down the line. Yet some one may say, "I remember a certain event which took place years ago and it seems but yesterday." Exactly!—for now he is using his field-glass so to speak. It is said, that at the moment of death the whole past presents itself in successive details to the mind. Why? Because the soul is shaking off those vibrations which make up the physical body and which, having their origin in the physical brain, hold it to our distinctions of past and present, through the illusions of mental perspective. Then the soul losing its grasp on outward things, turns inward, and in that temporary concentration on its own personality is enabled to focus its whole past in the present moment. On the other hand, the present fleeting moment may become for us indefinitely lengthened thus showing our almost complete servitude to time; but by him who has mastered the secret of time, a lifetime can be measured at a glance.

It is held by some that it is possible to bring to the minds of men so vivid a realization of a past event that the illusory veil dividing the past from the present may be rent asunder, and the event itself projected onto the physical plane. This may be in part mentally realized while witnessing, for instance, the play of Julius Cæsar.

Transported by the magic power of sympathy to those stirring times, we are now in Rome and do as the Romans do. We thrill with the splendid rhetoric of Marullus, and, while we listen to the wily eloquence of Antony, the fate of

Brutus trembles in the balance.

The father of song strikes the bardic string, and that heroic note vibrating down the ages finds responsive echo in the heart to-day. Again the Grecian watch-fires are blazing round the walls of Troy. Yet once again sounds forth the voice of Andromache, as she stands beneath the towers of wind-swept Ilium and bids farewell to Hector, going forth to meet his doom.

Time appears to move in cycles, but all so-called circular motion is in reality spiral. A circular saw revolves on its axis and at the same time is carried from west to east by the rotating globe. The Earth moves round the sun in its orbit but because the sun is travelling in its own path, the earth is never twice in the same place. So too on a higher plane than the physical, the plane of mind, for instance, motion is spiral and each mental experience is different from its cyclic predecessor.

I have spoken of the past and present, but what of the future? If the first two are illusionary aspects of one eternal Now, it follows that the future belongs to the same category. The old saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," expresses a deeper truth than some may imagine. If everything progresses in cycles then knowledge of the past may be a key to knowledge of the future and the future, a projection of the past. Remembering that the Universe as a whole is on an upward spiral trend, it follows that the future will resemble the past in general outline, though fuller and richer in detail; or we can consider it to be the past seen from a higher and better point of view; in other words its correspondence on higher planes.

Again, if the manifesting trinity, past, present, and future, are merely finite divisions of one eternal Now, it necessarily follows that the spirit existing in man to-day, existed in the past and will continue in the future, and what applies to man must apply to everything in the

universe. The form or garb of every entity in the different kingdoms of nature undergoes change; for form expresses the degree of evolutionary progress attained by the inner entity in its usually unconscious attempt,—under the guiding power of higher intelligences—to recognize its unity with what is above and beyond finite conception of form.

If such finite conceptions as time and distance are only limitations we put upon Divine Unity, it follows that there are no distinctions of great and small to the divine mind and vision. The microscope bears witness to the wonderful perfection of detail in the smallest things, and rivals as a revealer the telescope itself.

Man in his evolutionary progress toward that goal which stands at the apex of the spiral, has been constantly taking thought of the morrow and its new sensations, and, like the traveller circling the globe, he seems to himself to move in a straight line. And yet, man has circled the globe many times in previous rounds and races; and if everything appears new to him now, it is because he then failed and still fails to comprehend its real significance; for, mark well! as everything is a seeming part of a real indivisible whole; a true knowledge of one thing means a knowledge of all.

He who is driven round the spiral of past, present and future, by selfish desire, contacts at every point the results of past causes; but for him who has freed himself from the disquieting and blinding results of passion, the sun never sets. Morning, noon, and midnight are the same, for the eternal spiritual Sun sheds its beams upon him; and, in its pure light, illusion vanishes; past, present and future present themselves simultaneously to his mental vision; distance vanishes. Starting at the centre his eye sweeps the circumference of the circle, and he knows that the centre and circumference are one.

## THE SOKRATIC CLUB.

BY SOLON.

(Continued.)

THE next time I dropped in at the Club there happened to be a social gathering and afternoon tea and many of the ladies were present. It was also expected that Madam Purple, who had just returned to the city, would be there. I found Mrs. Wilding, Mrs. Miller, Miss Holdy and several other ladies present, also Dr. Roberts and Mr. Turner. Soon afterwards Mme. Purple and the Professor and Mr. Pease came in together.

Mme. Purple wore a very rich and beautiful gown, evidently a costly one, but everything in good taste and harmonious. Miss Holdy, who was inclined to be rather ascetic, going somewhat to an extreme in simplicity and also cheapness, though formerly, before she became a member of the Club, she had been extravagant, had quite strong views on the subject of dress and economy. She had the greatest love and respect for Mme. Purple, but could not understand what seemed to her the latter's inconsistency in wearing such an elegant dress when at the same time she was devoting all her energies to benefit all people, and especially to help the poor and outcast. Miss Holdy had often said she would ask her about this, and the present occasion offering an opportunity she said:

*Miss Holdy.*—"I have for a long time wanted to ask you, Madam Purple, about dress and how much attention we ought to pay to appearances. It has greatly perplexed me since I joined the Club, for I used to be quite extravagant and I really do like beautiful things, but it often seems so wrong when the money one spends on dress might go to feed a starving family."

*Mme. Purple.*—"Yes, my dear, I know it is a subject that perplexes many, but many things have to be taken into account if we wish to act rightly."

*Miss Holdy.*—"I know that is so and sometimes I haven't been able to tell what was right. Once I wanted some money to help some poor people and I had to get a dress at the same time, so instead of using the money to buy a dress, I got some cheap material and made it up myself and used the money for those poor people. But even then I wasn't satisfied, for I can't help thinking I might have perhaps helped them in some better way."

*Mme. Purple.*—"Perhaps so, but at least you acted with a good motive and no doubt you did help them."

*Miss Holdy.*—"That at least was what I wanted to do, but it is so hard to know *how* to help."

*Mme. Purple.*—"That is just it. The true way to help is to help people to help themselves, and to take this particular instance of dress—though I don't do it to criticise you, dear, perhaps if you had had it made at your dress-maker's it would have given employment to some one who needed help just as badly as the family to whom you gave the money. It is often necessary to take extreme cases in order to find out the justness of a particular line of action. Suppose every one should at once be seized with a fit of economy and proceed to make their own dresses, what would be the result? Untold misery in thousands of families, a whole class thrown out of work."

*Miss Holdy.*—"But of course no such thing is ever likely to happen."

*Mme. Purple.*—"Certainly not, but

don't you see, dear, what it is I wish to bring out? "

*Miss Holdy.*—"No, I don't think I do; please tell me."

*Mme. Purple.*—"Just this, that we must learn to take the middle path."

*Mrs. Wilding.*—"But that is just the hardest of all. It seems to me easy enough to go to either extreme, whether of self-indulgence and gratification or of asceticism and renunciation; to live just as the world lives on the one hand, or on the other to run away from the world and live the life of a recluse. But to live right in the world and take the middle path of right action is the hardest task of all."

*The Professor.*—"And to do so we must use methods that appeal to the world, and conform in some measure to the customs and habits of those among whom we live in so far as these customs involve no violation of principle. We must do this if we wish to get into close touch with them so that they will understand our work."

*Mme. Purple.*—"Let me give you another extreme case, and tell you an experience of my own. When we reached Australia on our tour around the world, having just come from India, I couldn't help but feel the greatest pity for the so-called civilized people and the same feeling came to me when we reached San Francisco, having stopped for a short time at the Samoan Islands—to think that we were compelled to follow all the cramping conventionalities of civilization. If I had only myself to consider I would dress and live in the simplest manner possible, and would advocate this for all."

*The Professor.*—"I have always thought that much of our conventionality is simply a cloak to hide man's vices."

*Mme. Purple.*—"And it is a fact that with the adoption of the conventionalities of civilization by the so-called heathen and savages have been devel-

oped also many of the Western vices. I am fully convinced that if men and women in the Western civilized world would only live simpler lives much of the immorality of our social life would disappear. As for dress, look at the simple clothing of the ancient Greeks, for instance, what more beautiful and graceful and at the same time conducive to health and morality."

*Miss Holdy.*—"How perfectly lovely it would be if we could dress like the old Greeks, but we could never stand it in our climate in the winters we have."

*Mrs. Wilding.*—"No, it would be all very nice for the summer, but would never do for the winter."

*Mme. Purple.*—"Don't be too sure of that. If people lived more wholesome and natural lives they wouldn't feel the cold."

*Miss Holdy.*—"But anyway, nobody could dress like that now, almost everyone would ridicule it. The people aren't educated yet to that point where they could appreciate it."

*Mme. Purple.*—"That is just what I wanted to bring out. There are many things that are altogether desirable, that would be in every way conducive to the health and happiness of the people but which are yet incapable of being put into practice. People have to be educated slowly and to advocate a sudden change would in many cases but make the masses of the people hold the more tenaciously to their old customs, and even if adopted would cause a shock to trade and bring about much misery as would be the case were everyone immediately to adopt a simple kind of dress. And on the other hand I think it one of the greatest crimes that civilized people have committed in their dealing with the so-called savage and heathen peoples, in endeavoring to force our conventionalities and customs upon them. To take this matter of clothing—since we are talking about it—think of the false shame and false modesty which the missionaries have induced among

pure-minded and innocent savages, introducing among them ideas of vice hitherto unknown. I say it is a crime. But to come back to our own country. No matter how high our ideals may be or in whatever direction, we cannot expect others to jump at them and grasp them at a bound. No, the loftiest heights are only reached step by step, and as in climbing a mountain it is often necessary to wind round and round and sometimes apparently (to some) to lose sight of the very goal we wish to reach; so in seeking to help the masses we must show them as far as we can the next step in advance and sometimes take what may seem to some a roundabout way."

*The Professor.*—"Each step must be something they can appreciate and see the possibility of attaining."

*Miss Holdy.*—"But I don't see that this has much to do with my making that dress or that I did wrong."

*Mme. Purple.*—"Not at all, my dear; I didn't say you did wrong, but I want you to take a broad view of things and see how much even a simple act such as yours involves."

*The Professor.*—"And don't you see that what is true in regard to this question of dress applies also to each department of life and to life as a whole? That is the beauty of following out any question along the right lines; we are bound at least to refer it to the broad principles underlying all right conduct."

*Mrs. Wilding.*—"That is just what I was thinking, Professor. Both you and Mme. Purple have such a way of getting down to fundamental ideas that it seems to me we are forced to see their general application."

*Mrs. Miller.*—"Yes, that was in my mind too, and I couldn't help thinking of some of the old members of the Club who have studied and studied, and with all their study of Brotherhood and their preaching of toleration, seem to have become more dogmatic and selfish. They have made a fetish of the philosophy

and seem to have entirely lost sight of the plain injunctions of all the teachers of all the ages that it must be brought down into every-day life. They talk Brotherhood, but are afraid of any broadening of our work along practical lines of real helpfulness to the masses. They think more of meditating in a dim light on some symbol, colored rings or a picture, or trying to locate their consciousness in the various chakrams and centres and watching for something to appear, than of helping to nurse a sick soldier or of putting their shoulders to the wheel to enable others to go to our Brotherhood Camp which Mme. Purple established for the soldiers."

*Solon.*—"And when some were brought here and the Club rooms turned into a hospital, some were afraid to go near lest they should catch the fever."

*Mrs. Miller.*—"Yet they profess to be students of occultism and have pledged themselves to work unselfishly for humanity."

*Solon.*—"Well, I don't want any of that sort of occultism. Here's another instance of it. Some few months ago, Mrs. Mayber wanted some plants to brighten up the office and bring a touch of nature into it to make it more attractive to visitors and enquirers. As you know, the best place to get plants is the Union flower market held from four till six o'clock in the morning, and, wishing to have some one to help carry the plants, she asked one of these would-be yogis to accompany her, but he refused, though he knew it was for the good of the work. But he said it would interfere with his six o'clock meditation, and he wouldn't give up that for anything. A pretty selfish sort of meditation, I should think."

*Mrs. Wilding.*—"I wonder if in his last incarnation he was the one referred to by Christ, who, if his ass had fallen into a pit on the Sabbath day, he would wait until the next day before getting it out, because he had to go to prayer, and would not forego the pleasure of attend-

ing to what he thought was his spiritual development, even though it were to do a good act."

*Mr. Pease.*—"Thank God, since Mme. Purple started this practical work of true Brotherhood which H. P. B. sacrificed her life to establish and make a living factor in the hearts of all, all these people are finding their places and showing their colors."

*The Professor.*—"So long as the work consisted mainly of study and meetings and discussions, it allowed room for all manner of selfishness in seeking individual progress and development, appealing to the vanity of mental attainment. But when the time came for the members to put their theories into practice, as it did through the opportunity given them by Mme. Purple, then it became evident who had assimilated the true spirit of the teachings given by H. P. B., and who had merely gained an intellectual conception of them but had failed to make them a part of their heart-life. The study period was necessary, but it was only preparatory. Meditation is necessary but the need of to-day is for a practical realization in everyday life of true Brotherhood, and unless our study and meditation can bear this fruit they have been worse than useless, for they have then become the most subtle garments of selfishness."

*Mr. Pease.*—"We are also having another example of the saying that extremes meet, all brought into view by this test of practical work. The phenomena hunters deluded by bogus red chalk messages, the pessimistic would-be guru, who as long as the Club would keep him consented to be *loaned*, so he says, by some superior guru to the Club, but who at the same time wasn't willing to turn to and work along the lines of work now being carried on by the Club, and the political agitator who believes the only way to bring about Brotherhood is with powder and shot, have formed what they call the "Broth-

erhood of Man," and are preaching a new gospel of an Adept-king who will soon appear to rule over America."

*Mr. Pease.*—"Ye gods, what fools these mortals be, and all this in the Nineteenth Century!"

*The Professor.*—"Yes, and none of them save one or two know that it is Mr. Grover's long hand behind the scenes pulling the wires. You may well say, what fools!"

*Mme. Purple.*—"Well, it is a fact that there are all sorts of Brotherhoods in the world—so much is that truly sacred word misused. I know of a Brotherhood in Italy whose members belong to some of the worst elements in the country, and in keeping with their deeds and principles they have to meet in underground cellars and dark places, ashamed and afraid of the light. For a long time Mr. Caine has been planning and planning to use the Club to aid him in his political schemes and he has finally placed himself openly."

*Dr. Roberts.*—"But surely he doesn't think the members of the Club are so gullible as to fall in with his plans."

*Mme. Purple.*—"This is just what he and Mr. Rise do think, but I notice they take care not to try to get hold of any of the real workers, except in one or two instances, as in the case of Mr. Berger, whom they tried to get hold of through Dr. Rower and some woman whose name I cannot recall, but who never took any prominent part in the work. But with very few exceptions they carefully pick out any who may, like themselves, have been disappointed in not receiving the amount of notice they thought they were entitled to, or not having their selfish schemes endorsed, and any whom they think to be gullible and able to be deluded by phenomena, or a bribe of receiving occult instruction or being appointed special agent. But the promoters of this new 'Brotherhood of Man' are careful to keep their real motive, which is political, in the back-



ground."

*Dr. Roberts.*—"But surely they must have known that Mr. Berger would never be caught by such folly."

*Mme. Purple.*—"That is the joke of it. There are two Mr. Bergers, or rather Mr. Berger in two aspects. The first Mr. Berger whom you meet is a man that one might imagine could be easily influenced and indeed there may sometimes have been indications that he was, but the other Mr. Berger, the real honest, upright, clear-sighted man is the last man that could be moved from his position when he was once convinced he was right and any attempts made to swerve him from his course have but made him stronger for the right."

*Mr. Pease.*—"How many times will these people have to knock their heads against the wall before they learn the true nature of this work. Surely one would think that if they would but open their eyes they would recognize what has been the result of all previous attempts to go against the Leader, whether it was H. P. B., the Chief, or our present Leader. It is nothing but blind folly where it is not malicious antagonism and I fear the only thing to awaken them is some great shock which they are preparing for themselves and towards which they are rushing headlong."

*Mme. Purple.*—"And just for that reason it is our duty to point out to others this *ignus fatuus* and warn them against

following what will only lead to untold misery for themselves and others if persisted in."

*Mrs. Wilding.*—"Well, I do think this Club unique. One day we discuss metaphysics, art, the basis and practice of Brotherhood, another day, woman's dress and pseudo-occultism. Indeed all subjects seem to have a place here, yet I think it is this very fact that makes our little meetings valuable, for to understand life—which I believe we all try to do—we must be able to apply our philosophy to everything and at all times and I am sure that to-day I have learned a great deal that shows how practical our philosophy is."

*The Professor.*—"Yes, and it is just in this way that we come into closer touch with our fellow men, we must not be afraid of getting at the roots of things both in our own natures and in the natures of others for we are all part of one another. We must act from this as a basis if we would learn truly and must exercise always the highest compassion and love."

*Dr. Roberts.*—"What is on the cards for the next meeting?"

*Mrs. Wilding.*—"The subject is, The influence of Art in modern life, with special reference to the Drama, I believe."

*Dr. Roberts.*—"Well, I shall look forward to it, I expect to be in town and shall try to be present."

# STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

Whence arises the sense of duty? In what does it originate?

**W**HEN considering every proposition of life, the method of its ultimate correct solution will always suggest a paraphrase of the ancient axiom that "all roads lead to Rome."

In seeking to follow the pathways of truth, the burden of the search has ever been the discovery of a new "Rome," which shall prove to be the common centre of all ethics and religions, whence emanate the varying aspects of truth which through the ages have brought hope to discouraged humanity and confidence in an eternal existence.

That such a common centre must exist is evidenced by the fact that whether the sincere person be Christian, Buddhist, or what not, his belief regardless of outward label can and does at the crucial moment bring that calm and "peace which passeth understanding," which at trying times constitutes the chief and only desideratum.

If we can discover the reason for this common experience, it is very possible that the real centre of truth may be found to be within our apprehension.

Examining, then, the various religions with special view to discovering tenets common to all, the most manifest similarity is in the universal enunciation of what to-day is called the "Golden Rule."

There was a time, perchance of not exceeding antiquity, when precepts and injunctions were accepted by the masses and followed in the letter with varying exactness by reason of their confidence in the dicta of their leaders. But as the world is learning to think, it recognizes that good rules of conduct cannot be arbitrary in their origin, but of necessity

must be founded upon natural law and formulated with the sole purpose of conforming therewith.

That it is an excellent thing, even good business policy, to do as one would be done by, is plainly apparent, and it must be admitted that the universal observance of the rule would speedily remove every mundane difficulty; but it can require no argument to satisfy us that such fact is by no means a mere happening or sentimentality. Rather is it and must it be the result of Law, and that, too, of a character which is inflexible, in that it is nature's—that which originates in man's puny intellection being the only type which requires an exception for its proof.

Finding, then, that action and reaction are always equal and opposite; that bread cast upon the waters invariably returns, even as our "chickens always come home to roost," the observing mind marvels and asks with holy awe: "What is this universe?" and in the final word of the question does its answer appear.

The universe is indeed correctly so named, for it is a unit, a single, all-comprehensive One. This does not imply an aggregation of multitudes, but as tersely stated by St. Paul, "members of one body." Then does it appear why brotherly action is profitable. Then do we learn the reason why true love is a magic solvent, or rather amalgam. Then does the sun of enlightenment pierce the gloom of blindness and gradually unroll before our vision the fullness of truth.

Unconsciously the various portions of the physical body, which is perhaps the readiest analogy, give evidences of this

great law in their constant coöperation for the well-being of the entirety. Likewise unconsciously, at least for some reason not generally understood, but quite as naturally, do we, the members of the larger body, at times feel impelled to coöperate in some uplifting effort; and to satisfy our groping reasons for this tendency we have coined the label "duty," which really designates our, so to speak, unconscious consciousness of unity and the necessity for governing ourselves in accordance therewith.

Therefore do we find that, even as in the past, "all roads lead to Rome," so to-day does every ethical or, for that matter, business or other practical proposition lead to and centre in unity, with full exemplification in Universal Brotherhood, by reason of which fact in nature our sense of duty arises and reveals its origin. LUCIEN B. COPELAND.

"I slept and dreamed that Life was beauty,  
I waked and found that Life was duty."

Whence arises the sense of duty? In what does it originate? I cannot be expected to answer categorically these questions that go to the very root of all morality. I can at best simply give my own impressions regarding them and add a few resulting thoughts. It appears then to me that a man's sense of duty is his personal perception or consciousness of the fundamental law of his own complex nature. It is his recognition of that "Power Divine which moves to good" and of his relation to it. It must originate for him in that divine centre of himself which is also the divine centre of all other men; in that divine unity which is the basis of Universal Brotherhood. Duty is the "Noblesse oblige" of his own Soul. Being divinely descended and related, he owes it to *himself* to be and to do that

which is in keeping and harmony with such descent and relation.

In my own mind I have pictured the path of duty as a man's peculiar orbit round the spiritual sun. Each man has his own orbit, but all have a common centre. Thus it becomes clear to me why we have been warned to attend strictly to our own duty and that "the duty of another is full of danger." That mysterious and elusive thing we call conscience is the channel or medium through which we get our light from the sun to perceive our own path of duty. This path is not clear nor easy to be seen, for though the Soul sees, the personality is beclouded and befogged by his thoughts and desires and the earthly illusions.

The more the Soul dominates the lower mind and through it, the body, the more clearly he can "see his way," The more he aspires, the more conscience speaks.

In the Gita we find Arjuna demanding of Krishna that he tell him distinctly what is right to do. "I am thy disciple, wherefore instruct in my duty me who am under thy tuition." Krishna declares that he is not to regard the "outcome of action," but to make ready for battle and do the present apparent duty, "seeking an asylum in mental devotion."

So it seems to me that our whole duty is to follow along our own path as we see it from moment to moment relying upon intuition or conscience to guide, until through mental devotion we reach spiritual illumination and become one with

"The Law that moves to Righteousness  
Which none at least can turn aside or  
stay;

The heart of it is Love, the end of it  
Is Peace and Consummation."

V. F.

# YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

## THE STORY OF BUZZ.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

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BY M. H. W.

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DO you want my story, do you? Well, although you do belong to the canine race, my heart has grown so big lately, that I do not scorn a chat with you, as we ride along together.

You see, my mistress and little Master David and myself are just returning from our vacation and thereby hangs a tale.

Just six weeks ago to-day I heard my mistress say, "David, what shall we do with Buzz this summer? He is a perfect wreck from fighting with the neighbors' cats. I have a good notion to send him to the cats' home at Roxbury. If we should leave him here while we are gone away he would surely die at the rate he is going on."

I was lying behind the kitchen stove when she said these words, and, oh! my soul was filled with terror at the thought of never seeing her again. Of course she had no idea I was there, or she would not have said it.

But my dear little master answered at once: "Let's take Buzz with us, mama. The sea air will do him good and I will promise to carry him both ways. You shan't have a bit of trouble!"

Bless his dear, good heart! He did not scorn me, even though there was a big slit in my ear and a piece taken right out of my jaw in a fight the night before.

So it was arranged. The next day we started, big box, little box, bandbox and bundle, as well as the basket in which I was safely stowed and which my little master held tightly as we were whisked along in an electric car.

Rumble! rumble! clang! clang! It took all my faith in both cat and human nature to keep me from dying of fright. You must remember that I was terribly shattered in health.

Another change now to the steam cars and this was less of a nervous strain, although when the engine gave a sudden shriek, my heart would fairly stop beating.

After two hours, that seemed like ages, we stopped at a little station and were hustled into what is called a "barge" in this part of the country. The people were all crowded together, while I in my basket was wedged in between David's legs. Away galloped the horses over a stony country road. "Hurrah! I smell the ocean," exclaimed my master.

After a little while the passengers began to drop out. (I could see everything, you know, through the holes of the basket, just as I am now looking at you.)

At last our party was alone in the barge. We left behind us a long row of beach cottages, and turning out upon a back road we came to a little bluff up above the ocean. We stopped at a cottage in the midst of a pine grove, with only one other house near us. It was a lovely spot and a chorus of birds greeted us.

I heard my mistress say, "Well, David, Buzz ought to thrive here! No cats to fight with, and plenty of birds to catch. He will grow fat and look once more like a respectable puss."

There were no cats, it is true, and I was fairly stuffed from morning till

night with all the dainties that are dearest to a cat's stomach,—lobsters, well-cooked fish, fresh milk, and besides these, there was always plenty of catnip, that most strengthening of all things in the world, growing about us in abundance.

Did I grow plump and beautiful, you ask? Did I feast upon the dainty food which birds always afford, and which I could have obtained by merely reaching out my paw (the little creatures were so tame and unsuspecting)? No! a thousand times, no! I answer to both questions.

It seemed a miracle to my mistress and David, for I often heard them talking about me. "How quiet Buzz does keep!" they would say, or perhaps it would be, "What can be the reason Buzz keeps so thin, when he eats so much?"

Often I would go and rub against my mistress' dress and try to explain to her how I felt, but she could not seem to understand. Although my wounds and scratches healed up, yet I actually grew *thinner* for *I was being devoured by grief*. For the first time in my life I began to realize the beauty of the great cat world, now that I could no longer look upon one of my own race. I, who had sought to injure and destroy my fellow-beings whenever they had come in my way! I, who would not allow another cat to even jump over our garden wall at home without a desperate encounter to the teeth. This was the first chance to

*think* which had come to me. Do you wonder why I did not gain flesh? Do you see now why it became impossible for me to kill a bird or even to torture a field mouse? I began to realize that other birds and other mice would miss them if they should disappear down the throat of a monster cat, and I commenced to feel interest even in them.

One night (it was moonlight, I remember) I could not restrain myself any longer. I went out among the trees and cried out in anguish to the great yellow moon. (I heard afterwards that I greatly frightened some people passing by. They thought there must be an escaped lunatic in the woods.)

But that night I made a solemn vow that if I lived to return to my own dear home once more, my fellows would find me a reformed cat. I had come to see that just so far as I should injure or destroy any one of my own race or another, just so far I would be injuring myself.

Poor stupid little pug dog! you can't understand such lofty ideas, I suppose, but they may do you *some* good anyhow.

Ah! the train is stopping. We have reached Boston. I see my master coming to get me, so I can't talk with you any longer. By the way, I heard David say the other day he was going to change my name to Sampson Schley Hobson Dewey. I hope he won't with all my heart, for though it would confer great honor upon me, yet I dislike anything that could remind me of my old fighting days. Good by!

# BROTHERHOOD ACTIVITIES.

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.\*



UNIVERSAL Brotherhood or the Brotherhood of Humanity is an organization established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.

This organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in nature.

The principal purpose of this organization is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in nature and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

The subsidiary purpose of this organization is to study ancient and modern religion, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of nature and the divine powers in man.

This Brotherhood is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

Every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, each being required to show that tolerance for the opinions of others which he expects for his own.

The Theosophical Society in America is the Literary Department of Universal Brotherhood.

The International Brotherhood League is the department of the Brotherhood for practical humanitarian work.

### A LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

We have received the following enthusiastic letter from Bro. Willans, of Sydney, Australia. It is so full of life and vigor and shows that the same suggestions sent out to Lodges from the Central office and which where followed, have brought success here have also

\* For further information address F. M. Pierce, Secretary, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

been followed and brought like success to our comrades' work at the antipodes.

E. A. NERESHEIMER, ED.

SYDNEY, N. S. W.

The work is going ahead well. The effect of our Leader's "suggestions" has transformed our meetings of Universal Brotherhood into intelligent, brotherly, and instructive evenings by which all gain, and progressive life steadily proceeds, with a firm promise for the future.

The tiring twaddle of soulless wrangle that went by the name of "discussion" in the past has gone with that past. From my own experience as chairman for many years, the "suggestions" were just what was required to put our teaching in *positive position* and to get a true value for time used, and a legitimate return for expenses paid in room hire.

The firm ruling "out of order" of all efforts to destroy our objects and ideals by poisonous imbecile criticism and the sentimental support of this inane foolishness, on the plea of *Brotherhood*, has a most wholesome effect.

The Leader's word (which is the word of every Theosophist with honest intelligence) is Law now, thank God! And just, straight-out firmness in the chair meets with the strongest approval of all members, and herein is the great value of an Official Head. The simple, straight directions issued by that Head and verbally followed simply and honestly by the subordinate officials, meets *at once* with the loyal and warm-hearted support of all members. The great difficulty, to my mind, in the past was a most natural want of discrimination. *All members* could not possibly be expected to acknowledge *methods* that had not the endorsement of an Official Head, and we had no properly-acknowledged Head; therefore each member had his or her own methods by virtue of necessity, and

from that, disorganization must result. Good and severe lessons have been learned, no doubt, and surely not one would *not care* to have had the splendid experience. But this was all individual preparation for earnest, organized work—the breaking down of the many hallucinations of the *personal* view.

This training in self-abnegation and working for others is the lesson that has been learned and all who have not learned it sufficiently to instantly grasp the value of the Leader's suggestions and joyfully and promptly obey them from their own true nature, will at any rate offer no objection to a quiet determined following out of those suggestions by the responsible officials. Of course if the officials make personal deductions and fancy additions to the Leader's suggestions they will surely meet with opposition from commonsense members. But if they have the sense not to do this but to quietly carry out without *hesitation or delay* the plain simple rules, their whole branch is certain to swing into line and all will go well and merrily. Once a Lodge gets used to our Leader's plans they would fire any one down stairs who tried to upset them for they know the method is right and true from experience and their hearts will be in it. Once the heart is truly caught then good-bye to all opposition.

Advantage should be taken, I think, by all Presidents of Lodges of the heart loyalty now given to the Leader; for by acting promptly as above, a loyal Lodge will be permanently secured. I feel sure of it and the enormous advantages now at the back of the Leader should surely be clear enough now to all earnest hearts in our body whose souls are in the work for the uplifting of humanity.

I am delighted to be able to tell you that on the invitation of Bro. Minchen, I went to the little country place where he lives, about twenty miles from Sydney and gave a lecture on the Movement. The result was that ten people

came forward and made application for membership in the Brotherhood and to establish a Lodge with Mr. and Mrs. Minchen. They are naturally delighted about it and simply full of enthusiasm.

With all good wishes, as ever,

T. W. WILLANS.

The public meetings of the Aryan Lodge on Sunday are proving of great interest. The meetings open with music, then follow questions and answers and an address of about 20 to 30 minutes. On Nov. 6th Dr. H. Coryn lectured on "Education, True and False," and on Nov. 13th, Mrs. Freeman on "Theory and Practice," both of which aroused keen interest.

The H. P. B. Lodge (No. 10) of Harlem, New York, has received a new impulse in its work. On Sunday, Nov. 20, some of us went up there and heard Bro. Dunlop, the President of the Lodge, deliver one of his splendid talks on "Universal Brotherhood, the Future of Humanity." Following is a report of the lecture:

A number of striking facts were brought out in a lecture last Sunday evening by Mr. D. N. Dunlop, President of the U. B. Lodge No. 10, in Harlem. It was the regular public meeting of the Lodge and a large number of strangers were present, beside the regular members. It may here be remarked that the attendance of strangers at the public meetings has been particularly noticeable in connection with the work of this Lodge and more especially has this been the case since Mr. Dunlop assumed the presidency. This is his second term and public interest in the Lodge is increasing all the time.

The subject on Sunday night was "The Future of Humanity," and the speaker dwelt particularly on the divinity of man and of the never-ending effort of the soul toward recognition of itself. He spoke of the various movements past and present, wherein man, the thinker, has

sought to find the Truth by creeds, by philosophies and the sciences. Mr. Dunlop went over the ground briefly but comprehensively and made it clear that man in himself evolves, and this independent of creeds and forms. All great teachers such as Buddha, Jesus, Plato, Madame Blavatsky, have left us a philosophy which is grand and true—but no philosophy amounts to anything save as the individual makes it live, save as it finds expression in him. He said that every bible in the world was simply an attempt of man to write down as best he could his gropings after the Infinite. No philosophy can satisfy a man's heart, if it be not founded on the basic principle of man's immortality—man as a soul, who has never had beginning nor will ever know end.

The lecturer brought out clearly the particular weaknesses existent in some of the movements of the day. In reference to materialism he said that it had long since lost what real influence it may have had over the minds of people by its denial of immortality. Man knows within himself that he is immortal, nor can he long continue to be satisfied with that which his soul repudiates. The speaker said concerning the efforts made toward social reform, that of one, Anarchy, it was futile and even dangerous in that it sought to make men just by means of injustice, violence, and murder. As to Socialism, which would bring about a change by reforming the laws, and by making all have share and share alike, it too, was but a partial means, it could not bring about a lasting reform, for it ignored the most important fact of all, that legislation will never make men just, any more than brute force, for only by going down to a man's real self and developing what is latent in him, can we bring about a change. Spiritual growth is not a thing of an instant, it is gradual, and therefore we must have patience, realizing that humanity *will* be saved. It has taken

ages for man to build his present physical organism, ages in which he has slowly built his outer form. It takes a long, long time for the curious marks to be sculptured in the stone of the mountain-side, but it finally stands, carved by the slow, unceasing drops of water. It takes an age to perfect a flower. Remembering these things, said the lecturer, we shall not be despondent if we have many a weary struggle before we realize our divinity, but we shall arise from each failure more fully awake, more joyous to continue the fight.

In times of despondency we seem to be in the gloomiest of dungeons, but, nevertheless, outside the sun is still shining, and that sun is brilliant and unchanged, even though we sometimes view it through red or green glasses, and, because our vision is marred, fancy the sun is changed. The Sun never is changed, the eternal verities ever remain, and in his true moments every man recognizes these things and knows himself a soul. This is taught in all philosophies, in whatever time or language they were written. Nature is one and indestructible. Man is one—united to all his brothers, and these are the truths that great souls in the world ever seek to keep before the minds of mankind.

The lecturer here spoke of these great souls, Brothers to all humanity, who in the past have slowly and painfully toiled step by step until they had become wholly divine and now only lived to help the rest of humanity. All must attain to the evolution of such great ones.

After the lecturer had referred to the different philosophies and religions as offered in the world to-day, he spoke more particularly concerning the Universal Brotherhood Organization and of what it had to offer humanity as hope and inspiration. He said that to him the U. B. stood for three things, Brotherhood, Wisdom, Power. That Brotherhood was the first and essential purpose



of the organization ; that by gathering a nucleus of devoted people in full harmony with such a purpose, we would carry the movement over to the next century. We would never rest while one soul in the world was in darkness ; that, as all men are by nature brothers, so some day, all would recognize this great truth and humanity be one. We are brothers not only to each other, but brothers to the mineral, the plant, the pine tree and the star. The one golden spark runs throughout all creation ; this divine spark is not excluded from anything ; we are it and it is in us and has been since before we came from the elementary forms of nature.

Our organization includes Wisdom in the second object and seeks to synthesize for humanity those universal truths which have been scattered among us like seeds since man first appeared on this planet. These truths are to be found in all religions, ancient and modern. We did not seek, said the speaker, to formulate anything new, but to bring together in one philosophy all that was of eternal truth. We have never been left alone, for the Elder Brothers of the race, 'mid the rise and fall of nations, have ever guarded the truths scattered among man at the dawn of the world, and these truths the great ones have ever saved from destruction.

Power was to be attained through the third object. As man lived to benefit mankind he would gradually develop those higher qualities which would make him one with nature, and thus, working with her, he would gain true power.

"Is it not worth while," said Mr. Dunlop, "for us to array ourselves on the side of the Saviours of humanity ?" All the sages have lived with this sole purpose in view, Buddha, Jesus, and many others—for the links have never been broken,—have drawn all humanity to them, and in drawing all lesser souls, it was not to a personality, but to a recognition of the Divine in their own

natures.

A great deal is said these days about Leaders, and there is much talk about hero worship. Said the speaker, "I have often been accused of hero worship, and I am glad of it." It is something that every one feels, and we have had no better examples of it of late than the enthusiasm with which Dewey and Hobson are hailed by the American people. Let any man prove himself a hero, let him do some nobly unselfish deed, plunging into danger for the sake of a principle, and he straightway becomes a hero in the minds of the people and is hailed by them. Of itself, the mass of people never does anything great. It needs a synthesizer to bring into one all their forces and to express them. This has ever been throughout the world's history, and in every department of life. The speaker cited the poet, whose words, we say, express just what we feel. But it is the poet, and not we who read, who can synthesize what we read. Mankind must have leaders, they are a necessity of evolution.

The hearts of the members of the Lodge were gladdened by the presence of the Leader of the organization, Katherine A. Tingley. Our old friend Frank M. Pierce, secretary-general of the U. B., was also present.

MARGARET S. LLOYD.

At the East 14th St. Lodge, New York, arrangements are being made for a kindergarten to still further carry on the work of the East Side Mission, which Mrs. Kramer and Brother Leonard assisted by Miss Lloyd have conducted with unflagging zeal all during the summer. Preparations are already being made for an entertainment for the children for Christmas.

Recent visitors to Headquarters have been Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, of Buffalo, always bright and enthusiastic about the work in the Buffalo Lodge ; Mr. and

Mrs. Richmond-Green, of Easthampton, Mass., who came over to see the play "Eumenides" and are anxious to have it reproduced at Northampton; and Bro. W. H. Todd, of New Britain, who turned up unexpectedly on a flying visit, bringing good news from Connecticut. Miss May Hall, of Bridgeport, came to take part in the play. Mrs. I. H. Butler, also from Bridgeport, came on to help with the preparations for the play, and Mrs. Kramer, who has endeared herself to everyone, and Mrs. Shuler-Shutz and all the ladies have been busy making the costumes for the Furies, Torch-bearers, Escort of Women, Areopagites. Indeed, Headquarters has been a very lively place the past three weeks.

Preparations are now being made to give the "Eumenides" in Buffalo the first week in December, for the benefit of Lotus Home and Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, and all our friends there are now actively engaged making necessary preparations.

Bro. A. A. Scholfield, of Westerly, has also paid us a flying visit on his way to Point Loma, where he is going to assist Dr. L. F. Wood at Point Loma House.

Very soon the alterations of the Headquarters building at 144 Madison Avenue will be begun, but details of this must be held over until next issue, when also we shall have some interesting news about the Lotus Home at Buffalo.

Letters from Bros. Anderson and Griffiths tell of the continued good work being done on the Pacific Coast, the meetings of the San Francisco Lodge are always well attended and attract much public attention.

Brother Lucien B. Copeland, of Omaha, Nebraska, has been paying us a ten days' visit in New York. We were all glad to renew the personal acquaintance begun at the last Convention in Chicago.

We greatly miss Bro. Clark Thurston, who has been in Europe the past six weeks, and are looking for his return, which is expected to be soon.

Bros. Neresheimer, Patterson, Pierce and the other members of the Cabinet in New York are already considering arrangements for the Brotherhood Congress to be held at Point Loma next April, and several inquiries have been received in regard to it, and members all over the country are looking forward to the event and expressing their intention to be present.

*The following letter has been received from Mrs. Richmond-Green:*

EASTHAMPTON, MASS.

November 8, 1898.

DEAR COMRADES:

We are one and all looking forward to Point Loma and cherishing the hope to meet and greet there, for our next Brotherhood Congress. The articles that have been written to that fulfillment, the fascinating accounts and pictures of the beautiful shore appeal strongly to each one of us—kindling the fire of a great enthusiasm. A solemn mystery enshrouds the School, whose corner-stone was placed under difficulties and obstacles known at the time to but the few, difficulties and obstacles which the present age cannot appreciate; which, to overcome, demanded a Leadership previously undreamed of in our humanity. For this sacred service the gods had wrought—had smelted and forged, Thor had thundered, Vulcan hammered—all the kingdoms had labored—and sweet influences brought from every element to prepare the instrument, to temper and test the mettle of the chosen "Ark of our Covenant." Dear Comrades—some of us knew it not, but now we know. Let us rejoice that the scales have dropped from our eyes, that the veil has lifted long enough for us to discern truth.

From our present high point of vantage let us recall some of the scenes of the Convention of Feb. 18, at Chicago. Behold, this precious ship—the hope of humanity—exposed to such tempest of

wind and rain, recall how calmly it rode the threatening waves ; listen once more to the divine message our Leader then gave to the world :

“For the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.”

Feel once again the vibration of that song of freedom. The lost chord was found, every heart-string responded.

Now our hearts and faces are turned towards Point Loma ; and will we not sacrifice that we may meet on that sacred spot, each one conscious of the education of the great experiences of the past, culminating in the ever-memorable convention at Chicago—conscious each one of quickened intuition and of the dawn of that true discrimination which rests in the law—which builds not upon the sands of sentiment but upon the rock of absolute Justice and true Brotherhood.

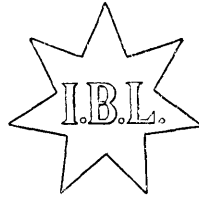
Faithfully yours,  
H. K. RICHMOND-GREEN.

There will no doubt always be one or two who seek to hinder the work, but if we watch we can always see that such is due either to self-seeking or animus. The true worker is always known.

Here and there a few people complain they do not hear direct from Headquarters, but surely if they would read the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD and the *New Century* they could not fail to keep in touch with the work. The organization is growing so rapidly that it is impossible to write individually to all the members as used to be done when they were but few, but there is a closer fellowship of the heart which all may feel and which all experience who enter into the spirit of the work and the new time.

## THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.\*

(Unsectarian.)



This organization affirms and declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and its objects are :

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 assist them to a higher life.
4. To assist those who are, or have been, in prison, 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 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.

\* Address all enquiries to H. T. Patterson, General Superintendent, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

## REPORT FROM SWEDEN.

STOCKHOLM, Oct. 1, 1898.

The summer is now over and the Theosophists have hastened back from the woods and meadows of the country, where for a season they have yielded to the urging needs of recreation. Once more have they returned to the field of battle to take up the ancient fight for *truth, light and liberation for discouraged humanity.*

Last Sunday the Lotus Circle unfolded their banner for the ensuing season. After having learned, from the experiences of last year, that ladies are more qualified to win the hearts and sympathies of the children than men are, it was unanimously agreed to exclusively engage ladies for the work, both as teachers and as managers. In accordance with this agreement Mrs. Myhrman was elected as President, Mrs. Ellsèn, Vice-President; Mrs. Nyström, Corresponding Secretary, and at the same time instructor in music.

Splendid translations of the American Lotus leaflets have been furnished by Mrs. Lotten Holmberg, and the Swedish Lotus Circles can now follow the same lines as those in America.

The International Brotherhood League has continued its work during the entire summer without missing a single one of the weekly lectures. The range of public workers in this great organization is continually widening. Oscar Ljungström, who has recently returned from New York, is often heard from the I. B. L. rostrum, whence he sends out some of the soul-refreshing breezes he brought along with him from Headquarters.

To the extent the worker merges himself in the I. B. L. work, appears to him the real aim and area of its gigantic scheme. Few of its workers, if indeed any, discerned this at first. Yet they neither questioned nor doubted, but proceeded to work on, full of unshakable trust and reliance on the wisdom and capability of the Leader to carry out the

plan and to guide the work. Gradually, however, as the movement went on, and the workers did their duties, their trust and faith were rewarded by a constantly widening and deepening knowledge of life's meaning. The work of the I. B. L. has taken root in the hearts of men—has embodied itself in the midst of the cries and groans, the sorrows and vows of our nineteenth century, to shed light and radiance throughout the world and inspire all with hope and fortitude.

The audiences, which largely consist of the laboring classes, begin to realize and appreciate the great effort made in their behalf. They listen with the greatest interest and attention and are realizing the encouragement that the League has brought to them and all men, to the poor as to the rich, the low as well as the high. What a transformation of the audiences which used to gather during the old days of the Theosophical Society and listen to long-winded disquisitions of metaphysical hair-splittings and brain-cracking technicalities. They strained their minds to the utmost in order to follow the intricate windings of cold metaphysical abstractions—while their hearts and sympathies remained untouched. Now, how different! The standard of Theosophic lecturing is entirely metamorphosed. Rounds and Races, Pralayas and Manvantaras, are left to the study-chamber, and referred to in passing only as elements in the great process of the evolution of humanity, comprehended as the framework which surrounds the living canvas, the precious, invaluable picture—the human race. And the audience responds with heart and soul to these new, warm, inspiring currents of love and helpfulness that well up from the deep recesses of the heart.

We need to turn, again and again, to the brotherhood in daily, practical life and we can refer to every movement and aspect of the Universe and Nature as

living proofs of the existence of this fact of Brotherhood. The subject so treated opens up new avenues of thought and new gateways to the hearts of our fellow-men.

We must appeal to the human heart. Speak to the heart of a man and he becomes suddenly earnest. He throws off the cold, disinterested air of conventionality and warms up. He catches the inspiration and feels himself as a shareholder in the undertaking. The human heart is a sounding board on which every tone and shade of a tone of all the world's melodies can be evoked. This is the secret of magic—of growth—to touch the human heart with the witchcraft of love. The man sees then, must see, the truth about life's real worth and destiny. He will then rise above the illusory worries and cares of wordly existence and with a feeling of boundless hope and triumph, his heart will expand with sympathy towards the entire human race.

The I. B. L. meetings which hitherto have been held every Thursday evening show a constant increase in attendance and promise to be a focus for the mental life of the nation. A remarkable change has taken place in the attitude the newspapers take to the movement. Not long ago—before the formation of the Universal Brotherhood organization—the Stockholm press did its utmost to destroy the Society, utilizing every opportunity to ridicule and smother it. Now the leaf is turned. Our I. B. L. lectures get not only free notices in the most prominent papers, but also regular press-reports. *Tempora mutantur!*

It would be ingratitude to give a report of the I. B. L. activities in Stockholm without mentioning the name of the man who has stood at its helm from the hour of its first inception. It is the name of Congressman M. E. Nyström, whose untiring and self-sacrificing efforts have done so much towards strengthen-

ing and aiding. It should be noted that in accordance with the suggestions made by our devoted Leader, musical selections are rendered at every meeting, interchanging with the speeches. Mrs. Nyström and Mr. Lidman provide the music. Nor do we lack flowers at the meetings. Mrs. Piltz has during the entire summer supplied our I. B. L. meetings with baskets of beautiful flowers.

Everybody is conscious of the great heart who stands behind the movement and gives to it her life and genius; everybody is devoted and grateful to our dear beloved Leader. The U. B. members of all Sweden send their love and greetings to her and all the comrades in America.

A. E. G.

A new activity has recently been begun in Toledo, Ohio, under the International Brotherhood League. A house has been secured on Nebraska Avenue and is being used as a Kindergarten. The I. B. L. Committee is in charge of this work which was begun some time ago mainly through the efforts of Mrs. Breckenridge and Mrs. A. E. Lang. Miss Leila Law is the teacher in charge.

It is very significant to note how much is being done among the children and young people. In them lies the hope of humanity for the future, and if we can help to start them in the struggle of life along the lines of Brotherhood, teaching them that "helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," we shall awaken in their hearts a power of love that will transform the world and herald the dawn of a new civilization.

## THE ISIS LEAGUE OF MUSIC AND DRAMA.

(Of the Art Department of Universal Brotherhood.)

The Isis League of Music and Drama was founded June, 1898, by Katherine A. Tingley and is composed of persons selected by the Foundress who are interested in the advancement of music and the drama to their true place in the life of humanity. Its objects are:

(a) To accentuate the importance of Music and the Drama as vital educative factors.

(b) To educate the people to a knowledge of the true philosophy of life by means of dramatic presentations of a high standard, and the influence of the grander harmonies of music.

The students of the Isis League have for some time been studying the *Eumenides* of Æschylus and enacted this old Greek Drama at Carnegie Lyceum on Nov. 15 and 16. The play was so successful that it was decided to repeat it on the following Saturday, Nov. 19, afternoon and evening when appreciative audiences again witnessed it.

The program was as follows:

CARNEGIE LYCEUM.

*Saturday afternoon, Nov. 19, 1898, 2.15 p. m.*

### THE EUMENIDES.

THE FAMOUS GREEK PLAY OF ÆSCHYLUS.

(ANNA SWANWICK'S TRANSLATION.)

To be Enacted by the Students of  
THE ISIS LEAGUE OF MUSIC AND DRAMA,  
(Of the Art Department of Universal Brotherhood.)

With appropriate archaic music and costumes. Unique setting and choral figures.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pallas Athena.

Apollo.

Orestes (Son of Agamemnon.)

Hermes (Appointed by Apollo to protect Orestes.)

Pythian Prophetess.

Ghost of Clytemnestra (Mother of Orestes.)

Leader of Chorus.

Chorus of Eumenides or Furies. (The pursuers of Orestes for the murder of his mother. The Eumenides represent the dark powers of Nature and the lower forces in man, which are at last transformed into beneficent powers.)

Twelve Areopagites. (Appointed by Athena to adjudge the cause of Orestes.)

Escort of Women with torches.

### SYNOPSIS.

#### ACT I.

Scene 1.—The Temple of Apollo at Delphi. In the background, the summits of Parnassus. The Pythoness is seen praying at an altar. She retires into the Temple, and after a brief pause returns terror-stricken.

(Between Scenes 1 and 2 the recently discovered Hymn to Apollo will be sung.)

Scene 2.—The interior of the Temple. Apollo is standing beside Orestes, who is seated. The Eumenides or Furies are reclined on seats fast asleep. Hermes in the background. Apollo urges Orestes to seek the shrine of Pallas Athena. Orestes goes out, accompanied by Hermes. The Ghost of Clytemnestra appears behind Apollo and strives to awaken the Furies. Apollo declares he will save Orestes. The Furies awake and pursue him.

#### ACT II.

The Temple of Pallas Athena on the Acropolis at Athens. Orestes is seen embracing the sacred image of the Goddess. The Leader of the Chorus enters, followed by the Eumenides. They weave their spells around Orestes. He calls on Athena, representing Wisdom, Truth, Justice and Love, who presently appears. Orestes and the Eumenides respectively present their case to Athena. She appoints twelve Areopagites as a jury. Apollo appears and defends Orestes. The Areopagites give their verdict by dropping pebbles into an urn. Six are for acquittal, six against. Athena gives the casting, thirteenth vote, and Orestes is saved. The Eumenides then threaten to lay waste the land, but Athena's appeal diverts them from their evil purpose and they are transformed into beneficent powers. Athena leaves the Temple, accompanied by an escort of women with torches.

Produced and conducted under the direction  
and general management of Katherine

A. Tingley, Foundress of the Isis League of Music and Drama ; assisted by Elizabeth C. Mayer, President of the Isis League, and Albert Operti, Artist.

Music specially composed for the play

by . . . . . Wenzel A. Raboch  
Musical Conductor, . . . Frederick Brumm  
Organist, . . . . . Wenzel A. Raboch  
Scenery by . . . . . Albert Operti, Artist  
Choral Figures under the direction of Professor H. Fletcher Rivers.

The Mason and Hamlin Liszt Organ used.

For Humanitarian Work among our Soldiers and the Cuban and Spanish Sufferers from the War. Preparations have already been made to establish this Brotherhood Work at Santiago, Havana and Manila.

#### FINANCE COMMITTEE :

E. A. Neresheimer, 35 Nassau Street.

F. M. Pierce, 26 Cortlandt Street.

H. T. Patterson, 146-150 Centre Street.

#### THE REVIVAL OF ANCIENT DRAMA AS AN EDUCATIVE FACTOR IN MODERN LIFE.

"I sometimes wonder whether the best philosophy and poetry, or something like the best, after all these centuries, perhaps waits to be roused out yet.—*Wall Whitman.*

It is known that among the people of ancient Greece a higher general culture existed than has since been reached in Europe. This expressed itself in many ways, and amongst others in a dramatic literature of wide range and immense power. Their drama reflected, less than does ours, the common life of the people; but it dealt much more than ours with great philosophical and mystical tenets, and with esoteric teachings concerning the origin and destiny of man that appear to have been at that time matters of deep interest and discussion. These teachings were unfolded majestically, imparting the simple truths of life to the multitude, and at the same time revealing the deep secrets of Nature to those who had eyes to see. They were presented in the form of magnificent tragedies and spectacular performances wherein the persons and events, half historical, half mythical, served in part to embody and illustrate the profound philosophy that the great Grecian dramatists often desired to convey. The tragedies were works of art of the highest

character and have never since been surpassed in power and grandeur.

Whatever is of value, whatever is noble and elevating in the drama that flowered in the civilization and thought of earlier nations should be still accessible, and should be more and more so as the general consciousness and dramatic taste of to-day rises to the level of the past.

A few of the best dramas of Egypt and Greece have been selected and will be reproduced in such a form as shall make evident their profound beauty and inner meaning, and enable them once more to manifest their ancient power and life which time has to a degree obscured. The first of these works selected for this purpose is the "Eumenides," the famous drama of Æschylus.

The *Eumenides* is the last of a Trilogy, or set of three plays with one plot running through the set. In the first, the *Agamemnon*, Agamemnon returns home from the siege of Troy, bringing with him Cassandra, a captive prophetess. He finds that, during his absence, his queen, Clytemnestra, has been ruling the kingdom in conjunction with Ægisthus, her lover. Clytemnestra welcomes her returned lord, but, when she discovers Cassandra, she treacherously murders her husband, and also Cassandra. In the second play, the *Chæphoræ*, Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, is ordered by Apollo to avenge his father's murder by slaying his mother, Clytemnestra; and does so, urged on by his sister Electra. In the *Eumenides*, the Eumenides, who are the agents of avenging Nemesis, appearing as hideous hags, pursue Orestes for the murder of his mother. But Apollo protects him, Orestes being Apollo's suppliant, and having acted under the god's orders. The Eumenides being obdurate, the matter is tried before a jury of Athenian nobles, with the Goddess Athena as judge. The votes for and against Orestes are equal, and Athena casts her vote in his favor, decreeing that in future all people in similar circumstances shall be similarly acquitted. The Eumenides rage in baffled spite, and vow to blast the earth with barrenness and pestilence. But Athena soothes away their anger by promoting them to be the agents of prosperity and beneficence, so that henceforth these avenging furies become the bestowers of happiness and peace.

## THE ISIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

As one of the initial steps in the educative work of the ART DEPARTMENT of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, the Foundress has established at Point Loma, San Diego, California, the *Isis Conservatory of Music*, and placed it under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Mayer, the well-known teacher of singing in New York, and pupil of the European Maestro William Shakespeare. For information address Mrs. E. C. Mayer, at 144 Madison Avenue, New York, or after December 1st, at the Isis Conservatory of Music, Point Loma, San Diego, California.

Some of the New York papers gave very good notices of the play, especially the *Tribune*. This paper quoted from a letter from Dr. Alexander Wilder, as follows: "Dr. Alexander Wilder, one of the best known Greek scholars in the country, speaking of the performance on Wednesday, says of the performers—all amateurs: 'They acted their parts, as a whole, exceedingly well, and I was much pleased to obtain some conception of how a Greek tragedy looked. With all the shortcomings that may be attributed to the performers and the modifications to conform to modern style, there remained the aroma of ancient Athens.'"

*Musical America* of Nov. 19th gives a long notice with illustration of the play. It says: "That the League is in deep earnest cannot be doubted by anyone who was at last Tuesday's performance. The mere work of memorizing the lines of Miss Anna Swanwick's translation must have called for mental exertion in which only the best of will could have persevered to the very satisfactory result shown on the stage. Then there was complicated business and intricate choric figure-dancing, and this too was brought to a perfection on which the League is to be congratulated. And all this had to be done without the stimulus of personal vanity, for not one name of all the players was printed on the program.

"[The foregoing is a point to which I would respectfully call the attention of professionals who care for Art and Art alone.]

"So carefully had the play been rehearsed that, in spite of its archaic peculiarities, and in spite of the inevitable lack of dramatic fire in the dozen young ladies who played the Furies, it never once seemed to drag. Dialogue and choruses went smoothly from first to last."

"It was a very interesting performance, and in some parts, very beautiful. The most exoteric person, if only fair-minded, must recognize that the aim of the Isis League, to utilize the ancient drama as an elevating and purifying influence in modern life, is a noble one, and their efforts both disinterested and strenuous."

Several letters have also been received from prominent educationalists expressing their appreciation of the performance and the educational value of the work of the League which has indeed begun under good auspices.

## OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret that we record the passing away of our comrade, Annie C. Copeland, wife of our Brother Lucien B. Copeland, whom so many met and greeted at the Convention in Chicago. She was one of the devoted workers of the U. B. Lodge in Omaha, and will be greatly missed by all the members there. We cannot but feel the deepest sympathy with Bro. Copeland in his loss.

We have also received notice that Mrs. Cora G. Mix, a faithful member of U. B. Lodge, No. 66, Sioux City, Iowa, passed away November 16, after a long and painful illness, and we send our heart's sympathy to all those near her and her comrades in the Lodge.

J. H. FUSSELL.