

" He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew."

—GOETHE, in *Faust*.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

VOL. XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 8

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

VII—The Brilliant Twelfth Dynasty—Lake Mœris and the Labyrinth—The Menti or Hyksos—The New Empire—The Queens.

AMUNEMHIA III. had supplemented the achievements of his predecessors by the provision which he had made for stable government by his magnificent system of canals and other public works. He had consolidated his dominion from the Sudan to the Mediterranean and had transformed the Fayum, which had been little more than a desert and field of marshes, into a region of fertility and abundance, making it the seat of power and influence in Egypt. The Labyrinth, with its numerous structures, pathways and thousands of apartments, was, doubtless, a place of assembly, where the representative priests, lesser kings and others who were of note amongst the people met in council to propose and discuss measures which were for the welfare of the Empire. Everything had been conducted upon a scale of grandeur and with reference to the general welfare.

The Twelfth Dynasty, like others, "came in with a lass and went out with a lass." And after its departure dense clouds began to obscure the glory

of Egypt. With the exaltation of the Fayum and Middle Egypt and the introduction of a heterogeneous population, it is likely that the rulers of the other districts were excited by jealousy. There was probably, likewise, an increase of the public burdens. An analogous condition of affairs is described as recurring in Hebrew Palestine at a later period. King Solomon had also filled his dominion with costly buildings and "made silver as stones,"* so that it was of no account for coinage or ornament. His people being overburdened beyond patient endurance, their representatives appealed to his successor for relief. Upon his refusal they promptly set the Dynasty of David aside.

Religion, even more than jealousy and political ambition, was likely to have a greater influence. The exaltation of the Fayum and increase of its influence naturally tended to bring the tutelary divinity of the Arsinoite district into greater distinction. The divinity, Sebek, the patron god of the inundation, had

* Chronicles, II., ix., 20-27.

the crocodile for representative symbol, and homage was paid to it similar to that bestowed elsewhere upon the sacred ram at Mendes, the black Apis at Memphis and the white Mena at Heliopolis. Amunemha erected temples and obelisks to this divinity, and the name Sebek became a frequent constituent of the names of individuals belonging to the royal family and court. The King's own daughter, the last of his line, was Queen Sebek-neferu, and she was succeeded by Sebek-hetep I. of the Thirteenth Dynasty.

The history of this dynasty is involved in much obscurity. The Tablet of Abydos omits all mention of it, passing from the Twelfth to the Eighteenth as though continuous. The *Chronicle* of Manethô barely states that it consists of sixty Theban or Diospolite Kings, whose names are lost, and that of the Fourteenth nothing is known. The Turin Papyrus is badly tattered at this point. It enumerates eighty-seven kings, while, owing to its mutilated condition, there are about sixty more names that cannot be transcribed. Seven of these kings are recognized as bearing the name of Sebek-hetep, and Brugsch-Bey declares his conviction that the greater number of the kings of this family had the same designation. This name, implying homage and veneration for the Crocodile-God, appears continually till the beginning of the Eighteenth Dynasty. Then, as will be seen, there occurred other changes of vast importance.

The Kings of the Thirteenth Dynasty, the first of them at least, were duly invested with full royal authority in both the Egypts and in the subject-provinces, and their inscriptions have been found in Nubia, the Peninsula of Sinai and in several of the cities. Two statues of King Mermesha were found by Mariette-Bey at Tanis (Zoan), on which his name was distinctly inscribed. They had been set up in the great Temple of Ptah, and

the names of Apapi of the Fifteenth Dynasty and Rameses II. had also been cut in them. The statues of Sebek-hetep IV. were so set up at Tanis, and those of Sebek-hetep V. were found at Bubastis, in Lower Egypt, and on the Island of Argo, in the Upper Nile. This shows that their power was recognized in Lower Egypt and undisputed in the South. Brugsch-Bey was of the opinion that the monarchs, beginning with Sebek-hetep III. and ending with Sebek-hetep VII., were connected with the most powerful families of the country and formed a separate series. They were inscribed under Thothmes III. in the Royal Tablets of the Chamber of Karnak.

The tombs at Siut or Lycopolis belong to this period and may yet disclose more. Eratosthenes has recorded but three names as ruling in Thebes, namely: Siphôas or Si-Ptah, Phuron or Phi-iaro (Neilos), and Amuthantæos or Amun-Tima-o. This last name is memorable as belonging to a prince in whose reign took place an event that was destined to change the fortunes of Egypt.

"There was a King Hêmin-timaos (or Amuntimao)," says Manethô. "Under this monarch God became angry, I know not why, and there came unexpectedly out of the regions of the East men of an insignificant race, who marched boldly over the country and easily took possession of it by force without resistance. And having overpowered those who ruled in it, they not only savagely burned the cities, but they likewise overthrew the sanctuaries of the Gods. They also in various ways ill-treated the inhabitants, putting some to death and leading others into bondage with their wives and children."

In fact the lowland regions of Northern Egypt had already for many centuries attracted colonies from Asia. The country east of Sâu or Tanis and the Tanitic Branch of the Nile had already been peopled by inhabitants of Phœ-

nician descent and was named in their dialect Zar and Ma-zor (Zoan*), "the region of fortresses."

In the Hebrew writings the southern realm was called Pa-to-ris or Pathros, "the southern country," and Northern Egypt was also presently termed Keft-or or Kaptor, the country of Kefts or Keph-enians, which was a designation of the Phœnicians and Palestinians. The plural term, Mizraim, became a name for Upper and Lower Egypt. This was probably after the foreign Prince or Salit had fortified his dominion.

The newcomers, whom Manethô has described so unfavorably, were denominated in the monumental records "Menti," or Easterners. The country from which they came was known in subsequent periods as Asher, and Rutennu, or Lutennu, and to us as Syria and Palestine. They were the same peoples evidently as are designated in the Hebrew books as Anakim, Amorites and Philistines. They were afterward styled Sos or Shasu, the appellations also of the Amalekites, Idumeans and the Bedouins of Arabia. Hence the Menti Kings are now known in history as Hyk-Sos or Arabian Princes.

An ancient tradition informs us that Shedad, the son of Ad, conquered Egypt and the whole of Northern Africa, and founded a dynasty with its capital at Avaris, or Pelusium, which continued more than two hundred years.

Whether the invaders whom Manethô described were Arabians or emigrants from Palestine is a debatable question; but as they found the region in the Eastern Lowlands already occupied by Phœnicians and perhaps other people of the Semitic family, it is probable that the

* Tyre was named in Hebrew Sur or Zur, and is so called by the Arabs at the present time. The initial letter, ts, is the same as that of Sidon, but was changed to T by the Greeks from their hatred of sibilants, yet the region of Aram was named Syria, or the country of Tyre.

latter gave the newcomers a fraternal welcome.

It seems evident, however, that their emigration was prompted by apprehension of an invasion of their own country by hostile hordes from Middle Asia. They came to Egypt originally as colonists, but the country afforded an opportunity of which they took advantage. Brugsch-Bey declares that "the history of Egypt at this period consisted chiefly of revolts and insurrections, of murders and assassinations of various princes, in consequence of which their lives and reigns were not governed by the ordinary conditions of the duration of human existence."

In such a state of affairs the Kings of the Thirteenth Dynasty found it difficult to maintain their regal authority. This made it easy for the new lords of the alien peoples in the Egyptian Lowlands to supersede them in one tract of territory after another and to hold possession by the right of conquest.

The history of the Fourteenth Dynasty is yet to be brought to light. The *Chronicle* represents it as consisting of seventy-six Kings belonging to Xôis or Sakha, a city in the Delta of the Nile, and as having continued four hundred and eighty-four years. Manethô seems in this statement to recognize actual kings, with no question of their legal title. The Tablet of Abydos, more tenacious of technical rights, ignored their existence altogether. Owing to the mutilated condition of the Turin Papyrus, their names are not yet ascertained, but it is certain that few of them reigned for any considerable length of time. Whether this Dynasty succeeded to the Thirteenth or was only contemporary with it, and whether it held dominion over any considerable part of Egypt are questions which are still debated. It will suffice, however, to say: "It once existed; it *was!*"

It is hardly probable, however, that the

Menti seized on the sovereign power in the way of conquest. They may have been invited by some of the under-Kings of Egypt who had become disgusted with the prevalent misrule and feeble administration to accept the suzerainty. Perhaps their princes had intermarried with the families of some of the native rulers and so obtained a claim to supreme power that was not without valid foundation.

They were not fairly described by Manethô. It is not probable that they governed the country with any uncommon harshness. They may have treated the worship of Egypt with little respect and suffered the temples to go to decay without attempt to repair them. The same thing had taken place in former periods, and more religious monarchs of later Dynasties had devoted themselves to rebuilding them, as Herod rebuilt the Temple at Jerusalem. Ancient religion, however, was more domestic and less a public matter. In archaic times every household, clan and tribe had an eponymous divinity, an altar or hearth, and a religious rite that were all its own; and for a stranger to take part or even be present at the worship was considered a profanation. Likewise, under the different dynasties, the various divinities, Ptah, Khem, Menthu and Sebek, had in turn received the principal worship. The Menti Kings had their own tutelary, Baal, called also Sutekh or Sedek, "the Just One." It is probable that they considered him as clearly allied to Ptah, the Demiurgos, and that they also identified him with Seth or Typhon, who was worshipped by the Egyptians in the same region. Indeed, the distinct individuality of several gods is not to be too much counted upon. There was a concept of their actual oneness behind them all, but there is no trustworthy evidence that the newcomers when in supreme power interfered with the local worship or destroyed any edifice that was regarded as sacred.

The obelisks and monuments of the earlier kings, the tombs and other structures were not meddled with. Little innovation was made upon existing customs. The new rulers actually adopted the manners of the Egyptians and made use of the Egyptian manners and writing. The order and etiquette of the Royal Court were arranged as they had been before. Even their first monarch, as he was named by Manethô, was designated simply by an official title—the Salit,* or Sultan.

He is said to have made his official residence at Memphis, to have filled the region with garrisons and to have collected taxes and tribute from both Lower and Upper Egypt. As he apprehended a possible attack from Assyria, then in full career of conquest, he fortified the eastern frontier against invasion. At the east of the river, in the Saitic or Sethroite nome, or district, was the old town of Havar, or Avaris, which had its name from a theologic tradition.* The Salit perceived that it was a point of superior strategic importance and rebuilt it with strong fortifications. He placed a strong garrison in it and spared no effort to place his dominion in complete defense. It may be that this was the occasion of giving it the name "Mizraim," or fortified regions.

* In the story of Joseph, as given in the Book of Genesis, he is denominated the salit, or governor. (Chap. xlii. 6.) He is also designated the Zaphnath-paaneah, or, as the hieroglyphic inscriptions render it, Za-pu-nt p-aa-ankh, "Governor of the Region of Life"; i. e., the Sethroite district, which was occupied by a Semitic population. Others have translated the title "Governor of the Phœnician district."

* This term is defined as meaning the "place of the Leg." The Eastern branch of the Nile was designated the Var, or leg of Osiris. In the legend of Isis and Osiris, which constituted the basis of the Sacred Drama of the Lesser Rite, it is set forth that after Isis had recovered the body of Osiris from Pt-Balis or Byblis, it was again found by Seth or Typhon, cut into 14 pieces, and scattered over Egypt. She searched again, and buried each part where it was found. The right leg was in this way assigned to Avaris, and the others, the Havar Amenti, to Edfu, on the Westernmost branch of the Nile.

There were six kings enumerated by Manethô under the title of "Phœnician Foreigners" in the Fifteenth Dynasty. Their names are given as follows: Saïtes or the Salit, Benôn, Apakhnan, Staan or Apapi, Anan or Arkhles and Azeth. Manethô adds that "they carried on war constantly, as though they were desirous to root out the whole population of Egypt."

The Sixteenth Dynasty is described as consisting of thirty-two Hellenic Kings, shepherds or Shasus, who reigned five hundred and eighteen years. There is no good reason for describing them as Greeks. They were patrons of art, and under their direction the artists of Egypt erected statues and monuments, procuring the stone from the quarries of the South. In these statues they reproduced the foreign characteristics, the physiognomy, the peculiar arrangement of the beard, head-dress and other variations. The number of these monuments, however, is limited, and the inscriptions have been obliterated by the chisels of their adversaries of later time.

The foreigners brought to Egypt many arts and much new knowledge. The winged Sphinx or Cherub, characteristic of Assyrian sculpture, was introduced by them and became a feature in their temples. Egypt from this time on was famous for horses and the chariot, or war-car. Before this the steeds of Libya had not been common, but afterward the horses of Egypt were equal to those of Africa and Arabia, and became famous in commerce and warlike expeditions.* In no way did these Menti Kings actually impoverish Egypt. They added to

* Kings I. x., 28, 29. "And Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt; . . . a horse for 150 shekels, and so for all the kings of the Hittites and for the kings of Syria did they bring them out by their [the merchants] means."

Isaiah, xxxi., 1. "Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help; and stay on horses and trust in its chariots, because they are very strong."

the resources and the military power of the country.

One of the kings, probably of the Sixteenth Dynasty, but this is not certain, introduced a new era into Egyptian calculations, which was employed in the later centuries. An inscription found on a memorial stone of Rameses II., at Tanis, bears the date of the fourth day of the month Messori, "in the year 400 of King Set Apehuti-Nub, the friend of the god Hormakhu." This fact is significant of the influence which the alien monarchs exerted on the future of Egypt.

Another result of the presence of foreigners was the adopting of Semitic terms in place of Egyptian. We have experienced in our own English speech the discarding of good homespun words, indigenous to our language, for others of Latin and French origin almost to the alienizing of our entire literature. The educated Egyptians, the priests and temple-scribes contracted the similar habit of interlarding their compositions with Semitic terms, like *ras* for head, *sar* for *neter*, or king, *beth* for house, *bab* for door or gate, *keten* for *nub* or gold, *ram* for high, *barakh* for bless, *salam* for greet, etc. The introduction of the Semitic designations of *sus* for hall, *kamal* for camel, *abri* for a particular race of oxen, show whence these animals came. Indeed, in the eastern Lowlands, which the foreign rulers and colonists occupied, there was an interblending of the two peoples, till Northern Egypt had a large composite population. Even the towns had Semitic names, like Azala, Pi-Bailos or Byblos, Koheni or Priest-town, Adirama, Namurad, Pet-baal.

The Seventeenth Dynasty, Manethô represents as consisting of forty-three alien kings, the Shepherds, and forty-three Thebans, or Diospolitans, who reigned at the same time for one hundred and fifty-one years. The names of the Easterners are not given, but as the family name of Apapi was also frequently

adopted by native Egyptians, we may presume that it was also borne by some of these kings; one, at least, having the official designation of Râ-a-kenen, also the name Apapi.

Time gradually weakened the energy of their dominion. They ruled for five centuries, and perhaps longer, in Northern Egypt and held the whole country tributary. Now, a dynasty came into existence at Thebes, which, though subordinate for a long period, was becoming able to dispute the title to supreme power. It was a bitter struggle and for many years the issue was uncertain.

THE SALLIER PAPYRUS.

A brief account of the beginning of the contest is given in the *Sallier Papyrus*; but owing to the mutilated condition of the document, an imperfect version only can be made.

It came to pass that the land of Khemi fell into the hands of the lepers.* There was no one king over the whole country. There was, indeed, a king, Se-kenen-Râ, but he was only a *hyk* or prince in the Southern region. The lepers occupied the region of Amu (or the Semitic tribes), and Apapi was supreme king (*uar*) at the city of Avaris. The whole country brought him its productions; the Northern region also brought him the valuable product of Ta-mera.* "And the King Apapi chose the God Sutekh as his god and neglected to serve any other god in the whole land that was worshipped.

"And he built him a temple of goodly workmanship that should last for ages. And Apapi observed festivals, days for making offerings to Sutekh, with all the

rites that are performed in the Temple of Râ-Hormakhu.

"Many days after this Apapi [sent a message] to King Sekenen-Râ [requiring that he should also establish the worship of Sutekh in Upper Egypt.*]

"[To this Sekenen-Râ made answer that] he would not assent [to worship] any other of the gods that were worshipped in the whole land except Amun-Râ, King of the gods alone.

"Many days after these events King Apapi sent to the ruler of the Southern country this message, which his scribes had drawn up for him. [It related to the stopping of a well.]

"And the messenger of King Apapi came to the ruler of the South. And he was brought before the ruler of the South.

"And he said to the messenger of King Apapi: 'Who sent thee hither to the City of the South? Why hast thou come to spy out our domain?'

"And the messenger said to him: 'King Apapi sent me to give this message concerning the well for cattle which is near the city. Verily, no sleep came to me day or night while on this journey.'

"And the ruler of the Southern country was for a long time troubled in mind, and he knew not what to answer the messenger of King Apapi. [The Papyrus is here mutilated. It is a demand for supplies for some purpose.]

"And the messenger of King Apapi

* This is an attempt to supply a lacuna with a statement which is the substance of the omitted matter. This arbitrary attempt to enforce uniformity of worship and its results are very similar to the decree of Antiochos Epiphanes that all his subjects should discard their local religions and adopt that of the royal court. Resistance was made in Judea, and after long combat, national independence was secured.

* Compare Genesis xlii., 9: "And Joseph remembered . . . and said unto them: 'Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land are ye come.'"

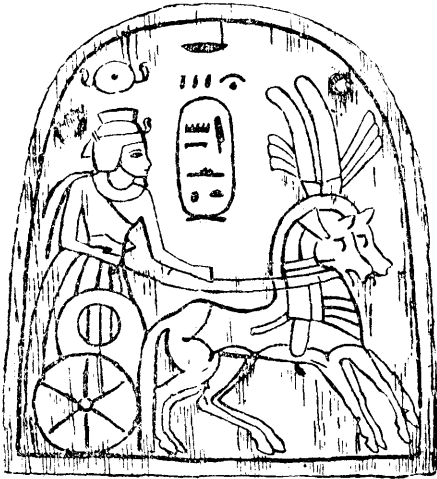
* It was the practice to distinguish adversaries by opprobrious epithets. The social and often hypocritical amenities of our modern civilization were not in fashion in former times.

* Lower Egypt.

arose and went back to the place where his royal master was abiding.

"Then the Prince of the Southern Country called to him his great men and chief officials, and likewise his captains and higher military officers, and he repeated to them all the messages that King Apapi had sent to him.

"But they were full of dismay and were silent, all of them, with one mouth, for they knew not what to say to him, either good or bad."



"THE LORD OF DIADEMMS, AMUNOPH."

SMALL WOOD PLATE INLAID WITH BLUE PAINT,
FOUND AT THEBES.

Dr. Samuel Birch construes this somewhat differently. "It is stated," he says, "that the Shepherd King sent a herald or ambassador to demand workmen and materials of the Egyptian Prince to build the Temple of Sutekh or Set. The King assembled his Council and refused."

Such is the account given by the monuments of the immediate cause of the uprising of the Egyptians against the dominion of their foreign over-lords. It seems, however, hardly credible that an authority which had been in power for centuries would be the occasion of so much animosity. Yet the attempt to foist a strange worship on an individual

or people has generally been resented far more than actual oppression.* It was considered equivalent to a requirement to commit suicide or become outlawed.

The Theban Kings of the Seventeenth Dynasty had been, like the other under-kings of Egypt, vassals or tributaries of the foreign monarchs in the North. The last of the line consisted of three monarchs by the name of Taa. The first of them, bearing the official name of Sekenen-Râ, was succeeded by Sekenen-Râ II., or Taa the Great. The third of the name was Taa Ken, or Taa the Bold. He was the king who ventured to brave the Overlord when those around him were quailing in terror. He possessed the zeal and fortitude of a Maccabee and now prepared for the conflict. A flotilla of vessels was built and placed on the Nile. The command was given to Baba, a relative of the King and an officer of superior ability. He had often held important commissions and performed them with perfect acceptance.

The inscription on his tomb at El-Kab, or Eileithyopolis, sets forth his rank, character and services, and likewise contains a very significant statement. It describes him first as "Baba, who has risen again, the chief of the table of the sovereign."

"I loved my father, I honoured my mother," he declares. "My brothers and my sisters loved me.

"I went out of my house with a benevolent heart; I stood there with a refreshing hand; splendid were my preparations of what I had collected for the Festal Day * * *

"My words may seem absurd to the gainsayer; but I called the God Menthi to witness that what I say is true.

"I had all this prepared in my house.

* An example is afforded in the execration of King David, when himself leading the life of a freebooter. Sam. I., xxvi., 19: "Cursed be they before Yava; for they have driven me out from abiding in the inheritance of Yava, saying: 'Go serve other [i. e., foreign] Gods.'"

In addition, I put cream in the store-room and beer in the cellar in a more-than-sufficient number of hin-measures.

"I collected corn as a friend of the harvest-god; I was watchful at the time of sowing.

"And when a famine arose, lasting many years, I provided corn for each hungry person in the country during each year of the famine."

It does not appear that any important conflicts took place or advantages were obtained during the time of Taa the Great. The famine, lasting for years, was the principal event.

The Eighteenth Dynasty began with a prince bearing the official name of Aahmes.*

It would seem, however, that he was not of the recognized royal blood. The divinity that hedged about kings appears to have been wanting. His name was accordingly omitted from the number inscribed on the walls of the Temple of Thebes. His successor, Amun-hetep, or Amun-oph, heads the list.*

Aahmes prosecuted the war of liberation with energy. Making the son of Baba, who was also his own namesake, his commander-in-chief, he led an expedition down the Nile and besieged the enemy in his own capital. Avaris fell after a long siege. Hostilities were continued without intermission till the Menti had abandoned Egypt for Palestine.* The City of Sheruhan† was cap-

* It will be observed that many of the kings after this period had for names the title of a god with the suffix, which is variously rendered, according to taste—mes, meses, mases or mosés. It is equivalent to *ides* in Greek nouns, and signifies a child. Aahmes or Amasis is the child of the moon-god, Thôthmes or Thôthmoses, the child of Thôth; Ramases, the child of Râ, etc.

* The suffix signifies beloved, joined, affiliated. It is written Hotep, Hetep, Opht, Epht. Thus the name of the Egyptian Æsculapius, Imhetep, is also written Imopht, Emepht, etc.

* Jer., xvii., 4: "The day that cometh to spoil all the Philistines, to cut off from Tyre and Zidon every helper that remaineth; for the Lord will spoil the Philistines—the remnant of the country of Caphtor."

tured in the sixth year of the reign of Aahmes, and the land of Khemi was restored evermore to the possession of its natural rulers.

The conquerors followed up their victories by acts similar to those which Mauehthô imputed to their adversaries. The cities Avaris and Tanis suffered severely from their revengeful fury. The monuments of the alien kings were defaced, their inscriptions were obliterated and those of the victors engraved in their place. The vandalism and destructiveness appear to have exceeded the worst which the enemies had inflicted. Owing to this fact it had been thus far impossible to ascertain the history of the three Menti Dynasties.

Aahmes had a task before him similar to that afterward encountered by Dareios Hystaspis after the overthrow of the Magian King in Persia. He found many of the princes of the nomes disaffected and unwilling to submit to his authority. It took him many years to bring them into subjection and settle the affairs of Egypt.

The subject-tribes of Nubia had taken advantage of the state of affairs to throw off the Egyptian yoke. Accompanied by his faithful general, Aahmes, the new king marched thither and succeeded in reducing the insurgents to submission, with an immense slaughter. A large number of prisoners were taken and given to his followers for slaves.* The record of this expedition is the first account that we have of the employing of horses and war-cars by the Egyptians.

Having finally established his authority in Egypt and its dependencies, Aahmes found opportunity to set about the restoring of "the temples that had fallen into decay since the times of the ancestors." In the twenty-second year of his

* Nubia was called Khen-Nefer, the "good servant." The best servants in Egypt at this time were Nubians.

† In the book of Joshua, xix., 6, Sheruhan is named as a city in the territory of the tribe of Simeon.

reign, as the inscriptions declared in the caves of Toura and Messarra, near Memphis. "His Holiness gave the order to open the rock-chambers anew and to cut out thence the best white stone of the hill-country of An for the houses of the gods—for the divine Ptah in Memphis, for Amun, the gracious god, in Thebes, and for other buildings and monuments."

The stone was drawn from the quarries by oxen, six to a sledge, and "delivered over to the foreign people of the Fenekh"* to be wrought. These works were begun on a scale so extensive as not to be completed till many centuries had passed.

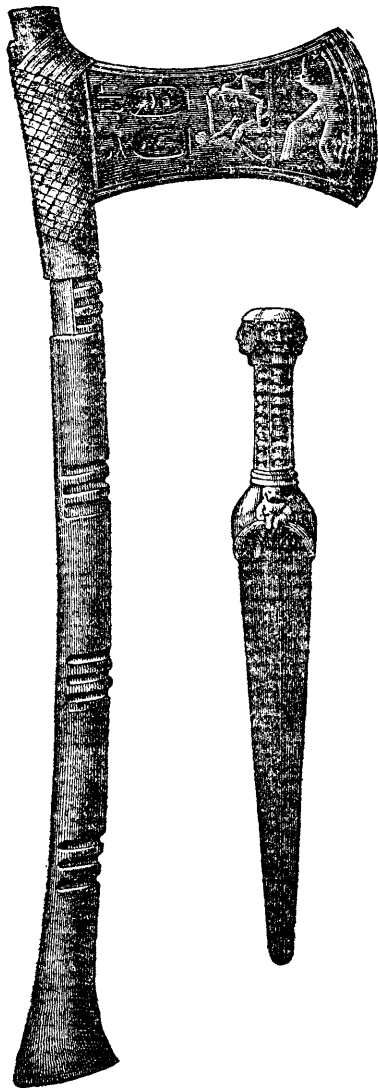
Manethô has named Khebron as the successor of Aahmes, but neither the Tablet of Abydos nor the other monumental records recognize a monarch of that name. As Amunoph I. was at tender age at the death of his father, it may be that such a person was regent, but Brugsch-Bey suggests that Nefert, the Queen-mother, exercised that office. He confined his military operations to the African Continent. He retained Aahmes as his general, and an expedition against the Nubians was crowned with success. For his valor on this occasion Aahmes was exalted to the dignity of Khartot, or "warrior of the king."* He also served under Thôthmes I. both in Nubia and likewise in Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia. Doubtless the love of conquest was stimulated by the purpose to continue the war which had been waged so long in Egypt.

Amunoph was content to secure his dominions in Africa without going beyond the Sea of Suph and papyrus-reeds. He devoted his energies more directly to the building of temples. As he was the son of a royal mother, he was acceptable to the nobility and priest-caste and needed no military achievements to give strength to the throne.

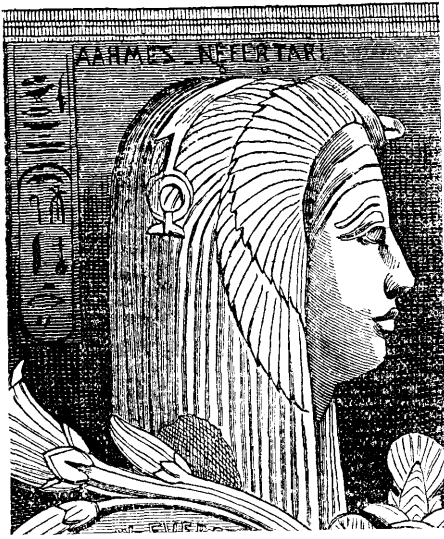
Famous as was the Eighteenth Dynasty for the achievements of its kings, its history derives much of its distinction from its queens. Aah-hetep, the consort of Kames, was of royal descent. Her tomb was opened many years ago by

*Phœnicians. They were the skilled mechanics and artisans of former time, and are accredited with building the temple of Solomon.

* The "magician" of the Book of the Exodus.



GOLDEN AXE AND DAGGER OF QUEEN
AAH-HETEP.



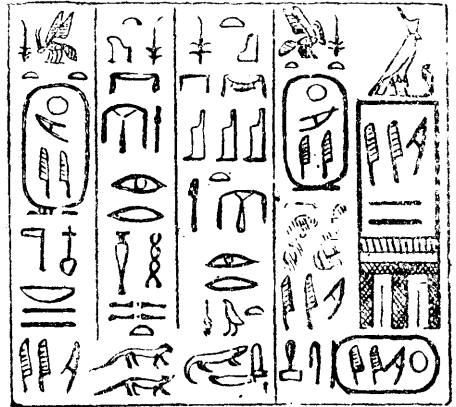
QUEEN NEFERT-ARI-AAHMES.

some peasants and the coffin, with its contents, was deposited in the museum at Bulakh. On its cover was depicted a likeness at full length of the Queen, with the royal asp on her brow, and the white and red crowns, the symbols of sovereignty of the Upper and Lower Egypt. In the coffin were both weapons and ornaments, daggers, a golden axe, a chain with three large golden beads, bangles and a breastplate.* There were also bronze axes and little ships. On these were tablets with the official name of King Kames, her husband; but the richest of the ornaments displayed the shield of Aahmes, the first King of the Eighteenth Dynasty. She may have been a regent after the death of her husband, and hence an important agent in bringing about the accession of Aahmes to the throne. He gave her in his turn a magnificent burial and the significant title of "Royal Consort."

A higher distinction, however, be-

*Dr. Schliemann found ornaments in the royal tomb at Mykenæ in Argolis, which closely resembled those of the Egyptian Queen. There were daggers, a golden axe, bracelets, and a golden chain with three grasshoppers attached.

longed to the illustrious Queen Nefert. Although the walls of the Theban sanctuaries have no record or mention of Aahmes, the caves in the rocks near Memphis, where his greater achievements were performed have perpetuated the memories of the deeds which the tablets of the later metropolis had ignored. They have not only preserved his memorial to the present time, but they have joined with his in honorable mention the name of Nefert-ari-Aahmes, "the beautiful spouse of Aahmes." Not only the grottoes near Memphis, but the public monuments and the tombs in the Necropolis of Thebes had inscriptions recording her name and praising her virtues. She was lineally descended from Mentu-hetep of the Eleventh Dynasty, and thus added a certain warrant of validity to the pretensions of Aahmes, and likewise the "divine right" to their successors. She was accordingly venerated as herself a divine personage, and her image was placed with the statues of the deified kings of the "New Empire." Hers is the oldest portrait extant



BRONZE CYLINDER WITH THE NAME AND TITLES OF KING PEPI.

The hieroglyphics describe him as "the Horus, loving the World; the King beloved of the Sun; Mæris, the gracious god, the lord of the two worlds." This cylinder is especially interesting as one of the few memorials of one of the most celebrated kings before the Hyksos invasion.

(See *Universal Brotherhood* for September.)

of an Egyptian queen. She sits enthroned at the head of them all, as their parent and the foundress of the dynasty, and she was acknowledged as "daughter, sister, wife and mother of a king." She also had her place in the sacerdotal order as "wife," or Chief Priestess of Amun, the tutelary God of the Thebaïd.

Of Aahetep, the consort of Amunoph I., and Aahmes, the Queen of Thôthmes

I., there is little to record. But the famous daughter of the latter, Queen Hashep or Hatasu, the kingly one, made history for herself and for Egypt that outshines the annals of whole dynasties. The envious chisel obliterated her name from the monuments, but the memories of her rule have been preserved. She reigned with an iron will and governed with a strong hand.

SYMPATHY.

BY H. T. EDGE.

"If there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—Romans, xiii., 9.

READ the teachings of any great world-teacher — Jesus, Buddha, Plato, whom we will—and we shall find a great central Truth around which their teachings are built. This Truth is that all pain comes from the clashing of personal interests, and peace can only come through the reconciling of these personal interests under the law of Love. When men run after selfish desires they thwart and injure one another, but when they subject their selfish desires to the general interest they live in mutual harmony and peace. In no corner of the earth, in no epoch of time, shall we find the world without knowledge of this great Truth; it has been the guiding star of the human race from time immemorial; it sums up the whole program of humanity on its pilgrimage to salvation.

Furthermore, if we look a little deeper into the teaching of the great Teachers,

we find that they base their doctrine of Love on another Truth—the Truth that man's nature is two-fold. Man's mind and heart are ever hovering between two influences, one urging him to act selfishly, the other unselfishly. The better influence comes from the Higher Self, the divine part of man, and the worse influences come from the animal instincts belonging to the carnal part of man. These two are waging a constant war for the mastery of man's mind. The animal and selfish propensities strive to gain possession of the intellect and will of man, that thereby they may become powerful and obtain their own gratification. The Higher Self strives to win over our mind to the law of Love, to conquer the animal propensities, and so render them obedient servants to that law. The Great Law which governs the universe has entrusted to man the task of conquering the forces of nature and taming them into subjection to the Law. So man is a great Soul engaged in a battle with the forces of nature, deluded

by them at first, but destined one day to triumph and make a heaven upon earth.

Whenever the Higher Nature of man is forgotten, humanity sinks into a state of discord and darkness. This was the case at the fall of the Roman Empire, and it is the case now. Man has largely forgotten that his nature is dual. The truths concerning the Soul and the Great Law have been relegated to a dim and misty region of theology and dogma and have lost their grip on the daily life of the people. The concerns of the higher life are put apart in a place to themselves, with a special day and special buildings, and the work-a-day world is regarded as a separate thing, governed by other laws and duties. Many of us have given up the struggle between our higher and lower natures, and are content to think that we are *wholly* evil, and can only be saved by the mediation of a church or priesthood. We regard this present life as hopelessly evil and beyond redemption, and place all our hopes on some vague future life which we do not *really* believe in.

But the earth is the home of the human race, and our task is to stay here until we have made this earth a heaven. Our earthly life is the one that we have to make good and happy. The Soul is always present, striving to make itself a temple in our hearts; it is not merely waiting for us to die so that it can escape. The Soul is our real Self, and is trying to destroy the false selves that we wear like masks. The teachings in our Bibles are not vague echoes under cathedral roofs, dim and cobwebby, belonging to an artificial incense-laden Sunday-clothes life; they are common-sense rules for the daily life of humanity.

As man has a Higher nature and a lower nature, so there are two lives which we can live—the great, thrilling life of humanity, and the little, sordid life of self. A soul that shuts itself up

in a personality and lives a little life of personal pleasures and personal cares is a bird in a cage. It knows nothing of the joys of free air and untrammelled flight. It will pine and grow faint and joyless. Yet, this is what a selfish life means; it is a self-inflicted torture. We all know how dull and even wretched is the life of the selfish man, and we are told by our Teachers that we need not live that life. We hear cries like: "Is life worth living?" The selfish life is *not* worth living.

But we have heard sermons enough, and sermons are of little use to people who have formed the habit of pigeon-holing them away in a dusty corner of the memory only opened on Sundays. We have come to regard brotherly love as a kind of painful necessity of the religious life, involving much gloom and sacrifice; not adopted by ordinary people, but practiced by austere and "godly" folk, who have no share in the homely life of the world. Brotherly love as a deep and full joy is a conception we have ceased to entertain; but it is the conception put before us by our Teachers. Surely it is time we left off associating all the great Truths with a dim religious light, and identifying joy with sin. Surely joy and brightness belong to the light-side, and gloom and sadness to the evil and night-side of nature. Brotherly love is not a mere theoretical maxim; it is a deep joy—a sentiment. The selfish propensities do not sway us by appeals to our reason; on the contrary, they overmaster our reason by their emotional and passional force. Hence there is a sentiment of brotherly love which must be felt and experienced before men can be made to obey the law of love. Brotherhood must be felt as a dominating enthusiasm in the heart. We do not picture Christ as a cold philosopher with a theoretical belief in brotherhood, but as a man whose heart glowed and shone with the divine warmth of love. The

various forms of human love are open doors through which we may enter to an understanding of the divine love; they are only partial and limited, but they are foretastes of the supreme bliss. True marital love is characterized by a desire to share our whole conscious life with another, to lose our personality and extend the range of our feelings so as to include two people. Personal interest melts away before the superior delights of blended interest. A devoted mother is so identified with her children that she feels that their destruction would be to her a greater death than the destruction of her own body. Hence she sacrifices her personal life for the life that lives in them.

These familiar human experiences show us that love is a liberating force, which looses our soul from our personality like a bird from a cage and admits it to a sunnier and larger life. All great Teachers who have felt this larger life speak of a boundless Joy and lightness of spirit; and they become illuminated, the scales fall from their eyes. The feeling of brotherly love is, in fact, the awakening to a fuller life, which we must all experience some day, when we have sounded the depths of selfish engrossment and found what a barren desert lies there. And this grand truth must be rescued from that dim and misty religious region of thought where it has so long been kept, and made a part of our work-a-day life, and the object of intelligent study.

The last years of this century have witnessed a wonderful tide of human thought and feeling in the direction of Brotherhood. The exclusive ideas of our ancestors, which we gather from old novels, the records of their ideals and lives, are melting away. We do not now find the classes and masses regarded as two entirely distinct races, separated like oil and water. The old-fashioned rigid "patriotism" and contemptuous insular-

ity are going. Dark-skinned races are looked upon with interest, and their religions and philosophies sympathetically studied. The tendency in religion is to practical humanity as against barren dogmatizing. In the midst of a universal tide like this it is only needful that we all keep our eyes turned in the right direction, and use every little endeavor we can in favor of the Brotherhood idea that is dawning. By doing so we shall be preparing the way for the manifesting of the new spirit of the times. This new spirit does not come with a flourish of trumpets, nor is it to be looked for in the places of the mighty. It comes "like a thief in the night," as a stirring among the hearts of the people, a new and fresher air, a tide of energy and hope coming from no visible source.

The key-note for each one of us to strike is that of *Sympathy*. This word has been less abused than the word "love," and therefore gives a less confusing idea of our duty. We might say: "Thou shalt be in sympathy with thy neighbor; the whole Mosaic law is built on sympathy." To take a simple instance of the working of sympathy, compare two households, one with it, the other without. In the latter the husband and wife are absolute strangers, and the character of each is a mystery to the other, though they have been married thirty years. Their union was not based on sympathy. Each has tried to impress his own character on the other, instead of trying to enter into the other's mind and feelings. They have long ago given each other up as a bad job. The thing works down to the children, whose natures are starved for want of sympathy. The family dwells together on the basis of a sort of *modus vivendi*, the men in the smoking-room, the women in the drawing-room. But rich food, leisure and soft beds cannot feed a hungry heart, and the men will each make a

little circle of friends of his own outside the family, while the daughters will seize the very first chance, good or bad, to escape by the gate of marriage from a life from which any change must be for the better. The servants that minister and faithfully serve have no encouragement of love and regard to inspire their work. They are hirelings, and the parlor does not care a rap for their affairs. In such a household starvation of the soul must ensue, and the only happy ones are the dogs and cats and fowls upon whom affection can safely be lavished without violating the rules of propriety. But we all know too well this kind of family, and, as the family is the State in miniature, we have the key to the condition of the State and the disease that causes it. It is lack of sympathy, caused by the predominance of selfishness. The new luxuries introduced by modern scientific progress have ministered first to individual greed. That game is played out; it will not work. Unless sympathy is cultivated the race

will fall to pieces. Love is the life-force of the universe, and nothing can live—not even the lowest passions themselves—without a little life and warmth borrowed from that.

Let us all then, whatever our walk of life, practice sympathetic relations with those we are brought in contact with; tactfully, of course, lest we make matters worse by overdoing our efforts. Let us not do it as a painful religious obligation, but because we want to escape from ourselves and liberate others from themselves; because we believe that sympathy is the key to joy, peace and wisdom. Let us remember that sympathy is the Love-force that beats in the Heart of humanity, while selfish desire is the consuming fire that gnaws our vitals. Let us open our minds to this radiant warmth from the Higher Powers, and by its aid break off the fetters of delusion, vanity and greed that imprison us. That will be our little contribution to the coming liberation of humanity.

VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY.

“I feel in myself the future life. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

“You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart.

“The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is a history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: ‘I have finished my day’s work,’ but I cannot say ‘I have finished my life.’ My day’s work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.”

ANCIENT WISDOM IN LEGEND AND FABLE.

BY D. N. DUNLOP.

EVERY country has its Folk-lore, every nation its Myths and Legends—an evidence of that old wisdom religion once universal. The ancient legends and fables are allegories of the soul, and conceal much valuable instruction for the discerning student. Through these "sacred relics" come gentle whispers of a mighty past, and the living breath of happier times. Out of the universal Over-Soul the true wisdom was at all times begotten, and its mystic symbolism has been the same the world over.

Many dreary pages have been written about ancient legends, for it would seem that only as we nourish the "mystic fire" within ourselves do these myths and symbols of the early world grow full of "magnificent suggestion." Our poets have made folk-lore the theme of their loftiest strains; our painters and sculptors have portrayed many ancient legends, and placed wonderful pictures of far-off years before us in a form beautiful and enduring. Viewed from the standpoint of our every-day life and feeling these old legends and fables, whether complete or coming to us in broken and fragmentary form, are filled with wonderful interest. The study of a universal folk-lore enlarges the view of human life, and teaches the Universal Brotherhood of Man. The literature and art of all peoples is interwoven with folk-lore, and an acquaintance with the mythology of a people is necessary to an understanding of its higher expression of thought and feeling.

Before written history Folk-lore existed, and in Mythology we have a lasting memorial of humanity's childhood. The legends of supernatural beings, huge

giants, little fairies, prodigious heroes, genii, demigods and gods, and the wonderful lands they inhabited, have afforded much scope for variety of opinion. According to some authorities, the gods were originally men, and the elysian abodes real countries. Others hold that they are corruptions of true religion originally revealed to man; others regard them as symbols of abstract virtues and vices, mental and moral powers.

Folk-lore is more comprehensive than mythology. It comes to the child in its cradle, in its simplest lullaby. It brings to the young a world of happy thought in nursery tales and childish rhymes. Our modern speech is full of direct reference to the old tales, and the experience of the race is synthesized in many pithy sayings. The remorse of Queen Guinevere, the moral self-destruction of Tristram and Iseult, the indomitable quest of Childe Roland, the grand warfare of opposing forces in Ragnarok, the tremendous tragedies of the Nibelungenlied, the fall of Faust, the spiriting away of the children of Hamelin—all are typical of the folk-lore from which they are taken, and are representative of the peoples with whom they originated.

Each nation has had its own individuality; its own dominant quality clothes its conceptions of life with a form different from others, but in essentials they are ever at one. The same underlying ideas are to be found in the myths and legends of every land. In the light of these old legends and fables the barriers which separate race from race are broken down. The confusion of tongues no longer divides the human family, for their life, their heart, their truest and best desires are eternally the same.

It is fitting that we should first turn our attention to the American myth system. And here we are all indebted to Curtin for his invaluable contributions on Folk-lore and Myths. The primitive men of ancient America developed a single system of thought which has no parallel in fullness and wealth of illustration, and the special value of it lies in the fact that it is the thought of ages long anterior to those which we find recorded on the Eastern Hemisphere, "either in sacred books, histories or literature, whether preserved on baked brick, burnt cylinders or papyrus." In the American account of the beginning of things man and every sentient thing is given a common origin. We find that these "primitive" people were under the immediate care and supervision of their gods, and preserved continual converse with them. They received from their gods all that they promised, all that they practiced, all that they knew.

The treasure saved to science by the primitive race of America is unique in value and high significance. The first result from it is to carry us back through untold centuries "to that epoch when man made the earliest collective and consistent explanation of this universe and its origin."

The Myths of primitive America begin with an indefinite number of divinities, existing unchanged through untold periods, living side by side in perfect harmony in the repose "of a primeval chaos." Differences arise in time, conflicts and collisions begin, leading to the evolution of character. The first world in this way gave place to the world now existing.

Creation myths describe in an admirable way the lives of the "first people." The primitive American patterned all his institutions upon those of the "first people;" the sanction of the divinities was obtained to every act. Religious direction was behind every act of life.

The revelations of the divinities came through the wise men among the people. The physical universe of these early myth-makers was the outer expression of unseen powers and qualities. The myths answered the eternal riddle to the early mind. Have we improved on the theories put forward by them to account for the world's appearance and the general scheme of life?

Out of the quiescent harmony of a remote past these ancient myth-makers evolved the present world, the play of passion and desire in multitudinous form and endless variety of method. They give evidence of having had keen observation and remarkable constructive power.

Communication with divinity was an important question with the Indians, but they recognized that certain conditions were necessary on their part in order to accomplish this. The gods only revealed themselves to the "fit and elect." A large number might go to the sacred place, but only one be favored with the vision divine. They recognized that greatness has its price, and that "power must be paid for in every place."

The myths of primitive America tell us of a time, "so long ago that none can say how long," when a race of god-like men lived in peace and harmony upon the earth. They were called the "first people." For countless ages they dwelt in bliss and concord free from sin and disease, for but one spirit dwelt in their midst. We are not told exactly what brought about the change which ultimately led to strife and dissension. The rise of conflict was followed by a period of struggle which did not end until the majority of the "first people" were changed into the likeness of that which they most resembled in their inner natures, be it beast, bird, reptile, fish or insect. Some of them, it seems, took the form of mountains and rocks, whilst others passed into the vegetable kingdoms and flourished as plants, trees and flow-

ers. A small number of the "first people" remained free from the conflict and left the earth together, sailing westwards, beyond the sea, beyond the sky into the "central blue," where dwelt Olelbis, the greatest of their gods. The abode of this god is described as being formed of living oak trees which bore acorns all the year round. Surrounding this home of the gods bloomed forever innumerable flowers, with never-dying roots.

From a study of American mythology and folk-lore we are able to get an insight into the great antiquity of ancient American civilization, and support the contention that the advanced human de-

velopment, whose crumbling monuments are studied at Copán, Mitla and Palenque, antedates everything else in the human period of our globe; that its history goes back through all the misty ages of prehistoric time to an unknown date, previous to the beginning of such civilization in any part of the old world. If we are incarnations of the ancients who formulated the old philosophy, we must surely have much to gain by a study of Legend and Fable and be affected to a considerable extent by their presentation. In the next article it will be our purpose to consider more fully the Myths of primitive America.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Manu (?)—By forgiveness of injuries the learned are purified.

Kwan-Yin (?)—Never will I seek nor receive private individual salvation; never enter into final peace alone; but forever and everywhere will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout the world.

Lao-Tse, Sixth Century B. C.—The good I would meet with goodness. The not good I would meet with goodness also. The faithful I would meet with faith. The not faithful I would meet with faith also. Virtue is faithful. Recompense injuries with kindness.

Buddha (circa) 600 B. C.—A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me. Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is the old rule.

Confucius, 500 B. C.—Do unto another what you would have him do unto you. Thou needest this law alone. It is the foundation for all the rest.

Socrates, 469 B. C.—It is not permitted to return evil for evil.

Thales, 464 B. C.—Avoid doing what you would blame others for doing.

Sextus, 406 B. C.—What you wish your neighbors to be to you, such be to them.

Aristotle, 385 B. C.—We should conduct ourselves toward others as we would have them act towards us.

Isocrates, 338 B. C.—Act toward others as you would desire them to act toward you.

Hillel, 50 B. C.—Do not to others what you would not like others to do to you.

Jesus the Christ.—All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, that do ye also unto them. (Matt. 7, 12.)

BY BASIL CRUMP.

VOL. I, A COMMUNICATION TO MY FRIENDS.

(CONTINUED.)

I stood
Among them, but not of them, in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts.

—Byron.

Power is the moral law of men who are
distinguished above others, and it is mine.

—Beethoven.

PARIS was still Wagner's unwelcome home when, at twenty-nine, a change in his fortunes beckoned him back to Germany. Dresden was preparing *Rienzi*; Berlin had accepted *The Flying Dutchman*. It was at this time that studies for *Tannhauser* and *Lohengrin* began. For these subjects Wagner went direct, as was his wont, to the original sources—the genuine Folk-poems. He studied the *Tannhauserlied* and the *Sangerkrieg*. "Thus," he says, "with one blow a whole new world of poetic stuff was opened out to me; a world of which in my previous search, mostly for ready-made material adapted to the genre of Opera, I had not had the slightest conception." He then describes a *historical* plot, the *Sarazenin*, based upon the last events of the Hohenstaufian era, which he had sketched after completing *The Flying Dutchman*, but which quickly gave way before the *mythical* subject of *Tannhauser*.

Let us remember here what was said about History and Myth in *The Artwork of the Future*. The still active struggle between the Intellect and the Intuition going on in Wagner he here again refers to: "In the choice of the *Tannhäuser*-stuff, also, I acted entirely without reflection * * * following absolutely the

dictates of instinctive feeling. * * * With the *Sarazenin* I was on the point of harking back, more or less, to the road of my *Rienzi*, and again writing a 'historical Grand Opera in five acts:' only the overpowering subject of *Tannhäuser*, grappling my individual nature with far more energetic hold, kept my footsteps firm upon the path which Necessity had bid me strike."

It is now that we light upon a still more remarkable evidence of the strength of Wagner's inner nature. The success of *Rienzi* brought him the appointment of Conductor of the Court Orchestra at Dresden. He records with unerring self-analysis how the desire for physical comfort, public fame and admiration battled in him with the selfless trend of the true artist. The latter won again, for it saw that its course was incompatible with fame and gain. Thus Wagner leads us up to the point where *Tannhauser*, as the fruitage of an inner conquest, sprang to life:

"If at last I turned impatiently away, and owed the strength of my repugnance to the independence already developed in my nature, both as artist and as man, so did that double revolt, of man and artist, inevitably take on the form of a yearning for appeasement in a higher, nobler element; an element which, in its contrast to the only pleasures that the material Present spreads in Modern Life and Modern Art, could but appear to me in the guise of a pure, chaste, virginal, unseizable and unapproachable ideal of Love. What, in fine, could this love-

*Translated by W. Ashton Ellis. London: Kegan Paul.

yearning, the noblest thing my heart could feel—what other could it be than a longing for release from the Present, for absorption into an element of endless Love, a love denied to earth and reachable through the gates of Death alone?* * * * The above is an exact account of the mood in which I was when the unlaid ghost of Tannhäuser returned again, and urged me to complete his poem. * * * With this work I penned my death-warrant; before the world of Modern Art I now could hope no more for life.* * * * My whole being had been so consumed with ardour for my task that, as I cannot but call to mind, the nearer I approached its completion the more was I haunted by the fancy that a sudden death would stay my hand from finishing it; so that, when at last I wrote its closing chord, I felt as joyful as though I had escaped some mortal danger."

It was during a health trip after these heavy labors that Wagner gave expression to his inherent mirthfulness (*Heiterkeit*) in the sketch of *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg*. It is fortunate for the world that this masterpiece of satirical comedy was not worked out until a much later period of the tone-poet's career, when his marvelous musical style was fully developed and he had leisure and congenial surroundings for its full elaboration.

At this earlier time, however, Wagner

*This mood found complete expression some fifteen years later in "Tristan and Isolde," as can be seen in the following lines from Act II:

He who, loving, beholds Death's Night,
To whom she trusts her secret deep—
For him Day's falsehoods, fame and honor,
Power and gain, so radiantly fair,
Are woven in vain like the sunbeam's dust.
Amid the Day's vain dreams
Only one longing remains,
The yearning for silent Night.

*So long as some seventeen years later "Tannhäuser" was hooted off the stage at the Paris Opera House, and the song of the evening star was described as "a cat-sere-made!"

describes how the primal force of Mirth itself drove him back into the earnest yearning mood which urged him to the shaping of *Lohengrin*. For he found the public could not understand real Mirth (*Heiterkeit*: an untranslatable word meaning the opposite to the French *Ennui*), but only Irony. Hence he felt he could only express himself "in tones of yearning, and finally of revolt, and therefore in a tragic mood." This may be noted by those critics who think that the tragic view of life has "overpowered the genius of Wagner." May not the same thing be said of Christianity?

Lohengrin, by the way, we here find to be "no mere outcome of Christian meditation, but one of man's earliest poetic ideals." Wagner here points out, as he does also in the preface to his *Tannhäuser* poem, that "not one of the most affecting, not one of the most distinctive Christian myths belongs by right of generation to the Christian spirit, such as we commonly understand it; it has inherited them all from the purely human intuitions of earlier times, and merely moulded them to fit its own peculiar tenets." He traces Lohengrin to the Grecian myth of Zeus and Semele, though rightly saying that even this is not its oldest form: "The God loves a mortal woman, and for sake of this love approaches her in human shape; but the mortal learns that she does not know her lover in his true estate, and, urged by Love's own ardour, demands that her spouse shall show himself to physical sense in the full substance of his being. Zeus knows that she can never grasp him, that the unveiling of his god-head must destroy her; himself, he suffers by this knowledge beneath the stern compulsion to fulfill his loved one's dreaded wish; he signs his own death warrant when the fatal splendor of his godlike presence strikes Semele dead."

Wagner doubtless also had in mind the myth of Eros and Psyche, in which

the resemblance to Lohengrin is still closer. Certain it is that he grasped the great fact of human evolution embodied in these myths, and so well expressed by Eliphaz Lévi in these few words: "The angels aspire to become men; for the perfect man, the Man-God, is above even angels." Heaven and earth must kiss each other; Spirit and Matter must blend; and the struggle to attain this union constitutes the Tragedy of the Soul.

It was the feeling of utter loneliness in the face of the modern art-world which caused the story of Lohengrin to appeal so powerfully to Wagner at this time. He tells us that in the performances of the "Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser" he found he was speaking in a tongue the public did not understand. They were used to ordinary opera, where it was a case of "singer" first and "actor" nowhere. "I required the Actor in the forefront, and the Singer only as the Actor's aid; lastly, therefore, a public who should join me in this claim. For I was forced to see that not until such claim were met could there be the remotest question of an impression by the story told. * * * Thus I could only look upon myself as a madman who speaks to the wind and expects it to understand him. * * *

Alas! Alas! That was half a century ago, and can we say that the claim has *yet* been met? Partly in Germany, perhaps; but go to the Opera-house in London or New York, and what does one hear? Appreciation of the story told and the moral lesson conveyed? Not at all! The air resounds after each act with ecstatic praise of this or that star singer, and the "cakewalk" before the curtain becomes the most significant dramatic event of the evening.

As an illustration of this, the following comments were made in the *New York Times* last winter: "Here all is hysterical adulation of operatic artists.

* * * No one thinks seriously about the creative worker. The composer is relegated to a secondary position. He is merely a provider for the singers."

The description of how Wagner, through stress of these outward circumstances, reached the state of consciousness in which the Knight of the Grail became a living reality to him is described in these remarkable words:

"By the strength of my longing I had mounted to the realms where purity and chastity abide: I felt myself outside the modern world, and mid a sacred, limpid æther which, in the transport of my solitude, filled me with that delicious awe we drink-in upon the summit of the Alps, when, circled with a sea of azure air, we look down upon the lower hills and valleys. Such mountain-peaks the Thinker climbs, and on this height imagines he is 'cleansed' from all that's 'earthly,' the topmost branch upon the tree of man's omnipotence; here at last may he feed full upon himself, and, midst this self-repast, freeze finally beneath the Alpine chill into a monument of ice." Thus Wagner gauged the nature of the purely spiritual and found that even it was only half a state which yearned for its redemption into, or union with, the purely earthly; the "angel" yearning to become the human being. "From these heights," he continues, "my longing glance beheld at last—*das Weib*: the woman for whom the 'Flying Dutchman' yearned from out the ocean of his misery; the woman who, star-like, showed to 'Tannhäuser' the way that led from the hot passion of the Venusberg to Heaven; the woman who now drew Lohengrin from sunny heights to the depths of Earth's warm breast.

"Lohengrin sought the woman who should *trust* in him * * * who would not call for explanations or defense. * * * Thus yearned he for Woman—for the Human Heart. And thus did he step down from out his loneliness of ster-

ile bliss, when he heard this woman's cry for succor, this heart-cry from Humanity below. But there clings to him the tell-tale halo of his 'heightened' nature * * * doubt and jealousy convince him that he has not been *understood*, but only *worshipped*, and force from him the avowal of his divinity, wherewith, undone, he returns into his loneliness. * * *

"The character and situation of this Lohengrin I now recognize, with clearest sureness, as the *type of the only absolute tragedy*, in fine, of the *tragic element of modern life*. * * * From out this sternest tragic moment of the Present one path alone can lead: the full reunion of sense and soul. * * *"

It may seem at first sight that here we have a complete reversal of the "Manly" and the "Womanly" as previously pictured by Wagner. But, looking a little deeper, we see it is not so. The Woman is still here the redeemer, for she redeems Lohengrin from the egoism of his absolute spirituality. The natural egoism of the Manly element is equally a one-sided or unbalanced state, whether it be egoism of spirituality, intellectuality or sensuality. As W. Q. Judge so well expresses it: "A balance is needed, and that balance is found in women, or the Woman element." It is through the

proper adjustment of this balance that the Human Being is evolved. Thus Wagner describes Elsa as "my desired antithesis to Lohengrin * * * the *other half* of his being. * * * Elsa is the Unconscious, the Undeliberate, into which Lohengrin's conscious, deliberate being yearns to be redeemed." This view of the Lohengrin drama is of special interest as showing how a myth is capable of more than one interpretation. It also illustrates how far the Tone-Poet's intuition led him in the analysis and portrayal of the most complex phases of human nature.

Wagner composed *Lohengrin* at a time when every kind of distraction—political troubles, debts, fights with the theatres, opposition of every kind—oppressed him. When it was finished he locked it away in a drawer, and no one knew of its existence until it was unearthed years later by Liszt, who performed it at Weimar. Its creator did not hear it for *fourteen years*. Yet he went straight ahead with *The Ring of the Nibelung* and *Tristan and Isolde*, regardless alike of failure or success, defeat or victory. For him it was no question of writing to earn money or to please the public; he had a certain work to do, and he did it. Such is the true artist.

REFLECTIONS OF A LAWYER.

BY X.

THE sphere of influence of the legal profession in the world has been deep and extensive. This force, united with that of the clergy, has exerted, perhaps, greater power than any other in moulding the society and institutions of the world. Men of other professions have, for a long time, discovered facts and invented ingenious contrivances for the benefit of mankind. Lawyers have retarded or facilitated the advancement of methods to apply facts discovered, and the principles of science made known, to building up institutions and to advance civilization.

Modern thought demands that all useful discoveries and inventions should be applied to improve, or supplant, methods employed in human society for its growth and improvement. It may be stated as a general proposition that men desire that every useful thing should be applied to advance the material interests of society. However, when it is imagined by some that the application of a new principle will interfere with their material interests, objection is made that it will unsettle existing conditions and disturb the forms and methods to which men are accustomed and result in more harm than good. This has always been the attitude of the excessively conservative. They look upon everything new with suspicion. Their watchword is, Beware of innovation. This has been the rule in Church and State. Hence the scientist has had a hard road to travel. The moral reformer's road has been no less difficult. But to the honor of the race brave souls have from time to time appeared that were willing to incur the risk of danger to themselves and sacrifice their dearest

personal interests for the sake of the truth.

The lawyer by education and training is conservative and cautious. He builds on authority and is guided by artificial rules, and does not look beyond. If it were not for the fact that he is a man of the world, that he has to do with all classes of people and is therefore influenced by the general thought of the people, he would be almost as narrow as are the orthodox clergy. When a decision is made by the Church it is binding on all its members until the power that rendered it chooses to overrule it. And until set aside, no member dare, with safety, directly oppose it or question its wisdom.

Because the assumption is that it is the result of divine guidance. The lawyer is not so hampered. He knows that the decision of the highest judicial tribunal of his country simply settles the law forever of the cause in which it is made; but that at some other term of the tribunal the same questions may arise that were involved in the cause decided; and that from fuller argument and more deliberate consideration a different result may be reached, and the prior decision may be modified, distinguished, or wholly set aside as unsound law. This is the difference between a tribunal assumed to be divinely guided and one making no such pretensions.

The lawyers, in all constitutional governments have practically made the laws, interpreted them, and stood by their execution. So we may comprehend what a mighty influence they have exerted in the government of the civilized world. Their responsibility is fully as great as that of the clergy for the

conditions that exist in all civilized countries. Here and there you may find a lawyer who has risen above the hard and fast rules of his profession or who has expanded such rules and given them a wider, more liberal and comprehensive range so as to reach beyond their words and literal interpretation. Such minds have hearkened to the voice of equity, the soul of the law, prompting and admonishing the blind goddess to sweep away the cobwebs and technicalities that have clung to her garments for centuries and permit compassion, the law of laws, to preside with her in the determination of every question. Such lawyers have taken up the cause of the oppressed and the forsaken; manfully stood by the cause of innocence and virtue, have become shining lights to their brethren. They have withstood the frowns of kings and potentates and won triumphs in the cause of civil and religious liberty.

Space will not permit to refer to instances. The world knows them. The lawyers know the illustrious names of their profession associated with great actions for the benefit of the human race and in defense of those unjustly accused, and are proud of them.

Many without reflection condemn the profession as a whole, and have no extenuation to offer in behalf of the lawyer who happens to be, as they conceive, on the wrong side of a case. They do not think of the hopeless task a court would have before it if but the right side of a case were presented by counsel and the wrong side had none. It would be well-nigh impossible to arrive at a just conclusion unless both sides were represented by lawyers. When the lawyer is retained he supposes that his client has a good cause of action; or, if he be employed by the defendant, he supposes that he has a good defense. If the competent, upright lawyer has serious doubts either as to the cause of action or the defense, he advises compromise or set-

tlement of the matter in controversy.

Every lawyer of extensive practice knows how difficult it is, frequently, to bring about an adjustment of disputes without going into court. Clients generally go to the lawyer's office with "war paint on." They want to overcome their antagonist in a legal battle. They imagine there is a principle involved that will not allow them consistently to settle out of court. And unless they have great confidence in their lawyer, they sometimes imagine he is in the interest of their opponent; then they refuse to settle, refuse to follow the counsel of their chosen lawyer, and go to another, who will advise them to go into court and fight it out. And when the end is reached they are wiser if not better men.

Many of the scenes in court, the result of the litigious dispositions of the parties to the controversy, belong to the human comedy we see daily enacted on the world's stage. Such litigants are not satisfied unless their lawyer roundly abuses their opponent in his address to the jury. And sometimes the lawyer yields to the importunities of his client and pours out the vials of his client's wrath on the head of the opposite party to the action. Such philippics of the lawyer are frequently purely impersonal on his part. He is simply a reflector of his client's mind. In all this, for the time being, the client is greatly comforted. Even when he has lost his case, if such should be the result, he feels some recompense in the reflection that his opponent has been soundly abused. The serious time comes when he has cooled off and his lawyer makes him pay handsomely for the philippic delivered against his opponent. If he be a man of good sense, but was carried away by passion and the excitement incident to the controversy, he may realize what time and energy he has wasted to no good purpose.

In behalf of the legal profession it may be observed that the world does not know to what extent lawyers act as peace-makers and the success they accomplish in bringing parties to be reconciled, and in keeping from the public gaze many distressing occurrences in the lives of men and women. For this the profession is entitled to great credit. In this day men in every walk of life understand how to carry on the business of their vocation better than was known at any prior time. A better system is observed and therefore fewer serious disputes arise. And those that do occur can be readily adjusted by the lawyers when the parties are well disposed and not anxious for a contest in court.

In all ages of the civilized world the lawyer has been as necessary to the people's welfare as the physician. If people observed the laws of health, few physicians would be necessary to attend the sick. In like manner, if people exercised common honesty there would be fewer lawyers needed to aid in the affairs of men and to bring offenders to justice. But the conditions of men, their disregard of law and order, require many lawyers.

The knowledge and experience of the lawyer is absolutely necessary to give form and expression to the people's will. Without them the people's aspirations would simply amount to unmeaning clamor and fruitless protest. The lawyer is not an iconoclast. If he would tear down, the material for reconstruction should be on the ground ready for rebuilding. In the civil order he may be likened to the builders and destroyers in the natural world. He performs the double function of builder and destroyer, conserver and regenerator. The canonist in the ecclesiastical system of the Church prepares the chart and adjusts the compass for the captain who designs to guide his bark over many stormy seas. And if the counsel of many a canonist

had been heeded, the captain would not have attempted to steer his bark between Scylla and Charybdis, and would not today be on the "silly side" of the great deep.

The lawyer is nearer to nature. He learns how to judge of all men. All consult him. His experience reveals the frailties and infirmities of the high and low, educated and illiterate. He finds out how worldly and selfish they all are. And although his knowledge of men might lead him to form a very low estimate of them, still there appear in his experience so many striking examples of virtue and nobility of character that he is convinced of the presence in them of a principle superior to the physical and beyond the human. He may with confidence say with Cicero, "Whatever that be which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, is something celestial and divine, and upon that account must necessarily be eternal."

The legal profession is not afraid of criticism. The lawyer knows that whatever there is deserving of censure in his work can cast no shadow on his art. He has done well what he was employed to do. If there be odium attaching to the accomplished fact, that belongs to the projectors of the work, and not to the artificer that enabled them to realize material profits from the perfection of his art. This is the attitude of the profession. And the world at its present state of growth admits, by its acquiescence, that the lawyer's attitude is tenable and just. There are many lawyers who refuse to counsel or advise certain projects that they deem injurious to the people and the best interests of their country, and therefore such projects never see the light. In some instances such schemers and conspirators against the public weal will reject the counsel of their regular lawyer and seek another, who will aid them in their nefarious projects of plunder. This practice accounts for the **many**

questionable enterprises that are set afloat in the different countries, and especially in the United States. Large profits are anticipated; enormous fees are paid, and some of the worst phases of the business world are revealed; and the schemes bring ruin and misery to the unwary and unsuspecting.

It may be said that there is no class of professional men that gives more time and money to those who need assistance and counsel than the legal profession. No one is turned away because he is without means to prosecute his cause or make proper defense to an action. And frequently a lawyer advances money to his client to enable him to protect his rights or to repel an unjust accusation. The lawyer comes from the people and has the sympathies and compassion for the oppressed and unfortunate that well up in the popular heart. And frequently he feels compelled, by reason of his environment, to do things professionally which are distasteful, and which he would gladly avoid. Hence he is frequently embarrassed and misunderstood by people and accused unjustly of trying to uphold a wrong or defeat a righteous cause.

It should be borne in mind that in the great majority of causes tried in the courts the lawyers do not know which side has the better reason to support it. And even if in the progress of the trial doubts arise in the mind of a lawyer as to the justice of his client's contention, mere doubt would not justify him in withdrawing from the engagement he has entered into with his client. If his doubts be very strong, the best he can do may be to propose settlement, and make the best terms possible for his client. And frequently developments are made at the trial which could not have been anticipated by client or lawyer; and not infrequently there is no other alternative left but to proceed and allow a verdict to be returned. And as to the law,

no lawyer can tell with absolute certainty what view the highest tribunal may take. The best and ablest lawyers advise their clients to keep out of court whenever it is possible. Absolute or mathematical certainty is not required and seldom attainable in judicial proceedings. Even when the most thorough examination is made and the most painstaking care is exercised, there may be a doubt. Technical rules are necessary to prevent a wrong from being done, but should never prevail against a right, when equitable rules can be applied to do equity and justice.

Space will not allow to look into the criminal courts, to present a picture of the varied scenes that are there enacted, although the materials are abundant to furnish food for serious thought and sadness; or to excite minds given to mirth, who are especially interested in the humorous, ridiculous and grotesque. The humorous phase of the picture relieves it materially. It counteracts the tedium and depression which its severer and harsher lines would produce. We may judge by its composite characteristics how men can daily pass through such scenes and preserve their equipoise and sweet temper.

The lawyer is hopeful and of strong faith. Indeed, at times he is optimistic. He prefers the sunny side of life. There are few, if any, atheists in his profession. And notwithstanding all the incongruous phases of life he encounters, he has faith in humanity. This faith is creditable to the lawyer and speaks volumes in favor of human nature; for if there be one thing he knows better than another, better than he knows what his law books contain, it is human nature.

A good lawyer must be an all-round man; he must be up with the times. He should know something about every subject of general interest. He is ready to investigate any subject that may throw light on his work. He is not controlled

by preconceived notions. He has no theory to maintain and no fetish to worship. Let him look into Theosophy and Brotherhood and study this philosophy, and many of the riddles he has met in his life-work will be solved. He may add to his store of information as to human life and gain a more complete knowledge as to the springs of human conduct; why men are as he finds them to be; why

the diversity on every hand; why some are rich and many are poor; why some are born criminals and some approaching the highest and best type. Let him study Reincarnation and Karma, and he will have new elements in his own life that will teach him to know himself; that may reveal the hidden mysteries of his own heart and enable him to become a perfect reader of the hearts of others.

THE MOTIONLESS HEART.

BY ZORYAN.

THE Divine Mother spoke, and the child understood. The child understood her silent speech. In its own heart of hearts it heard the silent speech. The velvet iridescent curtain of the world—the ever-waving, brilliant, dark-fringed curtain of the world—transmitted signs and tokens. It responded to the recurring, running, cycling messages of the Mother, but their MEANING came only from the interior silent chamber of the soul.

And then the human child knew itself a child divine. Because it answered to the eternal love, it knew itself. Because it knew its Self, which is one always with the Divine Mother, it became a MAN. Now he lives, he loves, he understands. The Universe will vanish, but he will not.

This is a silent life. For the world below, for his earthly companion, the personality of flesh, it is a dark and silent life. And yet in that darkness is its only hope and peace.

Both are now Thinkers, one from within, from the inner life; the other from without, from the outer life. But the second clings to the first, because the first has the never-changing, motionless

and golden Heart, beating only with the Mother's ever-silent undertide.

And the companions now part, now meet. When they part, all is dark and gloomy for the second, the waves of life seem more insecure. Threatening is the world for him and mocking are its joys. And the whole visible universe an empty show, which wearies him and drives him to despair. For then the memory of the former brightness puts its dark fringe upon the scene.

But when they meet, O joy! desireless they float. From their secure retreat they send their love and blessing to North and South and East and West. The personality is then only as a memory and a dream. It is dead, and yet it lives.

And both are glad with the happiness of the whole world, that happiness which is not of a moment or a place, and which, though everywhere, cannot be grasped by hand, that happiness which is at one with spirit, and yet recedes when it is being chased, for it is not ours, but is divine and universal; for it has grown from an eternal germ, which was hid in, and sprouted from, the vale of tears.

Joy of azure celestial space, in which

every sunny creature bathes, they draw in and out with every breath of thought; they themselves are zephyrs of that angelic air. They themselves are golden mist enlightening the blue.

Thus wrapped about with Self-produced and life-instilling joy, at what altar of desire can they worship, to which idol will they bow? The sun has never bowed to the stray cosmic dust, nor to its shadowy creatures, the Motionless, the Golden Heart.

Thus blazing like high noon, in which all forms of truth find their interior living sound, to which all trains of thought appeal for a bright ray of love as for a sunny path to travel on—before what doubt will they succumb, before what mirror ask the way to Light? The moon has never trembled at its own reflection on the wave, nor doubted yet the Inner Power of the Motionless, the Golden Heart.

Thus penetrating with their Silent Self all melody of life; the same yet changeless as the meaning of a song, from which that song is born, to which that song returns to sleep in its undying bosom—before what dreadful actor of the drama will they recede in fear, and at what losses will they cloud themselves in the dark cloak of sorrow? The sky has never fled away in fear before the sword of a bright flashing comet; the

starry vault shone clearer still because of darkest night, and in its loneliness, whether in light or shadow, was nearest to the Mother, the Motionless, the Golden Heart.

And when they part again, the child divine stands afar off and sends a ray of its dark light to see its friend, to visit even from a distance its earthly friend, its lower self. What sees it then? It sees a form, whose fire of passion dies in embers, whose ashy pale ambitions are scattered to the winds, whose tide of life illusive is ebbing off. That form, though seeming living, yet is dead. Yes, it is dead, that it might live. That form is as a mummy embalmed and still, careless of aught around, shining with the hieroglyphic script. Its earthly heart is taken out, and now a stone, a flinty scarab, motionless and lifeless, fills its breast. Ah, as a stone it does not now feel its own pain and anguish. Lo, as a stone it is enduring in its strong resolve.

Who would expect such stone to live and fly? And yet now even does the soul discern the nascent humming sound of its unfolding golden wings, or ken the enwrapping angel star of light, spreading for life eternal its fiery, golden pinions, and feel the warmth of love irradiated by the indwelling spirit of this flinty, this motionless, this crystal heart.

“He who would lead, must first himself be led;

Who would be loved, be capable of love

Beyond the utmost he receives; who claims

The rod of power, must first have bowed his head,

And, being honored, honor what's above:

This know the men who leave the world their names.”

—BAYARD TAYLOR.

WALT WHITMAN.

BY EDWARD C. FARNSWORTH.

IN the 26th of March, 1892, in the City of Camden, New Jersey, there passed from this earthly condition one whose peculiar personality and unique literary work are, in many respects, among the most remarkable that our time or any time has produced. A man of lofty ideals, himself little understood by the vast majority of his countrymen, Whitman, without a feeling of condescension, mingled on terms of perfect equality with the unlettered masses. A man self-centered, he felt that he had a mission to his time and especially to the common folk, whom he loved and whose joys and sorrows he made his own. A man whose splendid optimism rendered him impregnable to every assault of adversity, he calmly and serenely fixed his mind on the Eternal Verities and strove to impart to a materialistic age some measure of his own unbounded faith.

While the name of Whitman, among his admirers, is a word to conjure with, his "Leaves of Grass" has been from the first a stumbling block to many a critic, to say nothing of the general reader. In fact, it is still a moot question in many circles whether he has written, or was really capable of producing, true poetry. Notwithstanding all diversities of opinion, it is undeniable that his following has increased rapidly during the last decade, and it numbered from the first no less a keen-minded critic than John Borroughs. John Addington Symonds and some others have more recently written eloquently in his praise.

For reasons easily apparent, Whitman's great literary contemporaries soon found their proper places in the world's esteem. For example, Hawthorne, gift-

ed with imagination, delicate and subtle fancy and refined humor, is always master of a poetical and highly finished yet limpid style. These various excellencies won for him the admiration of the educated reader, while his skill as a diagnoser of the many conditions of that wonderful organ, the human heart, has placed him securely in the front rank of our modern psychological novelists. Whitman, with very great powers of introspection, and with a weighty and comprehensive message, often utterly disregards style, that, to many a writer, most necessary adjunct to his work; hence he offends the artistic ear, notably so in the case of Mr. Swinburne, that virtuoso in the art of elaboration and ornamentation.

Whitman, beginning his career as bard and teacher at the age of thirty-seven, devoted his days chiefly to the not large volume, "Leaves of Grass," which grew, during its several publications, from the thin and scarce book of the 1855 edition to its present proportions. Although by no means a voluminous writer—his thirty-six years as poet taken into account—he nevertheless has used an immense amount of material. For instance, in the "Song of Myself" he ranges with startling and unprecedented discursiveness over the entire earth; his eye darting from point to point, seizes the central idea and in a few concise words we have a pen picture, a marvel of brevity and comprehensiveness. On the other hand, it cannot be denied by his warmest admirers that he is sometimes turgid and prolix, and like the great philosophical poet, Wordsworth, generally deficient in the quality of humor.

At his first perusal of these poems the reader is often repelled by their apparent total lack of form and artistic finish, but let him persevere, keeping his mind in a condition of receptivity, let him strive for the author's point of view, and gradually he discerns a method in all this madness, this elemental and chaotic strife of words. From the right elevation the globe-encircling oceans could be seen traversed by a vast system of currents, great tidal waves move across the deeps, they dash against the headlands and promontories, they fill the bays and inlets; the victorious waters push far inland the flow of the great estuaries, and the stately ships of the maritime cities are tossed on the swelling flood.

It is not my purpose to enter into an extended dissertation on the literary merits or demerits of Walt Whitman, neither could I hope to add any word of real value to what has been written from that standpoint, so, with the foregoing as preliminary, I will now proceed to the real purpose of this article, to wit, an inquiry into the nature of the Whitmanic message, and its adaptation to the present needs of our race.

Pope said that he lisped in numbers for the numbers came. Chatterton, a mere boy of eighteen, was at the time of his tragic death already prepared for a period of virile productiveness. Keats, in his early twenties, vainly longed for ten years in which to complete some extended masterpiece. Shelley, unequalled in his special though somewhat narrow field, was a mature artist at thirty. Byron, departing in early middle life, left behind a body of work perhaps unsurpassed in quality and bulk by any man at thirty-six. At an age when Burns had succumbed to the cumulative results of an irregular life, Whitman serenely chanted: "I, now thirty-seven years old, in perfect health, begin, hoping to cease not till death."

It is evident that the philosophy which

underlies and permeates "Leaves of Grass" underwent a long period of gestation. Before putting pen to paper Whitman had broadened his conception of Eternal Truth, not in the seclusion of the scholar nor in the cave of the anchorite, but by direct personal contact with every form of life, both in nature's solitudes and in the busy haunts of men. Ever the sympathetic friend of the down-trodden, ever the unselfish lover of his kind, he grew from the centre outward, he unfolded in accord with the divine plan. Recognizing all nations and tribes of men to be his brothers, he at the same time was filled with the purest spirit of American patriotism. He fully believed in a great future for our land, as the home of the new race now being amalgamated here.

He would know that land for himself from the Atlantic's bold, indented coast of wave-worn rock to where the far western shore slopes to the unruffled sea, to where the tangled tropic woods are shadowed in the genial waters of the Gulf. He would stand on the summits of lofty peaks and tread the dark and tortuous ravines, would leap the noisy mountain stream and watch the falling cataract while seated 'neath the overhanging cliff; look with his own eyes upon the great chain of lakes, and linger long "by blue Ontario's shore." Steer his flat boat with the current of the winding Mississippi and seek the sources of its tributary rivers; he would tread the streets of our populous cities, would gaze on miles of crowing crops, the broad and unobstructed green of fertile farms; with reverent mien would meditate beneath the silent stars when the lone prairie sleeps in soft and tranquil night; surrounded by the native voices of the trackless wilds, find mid the primal forests' growth a temporary home. In all his wanderings Whitman kept his heart in rapport with nature, and she, the enigmatic and uncommunicative,

whispered to him, her trusty friend and lover, the deep secrets of being.

That is a shallow criticism which would denounce Whitman as an egotist. He clearly perceived the identity of all souls with the great Oversoul; therefore the boundless possibilities striving for expression within him he held to be the common heritage of all. Endeavoring by every means to arouse men to a realization of their birthright, he showed them the terraqueous globe and all that it contained. Knowing man to be the microcosm of the macrocosm, he identified himself with every part thereof, the good and the bad alike, nor was his equanimity ever disturbed by certain grossly false charges of personal immorality and the mistaken accusations of those who deemed his purpose an immoral one.

Whitman clearly perceived the universal operation of the law of continuity, the law which causes all things to reappear in their proper season and appropriate form. He says:

"Long I was hugg'd close—long and long.
Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me.
Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen,
For room to me, stars kept aside in their own rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.
Before I was born out of my mother generations guided me,
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could overlay it.
For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and deposited it with care.
All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me,
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul."

The reappearance of all things in their appointed time would be for humanity

what is known as reincarnation. Therefore we find in Whitman many lines similar in significance to the following:

"Births have brought us richness and variety,
And other births will bring us richness and variety."
"And as for you Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths,
No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before."

Whitman cannot be numbered among those sentimentalists who delude themselves with the comforting notion that the reactions of violated law, of disturbed Cosmic harmony, are to be escaped in some way by the transgressor. Here his attitude is firm and uncompromising, as witness the following:

"No one can acquire for another—not one,
No one can grow for another—not one.
The song is to the singer, and comes back most to him,
The teaching is to the teacher and comes back most to him,
The murder is to the murderer and comes back most to him,
The theft is to the thief and comes back most to him."

In this and many other passages of like import he clearly states the Karmic law of ancient philosophy.

But the great, central idea of the message of Whitman and the keynote of many of his chants, is practical universal brotherhood. It is here that he nobly meets the requirements of our age. He vouchsafes no mere lip-offering of altruistic sentiments, but speaks as one who has felt deeply the crying needs of humanity, and has gone forth to alleviate. His comprehensive mind and sympathetic nature would not permit him to draw the line, so we find him looking benignly on all forms of life; they expressed, though in lower degree, the idea incarnate in man. However, the broadening of his attachments did not cause him to view with easy-going nature evil and corruption. Simple and honest him-

self, he abhorred every sham, every form of injustice and deceit and raised his voice in their vehement denunciation.

He chanted from the first the dignity of all kinds of honest toil, and sought to awake in the humblest laborer true self-respect and a realization of the nobility of a useful life.

The "Song of the Exposition" opens with these lines:

"Ah little reck's the laborer
How near his work is holding him to
God,
The loving laborer in space and time."

No poet has written with more delicate and tender feeling, with clearer, philosophical insight and joyous, unshaken faith than has Whitman when he deals with that mystery which we call death.

Knowing well that all things were indestructible in their essence, he considered the dissolution of the outward shell to be no calamity. He did not lament when he saw the imprisoned bird burst the bars and spread once more its long-folded wings. He grieved not because the priceless gem must be stripped of its rough and dull outer particles, for so alone could its real beauty be revealed. During his faithful and arduous work of ministrations to the sick and dying in the camps of Virginia and in the hospitals around Washington in 1862-5—a work for which he was eminently fitted by nature—Whitman had often made it his duty "to sit by the wounded and soothe them, or silently watch the dead." Yet his feelings never became callous, to him death lost none of its sacredness.

In his noble threnody, "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed"—a poem deeply elegiac and replete with exquisite pathos—Whitman pays a heart-stirring tribute to the memory of him who was his ideal of true manhood, from the time that President Lincoln's character, brought out by the exigency of his position as the nation's head in our Civil

War, was first manifesting itself to the world. In the opening lines the ever returning Spring, the Lilac blooming perennial, and the drooping Star in the West bring back to the author the thought of him he loves, but unmitigated sadness is the swift-flown night, we feel that the sun will yet appear and now the East is clothed in purple and gold and a single beam darts upward and now another and another—but let us listen to him:

"Come, lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.
Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.
Approach, strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them
I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.
From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee, I propose saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee.
And the sights of the open landscapes and the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night."

Whitman's pronounced individuality, his democratic spirit and unconventional manner bring him into rapport with those who are weary of the artificialities of life. His unfettered dithyrambics breathing the spirit of the broad open, the untrodden wilds, the interminable waterways, the inland seas and the boundless oceanic dominion, all overhung with restless clouds—an infinite diversity of moving shapes—are therefore a tonic to the jaded mind worn by the monotonous daily rounds, or too often focused on the trivial, the superfluous, the evanescent. By his pow-

er to suggest he gives a new bent to our thoughts, imparting his splendid vitality, he stimulates the mind to an activity that shall enlarge its horizon, and he also shows us vistas of things yet to be attained by on-marching humanity.

Whitman, singing the praises of the modern man and his achievements, was a distinctive product of our age, a poet incomprehensible in any other. Though in every way abreast of the time, he, like his great contemporary, Richard Wagner—a modern of the moderns—drank copiously from those deep and inexhaustible wells which were known to the old Vedantins, whose philosophy Schopen-

hauer said had been the inspiration of his life, and would be the solace of his death. Whitman found in those pure and life-giving waters, whose quality time could not impair, that which cleansed his mentality from all bilious humors and cleared his spiritual eyes. Then he knew that the heart of things is sweet, the soul of man is uncreate, imperishable. He saw that the smallest atom, the meanest object is not to be separated from the Eternal. The humblest duty is performed for the Eternal, the greatest and most beneficent act for that Eternal, man rests in the Eternal, and the Eternal is One and indivisible.

AN UNCROWNED KING.

BY COROLYN F. OBER.

MAKE room for the sovereign!
Behold, he approaches!
Make way there! Stand not in
light! Let us watch him!

Not him? Not this one who is nearing?
Him surely you call not a king?

We do, a king regnant; by natural law
legitimate heir.

What are his patents? Where is his
glory? No one attends. I see
naught of the kingly about. Where
reigns he? What his possessions?

His possessions outnumber the power of
my reckoning.

Is it so? Where then is his home?

Everywhere. In the cots of the lowly;
the homes of the mighty; out of
doors; in the house; on the sea; on
the land; with the great; with the
little; anywhere; always; he is at
home.

What mean you? Who is he?

You know him. Walt Whitman, the
poet.

What! that arrogant man?

Even so. Yet he inherits the earth, and
that is the patent for meekness.

How know you that he inherits the

earth? Your claim is most mon-
strous. I see naught which exhibits
the fact.

Because he inherits himself.

Because, in his prescience, he divines a
great truth.

He beholds in himself the potential in-
vestment of earth's every element;—
concrete, epitomized, capable, per-
fect.

Because he has given himself. Such
gift lays a tax upon all there is; and
insures the return of endowments
from all that there is.

The flowers in his path strew their in-
cense; brighten their colors; hold
out their arms, and ask him to take
them.

He sees and hears, and the flowers and
the man become one.

The winds and the seas lose their fierce-
ness, and lull him with sounds, and
caress him with kisses.

And Nature unravels her secrets; dis-
arms the harmful, and opens the
doors to her treasures.

And as to the heart of the human, that
too shall be his in good time.

Ah, now you mistake. He often has
been despised and rejected of men.

What of that? He has never rejected another. He has never despised nor rejected himself.

To believe in another ennobles that other, and aids him to rise to new heights.

To believe in one's self will ennoble that self, and make of the person a magnet of irresistible power.

You spoke of a natural law. What law works such marvelous wonders?

It is dynamic; the law of creation, sex, correspondence, contact and life.

We come to our own, and our own comes to us, when love draws us together.

Love inspires trust.

Trust inspires peace.

These two inspire the giving and taking which tells the whole story.

Pervading, animating, producing all that is produced;—

Sustaining, elevating, building always for more perfect forms;—

This law includes all others.

The lover of all is the reconciled man.

The true lover of self is the lover of others.

The ruler of self is the ruler of others; he has claimed and come into his kingdom.

Have I made out the title? Is our poet a king by natural law?

Well, for argument's sake, I'll allow it. I even will call him a "natural king." But kings should be statesmen; and what for a statesman is this—your poet fanatic, who rants of the states in such meaningless fashion, and makes of American customs a fetich to worship?

Other states have done well. Are we then so much better off?

Discord and corruption abound. Money is paid for high places; and places are filled with incompetents, forgers and thieves.

To fill these high places elections occur, that are mild revolutions; suspending commercial transactions; reaching their height at the President's term.

Your poet not only applauds this arrangement, but exults in the further disturbance of labor's uprising;

How, then, will you make him a statesman?

He "rants of the states," as you call it,

because, in their union compact, they stand for the meaning supreme.

Yes, they stand.

In spite of the discord.

In spite of the elements ever at work to undo them.

They stand and announce to the world the advantage of union.

Innumerable acres of land,—

On which dwell many millions of people,—

Going and coming at will; in comparative peace with each other.

A sovereign who serves at the top:

Other sovereigns who serve at the top of a part;

Still other sovereigns who serve at the top of a part of the parts;

All serving sovereigns at bottom, who also themselves are rapidly learning to serve and to rule.

Place any one of our free-born,—heir to such power and such vastness,—in a great state of Europe;

Surround him however with comfort, the sense of oppression will stifle.

Though he revels in art and in song, and in all that the old world can give of its stores,

In the heart of America's son America's value increases.

Here each state is not like a garden protected by fences bristling with bayonets,—for fear that some other may take what we have,—or that we may take of another.

Here there is room.

Here more persons think less of who shall approach them, and more are concerned to learn of the way in which they shall receive whoever approaches.

More states hold together;

More people have interests in common; More represent the national honor, the great Constitution, and the personal power of our country.

More deem it incumbent upon them to sustain, by force of example, their country as foremost of countries.

The one step in advance in the march of the progress of states.

Why are we foremost?

Because we alone are most solid.

Because those at the head must measure their pace with those at the foot, or those at the foot will call "Halt!" and halt they'll be forced to.

Because out of the masses have come
more aristocrats, and more are to
follow.

These many demand for themselves, and
seek for themselves, and their com-
ing—

Enlarges our markets;

Makes our laws more elastic;

Disarms old traditions, leaving room for
the spread of new powers.

When the voice of the many is heard
public opinion becomes a mighty
and competent factor.

It bids dainty dames leave their couches
of ease to attend to the poor and af-
flicted.

It holds in its check those who tend to
excess; to be "drunk as a lord!" is no
longer regarded an honor.

It opens the purse of the millionaire
prince and bids him:—Endow insti-
tutions, and great halls of learn-
ing,—that prepare for the coming
of more, and yet more, of the com-
mons.

Such chance of tuition develops more
critics; sets the standards of action
a few inches higher; increases the
number of judges,—till the one who
solicits must furnish good work, or
submit to a merciless railing.

From out of the ranks come recruits
who not only produce, but consume;
therefore—

More happy faces; more well-dressed
persons; more clean-faced children;
more public parks, and more homes;
more schools; more diversions; more
public improvements; more artists;
more students; more sweet singing
voices; more hearers to hear them;
more refinement; more culture;
variety, pleasure; more speakers;
more listeners; more men and more
women; more masters; less slaves;
more all things in common; more
wealth and less hardship; more
work, but less joyless, for more
hands are working.

Better living for all. The most care-
fully nurtured need not their high
walls,—from whence they emerge
not,—to protect them from sights
and from sounds that are mournful.

Since labor has risen, prosperity smiles
and is general.

Therefore, wherever we go, it is gracious
and pleasant to be there.

All this, and much more, is the out-
growth of labor uprising; and elec-
tions and "grabs" and "mild revolu-
tions" are a part of what gives it its
impulse.

This is the trend of it all;—*that man
shall be greater and government
less.*

And this is the trend of it all;—*that
men shall be greater and man shall
be less.*

Because of his knowledge of this, I ac-
knowledge the poet a statesman.

Why, stranger, you'll call him a saint
next!

Aye, perhaps, but not after old patterns.
I grant you, the narrow, the stunted,
the sickly ascetic has no part in my
hero.

The old saints, in rapt visions, gazed off
into nowhere, and peopled all space
with impossible forms.

This one does not so.

His eyelids are level, and nothing es-
capes him.

In man and in woman; in good and in
evil; in life and in death; in the
least as the greatest; in the past,
the present, the future; in whatever
has been, is, and shall be, he fails
not to see the glory transcendent of
gods and of angels immortal.

His pulse beats at one with the pulse of
creation.

He loves and embraces the whole.

The whole shall return to embrace its
fond lover and claim him.

Yes, a saint. A saint of our order.
New as the first-born of earth; old
as time; eternal in all things;—this
order is yours and mine.

See you not here is one who has caught
the Christ-spirit?

Hear you not he interprets the words of
our Lord with new meaning?

The Alpha and Omega,—the beginning
and the end,—he finds in himself
and all others;

As also did Christ, who saw this end
said it before him.

For his knowledge of this, I call my
great brother a saint.

THE COMING GOD.

A BRIEFLY PRESENTED SPECULATION AND DEDUCTION.

BY TAURUS.

MAN is a thinking Ego-Soul, incarnate in an animal body. This body consists of an enormous number of cohering cells, highly specialized or differentiated in structure and function, having their separate life-interests harmoniously subordinate to the mass interest of the whole organism of which they are a part.

2. Evolution, from the single-celled forms of life onward to the more perfect forms, consisted, after a phase of mere agglutination of similar units, in two simultaneous processes: (a) The subordination, on the part of the individual cell, of its interests and freedom as a unit, to the interests of the mass; which, by this "sacrifice" of the individual, became a unified organism. (b) The subordination, in each cell, of all its forms of life-activity, save one, to that one.

3. These two "sacrifices" or subordinations have each their reward, besides the great reward to be referred to later. The renunciation of the major part of each of its life-activities, save one, enabled it to bring that one to relative perfection. For example, the contraction of muscle cells, the conduction of nerve cells, the reaction to light of retinal cells, is infinitely better done than are contraction, conduction and light-response in one-celled organisms where that one cell discharges all functions. The willingness, also, to sacrifice separate interests enabled the coming about of a body infinitely higher in the scale, vaster in every department of life, than could ever have been reached by a single cell, or by any agglutinated number of cells that were not capable of these renunciations.

4. By reason of the perfection of the animal body brought about as above, it became a possible home or "Temple" for a "Living God," the thinking and essentially divine human soul. And such a soul accordingly incarnates in every such body, the interaction of the two constituting *man* as we know him.

5. This interaction subserves many purposes. Among others:

The body, or rather its nerves, becomes the sounding-board, responding to the feelings of the soul (which are its powers), and thus carrying them outward to nature on this plane, in the soul's work of helping and raising nature.

The body also registers these feelings and reproduces them by reflex, cyclically, in the soul, so that the soul learns to consider them, which to enhance, which diminish. In the *matter* of the body, the soul obtains touch with living matter from the highest to the lowest forms, *on the subjective side*. It thus studies, from the subjective side, all the forces of matter with which science occupies itself on the objective. It learns gradually to dominate these, at last completely swaying, instead of being swayed by, them.

The little "lives," or monads, of which each cell is the physical body of one, are enormously raised in the evolution of their elemental consciousness by so close an association and intimacy with a being so infinitely higher than themselves as is the soul. In this respect the soul is said to incarnate for the redemption of matter.

* * *

Taking all the foregoing as a key by

analogy, let us see what conclusions we reach.

1. Of the body of humanity each man is a cell.

2. It will be perfected in harmonious integration when each individual (a) performs faithfully the *duties* of the particular day, subordinating his other modes of possible activity to that. It was in performing the corresponding "duties" of *their* lives that the primordial cells at the bottom of the animal tree evolved the capacity to integrate and specialize. Duties are set by the "Master of Life," known to us as Karma, and have always the same purpose, whether for a man, a fish or a cell, namely to evolve and perfect the powers of the individual. "In the performance of duty comes Wisdom." (b) subordinates his own pleasures, impulses, activities and wishes, to the good of the whole mass (humanity) of which he forms a part; that is, keeps the general good constantly in view, works even *through* his duties, constantly for this: that is, practices and thinks and preaches Brotherhood.

3. When this perfect integration has been attained, humanity will be a perfect organism or orchestra.

4. *It will then (if analogy is worth anything) become the home, Temple, or body, of an indwelling thinking and*

feeling Ego-Soul, as much higher than any member of humanity as the human thinking soul is higher than a single cell of the body, the veritable God of Humanity, the Acalar, Vishnu.

5. Its or *His* coming will bring a great Light into the midst of mankind, and raise all men in the glory of life beyond all power of imagination to picture.

6. He differs in many ways from the God of the pulpits.

(a) *He is as much under the Law as we.*

(b) He has to learn and grow from association with mankind.

(c) He created mankind as much as, and no more than, man created the "lives" that inhabit the cells of his body.

7. It would appear to be our duty, if we accept this idea, to hold it up in the eyes of men, to make it an incentive to the practice of Brotherhood and to the performance of duty, and to develop it in our own minds till it becomes a glowing and exalting ideal. It is possible that this Being is even now to be touched by the highest aspiration of the highest men, is even now, through those highest men, in touch with our human life, and stands, *wailing his hour*, in readiness for the time when the condition of humanity will permit of his advent. May that come soon!

REVIEW.*

This is a very timely and valuable little book. Dr. Anderson always brings to bear upon his subject considerable ability and the force of long experience in the study of theosophical philosophy. His enthusiasm, as a rule, is admirable

*"The Evidence of Immortality." By Dr. Jerome A. Anderson. New York: Theosophical Publishing Co. Paper. 50c. Cloth. \$1.

and his style attractive. His conclusions are always well drawn, and we enjoy his revelations. He gives evidence of being an indefatigable student of the Secret Doctrine, and this work on "Immortality" is another tribute to his intellectual industry. The conception of life and its great mystery which he presents cannot fail to awaken interest in the public

mind. Only the other day the editor of a leading daily newspaper pointed out that every day men and women were showing more and more interest in the great questions of the immortality of the soul and the existence of God. "Letters on such matters," he wrote, "have been received by the thousands. Every day the mail brings new and intelligent contributions to the questions that have kept men praying, thinking, fighting and hoping through the centuries." We can recommend with confidence this latest work from the pen of Dr. Anderson to all seekers after truth concerning the immortality of the soul. The author's sincerity speaks in every line, commanding respect for his utterances. His propositions are very completely supported by arguments both from authority and experience. On a subject where so much confusion of thought prevails it is refreshing to read a treatise so clear and strong as this, and it will take its place as a substantial contribution to the settlement of the question with which it deals.

It is not a simple task to compass the breadth of the book in a few sentences, but we must indicate the point of view. There can be nothing in death to warrant the apprehension that the "I-am-myself consciousness" will not survive the process. We are told:

If it be, as it unquestionably is, independent of all change in the body; if it is unaltered by growth or age; if it remain the same when paralysis removes all knowledge or sensation of almost the whole of its habitation; if it survive the interregnums of sleep, delirium, trance or madness, during which the body is for it, at least temporarily, annihilated, then there can be no reason for alleging that death destroys or even changes this primal, individualizing and permanent consciousness of I AM MYSELF!

The soul is the transient tenant of the body; death only deprives it of the im-

pressions derived through the senses. During the subjective rest after "death" it can exhibit its divine qualities in a body more plastic, until, awakening again to resume its old search for wisdom, it builds for itself a new body to gain further necessary experience through sense-impressions. Death cannot annihilate consciousness, and what is the human soul but a "self-recognizing" centre of consciousness? Sleep is the most helpful analogy with death, and a study of dream-life illuminates wonderfully the condition of the soul after death. We have constructed the mortal portion of ourselves to relate us to this earth, so that we can profit by the lessons of life here. The body changes constantly, but the soul is the spectator and remains unaffected. It belongs not to time, but to eternity. We make our own heaven and hell, and "to each soul must come differing experiences after death, because each one will create differing surroundings out of the resources of his own imagination." The mysteries of death and birth are but "the objective and subjective arcs of the one life."

The argument throughout is charmingly developed, and is convincing to the reader who really wants to know about a future life with ethical relations to this life. It will supplant some of the more familiar but unsatisfactory arguments of the orthodox religionists. It is a magnificent answer to the materialist, on the one hand, and to the theologian who denies evolution on the other.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that devoted to the re-embodiment of the soul. Two Appendices—one, "In Deeper Dreamland;" the other, "The World's Crucified Saviors"—add greatly to the value of the work.

D. N. D.

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

How may an ordinary man or woman be of benefit to humanity at large?

1. By doing faithfully every duty in relation to his occupation, his family, and his neighbors.

2. By purifying himself from the dross of selfishness and gaining all the knowledge for the attainment of which his duties leave him time and opportunity.

3. By modestly encouraging others in unselfishness, faithfulness, and wisdom.

G. A. MARSHALL.

I should say in at least two ways. The first, by ceasing to be ordinary. One of the great faults of men and women is a willingness to be like every one else. In that we are far off from being like children. We grown-ups all follow a style in dress—like sheep, we all follow a bell, whether it be public opinion or fashion or the trend of common thought. So few of us try to be ourselves, and of those who try, so few succeed. At the first breath of criticism our "selfness" fades away and back we go to the crowd.

Of course if we do become real, we are liable to be called odd or queer, but it seems to me that the sight of these so-called queer people must be a delight in the eyes of the gods. Besides, we gain a real courage by being ourselves, so that we do not fear to go out of "the" way in order to help a needy brother or sister. It is ennobling to withstand the sneers of the world when we try to help a drunkard or a sister sinned against. So we form this habit of courage and forget to regard much the opinions of others or the results to ourselves.

Then the second way is to get in-

grained into our minds the simple fact that we are each, as it were, a centre and surrounded by all the countless other centres, and that we can make no move and think no thought which does not have its effect on all the others. As an example—make a little pile of sand and then try to pick out one of the little grains from the centre of the pile. We are just as interdependent as those grains of sand in the pile, and just as close, each to the other, as they are. A still better way to express it is to say that we are all children of the one soul of all, and are thus truly brothers and sisters and should live with such thoughts always with us.

When these ideas are firmly established in our minds the question will not arise as to how we may help mankind; we *will* help, every day and hour, in all we do. A power will come to us to see the needs of others and then to give out of our store so freely that it will amount to a thing done without thought pre-conceived—not what shall I do, nor how shall I do it?—but a thing "done."

C. L. CARPENTER.

What is the difference between Genius and Talent? Is either a spiritual growth?

Lowell says: "Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is." Genius is a Latin word, and in the Latin it denotes a tutelary spirit or a guardian angel. The daemon by which Socrates claimed to be guided is an example of this. In this sense genius is a spiritual faculty—I would not call it a growth. The untaught, intuitive knowledge and skill usually attributed by other writers to

genius, theosophists attribute to the Higher Self or to the Higher Ego. (The difference between the Self and the Ego is like that between Mars and the North Star; both are too far above us to allow our untrained and unaided faculties to tell which is farthest away.)

Talent is a Greek word, and in that language meant money or wealth. Figuratively, and in English, it means intellectual wealth—not the power to dispense with training, like genius, but the native ability which makes effectual training possible. Talent is the fine gold; Genius is the goldsmith; when both unite in one person, the highest type of humanity is realized.

G. A. MARSHALL.

What is the difference between will and desire? Are they not identical?

Will is the conscious exertion of power working from within outward. Desire is the unconscious (or involuntary) yielding to the attractions of external objects working from without inward. They become so intermingled in consciousness that it is difficult for the mind to distinguish them and examine them separately, hence the words are often used as synonyms; although the logical distinction is clear.

G. A. MARSHALL.

Will is the fuse which, once lit, inevitably fires the bomb. Desire is the uncertain match which lights the fuse. It may go out ere it has done so; and, once the fuse has been lit, the going out or continuance of the match does not affect the now inevitable result.

It is doubtless true that Will and Desire are of the same essence—Power—

just as violet and red are of the same essence—ether. Both Will and Desire are accompanied by a subjective picture of the thing willed or desired; but when the Power has entered the picture so inextricably and enduringly as to make it a living reality it is acting as Will. The coming about, in fact, of that picture has been WILLED, and though its manifestation in concrete circumstances may come later on in the regular order of temporal events, the coming is inevitable, for the picture *IS*, in the womb of nature. The Life-Power is in its veins.

In past lives we have willed many things by reason of the continuance of desire for them to such an extent as to call them into living being in the nursery of circumstance. In most cases the desire then departed, but that does not deliver us from the inevitable coming-to-age of our progeny. The fuse was lit, the bomb must at some time explode into our lives in the shape of a set of circumstances we are nearly sure to find uncomfortable; for we are not now in this life the same, have not the same desires, as when we then willed.

It is a useful rule to try not to desire anything that will not be also a blessing to all when it comes. In that way the things will be suitable and agreeable to us at whatever stage of our development they happen. Enduring patiently whatever comes to us now, we can will a divinely happy future for all that has life, leaving ourselves as thought-separated selves, out of the problem, for as part of that which lives we come duly under our own benediction. C. O. BERT.

“Faith is a miracle-worker; by it, at every moment, we work miracles for ourselves, and very often, if only they trust us, for others also. Faith is, on this plane, manifest activity, and in another world it is perceptive intuition; it is a real super-physical action. It is conscious awakening into and work in another world. *True* faith is only related to things of another world; faith terrestrial, applied, is will. Faith is the prophetic perception of realized will.”

NOVALIS.

CONDUCTED BY ANNIE H. McDERMID.

A LITTLE GIRL'S SEARCH FOR HERSELF.

BERTHA BOWERS sat thinking—thinking—thinking! She had been cross all day, and at last her mother had said to her: “Go to your room, my child, and think about it. Do not come back until you can bring back my own sweet little girl. She’s lost, and you must find her.”

It was such a dear little room, so clean and white and dainty: so full of the loving touches of the dear, good mother. Usually Bertha loved her room, and her heart often throbbed in loving response to the many tokens of mother-love which met her eyes, turn them which way she would about the room. But to-day there was no thrill of joy. Indeed, the room seemed distasteful in its glaring whiteness, and Bertha felt herself out of place amid the pretty white curtains and draperies, the little white bed, with its snowy pillows and coverlet, so suggestive of peace and rest and purity. She *felt*, rather than *saw*, the gloominess of her own face in contrast. The words of her mother kept ringing in her ears: “My own sweet Bertha—she’s lost, and you must find her.” She threw herself into the low rocker near the window, and, leaning her chin upon her two hands, with her elbows on her knees, looked out at the clear September sky—and thought and thought.

All at once she saw a little cloud coming out of the sky toward her. It floated gently down—down—until it reached the window-sill; when out of it stepped the most beautiful little girl, just about her own size, with the brightest eyes and the

sweetest smile you ever saw. She held out her hand to Bertha, who at first drew back, half angry and half ashamed; yet withal such a sense of relief came over her at the thought of companionship in her imprisonment that all other feelings were soon swallowed up. So she ran forward eagerly to help her down from the window, saying: “However did you do it? It looked so lovely up there among the great white cottony clouds. I was just wishing I could be up there rolling about. The clouds do look so soft and white and creamy. How did you get up there, and where did you come from, and who are you, and do you ever get cross and have to sit in bedrooms and things to think about it, and, oh dear! do you ever get lost like I am now?”

While this torrent of questions was pouring at her the little visitor sat calm and smiling. Then a look of tender pity crept into her eyes, which brought tears to Bertha’s own, as she answered, softly: “Yes, little sister, sometimes I get lost so that no one can find me. Sometimes I have to leave my house because ugly black soot-covered people come in and crowd me out, for I don’t like to get my white clothes soiled. When they are in they nearly ruin my house and tear it to pieces; but after awhile I come back and drive them away and open all the windows and let the sunshine in again.”

“Yes,” said Bertha, with breathless interest; “but how do you do that without getting yourself all covered with soot?”

“Oh, that’s easy enough,” said the little girl. “You see, these black people get awfully tired of their own company after awhile, and at the first hint that

they would like better company I send to them a little messenger boy that I have named 'Resolution.' He tells them that if they want me to come back I will do so if they will only promise either to clean themselves or get out. You see, they know I will take good care of the house, and they cannot trust themselves for that at all. So, then, some of them leave the premises entirely and never come back any more; some of them hide away in corners so that I cannot see them; others wash their sooty faces and hands and look so innocent and clean that they almost fool me sometimes. Once I get back again to my house I hold it pretty safely for days and days, and everybody knows there's been a house-cleaning, for my windows shine so and there is such a wholesome air about the place."

"Well, why don't you lock the doors, or put guards out to keep them away?"

"Because it is not the ones *outside*, but the ones *inside* who make all the trouble; and there are so many of them that it takes *years* to clear them all out."

"What is the name of those nasty people, and what is your name?"

"Their name is Bad-Thoughts. My name is Good-Thoughts, and when I am in the house, then you're your mother's own sweet little girl. When I am crowded out, then you're the little cross girl you've been to-day. Now, I guess you've got the secret of finding yourself—and I must leave you."

Then the little girl laughed so loud that Bertha woke up and found herself laughing too. She rubbed her eyes and looked all around for the little visitor, but she was nowhere to be seen.

When a few minutes later a radiantly happy face peeped into the sitting room Mamma did not have to be told that Bertha had found herself, nor did she laugh or make light of the wonderful story her little girl had to tell of the cloud-fairy, for Mamma knew that many deep truths are told in dreams, and when she saw her little girl's happy face she knew that a fairy had been telling her something to help her to be good—which is what fairies are for!

DO PLANTS THINK?

Dr. Le Moynes, the man who invented the first crematorium, was a great lover and student of life. All life was interesting to him, but plant life especially so. He was always making experiments with plants to find out whether they were conscious—that is, whether they could think in their way. His experiment with a cornstalk is very interesting and is proof enough that plants know very well what they are doing. It shows that they never waste their energies, and men, with all their wisdom, can take a hint from such a simple thing as a cornstalk.

The student-doctor had observed that the cornstalk puts out at regular places round its base strong roots which, fastening themselves deep into the ground, act as support to the stalk, which would

otherwise be tossed from its moorings by the wind. These ropes, like the guy-ropes of a tent (which hold the tent firm), hold the stalk steady, and are for this reason called guy-roots. One day the doctor placed a stick at one side of the stalk just to see what it would do. When the time came for the guy-roots to start, the good doctor was delighted to see that the plant *did not put out roots on the side supported by the stick*. After all the other roots were out and firmly fixed the stick was removed to see what the plant would do. Immediately the guy-roots began to sprout on the side where the stick *had been!* Does anybody want better proof than this that plants think?

DINNA YE HEAR THE SLOGAN?

"B. B. C." and "N. C. G." are letters of special import just now! They are in the air, boys! We talk it—we write it—we eat it—we sleep it—we are full of it from head to foot. The birds sing it; the winds whistle it; the brooks and rivers murmur it. Nature is everywhere trying to prove it to us as one of her great facts. Is it not strange that we ever lost sight of such a grand and beau-

tiful truth? Why, if we had only held on to it—for we did have a clinch on it once in the long ago—this world would be so full and running over with joy—real, live joy—that something would have to well-nigh burst to give it a chance to spread itself!

"What is it?" did you say?

Why, BROTHERHOOD, of course!

BROTHERHOOD BABIES.

Down at the Lotus Home in Buffalo, N. Y., there is a lot of baby girls and boys who are just glad they've "been borned again." It's no small thing to be a BROTHERHOOD BABY, and they seem to feel the importance of their position. When you look into their great, big, soulful eyes and tell them about "Budderhood" and what we expect them to do for it in the coming century, they smile back at you so knowingly or assume such comically serious expressions that you have just to shout with the fun and joy of it all. Won't they have some tales to tell to this weary old bread-and-

butter world of what Brotherhood means? Won't they tell the "people of the earth and all creatures" that Life is Joy and that there is enough of real, true Brotherhood in the hearts of men and women, if they will only let it have its way with them, to make Homes and Homes all over the earth to care for boys and girls? Not machine-made "Homes," but real Homes—cozy Lotus Homes—where all the love that is found in any home will be always flowing for "these my brethren." Oh, it's grand to think about, isn't it?

Little George was lying in the hammock looking at the leaves with a very wise look in his big, brown eyes. His auntie, moved by the look, for she knew he was thinking great thoughts, said: "Georgie, who made you?" Georgie turned his head slowly toward her and said, with a half comical look, as if it was a very foolish question, "Nobody made me! I'se allus been!" I wonder how he found it out? Can you guess, young folks?

Little Reed and his brother Wesley were standing at the window one day watching it rain. It was one of those

big-drop rains that quits as suddenly as it begins, and begins as suddenly as it quits. After some moments of silence Reed said: "I know how God makes it rain." "How does he?" inquired Wesley. "Why, he just makes a hole in the sky and lets the rain through!" This with an air of triumph. Wesley looked long and hard out of the window, evidently anxious to solve the riddle some other way. Just at this moment the rain ceased, and, looking into the flying clouds, he cried, gleefully: "Well, I know how God makes it *stop* raining!" "How does he?" "Why, he just puts some more sky in the hole!"

BROTHERHOOD ACTIVITIES.

KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY, OSCAR FREDERICK II., ATTENDS A RECEPTION OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Stockholm, Sept. 19, 1899.

The Universal Brotherhood Organization, which about three months since held large public meetings in your city, has, during the past month, been spreading its Brotherhood teachings in Europe.

Mrs. Katherine Tingley, the Leader and official head of that organization, with the members of her Cabinet and a number of others, has just held a Swedish Congress in this city, and the party is now on a tour through Sweden, visiting the principal cities, on their way to England, where also a Universal Brotherhood Congress will be held at Brighton, the principal watering place, on October 6 and 7.

The Congress at Stockholm was largely attended and created great interest among the most intelligent class of people. The Swedes are perhaps in advance of the other nations of Europe in physical and mental

health, which makes them receptive to the simple but lofty basic truths taught by the Universal Brotherhood Organization.

At the closing assembly of the Swedish Congress, His Majesty, Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, was present at a reception given by Katherine Tingley and her Cabinet on the anniversary of his accession to the throne, where they were presented to the King. A pleasant feature of the reception was the presentation to His Majesty of a handsomely bound volume, "The Key to Theosophy," by H. P. Blavatsky, in which was inscribed,

"TO OSCAR FREDERIK BERNADOTTE,

King of Sweden and Norway."

The Great Promoter of the Principles of Brotherhood and Justice, this volume is presented as a token of their esteem by the members of the Universal Brotherhood in America."

And, later, with the silk flags of Cuba and America mounted on silver-tipped staffs of American wood, held together by an escutcheon bearing the coats of arms of these two countries, encircled by a cabletow and similarly inscribed.



THE KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY,
OSCAR FREDERICK II.

The king was highly pleased with the gift as an appropriate expression of the unity which should exist among all nations, and the binding thought of Universal Brotherhood. His stately figure, manly and courteous demeanor, impressed the observer with the feeling that he is not only a ruler, but also a royal and humanitarian Brother.

Stereopticon views of Port Loma, San Diego, Cal., the site of the "School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity," which were presented as one of the features of the reception, greatly interested the King, especially the shores of the broad Pacific Ocean, with its peaceful waves lapping the rock-ribbed Point.

A synopsis of the work done at the Congress will be found in the following reports given in the Stockholm press:

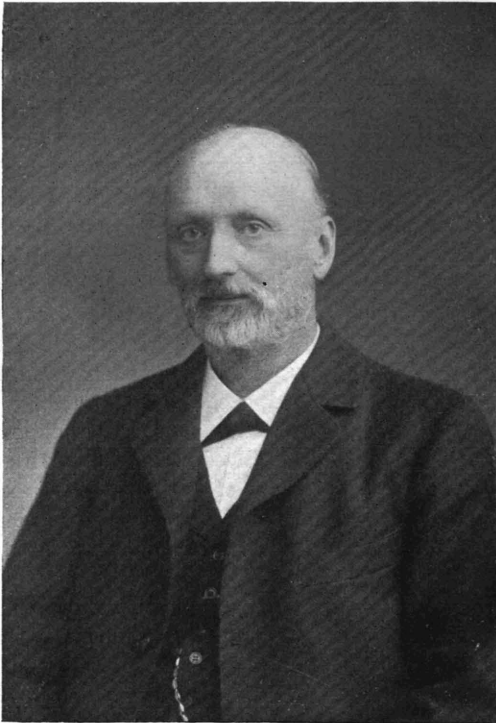
(Stockholm *Dagblad*, Sept. 18, 1899.)

The Universal Brotherhood meeting, in the Auditorium Hall of the Academy of Science, last night, had a very large attendance. Dr. G. Zander presided, the meeting being arranged for Questions and Answers. Mrs. Alice Cleather and Basil Crump, from London, members of the Wagner Society, furnished music on piano and organ.

The first question on the list was: "Is there any difference between the Theosophical doctrine and the teachings of Christ—not the church teachings—and if not, in what has Theosophy any advantage over Christianity?" The answer was given by Dr. Zander, who pointed out that there is no difference between Theosophy and the true doctrine of Christ from the standpoint of pure ethics. But that Theosophy gives also a scientific explanation of the relation of man to ethics, and shows the philosophical necessity for being ethical.

To the question, whether it is true that Theosophy advocates the necessity of gratifying a desire in order to conquer it, Mr.

Hedlund, of Gothenburg, answered in the negative. Theosophy teaches neither the exhaustion of desire, nor a morbid asceticism, but declares that the only effective way



DR. G. ZANDER,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD IN
SWEDEN.

Senorita Antonia Fabre, who came with our Leader from Cuba, went to the Point Loma Congress and travelled through America with her, was presented to King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway by Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood, on the evening of September 18th, 1899,—the anniversary of King Oscar's accession to the crown.

Senorita Fabre speaks always of her country with love and enthusiasm and is fitting herself to go back to Cuba to help the people. One of her favorite books is the Voice of the Silence and she will spend hours reading it, when not otherwise at work.



SENORITA ANTONIA FABRE.



ERIK BOGREN.

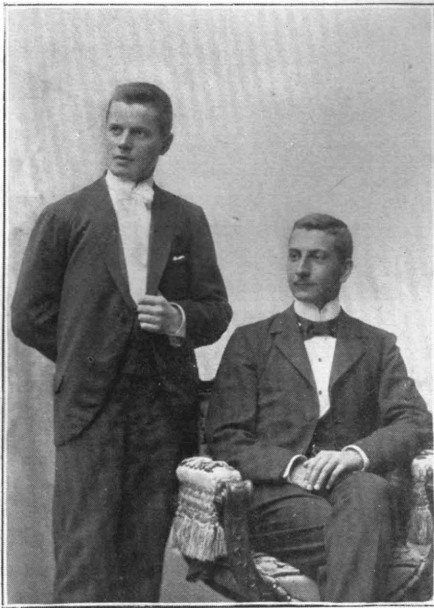


TORSTEN HEDLUND.

of eradicating vice from one's character is through a scrupulous fulfillment of one's everyday duties.

Dr. Kjellberg gave a reason for the necessity of realizing Brotherhood, especially at the present time, in the fact that the idea of Brotherhood constitutes an antidote for the uneasiness, the hatred, the bitterness, and separation which prevail on the mental plane, acting like a fever in the great organism of humanity.

The fourth question read as follows: "Is it possible that through a membership in the Universal Brotherhood and a study of the Theosophical Teachings a clearer insight can be obtained into the dark riddles of life?" Major Cederschiöld answered this question in the affirmative. But he said one must have an honorable disposition, an open mind, and humility of spirit if any real good is to come of membership in the organization. The Major furthermore gave an explanation of Theosophical Teachings concerning the idea of God, Karma, Reincarnation, and human destiny.



OSVALD SIREN and WALO VON GREYERZ,

two of our young Swedish Comrades, who at the Leader's suggestion have started a Boys' Club in Stockholm. Bro. Von Greyerz is also Treasurer of the Lotus Group.

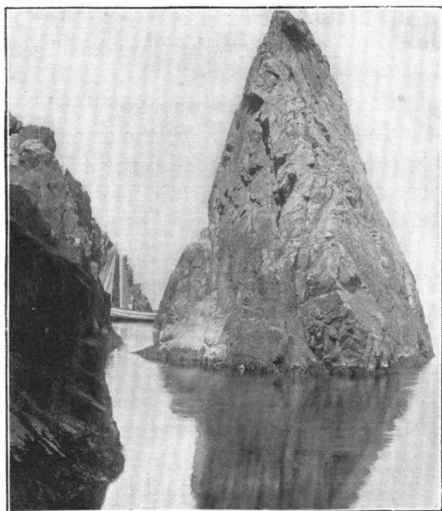


MRS. C. SCHOLANDER,

one of the oldest members in Sweden and an old and loyal friend of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, ever a devoted and faithful worker in the Cause of Humanity.

Mr. Thurston, President of the American Screw Company, member of the Cabinet of the Organization of Universal Brotherhood, answered the fifth question, which had for its object to find out "Whether the heart can be an agent for intelligence?" He answered it in the affirmative; but the heart must not only be looked at from a mechanical point of view, but as a center for the entire man.

The question of the possibility of seeing and recognizing our friends after death was answered by Mrs. Tingley, who in a short but forceful and eloquent address called the attention of the audience to the fact that "we are souls," and that in this



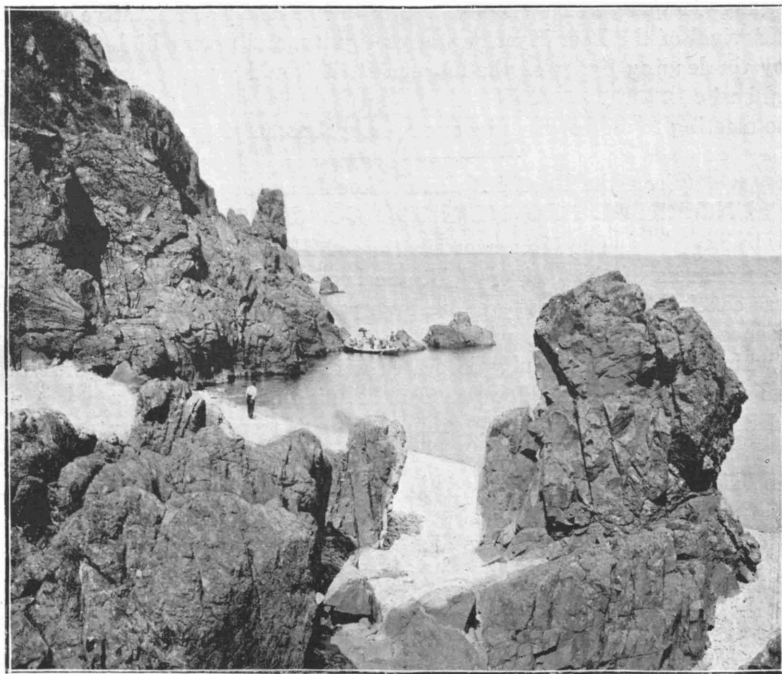
“O Kullen! thou beautiful point with thy grottoes and peaks, equally charming in the lights of the sun and moon!

For ages thou hast a guidance been to sailors entering the Sound that separates Sweden and Denmark.

For ages thou hast to all thy visitors alike been an opener of their eyes to the touch of Nature;

May'st thou still there stand on thy rocky foundations, as the guiding light!”

K. L.



VIEWS OF KULLEN POINT ON THE NORTH COAST OF SKANE, THE SOUTHERNMOST COUNTY OF SWEDEN.

fact lies the whole answer, the whole explanation, the whole necessity for the returning of souls to earth, to be reunited with the factors of former lives, with the souls we loved, with whom we suffered, whom we helped or by whom we had been helped.

The difference between consciousness and self-consciousness was explained by Mr. Patterson. The argument he used was to the following effect: In the same way as we each one of us possess a head, yet have never been able to see it except by reflection in a mirror, so in like manner self-consciousness is only attainable through the individuality reflecting itself in nature and in humanity. Learning to see oneself as a part of the world and of humanity is self-consciousness. Mr. Patterson is the chief of a large American hardware company, and is besides deeply interested in the great practical enterprises of the Universal Brotherhood.

Dr. Kjellberg denied that Theosophy taught a return to identically the same conditions—a circular movement like an unbroken periphery in which conditions would appear exactly as they had been before. The circle would not admit of any advancement, but the spiral does, and therefore the symbol of all true development is the spiral movement.

A few other Theosophists spoke on the pilgrimage of the soul, on Duty, and on the destiny of the soul. The meeting concluded with music.

Besides the above-mentioned foreigners on the staff of Mrs. Tingley, there are Mr. Neresheimer, Director in a large American Carbide Company, and Treasurer-General of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, and Mr. Pierce, head of a large Engineering Company in New York. Mr. Pierce is also representative of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, and a very high Freemason. To judge by the leading lights of the movement, it would seem to have a pretty good financial basis.

The meeting to-morrow will be attended by His Majesty, King Oscar.

(From the *Dagens Nyheter*, Stockholm, Sept. 19, 1899.)

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS IN SWEDEN.

The King at a Meeting of Theosophists.

The Congress of the Universal Brotherhood, held in this city during the last week was concluded yesterday evening by a public meeting, which was honored by the presence of the King. It was held in the great hall of the royal Academy of Music, which had been tastefully decorated with white draperies, adorned with garlands of autumn leaves and flowers. In the middle of the platform was placed a large white screen, surrounded by groups of palm trees, for the projection of the lantern slide pictures.

The King was accompanied by his ordinary suite, among whom was noticed General Count Lagerberg, Baron Ancarcröna, and other high court functionaries. The hall was well filled with the public. The King took his seat near the platform, and then a young lady, arrayed in a beautiful Greek costume, came down to him from the platform and presented to him on a tray adorned with flowers a book (H. P. Blavatsky's "Key to Theosophy") beautifully bound in purple morocco.

After a musical selection on the piano and organ from behind the screen, was shown a series of lantern slides from Point Loma, that wonderfully beautiful place on the coast of California, where the U. B. Organization has established a colony for the purpose of training, physically, mentally, and spiritually, the young generation who will be sent there to be educated from all parts of the globe. The pictures

aroused great interest, the King especially by his numerous remarks and questions, showing that his interest was greatly aroused. He also held a conversation in English with Mrs. Tingley, who, by his own invitation, was seated on his right. Mrs. Tingley is the successor to Mme. Blavatsky, is Leader and inspirer of all Theosophical enterprises, and is the soul of the colony at Point Loma.

When the lantern slides had been shown, the King took his leave, shaking hands with Mrs. Tingley and her chief coadjutors. The public remained to hear three addresses given in English. Mrs. Tingley, in her short address, presented several truths, such as the necessity of man to know himself, and other well-known but overlooked teachings. Mr. Crump spoke of the dramatic art and its power of educating a man to a higher morality, which had been the aim of the great Masters in antiquity and modern times. He described the performance of the Eumenides of Æschylus, given in the open air at Point Loma. Mrs. Cleather spoke about the education of children along new lines. The addresses were of great interest, and were listened to with much appreciative applause.

(From *Svenska Dagbladet*, Sept. 19, 1899.)

The meeting of the Universal Brotherhood, which took place last night in the great hall of the Academy of Music, was attended by the King and his suite and a numerous public that nearly filled the hall. On account of the royal visit very tasteful decorations had been made. On the platform, on both sides of the big white screen whereon the lantern pictures were to be projected, palms and other exotic plants had been placed, and the screen itself was bordered by garlands of evergreen. Most strikingly pretty was the decoration of the front of the platform and the double stair leading up to it, all being covered, as also the floor of the platform with a beautiful velvet-like white stuff arranged on the walls in deep, graceful folds, hung with garlands of many-colored, gorgeously-green, red and yellow autumn leaves running in festoons at the upper side.

After the King had arrived and taken his place, at the same time inviting Mrs. Tingley to sit at his right hand, a musical selection was rendered by players behind the screen, and then Mr. T. Hedlund showed some of the lantern slides, which had been exhibited before at the Academy of Sciences, with the addition of some symbolical pictures. The King seemed to be very interested, and conversed in English with Mrs. Tingley, asking her for explanations about the pictures, &c. At the end of this part of the programme he left. Then an address was given by Mrs. Tingley on the Teachings of Theosophy.

She said there were no mysteries, properly speaking, but had only seemed so to the populace of antiquity. The olden time culture, which had developed those "Mysteries," was considerably more ancient than was commonly thought. Nowadays people were beginning to realize that the cradle of human culture had been America; that from thence it had passed over to Egypt, and from the latter to Greece and to us.

After this Mr. Crump and Mrs. Cleather spoke about art and that department of the U. B. Organization which was devoted to art—the "Isis League of Music and Drama."

The meeting concluded with a musical selection, "The Death of Siegfried," from the "Dawn of the Gods," by Wagner.

A SYMPOSIUM AT POINT LOMA.

THE ISIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC GIVES A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

Isis Conservatory of Music.

Greetings to Apollodorus, Friend of Socrates:

At the birth of the third hour after the setting of the Sun on Wednesday, the thirteenth day of the ninth month of the present year, will be assembled, at the invitation of the Directress, a Symposium for the purpose of philosophical discourse.

Place will be made for you as Apollodorus, friend of Socrates.

Greek costumes imperative.

Such was an invitation received, and the reports that have been sent show how perfectly the spirit of the Symposiums of the old Greeks was revived. There must indeed be something in the air and surroundings at Point Loma that invites again across the centuries the high thoughts and noble aspirations of the ancients.

Following are extracts from a letter from one of those present, and also the report that appeared in the *San Diego Union*:

At these Symposiums, as you know, were accustomed to assemble the brightest of the Grecian orators, poets and philosophers for the purpose of philosophical discussion. At these gatherings a light repast was usually served, the distinguishing feature of which was its simplicity. The feast was a feast for the mind and the soul, elevating and ennobling; not one whose main purpose was to pander to the appetites of the lower man.

Such was the case at our Point Loma Symposium, where the rich and luscious California fruits were but the prelude to the rare intellectual repast that followed. Each in his turn and in his own way served a goodly dish of logic spiced with wit, of eloquence seasoned with rhetoric, or of melody and song, in exposition of his own view of the subject, "What is the Beautiful?" each bringing forth out of that store of wisdom which resides in the heart of each.

The number present was twenty-eight, about evenly divided as to sex; all were in accord with the scene, their costumes and bearing replete with a dignity and grace truly Grecian.

The prize for the most successful discourse of the evening was a volume of Plato, awarded by Clito, the mother of Eurypides. Even was it Plato himself to whom the prize was awarded.

Everything was in keeping with the subject and spoke it in anticipation of its announcement by Diotema, whose words fell upon all ears as an appeal to that sense of the inner harmony and beauty. It was as if she said: Look! What do you see around you? Speak! What does it express? What is the Beautiful? **D. M.**

Affairs at Point Loma during the week appear to have been pretty much of a routine nature. There have been no new developments in the preparations towards building, beyond the gathering of information and data naturally required.

The musical department—the Isis Conservatory—has received some very encouraging signs. Several applications for admission have come in during the week, and pupils are coming from Australia and England. From this it will be clearly seen that the Isis Conservatory is not merely a local institution, and is not to be so considered. As a matter of fact, its founder never contemplated that its influence and

work, even in the initial stage, would be confined to a local area and personnel. It is not the promise of the Isis Conservatory to teach music simply as a thing of pastime, and those who so regard it and desire a superficial proficiency in it as a petty accomplishment will hardly become pupils.

The very genius of the Conservatory is imbued with purposes of giving to music its rightful place and function, and to make use of it as a means for introducing into life some of the finer and nobler qualities of human nature. To this a better understanding of it is essential. The musical tastes are to be raised and cultivated. As an art as now known it needs purification, a healthier and more practical basis.

The entertainment given during the week by the directress to her pupils was a most unique and charming feature. Not only did the pupils attend, but also some of the Brotherhood members on Point Loma. The entertainment was in the form of the Greek Symposium, each guest personating some old Greek character. The directress, Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Mayer, was the wise woman Diotema, to whom Socrates owned himself indebted. Socrates was present in the person of Mr. Stowe; Plato was there, as also were Aspasia, Æsculapius, Sappho, Phædrus, Pausanias, Agathon, Philemon, Euripides and his mother, Phryne, and many others more or less well known even now, but all of whom exerted an influence in giving to ancient Athens her power and glory and prestige to the Greek idea. The subject of the discussion was "What is the Beautiful?" and was not known until announced after the assembling of the guests.

The beauty of the scene eludes description. Of course one may refer to the artistic decorations of the hall, the flowers and plants, the absence of all modern furniture and appurtenances to the better attain the ancient style; the dainty arrangement of the banquet table in the Greek form, its delicious foods; to the classic lines and drapings of the costumes which were most fortunate in the selection and general combination of color displayed; the subtle charm apparently emanating from the very costume itself in its grace and dignity and the freedom of action afforded by it. But added to all this there is still the potent factor of an indefinable something, a touch from the presence of cultivated, intelligent minds and the finer emotions, all timed and directed to the contemplation and elucidation of some subject of a lofty nature and which at the same time is instinct with a vivid interest and a dynamic power when rightly conceived to unfold into human life those qualities and tendencies which will relieve and fill and round out the prosaic existence in which we are to so large a degree confined.

As was the Greek custom, each guest brought forth some idea. Every one present realized the true value of the symposium as a social factor, and understood that even in the day of Socrates and Plato it had descended with some to mere intellectual gymnastics, later on to be further degraded to the drinking party as it is now generally considered.

The effort was naturally and successfully made to evolve through the subject something of actual and practical value as to the principles and methods by which a vital and exhilarating beauty and loveliness can be evolved and established in human life.

As a pleasant and interesting variation in the discourse, Madame Petersen, who has charge of the teaching of languages in the conservatory, and who, it may not be indiscreet to mention, is a titled Greek lady, made her presentation in the Greek language, giving the translation afterward. Miss Hecht, of the piano department, beautifully rendered her ideas in a musical selection. She is a remarkably

gifted pianist who is bound to be widely recognized in that sphere for which by nature she is so fittingly endowed.

Mr. Jennings, a pupil, gave a song as his discourse, which indicated quite convincingly that words alone are not adequate to the full expression of some feelings. Others of the guests recited some ode or passages therefrom as their contribution.

The *tout ensemble* of the symposium is to be better appreciated through an active imagination, and that the directress is to be congratulated on the splendid success of her unique departure goes without saying. She says that it is simply in line of the wider purposes of the founder which will be more definitely brought to view later on.—*San Diego Union*.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS IN ENGLAND.

We have not yet received details before going to press of the English Congress, held at Brighton, in the Royal Pavilion, Oct. 6 and 7, but that it was a great success we know. A cable message was sent from America:

“Universal Brotherhood Congress, Pavilion, Brighton:

“Jubilant greetings from America. Hurrah!”

REDEDICATION OF H. P. B.’S OLD HEADQUARTERS, 19 AVENUE ROAD, REGENT’S PARK, LONDON.

The news of this great event was received first by cable, followed by letters, with instructions from the Leader to hold “JUBILEE” in all Universal Brotherhood Lodges on the night of October 10th, to celebrate the event on the same night on which the ceremony was to take place in London.

The letter proclaiming the Jubilee was in part as follows:

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD,

EMBODYING THE GREAT THEOSOPHICAL WORK OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

It is ordained that on October 10th, 1899, a JUBILEE shall be held by all Lodges of the Universal Brotherhood throughout the world for the members to re-dedicate the European Central Headquarters, established by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in the year 1889 at No. 19 Avenue Road, Regent’s Park, London.

KATHERINE TINGLEY.

* * * *

The same day that the above proclamation was received in New York it was sent to the U. B. L. Presidents all over the country.

THE JUBILEE AT 144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

October 11th, 1899.

Never was there such a meeting at Headquarters as the Jubilee held last night. The Aryan Hall was crowded; the decorations were beautiful; H. P. B.’s picture was wreathed and occupied the prominent place on the platform. The pictures of William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley were also wreathed; there were also flowers and plants; the music was exquisite. The meeting opened by the announcement by the Chairman of the purpose of the meeting. Miss Kate Fuller played on the piano the “Russian National Anthem,” closing with the first strains of “America.” Bro. D. N. Dunlop read extracts from W. Q. Judge’s tribute to the memory of H. P. B., entitled “Yours till Death and After.” Bro. Emil Schenck, the noted ’celloist, accompanied by Mr. Falkenstein, played the “Preislied,” from Wagner’s “Meistersingers.” Then came the chief number on the programme, an address “recounting the work of H. P. B. from its inception up to the present

time," by Bro. Herbert Coryn, one of H. P. B.'s faithful pupils. The address was eloquent, magnificent, full of the spirit of the occasion, the tribute of a grateful pupil to that heroic, lion-hearted H. P. B. who, single-handed, alone, fought and conquered the icy materialism of this most materialistic Nineteenth Century, who gave again to the world the philosophy of the ages and put so much of her very life-blood into her work that it lives and will live on into the next century and throughout the ages to come. Century after century had the Movement failed—not because of the Leaders, but because we had failed. But this century, through the stupendous sacrifice of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, and through the loyalty and devotion of the members, the work has been carried past the "dead-point" and stands now for all time. The work of the Universal Brotherhood that is being done to-day is the same work that H. P. B. began, that William Q. Judge continued, and which now, under the guidance of Katherine Tingley, has encircled the earth, is entering into the life of every nation, and is the very heart of the life of humanity. After Bro. Coryn's address, which awakened the interest and aroused the enthusiasm of all his hearers, Bro. W. H. Kenney, of Boston, sang that magnificent song, "Arm, arm, ye brave," and then Bro. W. A. Raboch, the composer of the music to the "Eumenides," played on his violin "Chopin's Nocturne in E flat." Then more music and songs by Bros. Schenck, Raboch and Kenney—social conversation, coffee, etc., and the meeting closed. A Jubilee from first to last, our hearts full, joyous, loyal, devoted, determined, energised by the example and the memory of the lion-hearted H. P. B.

J. H. FUSSELL.

PROPAGANDA DEPARTMENT.

A fund has been established for the free distribution of Brotherhood literature. The fund to be equally divided in obtaining the following:—

- 1) The New Century Series : The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings.
- 2) The Universal Brotherhood Magazine.
- 3) The New Century,

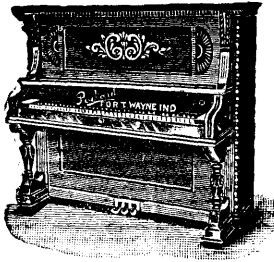
to be placed in the prisons in America, also hospitals, work-rooms, free reading rooms, lodging houses, steamboats, and to soldiers and sailors.

This project is originated by Katherine Tingley who has given great attention to it and she feels confident that it will be well sustained by all members of the Universal Brotherhood and by all who are interested in Humanitarian Work.

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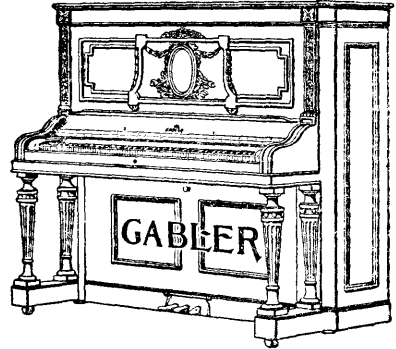
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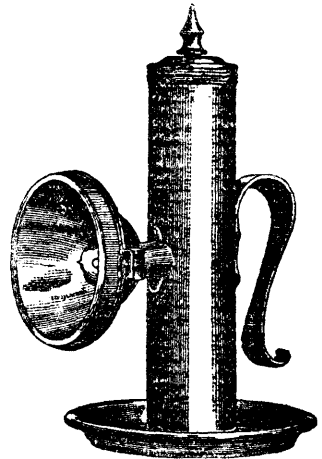
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